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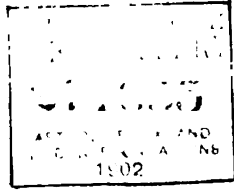
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TO

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Volume VIII.

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FANNY KEMBLE.
(From a Sketch by Thomas Sully.)

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1888.

No. 1.

THE OLDEST OF AMERICAN CITIES.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.



HE coast along the Spanish Main, from Trinidad to Aspinwall, is a mixture of Florida and Switzerland, where one can find, within a few days' journey, any climate or scenery to suit his taste, from tropical jungles, swarming with 'gators and tiger cats, to mountain crests crowned with eternal snow.

As they reach the northern coast of the continent, the Cordilleras, the twin ranges of the Andes, split and scatter, and finally jump into the sea. Within view of passing ships along this historic shore, is some of the sublimest scenery on earth. Above the clouds rise peaks whose snow-capped summits seem to hang in the indolent air. One of them, the Nevada de la Santa Marta, is over seventeen thousand feet high, appearing abruptly from the group of foot-hills that bathe their toes in the surf, and sitting like a Monarch of Mountains hoary and impressive, where it can overlook the ocean as well as the land. There is no grander spectacle to be witnessed from the deck of a vessel, if we except the peaks of Teneriffe and the titanic cone of old Chimborazo, which may be seen on very clear days off the coast of Ecuador. But

old Chimbo is more than a hundred miles from the shore, while the Nevada of Saint Martha is less than fifty miles. The tourist is always incredulous when the peak is pointed out to him, for its shape is much like a blanket of clouds, resting upon the surrounding mountains; but a glass brings it nearer, the captain's chart shows its location, and he is finally compelled to accept the truth of geography.

Between these mountains, along the coast, are narrow valleys of the most luxurious foliage, and the richest soils, which yield two and sometimes three harvests annually, and are densely populated. Coffee, sugar, chocolate, and tropical fruits are the products of the lower levels, called *tierra caliente*, by the Spaniards; corn, beans, wheat, and other staples of the temperate zones, grow in the next belt, called the *tierra templada*, while higher toward the tropic sun, at an altitude of ten or twelve thousand feet, is the *tierra fria*, or cold zone, in which herds of cattle and sheep find pasturage.

It was in 1533 that the first city was founded on the continent. Columbus had established several colonies upon the islands, and there was a fortress built at Panama in 1518. Cortez had conquered Mexico, and Pizarro had invaded and destroyed the homes of the peaceful Incas. Most of the coast had been explored, and the King of Spain decided to found a

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capital for his new empire at some convenient place, where a Viceroy might live and vessels of the fleet find shelter from the privateers that England was sending out to rob and destroy them. The location was decided upon, and the new town called Carthagena, in honor of the old city in Spain. Lima, the seat of the Viceroy of the West Coast, was founded two years after, in 1535; and these two cities were the capitals of the continent. In the time of Philip, Carthagena was

Carthagena was the seat of the Inquisition in South America, and Charles Kingsley's charming novel, "Westward Ho," contains a graphic description of the place. It was here that Frank and the "Rose of Devon" were imprisoned by the priests, and the old Inquisition building in which they were tortured and burned is still standing. But it is no longer used for the confinement and crucifixion of heretics. For nearly sixty years after the overthrow of the Catholic power it stood empty, but



CARTHAGENA.

one of the most strongly fortified places in the world, and the headquarters of commercial as well as military and naval operations. It was the rendezvous of the Spanish galleons that came to South America for treasure, and consequently the most tempting field for pirates. There are many rich mines in the mountains back of the city, which have produced millions of gold and silver, and the King of Spain thought it worth his while to build a wall around the entire city, which is said to have cost ninety millions of dollars, and upon which forty horses can still walk abreast. When the report of the Viceroy concerning the cost of this wall was made to King Philip, he is said to have taken his spyglass to the window of the palace at Madrid, and pointed it toward the west.

"What is your Majesty pleased to look for?" asked the Viceroy.

"I am looking for the wall around Carthagena," answered the King. "If it is as large and high as you describe, I ought to be able to see it at this distance."

now it is occupied as a tobacco factory. There is an underground passage between this noted old building and an ancient fortress upon a hill overlooking Carthagena, through which prisoners used to be conducted, and communication maintained in time of siege; but like everything else about the place, it has long been in a state of decay. Some years ago a party of American naval officers attempted to explore the passage, but found it filled with obstructions, and they were compelled to abandon the enterprise. The castle is obsolete and in a state of ruin, and is used only as a signal station. When a vessel enters the harbor a flag is run up by a man on guard, to notify the Captain of the Port and the merchants of its arrival.

There are some fine old churches and palaces in Carthagena, constructed of stone, which show the magnificence in which the grandees lived when the city was a commercial metropolis. Many of them are empty now, and others are used as tenement-houses. In the cath-

dral, which is one of the largest and most ornate to be found in this hemisphere, is an object of much interest; a magnificent marble pulpit enriched with exquisite carvings. It ranks among the most beautiful specimens of the sculptor's art in the world. The people of Carthagea think there is nothing under the sun to equal it, and the story of its origin adds greatly to its value and attractiveness.

Two or three hundred years ago the Pope, wishing to show a mark of favor to the devout people of Colombia, ordered the construction of a marble pulpit for the decoration of this cathedral in Carthagea. It was designed and carved by the foremost artists of the day at Rome, and when completed was, with great ceremony, placed on board a Spanish galley bound for the New World. While *en route* the vessel was captured by pirates, and when the boxes containing the pulpit were broken open and their contents found to be of no value as plunder, they were tipped overboard. But by the interposition of the Virgin, none of the pieces sank; and the English pirates, becoming alarmed at the miracle of the heavy marble floating on the water, fled from the ship, leaving their booty. The Spanish sailors got the precious cargo aboard their vessel again with great difficulty, and resumed their voyage; but before they reached Carthagea they encountered a second lot of pirates, who plundered them of all the valuables they had aboard, and burned their ship. But the saints still preserved the pulpit; for, as the vessel and the remainder of the cargo were destroyed, the marble floated away upon the waters, and, being guided by an invisible hand, went ashore on the beach outside the city for which it was destined.

There it lay for many years, unknown and unnoticed. Finally, however, it was discovered by a party of explorers, who recognized the value of the carvings and took it aboard their ship *en route* for Spain, intending to sell it when they reached home. But the saints still kept their eyes on the Pope's gift, and sent the vessel such bad weather that the captain was compelled to put in to the port of Carthagea for repairs. There he told the story of the marble pulpit

found upon the beach, and it reached the ears of the Archbishop. His Grace sent for the captain, informed him that the pulpit was intended for the decoration of the cathedral, and related the story of its construction and disappearance. The captain was an ungodly man, and intimated that the Archbishop was attempting to humbug him. He offered to sell the marble, and would not leave it otherwise. Having repaired the damage of the storm, the captain started for Europe, but he was scarcely out of the port when a most frightful gale struck him and wrecked his vessel, which went to the bottom with all on board; but the pulpit, the subject of so many divine interpositions, rose from the wreck, and one morning came floating into the harbor of Carthagea, where it was taken in charge by the Archbishop, and placed in the cathedral for which it was intended, where it now stands.

Near the miraculous pulpit, in the same church, is the preserved body of a famous saint. I forget what his name was, but his remains are in an excellent state of preservation—a skeleton with dried flesh and skin hanging to the bones. He did something hundreds of years ago which made him very sacred to the people of Carthagea, and by the special permission of the Pope his body was disinterred, placed in a glass case, and sent from Rome to be kept in their cathedral, along with the miraculous pulpit. The body is usually covered with a black pall, and is exposed only on occasions of great ceremony, but any one can see the preserved saint by paying a fee to the priests. I purchased that privilege, and was shown the glass coffin standing upon a marble pedestal. The bones are large and ghastly, except where the brown skin, looking like jerked beef, covers them. During a revolution at Carthagea some impious soldiers upset the coffin and destroyed it. In the *melée* one of the saint's legs was lost, or at least the half of it from the knee down; but the priests replaced it with a wax substitute, plump and pink, which, lying beside the original, has a very comical effect.

There is much of interest to see at Carthagea, and the place has had a most romantic and exciting history, of which there is a poetic version in Thomson's

"Seasons." Tons and tons of gold and silver have been sent thence to Spain. In the times of the Viceroy the mines were worked under the direction of the government. One-fifth of the net product went to the King, another fifth to the Church, and the miner was permitted to

therefore, in easy communication with the fertile valleys and plateaux of the interior—the gate of commerce in time of peace, and secure alike from protracted siege or sudden assault in time of war.

The streets of Carthagena, as in other Spanish-American cities, are named after



STREET IN CARTHAGENA.

keep the remainder. The old records show that the royalty was several millions per annum for two hundred years or more, a fact which indicates how enormous the profit must have been; for the miners and officials were no more honest in those days than now, and it is not to be supposed that the entire share to which his Majesty was entitled always reached him.

The fortifications of Carthagena surpass in extent and solidity those of any other city in the New World. The massive walls appear impregnable, and the ancient subterranean passages leading out to the foot of the adjacent mountains are still visible. The entrance to the magnificent harbor is studded with old forts, which though not used for more than half a century, seem almost as good as new. Formerly the city was connected by a ship-channel with the river Magdalena, at a point any leagues above the delta, and was,

the saints, battle fields and famous generals; but the houses are not numbered, and it is difficult for a stranger to find one that he happens to want to visit. The police do duty only at night. During the day the citizens take care of themselves. Four policemen are stationed at the four corners of a plaza. Every fifteen minutes a bell rings, which causes the guardians of the city to blow their whistles and change posts. By this system, it is impossible for them to sleep on their beats. They are armed with lassos, and by the dexterous use of this formidable weapon they pinion the prowling thief when he is trying to escape. They also have a short bayonet as an additional weapon. Petty thefts are the chief crimes. The natives are not quarrelsome nor dishonest. They will steal a little thing; but as messengers you can trust them with thousands of dollars. When they work, they go at it in earnest, but they are not fond of exertion. It is a curious sight to see

cargadors with their loads. They generally go in pairs, one behind the other, bearing a stretcher. The natives of the lower class are fond of drinking and gambling. They have a beverage called *chica*, which has a vile smell. It does not intoxicate as quickly as whiskey, but stupefies.

Society is very exclusive, and strangers call first. If the visit is returned, the doors of society are opened. The predominating language is Spanish, but all the upper classes speak French. They get everything from France, too, in the way of dress and luxuries. It is absolutely necessary to speak Spanish to do business. The city is a combination of paradoxes—of great wealth, of great poverty; and there is a curious mixture of customs that often puzzles the stranger. The foremost men in the mercantile, political, and literary circles are from the old Castilian families, but, by intermarriage, mixed blood runs in their veins.

The ruling class are the politicians, but these are more under the control of the military than is generally the case elsewhere. Out of the thirty-three presidents that have ruled the republic seventeen have been generals in the army. Among the leading minds are highly educated men who converse and write fluently in several languages, who can demonstrate most difficult problems in astronomy or mathematics, can dictate a learned philosophical discourse, or dispute with any of the scholars or statesmen of the world.

Their constitution, laws, and government are modeled after those of the United States; their financial policies after England; their fashions, manners, and customs after the French; their literature, verbosity, and suavity after the Spaniards.

The decline of Carthagena seems to have commenced with the present century, and to have steadily continued until within the past fifteen years, when the commerce of the country began to revive. In the meantime, the ship-canal, connecting the port with the great fluvial highway of the interior, having fallen into disuse, became filled up and overgrown with tropical jungle; so that the few foreign trading-vessels visiting the coast sought harbor farther up, at a place

called Barranquilla, near the mouth of the Magdalena. Barranquilla has rapidly become the chief city of commercial importance within the United States of Colombia, and is the residence of many of the principal merchants of the republic. It is a growing place, which had only a few houses twenty years ago, but now has a population of nearly twenty-five thousand. Situated so near the outlet of the Magdalena River, it seems destined to increase in size and commerce, and to become to Colombia what New York is to the United States—the great emporium of the republic. Aspinwall and Panama, free ports, are more stages on a highway of nations than a part of this country. Also Barranquilla has many things in its favor. The custom-house is there, and all the river steamers and sailing-vessels on the Magdalena, conveying from the vast backlying interior to the coast the multitudinous products of the country, start from and return to this place.

But Barranquilla has its drawbacks. As soon as it secured a little commerce, a large bar began to form at the mouth of the river, and this has grown until it has become a sand-spit which prevents the entrance of steamers. Then a new town, called Sabanilla, was started on the spit; this is connected with Barranquilla by a railway fourteen miles long, owned and operated by a German company. But the harbor of Sabanilla, though now the principal one of the republic, is neither convenient nor safe. It is shallow, full of shifting sand-bars, and exposed to furious wind-storms.

So with the opening of the ancient ship-channel, between Carthagena and Calamar, or the construction of a railway between the first-named point and Barranquilla (both of which enterprises are agitated), Carthagena may regain her ancient prestige and become the chief port of the republic.

Barranquilla is the most modern town in Colombia except Aspinwall, which it resembles somewhat. It has some fine houses and a large foreign colony, many of its merchants being Germans, who live in good style and enjoy many comforts at an enormous cost; for flour is twenty-five dollars a barrel, meat twenty-five cents a pound, beer twenty-five cents



HARBOR OF CARTHAGENA.

a glass, and everything else in proportion. There is nothing in plenty but fruits and flies. The town is the capital of the State of Sabanilla, and has a considerable military garrison, which is important in keeping down insurrections. During the revolution of 1885, Barranquilla was the headquarters of the rebel army, and commanding the only outlet from the interior, it is naturally a place of consequence, from a military as well as from a commercial point of view.

Sabanilla is a most desolate place, nothing but sand, filth, and poverty; and were it not for the sea-breeze that constantly sweeps across the barren peninsula upon which it stands, the inhabitants could not survive. No one lives there except a colony of cargadors, boatmen, and roustabouts, who swarm, like so many animals in filthy huts built of palm-leaves, and a few saloon-keepers, who give them wine in exchange for the money they earn. The men and women are almost naked, and the children entirely so. Perhaps one reason for the nastiness of the place is because there is no fresh water; but the inhabitants ought not to be excused on this account, as the beach furnishes as fine bathing as can be found in the world, and is at their very doors. All the fresh water used has to be brought in canoes from a point eight miles up the river, and is sold by the dipperful; but only a moderate quantity is necessary for consumption. Most of the inhabitants are Canary Islanders,

who monopolize the boating business along the coast; but sprinkled among them are many Italians, and nearly every nation on earth is represented, even China. The only laundry is run by a Chinaman, and another of that nationality is cook at a house that is used as a substitute for a hotel. The boatmen are drunken, quarrelsome, desperate wretches; murder is frequent among them, and gambling the chief amusement.

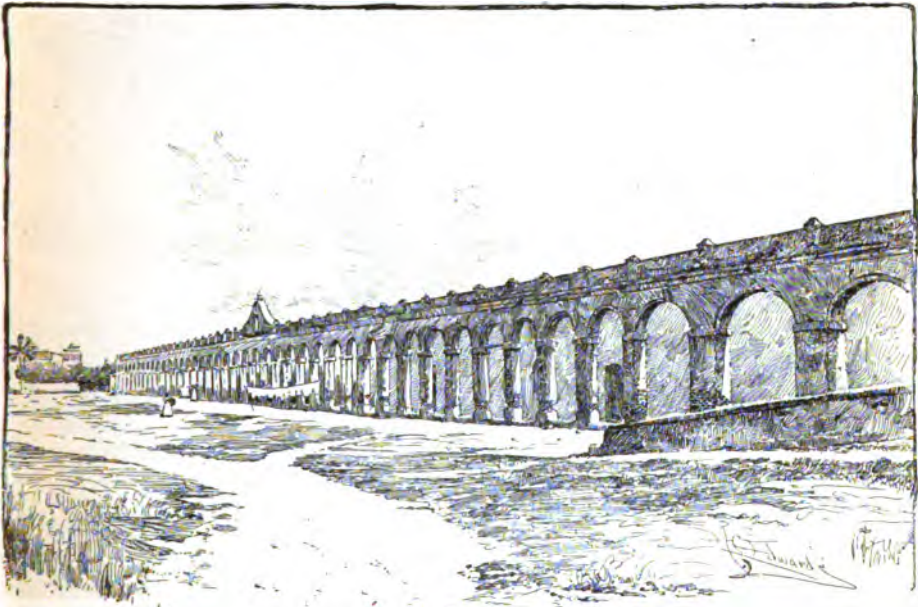
The great valley of the Magdalena, extending from the Caribbean coast to the equatorial line, is one of inexhaustible resources. Its width varies from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles before gradually sloping to a point in the northern borders of the equator. At the mouth of the river Cauca that valley branches off into another of less general width but of greater elevation; this consequently possesses a more equable and temperate climate. The river Cauca is itself navigable by a light-draught steamer as far as Cali, a point less than eighty miles from the port of Buenaventura on the Pacific coast. The lower valley of the Magdalena is one vast alluvial plain, a large portion of which is subject to periodical overflow. In fact, during the rainy season the greater part of it is usually under water. This, however, might be prevented, and the fertile lands reclaimed by a system of dikes far less expensive than those of the lower Mississippi. But in a country where popula-

tion is sparse, and Nature lavish in her bounties, such enterprises are not usually undertaken.

The distance from Barranquilla to Honda, the head of navigation on the Magdalena, is seven hundred and eighty miles, following the course of the river, but in a direct line is only about one-third of that distance. The journey by boat requires from ten to thirty days, according as the water is high or low. In the rainy

sides were covered with corrugated iron, so as to make them bullet-proof, a small cannon or two mounted upon the decks, and the cabins filled with sharp-shooters. So prepared, they were used as gun-boats, and were quite effective. Many of them were destroyed, so that transportation facilities upon the Magdalena are not as good as they were.

The first two hundred miles are a continuous swamp; the next three hundred



RUINS OF MONASTERY.

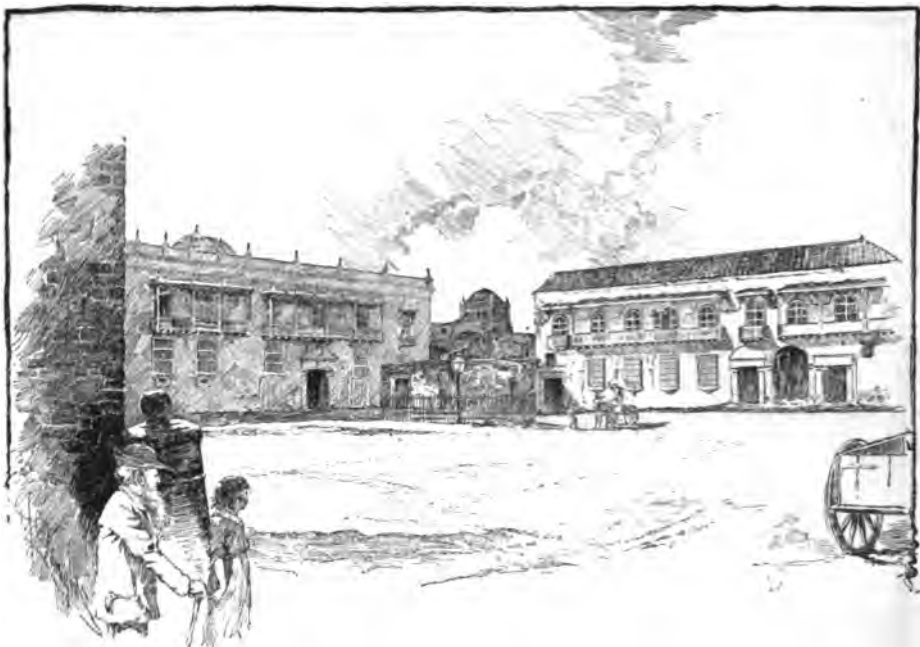
season the banks are full, and the current so strong that the little steamers cannot make much progress; but if the moon is bright enough to show the course, they are kept in motion night and day. In the dry season the river is shallow, and the boats have to tie up at dark, and remain so till daylight. Then, on nearly every voyage they run aground, and often stick for a day or two, sometimes a week, before they can be floated.

The boats are similar to those used upon the Ohio and other rivers, with a paddle-wheel behind, and draw only a foot or two of water even when heavily laden. There are two steamboat companies, both with United States capital.

During the revolution all the boats were seized by the insurgents. Their

miles are a vast plain, which is under water about two months in the year, during the floods of the rainy season, but at other times is covered with cattle, which are driven into the mountains before the floods come.

The banks along the river were formerly occupied by profitable plantations, which were worked by negro slaves, as neither the Spaniards nor the native Indians could endure the climate and the mosquitoes. But when the emancipation of the slaves took place, in 1824, the plantations were abandoned, and have since been so overgrown with tropical vegetation that no traces of their former cultivation exist. The negroes, who have descended from the former slaves, have relapsed into a condition of semi-barbar-



SEAT OF SOUTH AMERICAN INQUISITION.

ism, and while they still occupy the old *estancias*, lead a lazy, shiftless, degraded life, subsisting upon fish and the fruits which grow everywhere in wonderful profusion. Nature provides for them, and no amount of wages can tempt them to work. There have sprung up along the river a few small villages, which are trading stations, and furnish some freight for the steamers in the shape of fruit, poultry, eggs, cocoa-nuts, and similar articles, raised and marketed by the women of the country.

The river itself is a great natural curiosity. It flows almost directly northward, and drains an enormous area of mountains that are constantly covered with snow. The current is as swift as that of the Mississippi, which it resembles, and the water, always muddy, is so full of sediment that one can hear it striking the sides of the boat. This water will not mix at once with the sea, and for miles in the ocean it can be distinguished. In some places the river is seven or eight miles wide; at others, where it has cut its way through the rolling earth, scarcely more than a hundred yards.

The mosquitoes are prodigious in size, and at some seasons of the year, when

the winds are strong and blow them from the jungles, it is almost impossible to endure them. The officers and deck-hands of the boat all wear thick veils over their faces, and heavy buck-skin gloves, awake or asleep; and passengers, unless similarly protected, are subject to the most intense torment. Often the swarms are so thick that they obscure the sky, and the sound of humming is so loud that it resembles the murmur of an approaching storm.

Some ludicrous stories are told about adventures with the mosquitoes. I have been solemnly assured that very often when they have attacked a boat and driven its captain and crew below, they have broken the windows of the cabin by plunging in swarms against them, and have attempted to burst in the doors. Although this may be something of an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that frequently horses and cattle, after the most frightful sufferings, have died from mosquito-bites on board the vessels. Not long ago a herd of valuable cattle were being taken from the United States to a ranch up the Magdalena River, and became so desperate under the attacks of the mosquitoes that they broke from

their stalls, jumped into the water, and all were drowned. Passengers intending to make the voyage usually provide themselves with protection in the shape of mosquito-bars, head-nets and thick gloves, and when on deck are compelled to tie their sleeves around their wrists and their pantaloons around their ankles.

The same story-tellers assert that the alligators are so numerous along the

them by the settlers, and brought on board by naked negroes.

The town of Honda, at the head of navigation, is a place of considerable importance, and at intervals for the last quarter of a century American companies have undertaken the construction of a railroad from it to Bogotá, a distance of seventy miles through the mountains. About ten leagues of track have been built, but those in charge have been com-



OLDEST FORTRESS IN AMERICA.

banks you can sometimes step from the back of one to another, and thus walk for miles without touching ground. They are playful creatures, and not at all timid, but bask quietly in the sun until disturbed, when they plunge into the river. The steamboats are always followed by schools of 'gators, and the passengers amuse themselves by firing at them from the deck. No attempt has been made to kill them for profit, but if some enterprising hunters should go to the Magdalena country and make a business of curing and shipping alligator hides, they might find it a profitable venture.

Once or twice a day the steamboats stop for freight or fuel, which is supplied

pelled again and again to abandon it because of the revolutions and the impossibility of securing labor. The natives cannot be induced to work, and no wages that a company can pay will induce immigration. But the enterprise is slowly extended, with the encouragement of the government in the shape of a concession of money and lands, and ultimately the perseverance which conquers all things will succeed. There is also a liberal concession from the government to another syndicate of New York capitalists for the construction of a railway into the Cauca valley, where are supposed to be the richest gold mines in the world, from which were taken the hundreds of millions carried away by the Spaniards.

MAXIMILIAN.

BY ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

[Second Paper.]

THE bright days of the Empire did not last long. Maximilian soon found that it was a far more difficult matter to rule over Mexico than to govern Lombardy and Venice. To found a powerful empire in the richest and most beautiful country in the world was the dazzling prospect which had been held out to him before he left Europe. It is evident that either he had failed to make a careful study of the political history of Mexico or had misinterpreted the philosophy of that history. He was certainly ignorant of the relations of the various political parties to each other and to Mexican affairs in general. In his extreme caution to treat all with fairness, to offend none of them but to unite all, he offended the most powerful and influential of them all—the Church party. The Church had suffered too severely during the last days of the Republic to recognize the rights of any party in the slightest degree in conflict with it. It was jealous of the slightest favor shown to others. The ecclesiastics were suspicious of Maximilian from the start because he was inclined to study the relations of the Church to the Empire before giving in his unreserved adhesion to the Church party. They withheld their aid until they could see what would be the result of his action. Maximilian found at the outset that the Roman Catholic Church had been so long in undisputed possession of Mexico that it had grown unusually corrupt there, and was in need of reform, even from a Roman point of view. He was a devout Romanist. The Pope had no more loyal an adherent among the princes of Europe, but he was outspoken as to the corruptions existing in the Church in Mexico, and even went so far as to threaten to report certain matters coming to his notice, to the Pope. Very soon the relations between Maximilian and the Archbishop of Mexico were a miniature reproduction of those which existed in the middle ages between the German Emperors and the Popes. And yet among the accusations brought against Maximilian by American

writers is this: that he was too bigoted an adherent of the Roman hierarchy!

The empire soon showed signs of financial failure. Relying too much upon the reputed wealth of the country, Maximilian had been extravagant in his expenditures, and so far from reducing the indebtedness of Mexico, he was making frequent demands on France for funds. Some correspondence of this period between the Emperor and Marshal Bazaine regarding the army, gives us a pathetic account of the state of the empire in regard to finances. With all the magnificence of the imperial court, the army supplies were greatly reduced, and the pay of the soldiers was largely in arrears.

An episode of the autumn of 1865 might be expanded into a chapter of intense interest, were there room for it here. It was a scheme by which Maximilian sought to reconcile the Mexican people to his rule, but which turned out like all his other efforts in that direction. Maximilian and Carlota were childless, but the Emperor wished to hold out to the Mexicans the hope that at his death the sceptre would descend to a Mexican of imperial blood. The family of Augustin de Iturbide, "the Liberator," and first Emperor of Mexico, remained in the country, represented by a daughter and two sons. One of these sons, married to an American lady with whom he became acquainted while attached to the Mexican Legation in Washington, had a son, Salvador, two and a half years old. The anniversary of the Independence of Mexico, while memories of "the Liberator" and other Revolutionary heroes were being revived, was made the occasion of the adoption of Salvador by Maximilian as his son, and he was declared to be the hereditary prince of Mexico.

It would seem that the contract by which this was effected was entered into by the parents of the boy Salvador, unadvisedly, and the mother was afterward distracted with the idea that she was

to be separated from her darling son. Even the thought that she was some day to be the mother of an emperor did not compensate her for the loss of his companionship. She made efforts in Mexico, Washington and Paris to get possession of him, but failed. It was



GEN. MIRAMON.

ing itself together in Paso del Norte on the northern frontier, when the report was brought to Maximilian that President Juarez had abandoned the country and sought the protection of the United States. Thereupon the Emperor issued the famous decree of October 3d, or, as it is called by some of the more fanciful historians, Huitzilopochtli, after the old Aztec War-God, to whom thousands of human sacrifices had been offered. It stated that the cause sustained by Juarez with so much valor had at last succumbed, and the chief had abandoned his government and his country. The struggle was therefore no longer to be maintained between opposing systems of government, but between the empire established by the will of the people and the criminals and bandits infesting the country. All persons bearing arms against the empire were declared bandits, were to be tried by courts-martial and condemned to death.

The decree was so utterly at variance with the spirit of the rest of Maximilian's legislation that attempts have been made to find for it another author. The hand of Bazaine seems to appear in it. That cruel and despotic general, the faithful creature of the French Emperor, followed up the Imperial decree with an

not until after the fall of the empire, when two years of separation had elapsed, that the mother and child were reunited in Havana, through the intervention of the Archbishop of Mexico. There is a pathetic little note from the mother of Salvador, still preserved among the documents belonging to this period, sent to the Empress after the child had been entrusted to her care, recommending a nurse for him, and accompanied by some of his playthings.

Out of the adoption of Salvador grew the rumor in Europe that Maximilian intended to abandon Mexico after restoring the throne to the Iturbide family, and providing for the government during the minority of Salvador by calling in the Assembly of Notables again. Salvador de Iturbide still lives, is a graduate of the Military Academy of Mexico, and enjoys high social standing in the Mexican capital; but he is in no way interested in the politics of the country to which he belongs.

The greatest error of the Maximilian régime was made in October, 1865, and the downfall of the empire is generally regarded as dating from that time. The Republican government was barely hold-

ing itself together in Paso del Norte on the northern frontier, when the report was brought to Maximilian that President Juarez had abandoned the country and sought the protection of the United States. Thereupon the Emperor issued the famous decree of October 3d, or, as it is called by some of the more fanciful historians, Huitzilopochtli, after the old Aztec War-God, to whom thousands of human sacrifices had been offered. It stated that the cause sustained by Juarez with so much valor had at last succumbed, and the chief had abandoned his government and his country. The struggle was therefore no longer to be maintained between opposing systems of government, but between the empire established by the will of the people and the criminals and bandits infesting the country. All persons bearing arms against the empire were declared bandits, were to be tried by courts-martial and condemned to death.



GEN. VIDAURI.

army order even more cruel. "Hereafter," it said, "the troops will make no prisoners, and there will be no exchange of prisoners." Everyone taken with arms, of whatever rank, was to be put

to death. The soldiers were to understand that there could be no such thing as a surrender to such men. It was a death struggle. It was on both sides only a question of killing or being killed. Such was the effect of Bazaine's order,

with the terms of a decree, the existence of which they had no means of knowing. The effect of this was to make the Imperial cause unpopular even among its partial friends, and to raise against it bitter enemies among those less favor-



CONVENT WHERE MAXIMILIAN WAS IMPRISONED.

issued eleven days later than the Imperial decree. There would seem to be some grounds for believing that the original instrument had been inspired by him.

Comparisons may be drawn between this Imperial decree and that issued by Juarez in January, 1862, both in their terms and in their results. The Maximilian decree was soon discovered to have been founded upon false premises, but not before it had been executed upon four most excellent Republican officers, arrested by the Imperialist army in the State of Michoacan. They were debarred the rights of prisoners of war, tried by court-martial and shot, in accordance

ably disposed. Maximilian discovered the mistaken policy of this decree when it was too late to recall it.

But the thickest and darkest clouds were gathering in the north. The Government of the United States had continually protested against the course of France in interfering with the right of Mexico to adopt such a form of government as its people desired—perhaps without taking any pains to determine precisely to what extent the Republic and not the Empire was the choice of the people. From the first it had given its full recognition to the Juarez government, being naturally prejudiced toward a Republic. But so long as the

United States were engaged in civil war, these protests and the demand that the French arms be withdrawn from Mexico were unheeded by Napoleon III. An event occurred in the spring of 1865 totally unexpected by the French Emperor, which changed the aspect of affairs very materially. The war between the North and the South closed, leaving the United States intact. With the burden of civil war raised from its shoulders, the government at Washington was left to push objections to the French intervention vigorously. American troops were sent toward the Mexican border to emphasize the demand of the United States that the French desist from attempting to establish any European system of government or colony on this continent, in defiance of the Monroe declaration. The result of a refusal on the part of France would have been war with the United States. France submitted: the French troops were to be withdrawn from Mexico forthwith.

The gay life of the imperial household had been checked for a time by the death of Leopold I. of Belgium, the father of Carlota, which occurred near the close of 1865. The various feast days of the opening year were duly observed, however, unmindful of the gathering storm, of which Maximilian might have had due notice had he not been too intent upon matters nearer home. He conceived a great liking for Cuernavaca, the beautiful place selected by Cortés as his residence, and in that town the Emperor and Empress spent much of their time during the first half of 1866. The anniversary of the acceptance of the crown, the birth-day of the Empress, and finally that of the Emperor, were spent in the capital and celebrated with magnificence. The latest of these occasions, July 6th, was the last appearance of the Empress in public. In robes of state she assisted at the *Te Deum* in the great cathedral.

The next day the despatch of the French government, dated May 31st, was received. It declared that for France to furnish further aid to the Mexican Empire was impossible, and it directed Marshal Bazaine to proceed at once to withdraw the French troops from the country. The Treaty of Miramar was, with many

attempts at apology and excuse, trodden under foot, sharing the fate of the Treaty of London and the Convention of Soledad. The blow stunned the Emperor, and his courage forsook him. The total ruin of the Empire stared him in the face. What hope was there without the support of France? His first thought was to abdicate, but the courage of the Empress rose to the occasion and she dissuaded him from too hastily succumbing to fear, or giving up the struggle while hope remained. The brave woman promptly offered to go in person to France and plead with Napoleon for a reconsideration of his purpose; and her plan was carried into effect forthwith. The very next day she set out, accompanied by the Minister of Finance and a suitable number of servants.

This journey of Carlota is one of the most heroic incidents in the history of Mexico, and one of the saddest. The Empress and her suite were obliged, upon arriving at Vera Cruz, to embark in a French steamer, but she insisted upon its carrying the flag of the Mexican Empire. Just one month after leaving the City of Mexico the Empress arrived in St. Nazaire, and was met by the Mexican Minister to France, and by him escorted to Paris, where she was lodged at the Grand



GEN. MEJIA.

Hotel. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs called upon her shortly after her arrival. She requested that a court carriage be placed at her disposal, and that she might be allowed an interview with the Emperor of France. Her request

was at first refused, but, upon her insisting, she was taken the following day to the palace of St. Cloud. Her interview there with Napoleon III. was unsuccessful. His conduct throughout was brutal in the extreme. He positively refused to reconsider his determination to withdraw the French troops from Mexico, and not another franc would the French government contribute in aid of the Mexican Empire. In concluding the interview he notified the Empress of Mexico that the imperial car would be at her disposal on the morrow, and that she might notify the director by what route she preferred to be taken out of France.

tendants some uneasiness as to her mental condition, and on October 4th it was determined beyond all doubt that her reason had fled. Telegrams were sent to the King of Belgium, her brother, and to the Emperor of Austria, her brother-in-law. The former sent the Count of Flanders to Rome, to escort the demented princess to Miramar.

The Austrian Emperor, unable, even in such an emergency as this, to rise above the feeling of enmity existing in the Austrian Court in regard to both Maximilian and Carlota from the time when the Mexican scheme was first broached, did nothing further than trans-



TOMB OF JUAREZ.

Carlota repaired at once to Rome, reaching that city on the 4th of September. There she sought the aid and consolation of his Holiness, Pius IX. But their relations had changed during the two and a half years that had elapsed since her former visit to the Eternal City, and it required but a glance to inform her, upon being received by the Pope, that her visit to the Vatican was quite as useless as that to St. Cloud. Her nervous system gave way under the severe strain of these two disappointments. Brain fever ensued. Strange conduct on one or two occasions during her journey to Rome had caused her at-

act such business as was required of him on account of Carlota's private fortune. The Empress was then removed to Brussels, where she remains in strict seclusion, in apartments of the palace of Laëken, her birthplace. The pity felt for her throughout the world is kept alive by reports of her condition which now and then reach the outside public. If some of these reports be true, the afflicted princess has more sympathy from strangers in every land under the sun than from her own kindred in Brussels. It has been alleged that she can be seen only by two persons, ladies of the Belgian Court, and that her royal brother,

Leopold II., has seen her but once during the twenty years of her insanity.

After his wife's departure, Maximilian remained in the Mexican capital, pursuing such measures as were suggested to him to carry on his imperial scheme, trusting meanwhile that the mission of Carlota to the French and Papal Courts would prove successful. Rumors of the utter failure of that mission preceded the terrible news of the calamity which had befallen the Empress. On the night of October 18th, despatches announcing the whole truth reached the Emperor at Chapultepec. Crushed by the blow, he shut himself up within the walls of the castle and remained alone with his grief for several days. Under the strain his health broke down. Sickness and anxiety led him to leave the capital and he started for Vera Cruz, stopping, however, at Orizaba to regain his strength somewhat, to intercept further despatches expected from Europe, and to decide the question of abdication presented from different quarters. He was then less inclined to abdicate than he was before the noble sacrifice to save the Empire had been made by the Empress. He was surrounded in Orizaba by his ministers, mostly young men still filled with ambition, and these urged him to continue the struggle. On the other hand, the Emperor of France had sent to Mexico a Commissioner to operate with Marshal Bazaine and the French Legate in inducing Maximilian to abdicate, that being the only way by which Napoleon III. could withdraw from his engagements with anything like decency. The Emperor's own judgment, furthermore, told him that to continue the struggle would end only in defeat and further disgrace. Amid all these conflicting influences Maximilian spent two months of vacillation in Orizaba. Once he went so far as to send his abdication to the three French Commissioners, but he withdrew it upon their failure to accept some of the terms imposed by it.

At last, certain letters from Europe decided him to remain in Mexico and continue the struggle for the empire. One was from his mother, quickening his pride, and bidding him "to struggle on and be buried under the walls of Mexico rather than suffer himself to be humbled

by France." Another informed him that should he come back to Europe, he would lose his prestige there, and that his Imperial brother of Austria had prohibited his return, even threatening him with imprisonment upon his entering Austria. At this time, also, the clerical party pledged its support and the treasures of the Church to carry on his government, and he was further strengthened in his purpose by Gen. Miramon, an exiled Anti-President, who now came back and offered his services to the Emperor. He and Gen. Marquez pledged themselves to raise an army sufficient to replace the retiring French troops.

Maximilian, therefore, returned to the capital, and set himself to the task of raising and organising an army. The preparations of Bazaine for withdrawing the French troops were approaching completion. The exchange of prisoners occupied some time, but was accomplished in a manner creditable to both the Imperial and Republican officers. The French troops at first concentrated in the vicinity of the capital, and began to retire in January, 1867, "extending like a girdle of steel," as a fanciful Mexican writer says, "along the sandy road from Mexico to Vera Cruz." The embarkation took place in March.

Bazaine was the last to embark, and his final act upon Mexican soil was to write a letter to Maximilian, urging him to abdicate, and offering him an opportunity to return to Europe should he decide to do so. The Marshal took with him his Mexican wife and a son born in Mexico. No one connected with the French intervention was so heartily detested by the Mexicans as Bazaine. All the cruelties of the war between the Imperial and Republican forces, are commonly charged to him. He returned to France to become the faithful tool of Napoleon III. in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, holding the position of Commander-in-chief to the armies of France. At the close of that war he was convicted in his country of treason, and sentenced to be shot. He saved his life by escaping from prison, and is now living in Spain, a pensioner on his wife's family. Remarkable calamity has been meted out to nearly every actor in the Mexican tragedy, but no pity is accorded

mon echoed his "*Viva Mexico!*" and the loud report of muskets rang out over the hills and valleys of Querétaro. The three men fell heavily. Maximilian was not instantly killed, and sprang to his feet at once, uttering the most agonizing cries. A soldier advanced and gave what is called the *golpe de gracia* (the blow of mercy)—a well-aimed shot which pierced the heart of the Emperor and stretched his lifeless body beside those of his companions in arms.

"He who knew not how to govern," said one of his Republican critics, "at least knew how to die." All over Mexico there were mourning and tears of pity for the attractive prince, whose career had been so sadly ended in his thirty-fifth year; and, as soon as the news of his untimely death went abroad, expressions of sorrow and sympathy were heard in every quarter of the globe.

Thus was the Republic of Mexico restored, and in a few weeks the President returned to the capital. He seems to have been satisfied with the deaths of the Imperialists in Querétaro and a few at the capital; and arrangements were speedily perfected for the amnesty of most of those who had been adherents of the Empire. Juarez was firmly established in the presidency by a new election, and continued in office until his death in 1872. He was probably the best president the country ever possessed, and was certainly the most honored of them all. His beautiful tomb stands in the Pantheon of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, almost midway between those of Miramon and Mejia; and now the surviving and pardoned representatives of the Empire, and the old warriors of the Republic, maintain friendly relations, of which the position of these three tombs may be typical.

Only a brief chapter of Maximilian's history remains to be written. Immediately after the execution, the body was embalmed, and efforts were made to carry out the Emperor's expressed wishes in regard to sending it to Europe. But in these efforts there were a series of diplomatic blunders on the part of the Emperor's friends, which might easily have been avoided, and which led to a delay of several months before the consent of the government was obtained

to remove the remains from Querétaro.* Finally, however, upon the request of the Emperor's family, forwarded through the Austrian premier to the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs, permission was granted to remove the remains of the "Archduke Fernando Maximiliano" to Austria, to be deposited with the ashes of the deceased members of the illustrious House of Hapsburg. Handsomely encased, the body left the capital under the escort of three hundred horsemen on the 12th of November, 1867. At Vera Cruz it was embarked on the "Novara"—the ship in which the Archduke had set out on his travels in 1851, and in which their majesties had come to the new world in 1864. The principal cabin was richly fitted up as a mortuary chapel. The "Novara" reached Trieste about the middle of January, 1868. A beautifully draped steam-launch transferred the coffin to the shore, where it was placed in a funeral car and taken to Vienna. There a solemn procession was formed, and the remains were taken to a chapel in the imperial palace. They were received by the sorrow-stricken mother whose letter had sealed Maximilian's fate. Her grief in the presence of her son's body was without bounds. The remains lay in state in another chapel for a few hours; were then removed to the Church of the Capuchins, where the last sad rites were performed in the presence of the Austrian Emperor, the Imperial family and representatives of all the governments of Europe; and finally were consigned to the imperial vault on January 20th, 1868.

The bronze sarcophagus in which the second unfortunate Emperor of Mexico now rests, after his many wanderings in life and his long journey after death, bears this inscription:

FERNANDUS MAXIMILIANUS
ARCHIDUX AUSTRIÆ
NATUS IN SCHOENBRUNN
QUI
IMPERATOR MEXICANORUM MDCCCLXIV
ELECTUS
DIRA ET CRUENTA NECE
QUERETARÆ XIX JUNII MDCCCLXVII
HEROICA
CUM
VIRTUTE INTERUIT.

* Upon this subject the Mexican Government has recently taken the trouble to publish a pamphlet in several languages, giving all the documents relating to the action of Juarez and his ministers in regard to the body of Maximilian. I had previously seen these documents in Spanish, and was prepared to state that all charges that the Mexican Government had subjected the imperial corpse to any indignity were utterly false and groundless.

The Imperialist prisoners were taken back to the city and incarcerated in the cells of some of the old convents of which Querétaro was full. Inquiries were at once sent to President Juárez and his ministers, who had then returned to San Luis Potosí, as to the disposition to be made of the captives. One prominent general was promptly executed. The cases of Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia were reserved for special treatment. A court martial was organized to try them under the decree of January, 1862. It was composed of a lieutenant-colonel of the Republican army and six captains of artillery. *The oldest member of this remarkable court was twenty-three years of age, the youngest eighteen. The others had scarcely reached their majority.* Before them the "Archduke" Maximilian was arraigned for treason, for "usurpation of the public power," for "filibustering," for "trying to prolong the civil war in Mexico," and finally for signing the decree of October 3d, 1865. The two generals were tried as accomplices. All were ably defended by prominent lawyers, but to no purpose. The juvenile court had been selected to condemn, and on June 14th found them all guilty. With unnecessary haste they were sentenced to be shot at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th. On that day the three prisoners prepared for execution, when news came of a reprieve until the morning of the 19th.

From the day of his surrender until the morning of his execution, Maximilian remained in his convent cell. He pleaded three excuses for not attending his trial. Sickness (his nervous system had given way immediately after the surrender), the demands of his private affairs in anticipation of death—for he was resigned to what he knew would be the result—and the inferiority in rank of the court selected to try him. The Imperial prisoner attracted the attention of all Mexico, and the President at San Luis Potosí was besieged by petitions from every part of the country and from all classes of people, Republican as well as Imperialists and non-partisans, begging that the life of the Emperor might be spared. But he was deaf to all appeals, basing his refusals to grant mercy invariably upon the "demands of Mexico." Surely the real "demands of Mexico" could have been

heard, one might think, in the prayers that went up from every part of the land that the life of the noble and pure man who had surrendered to the Republic should be spared. Outside of Mexico the news of the surrender was followed by a period of suspense and speculation as to what would be done with the European prince then in the hands of the Republic. News from Mexico traveled slowly in those days, and the efforts made abroad to induce President Juárez to be lenient with his imperial captive and to accord to him the treatment due to a prisoner of war, were put forth too late to be of any avail.

The conduct of the Emperor during his last ten days was so heroic as to win the admiration of all. His letters, written in anticipation of death, to his family, to his counsel, and to his friends in Mexico, are noble and touching. He would be a heartless man who could read them unmoved. Among his last letters was one to President Juárez, pleading, not for his own life, but that the lives of his two brave generals might be spared. In his last hours he was comforted by the false report brought to him that Carlota was dead. He ever afterward spoke with assurance of soon meeting his beloved wife beyond the grave.

At sunrise on the morning of June 19th, 1867, the Emperor and his generals, Miramon and Mejia, were led out to the *Cerro de las Campanas* for execution. Maximilian yielded the central place, the place of honor, to Miramon as a testimonial to his bravery, and took his place at the left of the line marked out. He gave gold coins to the soldiers detailed to fire the fatal volley, and begged them to aim directly at his heart and avoid mutilating his face. He had directed that his body be sent to Europe, and he wished his mother to see his face without any marks of the fearful death he was to die. He took pains to wrap a handkerchief around his long blonde beard to prevent its being burned. Then, addressing the soldiers of the Republican army and the immense crowd standing in sorrowful silence upon the hillside, he said, "Mexicans, I die for a just cause—the independence of Mexico. God grant that my blood may bring happiness to my new country. *Viva Mexico!*" Mira-

The Princess, in an extremity, can, however, get along without the bee, for if his coming be too long delayed she knows how to curl her petals over so as to drop the pollen into the opening of the stigma. She takes care to keep the golden dust dry, and for this purpose has learned to bend her head to protect it from the rain. Long ago the bees stole the pollen to make bread with, but the flowers could not afford to lose it; so they wisely learned to distil honey, which the violet secreted in a long spur, where it is inaccessible to all insects save humble-bees and a peculiar kind of moth, who is her fast friend and ally.

Many flowers seem to blossom for the pure love of it: among them, the clovers and some of the violets. Our Princess produces few, if any, seeds in the spring, but covers herself with hidden pearls in August. These pearls are flowers of the most practical type; having neither perfume nor honey, they indulge in no corolla and contain only a pistil and often but two stamens. They look like buds, which however, never open, but pass at once into seed-vessels. A German scientist, who has made a great study of the flower, says that the sweet-violet knows how to bend the capsule over into the ground, thereby sowing her own seed!

In the dog-violet, the seed vessels when ripe stand boldly up; and when the brown seeds are mature they are discharged with considerable force, the flower taking advantage of its tall stalk to send its children far out into the world, while the lower-growing sweet varieties are forced to content themselves with cradling theirs in the moss at their feet.

The petals of the violet are of exquisite beauty. Aldrich speaks of

The dewy mouth
All purpled as with stains of wine.

Mr. Wallace has pointed out that lines and spots of varied color appear upon the most highly specialized parts both in animals and flowers; the wings of butterflies, the petals of flowers, owe their beauty in a measure to the varied functions which they must perform. Simple, regular flowers are usually of one color, although frequently lined with a lighter or darker tint, but in those blossoms which have been specially modified by insect agency these markings are much

varied: hence the jeweled petals and enameled nectary paths of the violets. The petals are of various shades of blue and sometimes yellow or white, for the violets, like all the higher families of flowerdom, are subject to the curious law of reversion, by which their members tend to return to the more primitive color. Science teaches that the earlier flowers were yellow and white, and that purple and dark blue are the hues belonging to those that were developed later and more highly specialized; while pink and red belong to the intermediate.

The cultivated pansy is said to be the most variable flower in all nature. It possesses the peculiar property of secreting honey only under certain atmospheric conditions, but insects seem to understand the secret and waste no time in useless searches. Mr. Darwin tells of watching a pansy bed two weeks before he saw an insect visit it; but when the honey is prepared

The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thick with darksome
antheming.

Mr. Burroughs settles the vexed question whether the wood violet has a perfume, by saying that he has occasionally found one distinctly fragrant; so, also, he has rarely met with a perfumed hepatica—noting in both cases that the fragrant flowers belonged to the white varieties, of which Darwin says a considerably larger proportion are sweet-scented than of any other. The tendency toward perfume is one which many flowers are said to be slowly acquiring, and it may be that the American bard of the future will not write of the violet as has a poet of to-day, "all unscented does it grow."

Fields, in his "Yesterdays with Authors," tells of visiting Tennyson, and how the poet, after a long talk, having flung on his cloak for a midnight walk on the moor, stopped suddenly, and dropping upon his knees began an eager search in the grass; having discovered, amid the darkness and dew, the first violet of the season.

An odor, the most imperceptible and intangible of realities, is yet known to be the most lasting in the hold which it takes upon the memory. Having been once perceived, it lies like a thing asleep

in the mind for years, until, at an unexpected touch, it awakes, bringing with it whole chapters of the past. There are well-authenticated stories in which the dying have been stayed for a moment upon the brink of the dark river by the sudden perception of an odor which had pervaded like an atmosphere some supreme moment of their lives.

In a recent novel, the love of the hero for a woman long forgotten awakes not at once in her presence, nor until they both experience a sudden recollection of the past as they stand together for a moment in the evening air, laden with the perfume of sweet violets—a revulsion of feeling that lasts but for a moment, and for which they are at the time wholly unable to account.

The flower of remembrance in many languages, the pansy—the Anglicized *pensée*—reveals its meaning at a glance. Cercamon, the knight-errant who traveled the world over with a pansy on his shield, searching for *la dame de ses pensées*, was but the poet seeking the ideal.

Two "pressed flowers" sent by Aldrich to Bayard Taylor retain all their beauty, though gathered long ago:

—This, blue

As Capri's cave; that, purple and shot through
With sunset orange. Where the Duomo towers
In diamond air, and under hanging bowers
The Arno glides, this faded violet grew
On Lador's grave: from Lador's heart it drew
Its magic azure in the long spring hours.
The pansy—there were hundreds of them—hid
In the thick grass that folded Shelley's mound,
Guarding his ashes with most lovely eyes.

Annie Bronson King.

"BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!"

THE silent and deserted street
Re-echoed to no passing feet,
Except of those who braved the fear
That chills all hearts when death is near,
And constantly with measured tread
Bore on to sepulture the dead,
Of unknown ages, nations, names,
Crowded on rudely-fashioned frames:
And as each dwelling they passed by
They raised an awful, piercing cry:
"Bring out your dead!"

And in that time of fear and death
When waiting women held their breath
And strong men battled with that grim
And ghastly foe, o'ercome by him—
When he who cursed and he who knelt
The same o'ershadowing terror felt,
And—dying or living—as time sped,
Heard the same cry: "Bring out your dead!"

With breath hard-drawn and glaring eye
One woman heard that ringing cry;
In agony she bent her ear
The last faint parting sigh to hear;
At bay, like wild beast in its lair,
She heard their steps upon the stair,
Then swiftly, fiercely turned her head,
And cried: "Go back! *he is not dead!*"—

The bearers gone, she turned toward him;
She chafed each limp, cold, deathly limb!
Unlocked the teeth so firmly set,
The brow and lips with cordials wet;

"BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!"

Then prayed and wept; yet in her woe
 Her hands passed swiftly to and fro
 Above the cold unconscious form
 That would not stir, that would not warm.
 She knew not how time hurried by,
 Until once more she heard the cry,
 And saw how vain the hope she fed
 With brief delays! . . . "Bring out your dead!"

Then as that warning cleft the air
 She heard their steps; they came to bear
 Away the last frail hope from her;
 They gain the room; she does not stir;
 They cross the floor; they reach the bed;
 Then, then she shrieks: "*He is not dead!*"
 She kneels, she raves, she rends the air
 With cry on cry of wild despair.

"Woman, the city's peril grows
 By this delay; we must enclose
 His lifeless form and bear it hence;
 The soul has long departed thence."

"Just one more hour—just one! Delay!
 Leave me mine own once more, I pray!
 And, by the sacred name of wife,
 If in that time he shows no life—
 When you return, if yonder bed
 Still holds him prone, I'll grant him dead!
 Go! Go! Be mine this one fleet hour,
 Then will I bow me to your power."

Reluctantly they turned and went . . .
 Then Heaven's own messenger was sent
 To aid that woman's matchless faith
 And join her in her watch with death.
 And all the while the air is red
 With scorching heat, and wildest dread
 Attends the still recurring cry:

"Bring out your dead!"

The hour was spent; once more they came
 Depositing their gruesome frame;
 They mount again the creaking stair
 And this behold on entering there:
 A woman pale, yet glorified
 By some mysterious, Heaven-sent tide
 Which seemed to overflow the room
 And light this picture in the gloom;
 For there upon her faithful breast,
 Pale, ghastly, living and at rest,
 He leaned, while she looked up and said
 "Go now in peace; he is not dead!"

Margaret H. Lawless.

OLIVIA DELAPLAINE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE HOUSE AT HIGH BRIDGE," "RUTHERFORD," "TINKLING CYMBALS,"
"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD," ETC.

XXIV.—CONTINUED.

SPENCER DELAPLAINE'S will had required that his widow's share of the banking-business should, as soon as possible, become entirely null. Her fortune was to be withdrawn from the house, and subsequently re-invested elsewhere. All such operations as these took time, and were attended with not a few legal complications as well. Olivia had many a prosy term of converse to undergo, and some of the proceedings explained to her were by no means as lucid after explanation as she might have wished. Suddenly, one day, the thought of Adrian Etherege flashed through her mind. How materially he could have aided her in the clearer understanding of these perplexing details! And why had she not remembered him before?

The truth was, she had absolutely forgotten him for weeks. 'How ungrateful of me!' she reflected. 'And after he defended me so bravely at Greenacre that evening! He must have felt bitterly toward me all this time. No doubt he has been waiting for me to summon him. What harm can there be in my doing so at once?'

Still, she feared the questions he might ask her regarding that fateful night. Massereene's reference to it had caused her many a memorial shudder. What if Adrian had refrained from seeking her again because he suspected her of greater guilt than that with which she already charged her own unhappy self?

A few hours later one of the employees at the Bank—a gentleman with whom she had already held more than a single rather wearisome parley—presented himself at her house. After not a little hesitation, she made up her mind to inquire concerning Adrian.

"Etherege!" was the reply. "Oh, we have not seen him at the Bank for certainly six weeks. They say he is quite ill. I don't know what the trouble is.

We have paid him his salary as usual. Once or twice his mother—a tall, solemn-faced, elderly lady—has appeared and received the money in person. I myself had no conversation with her, but I believe she said her son was seriously ill with a fever. Several of the clerks called at Etherege's house, but I don't think any of them succeeded in seeing him. Mrs. Etherege always received the visitors, if I am not mistaken, and gave them the same answer—that her son was too ill to have anyone enter his room . . . I've no idea how his sickness will terminate, but it is beginning to be whispered, down at the Bank, that he is in a very dangerous condition. You knew him well, I suppose, Mrs. Delaplaine, when your husband was alive?"

"Yes," Olivia said. "I knew him very well. His illness is a great surprise to me—and a shock also. Can you give me his address?"

"I can have it sent to you," came the answer.

"Please do so, then, immediately."

On the following day Olivia received the address. It was considerably up-town, in one of the easterly side-streets, not far from Second Avenue. That afternoon she had herself driven there in her own private carriage.

She felt convinced that the woman whom she would now most probably meet was the same whom she had seen for a brief minute or two at the head of the stairway on a certain afternoon, not very long ago, while Delaplaine's curt words of dismissal had rung out with such astonishing harshness. And this woman—the mother of Adrian—had no doubt once been the mistress of Delaplaine. All indications, as presented by Adrian himself, had tended toward such a belief on Olivia's part. It was not pleasant to seek her friend with the prospect of being accosted by Mrs. Etherege at the very outset of the search. Still, the gloomy character of the tidings Olivia had heard

left her no alternative. In the way of sacrificing her own inclinations or prejudices, much more than she now contemplated doing would have cheerfully enough been undertaken by her for reasons like the present.

The house at which her carriage finally drew up was one of those small, third-rate red-brick buildings that contribute so multitudinously toward the renowned ugliness of the metropolis. Here dwelt Mrs. Etherege, renting the house and sub-renting all floors of it but one. This was the first, or "parlor" floor, and in its front apartment she received Olivia, amid surroundings of a shabby-genteel quality. Effects here and there suggested the taste or influence of Adrian; but the *ensemble* was in the main both dreary and threadbare.

Mrs. Etherege looked indisputably the first if not the last. Olivia recognized her at once. And the solemn lines on her worn face did not grow a grade more cheerful after she had been told her visitor's name. Indeed, Olivia noticed the lines about her mouth tighten ominously as she said:

"You called, ma'am, to inquire about my son?"

"I called to see him, if I could. I hope he is well enough to see me. I—"

"He never sees anybody," was the interruption, hard as a blow.

"I am very sorry," said Olivia, sweetly. "Is he then so exceedingly ill?"

"Yes. He's pretty sick."

"Dangerously, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me ask you what his trouble is?"

Mrs. Etherege did not seem at all disposed to tell. She was occupying a straight-backed chair in front of the easier one into which Olivia had sunk. She had drooped her eyes and was scanning the carpet with them. It appeared quite possible to Olivia that she might raise them any minute, and show them glittering with most inhospitable beams. It was evident that the woman did not like her boldness in coming thither, but also that she had motives for not making this disapproval too palpable. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the grimness and bleakness of her visage, Olivia could detect in it a strong though covert resem-

blance to Adrian's; one might almost have said that its beauty had become insultingly flouted by trouble and disappointment—two as malevolent vitriol-throwers, in their way, as any that ever prowled.

"He's affected strangely," she at length said, raising her eyes. "He *had* typhoid. But that's gone now, and he's . . . well, he's very weak." All expression of animosity died on a sudden from her face, and one of excessive worryment succeeded it. "I'm very often afraid he's going crazy!" she exclaimed.

"Ah! how dreadful!" Olivia cried. "But perhaps it's only the *result* of the fever. It may wear off when he gets back his physical strength. Such cases are happening all the time."

Nothing could have sounded more spontaneous, more sympathetic, than these words of the visitor's, uttered in her dulcet voice and with softly sparkling eyes. They perceptibly softened Mrs. Etherege, who gazed long and earnestly at her companion, and then said:

"Adrian's mind is in a very curious state. He lies without speaking, for hours. Then he'll begin to murmur to himself in a most incoherent manner. It seems as if he were hiding something from me—something that he's heard or done in former days—and yet as if this were preying so on his mind that he *must* sooner or later disclose it . . . He's often spoken of you, ma'am . . ."

"Of me!" exclaimed Olivia, a pang of self-reproach passing through her heart.

" . . . And I must acknowledge that lately," pursued Mrs. Etherege, as if she had made up her mind to have it all out while her own propitious mood lasted, "he's been begging that I would send for you."

"And why did you not?"

Mrs. Etherege began to gnaw her lips. "Well," she said, "there were reasons. Mr. Delaplaine, as you know, was very good to Adrian. For quite a while he almost adopted him. There was nothing very remarkable in his doing so. Adrian was a handsome boy, and I . . . er . . . I was a relation of Mr. Delaplaine's. I don't know if he has ever mentioned this fact to you or not."

"No," said Olivia, "my husband never mentioned it to me. At least, not that

I recollect." She had become somehow most promptly convinced that Mrs. Etheridge's latter statement was a premeditated falsehood. All in all, however, she was rather glad that this coolly audacious way had been adopted of dealing with the whole awkward and unsavory subject. If Adrian's mother had ever sought to convince Delaplaine that he was the father of her son, she must signally have failed after the lad reached any appreciable age, since he bore no vaguest trace of such fatherhood. Whatever Delaplaine had subsequently done for Adrian must either have been prompted by some lingering shadow of sentiment for his mother (which, as Olivia had seen, that lady was inclined too daringly to count upon), or by the mingled comeliness and capability which the boy himself presented.

"Yes, oh, yes," proceeded Mrs. Etheridge, with a slow, decisive nod at Olivia. "I 'm surprised he did n't speak of the relationship. Adrian knew nothing about it; I never told him." Here she coughed, as though to give herself time for fresh inventions. "I thought he might refer to it on some occasion when Mr. Delaplaine was not in the best of humors—you understand?"

"Yes," acceded Olivia mechanically. She thought she understood very well indeed.

"Now I was *more* than astonished," went on Mrs. Etheridge, "I was *grieved* when I heard that Mr. Delaplaine had not even remembered me by as much as a small legacy." She paused, and drew a long breath, and Olivia wondered whether, during these few minutes of intercourse, she could not read her character somewhat clearly. Was she not a woman who had started life on a large stock of good looks and a moderate amount of principle, and who, having found the resources of both insufficient to keep her prosperously afloat, had mixed herself up in a hundred petty duplicities, remaining now, at a rather advanced age, wholly dissatisfied with the successful diplomacy of any?

"If, as you tell me, you are a relation of Mr. Delaplaine's," Olivia at once answered, "I shall be glad to make some amends for my husband's neglect." She said this, thinking of Adrian, and hoping

that she could thus turn a little golden key in the doorway of obstruction between himself and her.

Mrs. Etheridge smiled, and the smile seemed to astonish her sombre, *fade* face; you might have fancied that certain little muscles used in the process had grown stiff from lack of exercise.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am—thank you very much. We're *not* in the best of circumstances, and one or two of my boarders think of leaving me. If Adrian's salary at the Bank should be stopped, it would be very hard on us. The truth is, as I can tell *you*, my up-stairs drainage is n't what it ought to be, and people don't stay with me long, even if they come. But I've a three-years' lease of the house, so I *must* stay here and try to make both ends meet."

"Well," said Olivia, smiling, "I will help you to do that. Trust me." She was anxious to see Adrian at once, and would have made almost any kind of promise, just then, in order to secure his mother's good will.

"It was because I felt so hurt about Mr. Delaplaine's forgetting me altogether," now pursued this lady, "that I—well, I did n't think it was best to send for you, no matter how hard Adrian begged."

"And he *did* beg hard?" exclaimed Olivia. "Ah, I hope you would have relented soon and sent for me!"

"Well, I dare say I would," she replied, looking down with an uneasy roll of the eyeball; and her hearer almost concluded that she would have been cruel enough to delay the summons perhaps many days.

But Olivia now made an eager request to see Adrian. Mrs. Etheridge presently rose and left the room, after saying that she would ascertain if such a plan were feasible. Her return was awaited most impatiently. But not until twenty good minutes afterward did she again appear.

"He is very weak to-day," she said. "I had to tell him in the most cautious way that you were here."

"And it gratified him to know?" asked Olivia.

"It—shocked him. He's in a state when so little *will* shock him. But he seems very glad now. He is waiting to see you with a kind of new look in his

face . . . Please do not let him excite himself any more than you can help."

"I will do my utmost to soothe, to quiet him," Olivia answered.

"Very well. He wants me to leave you alone with him for a half an hour . . . That is rather a long time, considering how ill he is . . . But I shall be within call, if you should want me. It's only two rooms off. Will you come with me now?"

Olivia rose, following Mrs. Etherege. Very soon, after that, she was standing in a neat, plainly-appointed room, near the bedside of Adrian.

XXV.

His face, as she cast her eyes upon it, sent a thrill of horror through her nerves. Its beauty of contour and proportion was not so altered that she could not recognize it at once, and yet the change, the pallor, the attenuation! . . . Olivia did her best to conceal a visible tremor, and succeeded. She went nearer to the bed and took the hand that Adrian stretched out to her. Its clasp was burningly feverish. His exquisite brown eyes seemed to devour her face as she paused close beside him.

"Leave me with Mrs. Delaplaine, mother," he said, suddenly making this appeal. "Remember your agreement."

"Yes, Adrian," was the reply. Without another word Mrs. Etherege passed from the room.

There was a chair quite near Olivia. She took it, and then, amid the silence that ensued after Adrian's mother had departed, she said, with her voice full of the tenderest solicitude:

"I had no idea until yesterday that you were ill."

"No?" he responded. His eyes dwelt upon hers as though some fascination compelled the searching intensity of their survey. "I wanted mother to send for you; I wanted it so much! But she kept putting me off. At length I made up my mind to do a certain thing, for I had lost all patience, and I suspected that she was deceiving me with false promises. If she did not send for you this very day I had determined to give her a fright—for she loves me, notwithstanding her tame and gloomy way of showing it."

"A fright, Adrian?" asked Olivia. "You mean—?"

"I'd have told her the blunt truth—that I'm dying, and that if she kept us apart any further length of time she would be merely hastening the end for me."

"No, no, no," Olivia murmured. "You cannot mean *that*, Adrian!" She laughed as cheerily as she could, though her heart had begun to beat in a sickening way.

"Yes; it is true. I made the doctor tell me yesterday. He is a clever man, Dr. Wallace; he saw that I was in earnest, and that no prevarication would avail with me. Mother thinks that because my mind wanders, now and then, while I'm lying here as weak as a little child, it's my brain. But it is not. It's my heart. Dr. Wallace says so. There's no hope for me; it's what they call an atrophy, a wasting away. It followed the fever; I had typhoid, you know, for months . . . Isn't it strange that I should die from that?—a heart that is starving? I used to feel as if my heart were starving when I looked at you in those other days."

"Oh, Adrian!" Olivia faltered, drooping her head.

"I did. But all that is past, now. I had resolved not to speak of it when you came. You knew that I loved you. It was torture for me to see *him* treat you as he did. I shall never forget that last evening at dinner. When I left you, a little later, after you had fainted, you believed (did you not?) that I had left for town?"

"Yes."

"It was not true. I staid in the village all the next day. The next night I went back to Greenacre. My thoughts all day had been horrible. It seemed to me at times as if your very life were in peril from *him*. As I said, the next night I went back to Greenacre."

He appeared purposely to emphasize that last iterated sentence. He spoke in a low voice—almost too low for his mother, if she had chosen the part of eavesdropper, to have heard him. Speaking doubtless fatigued him, and at times a glossy light would replace the richer and sweeter lustre of his eyes. He was too sick a man to talk as much as this. Olivia was

about to tell him so, and gently bid him to exert himself less, when his repetition of those words, "the next night I went back to Greenacre," somehow made her forget her designed injunction.

"Do you mean that you went there and asked for me?" she inquired.

Adrian closed his eyes for a moment, and a smile of the most ironical sadness broke from his lips and slowly faded there.

"No; I did not ask for you. I asked for no one. It was some time after dark. The night was very warm, as you perhaps remember."

"I do remember," Olivia said, with a slight inward thrill.

"The front doors were open; the light from the hall shone out across the piazza upon the lawn, where it joined the full, splendid moonlight. I did not know of Delaplaine's illness, but I felt sure I would not encounter him, as a closer view of the piazza told me he was not there, and I had observed that since his state had become so enfeebled he moved about very little. But I believed that I might see you, and I wanted very much to see you. I had been racked by the most forcible pity for you. I longed to press your hand in farewell, and assure you that if you needed my presence hereafter you had only to telegraph me and I would obey the call without an instant of delay. . . All looked lonely and deserted as I ascended the piazza. If I had met a servant I would have sent a message to you. But even after passing into the hall I met no one whatever. Then the idea occurred to me of going upstairs to your sitting-room. Perhaps you would be there alone, and on such a warm night your door might be open. That would be better, I speedily decided, than to ring the bell for a servant and send up my name to you, thus risking the fact of my presence being made known to *him*. . . Well, so I mounted the stairs and soon found myself in the upper hall. As I passed your husband's bed-room the door was slightly ajar. You were speaking with an attendant, and before I had realized it I had heard all you said and all she said. I even caught a glimpse, too, of the man who lay there, and understood clearly that he must be very ill. . . The woman soon left the room, and by the

time that she had done so, going straight upstairs, I had withdrawn into a corner of the dim-lit hall. If she had turned and discovered me I suppose she would have screamed and taken me for a robber. . . and then I should not have done the thing that freed you from him forever."

"What thing?" questioned Olivia, with her breath coming in gasps. A terror had begun to creep icily through her veins, but it was a terror somehow mixed with wild gladness.

"Can't you guess?" he answered. "You went out of the room, and I was going to follow along the hall and enter the other room where you were. But something held me back. I was thinking of the poison in that glass; I was thinking of how it could rid you of him forever."

"Adrian!"

"Presently he called you. You went in to him again. I heard those horrible words he spoke to you about wanting to have you die when he died. I was on the verge of rushing in when he grasped your hand like that; but I stood still outside there, instead, and felt my hate of him and my compassion for you mingle and surge through my veins. . . Then he spoke of his thirst and of how he wanted a glassful of water as large as that of the medicine you were giving him. You told him it was a deadly poison, and after he had taken a spoonful of it you left the glass on the table at his side, because you were most probably agitated by those other words of his, warning you not to be too sure that he would die, after all—you who would not have retarded his detestable life by one second for all the wealth of all the world! . . Then he told you to turn down the light, and you did, and left him. . . And then my mind was made up, and I waited my chance."

"Your chance?"

"It came almost at once. He said, presently, in a husky voice, which you were too far off to hear, 'Oh, how thirsty I am!' . . And then I did not wait any longer. I went into the dark room, softly, on tiptoe. He did not see me enter. I glided up toward the head of the bed, too much beyond him for him to have seen me, even if the room had not been in such thick shadow. I

reached for the glass on the little table. 'Here's water,' I said, and the voice I spoke in startled me; it was very faint, but it was so shrewd a copy of just the way you would have spoken those two words. He put out his hand in the gloom, and I gave him the glass. I heard him begin to drink, with the sound a very thirsty child might give . . . And then I did not stop even to see if he would put the glass back on the table or let it fall . . . I shot away, and no one saw me dart downstairs and hurry out upon the lawn again. The news of his death came to me here in town . . . I dare say the illness would have attacked me anyway . . . I don't know. But I began to suffer fearfully for what I had done, and—and when the news also reached me that you had admitted his death was owing to your own carelessness in leaving the medicine so near him, I had a sick sort of dread lest you might—might be reproaching yourself with—the—thought—"

These latter words were broken painfully, and uttered with a difficulty that seemed to indicate the approach of death itself. But extreme exhaustion, not death, was now at work with Adrian. In another moment his eyes had closed, and his ghastly face, turned a little sideways on the pillow, revealed his complete loss of consciousness . . .

Olivia rose from her chair. For a slight space of time she forgot even to cry out and summon the assistance of Mrs. Etherege. A single thought dominated her being. She was not guilty, after all! Heavy bonds were falling from her spirit, and as if with the audible noise of shattered chains. Darkness was flying away from her, struck into a hundred cloudy fragments by shafts of poignant, enrapturing sunshine! "Thank God!—thank God!" broke from her lips. and as the words escaped her she seemed to gaze upon the very face of Massereene, as though it had become visible in the flesh close at her side. But she discerned it through a blur of besieging tears; and when, a little later, she hurried to find Adrian's mother, these tears were streaming down her cheeks as though the bitterest grief and not the most impassioned joy had caused them.

* * * * *

A few hours later she sat alone in her own room. An open letter lay before her, sheet after sheet, with the ink scarcely dry on the last one. It was to Massereene. It told him everything—the entire story of her temptation, her self-loathing, her renunciation of all future individual delights—and it confessed that the love she bore him was chief and paramount among those delights. Then it recorded the meeting with Adrian Etherege and the new, dizzying revelation that had come to her from his lips.

"Even if I should never see you again—and that is now for you to decide—" the letter here went on, "I implore you to keep as an absolute secret what I have just written. But I know your merciful heart—and Adrian is a dying man! His sin has been terrible; I feel that I can judge somewhat of its magnitude by the anguish that its consequences have cost me. There is no other living soul except yourself to whom I would have told his unhappy story. I wonder if it is selfish of me to feel that you *must* know the whole truth—that it is only justice to myself for such completeness of knowledge to be given you . . . As I said, Adrian Etherege will not live long; you already may read on his face that he is doomed. Explain it as you will, but I cannot help a feeling of infinite gratitude toward him. Still, in any case I would have promised his mother very liberal help, both before his death and afterward . . ."

Olivia directed her letter, sealed it, and sent it to the hotel at which Massereene always lived when in New York.

'Will he come to me?' she asked herself.

Massereene, seated in his own room at the hotel, received two letters. He took them both carelessly, opened one and read in it that the particular steamer which he desired on a certain steamer sailing a few days from then would be reserved for him . . . Then he glanced at the other envelope and gave a great start. His recognition of the hand-writing set his nerves quivering with excitement . . . About fifteen minutes afterward he came down stairs with unwonted speed, almost threw himself into a cab, and gave orders to be driven to West Tenth Street . . .

"Foolish child!" he said to Olivia, after the first and almost silent ecstasy of their meeting had passed; "why should you not have told me your trouble before, when it was tormenting your soul? I would have convinced you that your sin (no matter what may have been its result) was far less unpardonable than you believed."

"Nothing could have so convinced me," said Olivia. She drew away from him with a little shiver, though his encircling arms would not let her recede far. "I have misgivings even now," she went on, "that I am absolving myself much too easily."

"Oh, don't bother, then, about absolving yourself at all," smiled Massereene. "Leave it all to me. Make me the keeper of your conscience."

"You've enough that is mine to take care of already," said Olivia, looking deep into his eyes and answering his smile.

"I've your heart," he said. "Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

He laughed. "Well, I'll own to the responsibility, my dearest, and not be too ambitious about increasing it."

Olivia drew a long sigh. "Responsibility?" she murmured. "My sense of a great one will never cease while I live; for I shall always see reproachful proofs of my weakness in the strength which ought to have made it self-control."

"And I," he replied, still playfully, "shall always hope for strength to grapple with your hardest metaphysics, and repress them when they take too morbid an outlook."

But she shook her head forbiddingly at this lighter mood of his, even while she drooped closer to him and let his arms more fondly enwrap her; for with all her ever-to-be-endured regret, she could not but love the levity that his happiness forced from him,—and as naturally as the dawn itself will force a dewy glitter from those grasses that its first beams have bathed!

[THE END.]

THE BELLES OF OLD PHILADELPHIA.

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

[Second Paper.]

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY was essentially a painter of dowagers. The Tory feeling of the British colonies before the Revolutionary War, and during the time it was in progress, is well embodied in his portraits. The ladies and gentlemen whom he put on canvas were believers in the divine right of kings, and scorned the republican rabble. Copley's methods were somewhat formal, and he lacked artistic as well as social ease of manner; but one has a suspicion that an unconscious reactionary tendency against the leveling opinions of the age lurks in every dry, hard stroke of the royalist painter's brush. He was not free from colonialism, and his early seekings after truth, alone and unaided, on the "wild shores of America," influenced even his latest works.

Some of Copley's biographers claim that he had no teacher but Nature and himself until he went to Italy and

England. His son, Lord Lyndhurst, the celebrated jurist and High Chancellor of England, shares this opinion. But Dunlap, whose chronicles of early American art have a classic value, thinks that he was probably a pupil of the elder Smybert, who was settled at Boston.

Smybert merits attention, not only as a painter, but as an important figure in the romance of early American history. He was the friend of that Bishop Berkeley, whose famous line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," has become the literary key-note of American national development. He met Berkeley in Italy, and together they came to America to carry out the bishop's great scheme of founding a university in Rhode Island, for which the English crown had agreed to make a grant. That experiment in socialistic intellectualism budded never to flower, because the money was appropriated for another

purpose by the English government. Bishop Berkeley returned to Ireland, and Smybert was led by fate to Boston, where he painted portraits and exerted a developing influence over a group of young men with artistic tastes, the most promising of whom was Copley.

He was known as a portrait-painter as early as 1760, and for fourteen years he practiced his profession in his native land, and took high rank among colonial artists. He was living at Cambridge, Mass., when he married Miss Anne Clarke, daughter of a merchant of Boston; and we learn that on the occasion of his marriage he wore a suit of crimson velvet with gold buttons. There was no bohemianism about Copley. Having the respectability of a *bourgeois* and the tastes of an aristocrat, he was admirably fitted to seize and portray the characteristics of the American merchants.

Copley himself was an epitome of the social conditions of the period just preceding the Revolutionary War. The freedom of intercourse which prevailed in the infant colonies when high and low were banded together for the mutual protection of house and home had vanished. Its place was taken by a strong class-feeling among the wealthy and a bitter sense of division, which was soon to find expression in the royalist and republican parties. It is to this period, when Copley's American reputation as a portrait-painter was at its height, that we may assign his picture of Mrs. Peter Turner.

Mrs. Turner, who sits with so respectable and dignified an air in her arm-chair in this portrait of her, was not a Philadelphian by birth. She was a Miss Sarah Wally, of London. Peter Turner was also a Londoner. He came to America in 1742, and purchased a tract of land in the city of Philadelphia, beyond where Girard College now stands. It was named "Islington Farm," and was situated on "Turner's Lane," now called Turner Street. The three sons of this admirable couple, who brought the traditions of the English gentry with them to America, have handed the family name down to the present day.

The portrait of Mr. Peter Turner was also painted by Copley, but it was not

shown at the recent Philadelphia exhibition. It is probable that one of the sons is that little priggish boy who leans on Mrs. Turner's lap, holding up a rose like a cabbage for her admiration, and resting the other hand on an enormous three-cornered hat—which was doubtless the proper head-covering for the sober little gentlemen of his day. Mrs. Turner is evidently inculcating lessons of piety into the youthful breast. The expression of her countenance is appropriately composed; she holds a book with one hand, and with the other points a moral for the benefit of the young. Copley painted better portraits than this, but we may doubt if he ever painted one more thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of social respectability which informed eighteenth-century Philadelphia.

Sally McKean was a belle of Philadelphia toward the end of the last century. In the portrait that Gilbert Stuart painted of her, she looks determined to make the most of life and enjoy herself as best she may. There is a shrewd, humorous twinkle in her audacious black eyes, which shows a thoroughly American appreciation of her own matrimonial success. She is a marchioness, and her son is a duke and a grandee of Spain! No colonial gallant was good enough for Sally McKean, say her spiteful mates at levee or ball. O, no—she must have a title!

And, indeed, why should she not, gay and handsome as she is, with her father one of the political leaders of Philadelphia and a valued servant of the new republic? Judge McKean was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, president of Congress, chief-justice of Pennsylvania for twenty years, governor of Pennsylvania and governor of Delaware. The maiden name of the mother of this clever young creature was Armitage, of Newcastle, Del. She was the second wife of Judge McKean. Pretty Sally was born to a commanding position, even in a small colonial way. No wonder she aspired to a high place in life, such as only European society could give; and when that brilliant young noble, Carlo Maria Martinez Casa-Yrujo, appeared above the social horizon, among all the belles of Philadelphia it was



MRS. PETER TURNER.

Sally McKean for whose charms fate reserved this admirable *parti*. He was Spanish minister to the United States at the time he married Miss McKean, and he held the post until 1808. The marquis was the first minister sent from Spain to the new nation. He was successively plenipotentiary at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, ambassador to France, minister of foreign affairs, and president of the council; besides filling other positions in the Spanish diplomatic world. The Philadelphia beauty accompanied him in his wanderings, and was the belle of several courts. Her son, the Duke of Sotomayor, born at Philadelphia, became prime minister of Spain. The marchioness made her home at last in Madrid, where she died at the age of seventy-five.

One can imagine her looking back on the provincial ways of the republican court, and thanking her stars that she had gotten out of them into a more tropical social atmosphere. Fancy the transition from the subtle Quakerism of even the most progressive Philadelphia society to the life of a Spanish *doña* of

high rank and conspicuous position! A life of love and orange-flowers, of court ceremonies and bull-fights, of color and sunshine and music and moonlight, such as all the wealth of Philadelphia could not bring to its own doors!

In Gilbert Stuart's portraits of the marquis and marchioness, he shows them young, handsome, and, as it were, flowering; for there is a heavenly bloom of color in these two portraits which reminds one of the rosy almond-flowers of southern Europe. The sensitive, poetic, exquisitely receptive temperament of this king among American painters shows him in these portraits as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the two personalities fused by marriage into one—the brilliant, reckless, ambitious American girl, and the courtly, dignified, charming Spanish diplomat. They were types to be carefully studied and worthily embalmed for posterity, and Stuart did his best by the handsome couple. He has made of the marchioness at once a voluptuous Andalusian and a daring, self-confident American—a combination likely to conquer all worlds.

The tender, pearly flesh-tones which Stuart borrowed from Vandyck give to these portraits an iridescent quality that allures and satisfies the eye, while it suggests infinite possibilities of life and art. There is much of Vandyck in Stuart. He was a born courtier and aristocrat, impressionable as only highly-organized natures are. He had the modern neurotic temperament, which thrilled him with life's reflex action to his finger-tips; and this thrills the spectator, who, after long years, stands before his portraits of dead and gone beauties, statesmen and patriots, and feels their souls speak to his own.

Stuart was a genius—a genius delicate, capricious, fastidious. The child of Jacobites, who gave him the name of the martyr king, the merry monarch and the last of the ill-fated line, Gilbert Charles Stuart—though born an American—was, by inheritance, by instinct and nature, loyal to king and liege lord. He was no formalist, no respectable, ambitious *bourgeois* like Copley, but an almost feudal royalist. The boy saw the light of day in 1754, in his father's snuff-mill at Narragansett; but



MARCHIONESS DE CASA-YRUJO.

none the less he had the soul of one of Charles Stuart's Cavaliers in his breast. As a boy, he painted with one Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch artist with whom he went to Scotland, returning after a disastrous journey. As boy and man, Stuart was indolent. For weeks together he idled, and he was one of the sort that are always poor: the aristocratic and artistic natures, warring in one man against the Philistine virtues, produce similar results in all ages. In London, whither he went poor as ever, his talent as an organist gained him a livelihood. Thirty pounds a year was no great sum, but it kept him until West took him by the hand, accepted him as a pupil, and gave him employment as an assistant. But Stuart's talent was of a rarer and finer order than good old Benjamin West's. It was not long before a portrait the young American

painter exhibited of a certain Mr. Grant as he appeared when skating attracted the attention of kindly Sir Joshua Reynolds, who praised it highly. Thus was Stuart's position made at London, and very soon he was as successful as any portrait-painter in the great city, excepting only Gainsborough and Sir Joshua.

A pity there was no King Charles for him to paint! With such a theme his loyal brush would have beaten Vandyck on his own ground. His Stuart sentiment scarcely found favor with Hanoverian George. His loyalism showed itself after his return to America, when he painted Washington with the touch of a royalist, giving to him a dignity, a stateliness and a courtly grace which the Stuart-lover would fain have bestowed elsewhere, had not Culloden ended Jacobite hopes. Thus Gilbert Stuart's Washington is a Stuart in more senses

than one—a shadowy republican realization of a hopeless, yet heroic ideal of vanished royalty!

The social atmosphere of the American Revolution was very favorable to the development of professional beauty. Women craved for excitement and hubbub of various sorts, probably because their men-kind would like to have kept them tied to spinning-wheels and pickle-jars. Now it is very possible that the American Revolutionary War was actually welcomed by women weary of monotonous domesticity and tired of being sniffed at by their English cousins as "colonial" and "provincial" and "old-fashioned" and "behind the age." What are irreverently called, in modern parlance, "social scratchers," were doubtless as prevalent then as now. Chroniclers inform us that before the Revolutionary War there were two great social pedigree divisions in Philadelphia society, and after it there were three!

Even before the actual outbreak of the war, the external aspect of the city had changed considerably. The political hatred toward England had brought about a reaction in favor of French manners, customs and follies. The fads and frailties of the court of Louis XV. were ingrafted upon the sober and pious enjoyments of Philadelphia's Quakers, producing an extraordinary effect of contrast. Madame Pompadour giving the social tone to the beauties of Philadelphia presented a peculiar and significant picture! The wicked French woman was certainly

a more attractive person than the humdrum queen of George III., although she had been a baker's wife, and was so shockingly improper! And thus she continued to set the fashions in hoods and sacks for Philadelphia loveliness until King Death forced her to yield her sceptre to the fair young Austrian dauphiness. Then the Revolutionary War, with its influx of French allies, served to unite Philadelphia still closer with Paris in the beaten way of fashion. It is said that Queen Marie Antoinette herself listened with pleasure to the tales of the pretty women of the Quaker city which were brought to her court by the officers just returned from the American war.

There is nothing more charming nor characteristic in the whole range of Philadelphia portraiture than the two beauties whom Charles Wilson Peale



MRS. DAVID BEVERIDGE.



MRS. BENJAMIN RUSH.

has set before us as Mrs. Beveridge and Mrs. Rush. Peale was by nature respectable and somewhat heavy. He was first an excellent workman, and afterward an artist. He reminds one of a London alderman turned painter; but in these portraits he shows a lightness and gayety—one might say a Frenchness—which he must have gained by the study of Watteau. It embodies exactly the spirit of the early Revolutionary period of Philadelphia society.

They are both so pretty, so deliciously worldly, and so suggestive of Gallic naughtiness, these dainty dames, that I hardly know which fascinates me the

more. And they make such a capital foil for each other—as female friends should, or what would be the use of friendship? Mrs. Rush's portrait is pitched in a low key. There is something romantic about her—an undertone of melancholy which goes hand-in-hand with music; and we may be sure that the mandolin she holds so gracefully will presently be attuned to a pathetic ditty of lovelorn swains and deserted maidens—Phyllis and Amaryllis and the god Amor decorously clothed in the poetic proprieties! She has soft, dark eyes and dark hair, rolled high, wreathed in the French fashion; and the tender oval of her face seems made for caresses.

This lady's husband was Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and an ardent patriot. As a physician, he enjoys a high place in the history of his profession in this country. A medical college in Chicago bears his name at the present day. It is only eighteen months since the Medical Convention at Washington chose Benjamin Rush to be the representative of the profession in sculptured form at the National Capitol. John Adams said of Dr. Rush that his labors in the cause of the Revolution were second to those of Washington alone.

Mrs. Benjamin Rush was Miss Julia Stockton, daughter of Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, who likewise was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and also one of the founders of

Princeton College. A son of Doctor and Mrs. Rush, was James Rush, who became famous in science and wrote a book on "The Philosophy of the Human Voice," which remains a classic on the subject. He married Miss Ann Ridgeway, who was a fashionable Philadelphia beauty in a later generation.

Another son of Mrs. Benjamin Rush, the Hon. Richard Rush, was for eight years American minister at the Court of St. James's, and held the same position in France for three years, beside being Secretary of the Treasury and Attorney-General in his own country. Mrs. Benjamin Rush died in 1848. She was either the last, or the last but one, of the widows of the signers of the Declaration.

I am not surprised that Mrs. Beveridge was turned out of meeting. She is the



MARGARETTA M. MEEKER.

sweetest bit of millinery that ever waited for the spirit to move! Peale put his best work into the painting of her crisp, fresh, charming costume, in which the latest Paris mode is cunningly adapted to Philadelphia Quaker notions of simplicity. It was, doubtless, very expensive simplicity!

Yes, both Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge were expelled from meeting for gayety of life and attire. A nice reputation to leave to posterity! But I do not think they were much ashamed of it, especially Mr. Beveridge, as he joined the Society of Friends only in order to marry that sly Quaker coquette, Sister Mary Emlen. He was a rich, fox-hunting Englishman, who came to Pennsylvania in 1750, and kept up his English pastimes in America. He lived on the Schuylkill, near Belmont, and his house was the scene of many festivities, which caused scandal in the congregations. Mrs. Beveridge looks as though she took her ecclesiastical slatings with placid and philosophic unconcern, and loved new quillings better than old Quakers.

So much eighteenth-century aroma still haunts the streets of Philadelphia, that one would not be surprised to see Mrs. Beveridge's Watteau-Quaker skirts shining against the low-growing foliage of the magnolias in the gardens, or to spy Mrs. Rush's mobile face on the balcony of a white-trimmed mansion, while the tinkle of her mandolin met the ear. I cannot walk down that splendid avenue, South Broad Street, without peopling it with a changeful procession of ghosts, and especially such shapes as the French Revolution cast like drift-wood on the Schuylkill shores, not to mention their native imitators. There were the French royalist emigrants, the Jacobin sympathizers, the dark-eyed beauties from the French West Indies, the *muscadins*, the *incroyables* and the *merveilleuses*, keeping pace in opinions and attire with the political changes in France, and making of Philadelphia the most picturesque of all American cities.

French influence prevailed in Philadelphia until Napoleon's star began to set; and then there came a reaction in favor of the mother-country, against which the popular feeling of the young nation had so long been bitter. English fashions, after nearly half-a-century of

ignominy, again came to the front and replaced the more tasteful French modes. The nation began to have a character of its own, and a distinctly American school of manners and dress arose. A portrait by Bass Otis of Margaretta M. Meeker gives a very good idea of the exaggerated styles of the early years of the present century.

It was at this time, according to the old writers, that Philadelphia female fashions and folly reached their most abnormal heights. The American tendency to extremes showed itself in the dress of the women. Emancipated from their position as colonials, no longer restrained by either French or English dicta, their fondness for extravagant and grotesque attire knew no bounds. Many were the satirical poems written on the subject of the female headgear of that time. Particularly obnoxious was a large hat known as the "skimmer." An example of this sort of covering for beauty's head is presented in this portrait. It is an ingeniously constructed affair, in which lace, feathers and ribbons are used with an effect more striking than artistic. The costume is in dark-brown, with touches of pink, and the scheme of color is well handled. This Bass Otis was very popular as a portrait-painter during our grandfathers' days. He first made scythes, and then painted coaches; and with slight preparation for professional art, he established himself successively at New York and Philadelphia as a portrait-painter.

In the year 1792 a company of equestrian performers was brought out to Philadelphia, from England, by a theatrical manager. Included in the list of members was one Lawrence Sully, who was accompanied by his whole family. They were all of a theatrical and artistic bent. One son, also called Lawrence Sully, became a portrait-painter, and settled at Richmond and Norfolk; a daughter married a French artist of considerable ability; and these two men were the early instructors in art of Thomas Sully, son of Lawrence Sully the elder. He assisted them in their labors, and painted portraits on his own account; and, later, he received some instruction from Turnbull and Jarvis.

As a young man, Thomas Sully enjoyed nine months' study at London,

where he was protected by Benjamin West, who seems to have acted as a sort of dry-nurse to several generations of Philadelphia painters. He returned to Philadelphia, and began his famous career as a portrait-painter, in the course of which he also executed numerous historical and imaginative compositions. In 1837 Sully again went to England, commissioned to paint a portrait of Queen Victoria for the St. George's Society, at Philadelphia. He died in 1872, having painted brood after brood, so to speak, of the beauties of that city, and having developed a side of art in this country which is strikingly representative of the English and American literary feeling of the first half of the nineteenth century.

With the return to English customs came a subjection to the influence of English thought. The romanticism of Scott and Byron influenced Philadelphia almost as much as it did London. Every staid Philadelphia lady imagined herself to be a Haidee, a Rowena, or a Grecian Maid! Scarfs and veils and flowing locks and fluttering draperies made over the erst tightly trussed damsels into Corsairs' consorts and love-lorn Lammermoor brides. It was when the naïve sentimentalism of a generation that loved heartbreaking emotions and stormy passions was at its height that Thomas Sully came forward to embody in his portraits the romantic spirit of American womanhood in the early years of the century.

Born among the surroundings of the stage, nourished on the traditions of the English drama, it was natural that Sully should have been strongly influenced by Shakespeare. In his more ambitious compositions he depicted many of the bright and beautiful heroines of the great poet, and they seem to have been continually present in his mind, lending their personalities to the portraits he painted. A pretty girl of a spiritual cast of feature straightway became to him a Miranda. A sparkling, brilliant beauty reminded



ELIZABETH BORDLEY.

him of Beatrice, and a tender, passionate face was transmuted within his soul to that of the ardent Juliet. Thus many of the Philadelphia beauties painted by



MRS. JOHN MYERS.

this lover of ideal womanhood were endowed with a glamor which was not theirs, but that of Shakespeare, and the Shakespeare of the stage, not of the closet, yet without the stage's grossness. It was

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream,

that made Sully dear to the heart of the pensive self-communing beauties of an

age that loved melancholy and courted tears.

The eighteenth-century gayety and cosmopolitanism of Philadelphia had departed. The city flourished and grew apace. There were conventional and decorous tea-parties, formal routs and ceremonious dinners, but the merriment of the colonial days, the excitement of the revolutionary period, were at an end.

Philadelphia manhood was absorbed in making money and developing great schemes, and gave little thought to Philadelphia womanhood in the way of gallantry.

How often the Philadelphia beauties must have looked back upon the days of their mothers and grandmothers, and wished they had lived in those stirring times when men were soldiers and not money-grubbers and valued kisses more than kegs—of dollars. Philadelphia was dull enough in the thirties, for Fanny Kemble so tells us in those gloomy letters she wrote from her home at Butler Place, in the suburbs of the city. Society, as it existed in England, was unknown here. Mrs. Kemble-Butler's position as an ex-actress and her domestic troubles may have colored her views of Philadelphia society, but her observations as an intellectual, cultivated woman are an unconscious echo of the remarks of the Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt, who was at Philadelphia between 1795 and 1797. He says, "What is justly called society does not exist in the city." Surely a French duke would have been well received and would have had good opportunities for studying the social conditions of the Quaker City. When Paris and London agree in an estimate of Philadelphia, surely it cannot have been wholly incorrect.

In Fanny Kemble, Sully found a sitter after his own heart—a Shakespearean heroine incarnate! He painted six portraits of her; the one she liked best showed her as *Beatrice*. She did not sit for this, and it was the first of the series. Sully painted it from memory, after seeing Miss Kemble in the part. The young actress heard of the success of the picture and expressed a desire to view it. From that time she became a warm friend of Mr. Sully and of his family. Several portraits of Miss Kemble, in costume, by Sully are preserved in the permanent collection at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. But the best head is that reproduced in these pages, which was included in the historical loan collection. It is unfinished, being scarcely more than laid in with "dead color," which is, however, of a warmth that gives tone and softness to the noble, classic and somewhat severe features of this intel-

lectual actress. It is a beautiful head, with an antique cast of form and a modern feeling in its treatment. The bright, young soul irradiates the face. Such a nature as this, might well feel itself *dépaysée* in a city where stolidity and frivolity alternated.

When Sully painted Mrs. Elizabeth Bordley Gibson, he chose to depict her seated in a vine-clad arbor, in a pensive attitude and wearing ringlets. An India cashmere scarf is thrown over her shoulders, lest the arbor-damp should produce rheumatism; and a quiescent meekness, a non-resistance to the bold advances of earwigs and other creeping things that commonly reside in vine-clad arbors, is expressed in every curve of the white-robed frame. A generation which, influenced by ultra-modern France, insists upon simple, neutral backgrounds in portraits, would naturally jeer irreverently at the arbors, landscapes and various rustic objects which formed the accessories of pictured humanity in the days when Thomas Sully made concessions to Philadelphia portrait-painting traditions. Mrs. Gibson's right hand rests upon a book which we may take to be the celebrated Bordley memoirs, which were written by her. It was doubtless the composition of this memorial to her English ancestry and to the manes of her distinguished father, John Beale Bordley, which entitled her to assume that literary cast of countenance, dress and manner.

Mrs. Gibson's mother was the "Widow Mifflin," a prominent figure in old Philadelphia society and the second wife of Mr. Bordley. Gilbert Stuart painted Miss Bordley as a gay, smiling Greuze-like little soul, with powdered hair and sky-blue ribbons, quite unlike the limp and lackadaisical creature that Sully makes of her in middle-age. In the first picture she had not reached the point of yearning after fame—of regarding herself as the Clio of Philadelphia and the Muse of America. Early American female literature, which was chiefly amateur, could have found no better exponent in art than the later picture.

One of Sully's very best pictures of the pretty ladies he loved to paint, is that of Katharine Miercken (Mrs. John Myers) who lived till 1874. She was a



MRS. BERNARD HENRY.

very young woman when Sully painted her in a simple dark-red velvet robe, curved close to the figure, and folded about the lithe body as easily as a calyx about a budding flower. The slender arms and the fresh young throat and neck are bare and quite dazzling in their unshadowed whiteness. A frill of wide old Mechlin lace is all the relief offered to the head, as it rises from the dusky richness of the robe. The face, with a few loose dark locks on the brow, has a look at once proud and roguish. The pose is natural and graceful. The picture, as a whole, is a model of elegance, simplicity and completeness; and some of our modern American portrait-painters, might learn valuable lessons of self-

restraint from this excellent example of Sully's art.

The era of "Books of Beauty," with steel and mezzotint engravings, with plaintive poems and sentimental tales, had now arrived. American art and American literature were pressed into the service of these red and gold volumes, without which no gentleman's drawing-room centre-table was complete. Sully's romantic portraits were particularly well adapted to reproduction in these pleasing annuals. His charming and original figure of Mrs. Bernard Henry enjoyed the honors of the beauty-book, and well it deserved them, for it is an exquisite bit of idealization. Mrs. Henry was Miss Mary Miller Jackson,

of Chester County, Pennsylvania, one of the "three pocket Venuses" written of by Washington Irving. The tiny figure, with its white drapery curved by the action of the air, is seen to be in motion; the warm, blonde head is all grace and expressiveness. The portrait might easily be supposed a poetic conception of the "West Wind." Few painters have created more harmonious effects of line than Sully. His compositions are suave to an unusual degree. They move the spectator like a sweet melody, and one is not surprised, therefore, to learn that the painter's soul from youth to age was steeped in music. There is nothing of the stage in this group of portraits except

its idealizing tendencies. Sully's love for curves makes Mrs. Henry's picture a dream of harmony.

The portrait of Mrs. William Hall (Christiana Gulielma Penn-Gaskell) shows the same fondness for symmetrical combinations of line. Long sloping effects prevail throughout the composition, from the slanting curves of the picturesque hat, with its heavy droop of feathers, and the narrow shoulders, down to the minutest details of the costume. It is probable that the quick eye of the painter seized the long drooping effect of the head and face as the keynote to the scheme of composition.

Mrs. Hall was an artist and musician



MRS. WILLIAM HALL.

of no mean ability. There is something typically aristocratic, in the republican and Philadelphian sense of the term, about this lovely person. She is at once cold and cordial, dignified and gracefully familiar, winning and repellent. She looks out at you from under the shadow of her ostrich plumes, with a subtle sweetness on her mouth and a

latent haughtiness in her eyes. The suggestiveness of the "eternal feminine" envelops her fragile body, and haunts the spectator's memory as he turns away in enforced silence from the bewitching presence.

Fortunate, indeed, is the city which preserves such memorials of the grace and beauty of by-gone years!

THE FIRST OCEAN STEAMER.

It is remarkable that after so much has been written and published in regard to early steam-navigation (especially ocean navigation, which is of comparatively recent date), it remains to be shown that *the first regularly built ocean steamer was constructed on this side of the Atlantic.* Waiving all that has been claimed for the voyage of the "Savannah," we now find that an American ship-builder constructed the first sea-going steamer that ever crossed the ocean, propelled wholly by steam. This was called the "Royal William," in honor

A letter published in *The Quebec Morning Chronicle*, and dated London, September 14, 1833, says:

The steamer "Royal William" arrived here some days since from Picton in nineteen days, out of which she had two days detention to make some alterations in her machinery. The whole distance of the voyage (about 2,500 miles) was performed by steam with the most perfect success.

Mr. James Goudie, having drawn the lines for this vessel, was called upon to superintend her construction, and in the fall of 1830, laid her keel in the yard of Campbell & Black in the city of Quebec. She was a ship of 1,645 tons burden, somewhat in the style of those running between Scotland and Ireland, but of great strength, in order to encounter the ice of the St. Lawrence; being intended as a packet between Quebec and Halifax, so long as the navigation could be kept open, and to run from Halifax to the West Indies the rest of the year.

Mr. Goudie is still living, and in excellent health and spirits, although he has just entered upon his seventy-ninth year. In a letter now before me he says:

I proceeded to Quebec in May, 1830, and was engaged to carry out the plans and construction of vessel. She was laid down in the fall of 1830, and completed in 1831. The lateness of the season at which the ship was got ready, precluded her from doing much that season. The next year opened up with very poor prospects. Cholera had made its appearance at Quebec, and business was almost entirely suspended. So she was run at a great loss, ultimately being laid up. The following year she was run a few trips at a loss, and it was decided in the month of August, 1833, to send her to London, England, for sale. She arrived out after a prosperous trip of twenty-five days. She was put up for sale, and was finally sold to the Spanish government for £10,000 sterling, having cost in building £19,000, Halifax currency.

I am particular to give this quotation in order to account for the obscurity



JAMES GOUDIE.

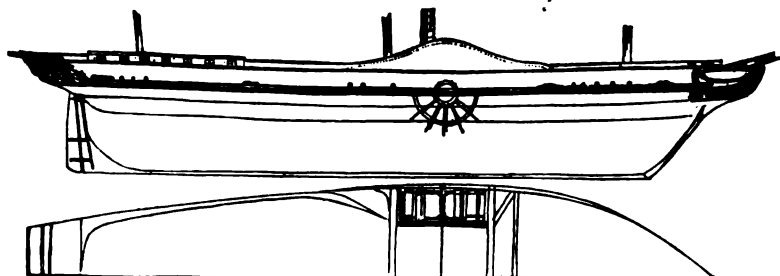
of the "sailor king" who then reigned in England, and the Historical Society of Chicago has her original drawings on file in its archives.

The first steamer to cross the Atlantic Ocean was the "Savannah" built by Isaac Cochrane & Co. She made the voyage in 1818 - 19. The "Savannah" of 350 tons arrived at Liverpool from New York July 15th 1819.

which has hitherto hung around this enterprise. Men, as a general thing, are not prone to talk much about their unfortunate ventures. If they "pick the

and if so, there may be four or six of them, or even more, and the speed of the ship be correspondingly increased.

I am aware that the little steamer



flint and try again," it is generally in some new direction. Although the building of this vessel, and her performances as a sea-going craft, constituted a professional triumph for Mr. Goudie *she did not "pay,"* and it was not until steam had driven nearly all other propulsion from the ocean, that her original promoters seemed anxious to claim any participation in the enterprise—much less to contest with others the credit of being first to send a veritable ocean steamer across the Atlantic.

I have the original plan, of which this copy is faithfully taken by photography.

The following is a table of her dimensions:

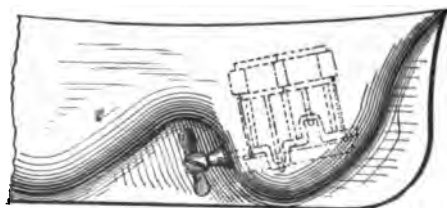
Length of deck . . .	169 ft.	Rake of post . . .	2 ft.
Length of keel . . .	159 ft.	Rake of stern . . .	18 ft.
Extreme breadth . .	47 ft.	Draught of water .	14 ft.
Depth of hold . . .	19 ft.	Burden . . .	1,645 tons.

It will be seen by the curved lines abaft her paddle-boxes that she was provided with cavities or depressions upon each side, for the protection of her wheels. This was a bold innovation, and there may be those who would regard it as unnecessary; but *it has recently been patented*, and is now likely to become an important factor in naval architecture, especially for canal navigation, or where ice is to be encountered. It is claimed that by putting two small propellers near the bow of a vessel, instead of a single large one at the stern, she may be handled and directed with marvelous facility. But the propellers must be placed in these recesses,

"Phoenix" had made a trip from the Hudson around to the Delaware by sea in 1807; and twelve years afterward the "Savannah" made a voyage from Savannah, Georgia, to Russia, via England, returning to New York direct from St. Petersburg in twenty-six days. These were not ocean steamers, however, as we understand the term. The "Phoenix" was a small river steamboat, built in



New York, where she was not permitted to navigate the waters on account of the monopoly secured by Fulton and his associates. The "Savannah" was a regular-built full-rigged sailing ship, having only an auxiliary engine on board, and side-wheels that could be unshipped and hoisted on deck in stormy weather. On her return to New York, her engines were taken out, her side-wheels un-



shipped, and she resumed her place in the line as a regular Savannah packet.

On the other hand, Goudie's ship was built expressly for an ocean steamer,

and was the first of her class to cross the Atlantic.

It was not until five years and three months afterward that the "Sirius," a little vessel of seven hundred tons and two hundred and fifty horse-power, and her consort, the "Great Western," of thirteen hundred and forty tons and four hundred and fifty horse-power, arrived in New York harbor on the same day (April 23d, 1838); the "Sirius," which sailed from Cork, April 4th, arriving in the morning, and the "Great Western," which sailed from Bristol, April 8th, arriving in the afternoon. But Goudie's steamer not only antedated these by several years, but was more than three hundred tons greater burden than the larger of them. These were all side-wheel steamers, as was also Ericsson's "Great Eastern." But Ericsson was at the same time experimenting with the screw-propeller, as Colonel Stevens had before him, so long ago as 1804; and since that period, comparatively few ocean steamers have employed the paddle-wheel.

When the "Royal William" was transferred to the Spanish navy, she was re-christened the "Ysabel Segunda." Being rebuilt as an iron-clad, she was the first steamship ever employed as a man-of-war, and the first in any service to be under fire. Her heavy timbers of oak and red pine, and strong construction in other respects, made her entirely worthy of her new vocation.

Goudie's peculiar hull has, however, a new interest at this time. For, without any reference to the means of propulsion to be employed, the cavities or depressions at the side are capable of adaptations for which the advancing demands of commerce may find great utility. Isthmian and other canals are requiring some new methods of obtaining steerage-way, and he who can put sufficient propulsion at the bow of a steamer will do for navigation very much what Howe did for the sewing-machine when he put an eye in the point of his needle. This has been attempted in combination with "the cavities or recesses on both sides of the vessel" which are shown in Goudie's model. Perhaps, with the improved means of propulsion now available, war-

vessels and merchant-steamers of the largest class can be navigated through canals, or manœuvred in the presence of an enemy, far better than when the "Ysabel Segunda" entered the Spanish navy.

James Goudie, the naval architect who drew the plans, laid the keel, and superintended the construction of the "Royal William," is an American citizen, and has been for many years a resident of Cook County, Illinois. His father, John Goudie, if not a Scotchman born, was of Scotch descent, and was a resident of Quebec on the 19th of December, 1809, when his son was born. John Goudie and Henry Eckford, (the famous naval architect of the war of 1812,) were fellow-apprentices in Quebec, in the ship-yard of John Black, who was Eckford's maternal uncle. They were nearly of the same age, both having been born in the year 1775. During their apprenticeship a strong friendship grew up between them, which was ever afterward preserved. When they came to be of age, Eckford established himself in New York, but Goudie remained in Quebec, and was employed by the British government during the war of 1812-16, in constructing war-vessels at Kingston, Isle aux Noix, and other places, while Eckford was similarly engaged by the United States government at Sackett's Harbor and other points upon the lakes. They were professional rivals and well-pitted against each other, but were always great personal friends.

Eckford had frequently written to his friend Goudie to send one of his boys to him and he would "make a Yankee of him." So finding himself an orphan at the age of fifteen, and hearing that Eckford was about to proceed to Turkey, to build a fleet of war vessels for that government. Goudie set out to join the expedition, but did not reach New York in time. Returning to Quebec, he was sent to Europe to complete his education, by the trustees of his father's estate; and proceeding from London to Yarmouth and thence to Greenock, he apprenticed himself to an eminent shipwright, and after a brief term was made an assistant foreman to superintend the building of a steam yacht of four hundred tons, for Dom Pedro, on the same principle that he

subsequently adopted for the "Royal William." This resulted so much to the satisfaction of his employers, that when in the fall of 1830, they were solicited by the merchants of Quebec for some one to superintend the building of the proposed steamer, they unhesitatingly recommended young Goudie for the position. He accordingly returned to America, and made the plans; which being promptly approved, he was immediately engaged upon the work, with the result which we have already seen, although at the time scarcely twenty-one years of age.

Fifty-seven years have elapsed since then, and in a letter he says:—"I am

getting pretty old now, but I try to keep active. I am just ten days older than Mr. Gladstone, 'the wood-chopper,' and I think his ideas are good, and I have followed them. When he dies I shall look out."

It seems to me exceedingly opportune that *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* should be the medium of rescuing this interesting piece of American history from oblivion, and vindicating this venerable native shipwright's claim of having designed and built the first veritable steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic.

F. L. Hagadorn.

AN OIL SPECULATOR'S MISHAPS.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

A FRIEND told me that he had been favored with a good pointer on the market, from an old astrologer who had recently hung out his shingle on Penn street. There are few, if any, speculators who are not superstitious, and we in Pittsburgh at the time of this sketch might well be excused for clutching at any chance for a glimpse into the future. The way in which oil was bounding up and plunging down was enough to make one's head whirl. The idea of "a sure thing," one way or the other, for even an hour ahead, was indescribably fascinating, and the astrologer was "doing a land-office business." I had about \$4,000 in the market, and it was my entire capital; but if it had been a million my anxiety about it could not have been much greater. So \$2 did n't seem much for a good pointer, and the star-sharp caught me for that amount.

I was not satisfied with him. He told me I would soon take a long journey, under annoying circumstances; but I did n't care about that, for I knew better: I was going to stay just where I was and watch the market. He also said that in six weeks Mars, Uranus and Venus would together get me into great trouble with, through, or about a woman. Neither did that have any influence upon me, for I never bothered myself much with women, not caring a wild-cat share about any

one of the sex except pretty Mattie Summers, a little girl in Indiana to whom I was engaged to be married as soon as my speculations gave me a good start. But regarding what I was most interested in—how the market would go the next day or the next week—old Horoscopes gave me no satisfaction; and when he went on to tell me that at about the age of forty-seven my leg would be broken by the kick of a horse, unless I was careful, I rose up and said:

"That settles it. You are, in my opinion, a fraud; even a bigger one than I am a fool for coming here and listening to your balderdash."

Then I left him and went on my way. Days and weeks passed, and all things considered, I was doing pretty well. I was prudent, a pretty good guesser, and although I was nipped rather sharply two or three times, my interest in the market steadily grew until it represented some \$7,000, all of which I was playing for a certain promised rise.

One day, after business hours, I received a telegram from Mattie saying:

I must see you without an hour's unnecessary delay.

I could n't imagine why she wanted to see me. I knew she was mixed up somehow in a suit about an estate of which she was joint heiress, but she could not wish to consult me about that, as she

had her lawyer, and I could be of no service. It might be her scapegrace brother Tom had gotten into some new trouble, but she would hardly send for me on that account. Perhaps she was sick, or had met with some terrible accident, and a friend or relative had telegraphed in her name to bring me quickly to her side! That thought was enough to make me hasten to catch the evening train. I did think of wiring for information, but refrained because the idea suggested itself that good reasons perhaps existed why more particulars had not been sent in the message.

The ride in the train all that night and well on into the following forenoon was an anxious one. After the little station of Delafield was reached, I had a drive of fifteen miles before reaching Mattie's home.

She met me at the gate, fresh, rosy, smiling, glad, without a sign of any trouble that might have called forth an alarming message such as I had received.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Will!" she exclaimed; "and yet I can't help feeling a little penitent for bringing you all that long way, just to satisfy a girl's whim."

"To satisfy a girl's whim?" I ejaculated.

"Yes. You won't be angry with me, will you, dear? You see, my cousin Jenny is engaged to be married to a Mr. Crothers, who is a traveling man, and they often telegraph to each other, instead of writing. Well, she and I were talking about you and Mr. Crothers yesterday, and she said he would come to her at once from anywhere, if she telegraphed, and I said I was sure you would too, for I knew you loved me better than he did her—and you do, don't you?"

"Oh! yes; much more, my dear," I hastened to assure her, but with my mind wandering a little back to the feverish and unsettled market in Pittsburgh.

"Well, at last," she went on, "we agreed to telegraph two identical messages, one to Mr. Crothers and one to you, and we bet a pair of gloves on which of you would arrive first."

"Ah! you did?" I exclaimed. "What pretty ideas you girls sometimes have, but it's all right, I hope."

"Oh! yes; it's all right. I've won the gloves. She came over here this morning—with tears in her eyes, she was so mad—to tell me, that Mr. Crothers just telegraphed back one word, 'Walker.' Wasn't he real mean? And why did he telegraph some man's name, Will? Jennie does n't know any Mr. Walker."

"Oh! no. It is n't a man's name, my dear," I answered, with perhaps a little bitterness in my heart, for I could not help thinking of what might be going on in Pittsburgh just then. "It is a peculiar oriental expression, intended to convey the idea that the person employing it—particularly as Mr. Crothers did—is distinguished by eminently good sense, almost superhuman intelligence, in fact."

"Ah! is that so? Well, I'm glad you did n't send me a mean message like that. And you would n't, would you, dear?"

"I did n't, my darling," I replied evasively. But in my soul I wished I had, for dear as Mattie was to me and glad as I naturally was to see her, a presentiment was growing upon me that something abominable would happen in the market while I was away.

I sat up late that night with Mattie, who was just as charming as she could be. The next morning I started early for the railroad station. I went a mile or so out of my way, to call at the nearest telegraph office, in Hausertown, and get news from Pittsburgh, only to learn that "the wire was down." It is really surprising, how frequently the wires in that western country are down just when one most wishes them up.

Three or four miles from Mattie's home, as my horse was walking slowly up a steep hill, at a turn of the road I came abruptly face to face with a man sitting upon a stump by the wayside, with a rifle raised to his right cheek and pointed in my direction.

"Hi, there! Look out what you're about!" I shouted to him, as I halted my horse.

He deliberately lowered the gun, shaded his eyes with his left hand and replied drawlingly, after eying me for a moment: "I'm a-lookin'. You ain't my meat. Go 'long."

"But why in thunder are you perched up there, with your battery trained on the road?" I asked.

"Go right along, stranger, and don't never mix up in what don't concern you. It need n't be no funeral of your'n, 'thout you make it so," he answered.

His advice seemed good, and, although I did feel my curiosity a little unsatisfied, I took it.

About a mile further along the road I met a young man and woman, in a farm wagon drawn by a double team. The young man reined up, with a "Say, stranger!"—and we halted side by side.

"You did n't happen," he continued, "to see any old feller in a butternut suit an' with a slouch hat as you come along, did you, stranger?"

"Yes; I did."

"What was he a-doin'," asked the girl, with evident anxiety.

"Sitting on a stump, by the road-side."

"Did he hev a gun?" hurriedly demanded the young man, with perturbation.

"He did."

"I'll bet it was dad, sure," exclaimed the girl. "A-layin' for us," added her companion.

The couple began an animated dialogue, in whispers, and I was about to drive on when the young man called to me:

"Say, hold on, stranger! Wait a little. Sal an' me want you to help us out a little. You see, Sal an' me was goin' to get married, but the signs is that her ol' man aint quite so plumb sot on the idee as we be. Now I've got to go ahead an' face him while you take Sal in the buggy with you an' drive around to Cortright by the hill road—Sal 'ill show you the way—an' I 'll come by the creek road on the other side of the range; an' we'll get spliced afore dark, won't we, Sal?"

"Unless the old man plugs you on sight," I suggested.

"Taint likely he will when he sees there ain't nobody in the wagon with me."

"Sides, dad most allus misses when he shoots," was the maiden's added crumb of assurance.

I tried in vain to argue that Cortright was seven miles out of my way; that I was in haste to catch the noon train at Delafield; that I had no interest in their matrimonial scheme, and deemed the

advice not to "mix up" very good indeed; that they had better go back home until the old man got more "sot on the idee." It was all of no use. Their arguments overpowered me. In fact the girl sprang into the road and thence into the buggy beside me, with the agility of a cat, exclaiming:

"Gracious fish-hooks, I'd a great sight rather dad ketched me with a total stranger than with Sam."

I resigned myself to the seemingly inevitable and started to take Sal to Cortright, while Sam drove off in "dad's" direction. The girl and I rode along in silence for some time, but she was of a social nature and at length broke forth:

"Say, you 're a stranger 'round hyer, ain't you?"

"Very nearly so," I told her.

"When you're to home are you allus as fine dressed up as you are now?"

I replied that I thought I was, as people did not usually wear their best when taking long journeys.

"What do you do for a livin'?"

"Just at present I speculate in oil."

"What do you mean by speculate?"

"Buy when it's cheap and sell when it's dear," I replied, though with a secret doubt of whether that was what I was doing through my brokers just then.

"I wish Sam could get his livin' that way, an' dress every day like you do, an' dress me up to match. D'ye s'pose Sam could speculate?"

I replied that I thought he had all the speculation on his hands that he ought to try. While she was still mentally chewing that proposition we suddenly met, at another bend in the road, a young woman on horseback, who at sight of my companion exclaimed:

"Hello, Sal! What are you a-doin' there?"

And the one beside me simultaneously shouted:

"Hey, Lize! Is that you?"

We both halted. I had nothing to say.

"What are you doin' in that outfit with a total stranger, and where are you a-goin', Sal?" demanded the equestrienne, with an air of authority that, together with her family resemblance, proclaimed her an elder sister.

"Well if you must know, I'm a-goin' over to Cortright to meet Sam an' get

married. We was runnin' away an' dad 'most catched us, an' Sam he's gone to throw him off 'n the trail, while the stranger takes me thar, an' Sam's to meet us."

"Sal Arney! Ain't you ashamed of yourself? You shan't do any such thing. The idee! You a-runnin' off with a total stranger to meet Sam! An' maybe he might n't marry you when he got you there."

"Oh, yes! he would. He wants to, powerful bad."

"Does, eh? Well here, I'll tell you what I'll do. You jest git right onto this hoss an' ride back home lickety-split, as fast as you can, and get thar before dad does; I'll get in with the stranger an' he'll take me home, an' they'll let you come over to my house next week 'thout suspicionin' anythin' an' we'll send for Sam, an' he can marry you thar. After you've been married a week, I guess dad won't kick an' it won't do him no good if he does. Come now, hump yourself an' git out o' here, quick."

She sprang off her horse as she finished speaking.

"Excuse me," I ventured to protest, "but I don't want to take you home, young woman. I am very desirous of reaching the Delafield station in time—"

"Hello! hello! Then what in thunder is this story Sal's been a-tellin' me about your takin' her to Cortright? Sal, I'm beginnin' to have my suspicions of you an you'll come right out 'n that buggy or there'll be trouble here."

"All that she has told you has been perfectly correct, so far as I know," I interrupted, "but, if I did consent to take her to Cortright to meet her lover, please understand that carrying young women around the country is n't my legitimate business, and I decline—"

"Oh, pshaw! Now you're too much of a gentleman to drive off an' leave a lady standin' in the road, an' that hoss won't carry double. You were goin' to Cortright. Well now, you need n't go there. You jest go about nine miles in the opposite direction to Slicer's Mills, an' then you won't be much further from Delafield than you are now."

While she was talking, Sal jumped out and Lize coolly climbed into her place. Sal led the horse up to a log by the road-

side, mounted him and trotted off in the direction we had come; and I, with a dumb disgust at my inability to offer an effective opposition to this summary disposal of my person and affairs, gave my horse a cut of the whip and we set out for Slicer's Mills.

"Take the first turn to the right, and then the third to the left," directed Lize; "an' sit further over—you're a rumplin' my dress."

I obeyed meekly.

"Whatever brung such a fancy lookin' chap as you into these parts?" queried Lize; "lightnin' rods, churns, or drive wells?"

"No. A railroad train and a horse and buggy," I responded drily.

She didn't seem encouraged to continue the conversation. I don't know how long I had driven or how many turns to the right and the left we had taken, when a pair of horses attached to a light wagon drew up in the road, squarely in front of my horse, and the man driving them exclaimed loudly:

"Hello!"

"Well, hello!" I echoed.

"What does he say, Jim?" demanded a sharp-featured little old woman, with beady eyes and one hand up to her ear, who sat beside him.

"Says, 'hello!' Jim flung at her vociferously, over his shoulder.

"Oh! but, where's he takin' our Lize?"

"Well, dinged if that ain't what I'd like to know myself," answered the man, staring hard at me.

Lize, who until now had sat silent, looking at them and smiling as if some good joke were developing, inquired banteringly:

"Don't you like my style? Aint this outfit a little too gaily for anythin'?"

"Naw! I don't like yer style, an' you've got no business thar," retorted the man, seeming to grow suddenly savage, and glaring at me, while he fairly yelled: "You jest hustle that woman out 'n thar mighty derved quick, or I'll lift the top of your head off."

Seeing that he was in too evil a temper for any joking, the young woman jumped out quickly, and, going to the side of the wagon, explained the situation to him. At length he seemed to accord a sort of sullen, unwilling belief to her words,

though he still kept his ugly eyes fastened, with a jealous glare in them, upon me. When she had finished her narration he said gruffly:

"Well, maybe it's all right, an' it'll be lucky for you an' him too, if I don't find out that it ain't; but you ain't a goin' to no Slicer's Mills with no such bird of paradise as him. I'll take you home myself."

"But what about Aunt Semantha?"

"He can take her home."

"Ah! he can, can he?" I exclaimed, exasperated by this new assignment of duty. "Well, I most positively decline hauling any more women about this part of the country. I have my own business to attend to; I must reach Delafield in time for that train, and I won't—"

"Oho! you were goin' for the train, were you? Oh, yes! Expected to reach the cross-road 'fore I got here, did n't you? Darned if I think I came along any too soon. You women are such darned fools you're jest as likely as not to light out with the first well-dressed gambler, hoss-thief or book-agent that comes along if you get half a chance."

"Jim McChesney! you give me any more such talk as that," exclaimed Lize, who evidently was his wife, "an' I'll make you wish you wur' safe in jail."

"And I demand," I said, "an apology for the language you have used concerning me, sir."

"Oh! you do? Well I 'pologize nothin'," said the man; and, pulling an ugly looking pistol from his pocket, continued, "what yer goin' to do about it?"

"If you're not too much of a coward to put down that pistol and jump out into the road with me, I'll break your back for you," I responded, for by this time I was furious.

Lize poured oil on the troubled waters. "Don't mind what he says, mister," she pleaded. "He's got a nasty, ornary tongue, an' he acts no better'n a common loafer, an' he can't help it. No, you don't, you low-lived whelp, an' I've got the grit to tell you so. The stranger has acted like a perfect gentleman, as you never could if you lived to be a thousand years old, to save your wuthless soul. An' I'm sure he'll be good enough to carry Aunt Semantha home,

an' let us go an' fight this thing out atween ourselves."

The upshot of the matter was that I agreed—tempted to some extent by the prospect of their having a chance to fight it out—to take "Aunt Semantha" home. She lived "down to McCalmont's" and I had to retrace part of the way I had come, and then take turnings to the left and turnings to the right, until I was dizzy and had not the faintest notion of where I was. At last we came to a little river, where there was a public ferry, consisting of a small flat-boat attached to a rope stretched across the stream, with another line by which to pull it to and fro. There was no ferryman. Everybody had to haul for himself.

"You'll have to hitch your cutter in the bushes," said Aunt Semantha, "and pull me across; an' then you can pull yourself back an' go your way. I'm 'most home now."

I submitted passively. The accursed boat was very hard to move. I blistered my hands, split the back of my coat, put myself into a profuse perspiration with the violent and revolting exercise. I was so mad when I got back to the shore I started from, that I would have cut the whole ferry adrift had I not lost my knife.

Then, to cap all, I found my horse and buggy had disappeared. They must have been stolen, for I knew that I had tied the horse securely. With what keen appreciation I thought of that old bandit's advice to "not never mix up," and with what bitter but impotent rage I realized the situation into which I had thrown myself by not taking his sage counsel. Where I was I did not know, but miles any way from Delafield, and on foot; and even should I ever reach that place I would no doubt have to pay for the lost horse and buggy, and meanwhile, in Pittsburgh, the market—

"I've got him!" a man's voice yelled in my ear, and simultaneously a brawny hand clutched my collar; I was tripped up and rolled in the deep dust of the road with my captor. We battered each other's faces, in silent rage on my part and determination on his, until a couple of his accomplices came up, overpowered me and tied me hand and foot with a couple of halter straps.

"Your system of highway robbery is rather crude, unnecessarily violent," I suggested satirically, when they let me sit up and pant.

"We ain't no robbers," replied one of the trio—possibly reasonably respectable farmers, though they looked to me then the most villainous scoundrels I had ever seen—"we're just catchin' a hoss-thief."

"Do you mean to say I'm a horse-thief?"

"Yes, you are; an' we'll prove it."

"You are a fool, and a liar!"

"If you weren't down and tied, I'd mash the mouth off'n you. I've a good notion to do it anyway."

"Give me a fair chance, and you're welcome to if you can."

"By gosh! I will."

"No; you won't!" interposed the others. "He might run an' get away if we was to let him loose. Fetch the wagon an' pitch him in."

The wagon was brought, a big farm wagon, without springs, and I was literally pitched in on the bottom of it, bound as I was. By the time they got me to the country tavern where they proposed to keep me all night, the jolting of that abominable conveyance had covered me with bruises, so that I felt as if at least half my bones were broken.

The insufferable idiots had got it into their blunder-breeding heads that I answered the description in a hand-bill, of a fellow who had stolen a horse and buggy somewhere—and I admit that it wasn't a bad fit for me. So they had followed me several miles until they finally ambushed and caught me. My letters and papers would have shown them that they had seized the wrong person, but they stolidly said that I "might have stolen them as well as the horse and buggy." The reward offered for the thief blinded them to everything else. No other criminal is so universally and deeply detested, in that section, as a horse-thief; and twice that miserable night, I heard seriously discussed, in the crowd about the tavern, the propriety of hanging me at once. Fortunately the reward for the thief's arrest saved me from that fate.

The next morning I was taken in the farm-wagon, with my supposed stolen horse and buggy in procession behind,

to Delafield, where I was to be put aboard the train and taken to the county jail. With much difficulty I obtained the privilege of telegraphing to my brokers, in Pittsburgh, to know how the market stood, for when I heard the sound of the instrument, that thought drove out all others, even of my horrible predicament. We had three hours to wait for the train. After my message had been sent, the operator, a bright young fellow, took the responsibility of telegraphing to the Mayor of Pittsburgh—good old Dave Lowry, one of my friends—stating the facts of my arrest, the message I had sent to B. & B., my brokers, and asking if it was not possible that some mistake had been made. Then he happened to recollect that he had in the office an unclaimed message, received the day before, addressed to a name much like mine, which might be for me. It was. I tore it open and read:

Two new gushers reported. Bottom dropping out of market. Sell quickly or lose all. Advise us.

That message had been there twenty-one hours, time enough for prices to have gone to the bottom of the sea and up again to the moon. I was ruined. I knew that very well. There was no need now for the reply to my message of inquiry, which came a few minutes afterward:

Too late. Sold out. Margins gone and two thousand more.

After that, I hardly cared what they did with me. A few moments before the train was due, Mayor Lowry's reply arrived, saying:

A great mistake, assuredly. You have arrested a well-known and respectable person. I vouch for him. His dispatch to his brokers proves his identity.

But my guards would not let me go. The thought of losing that reward was an agony to them. What did they care if I was innocent, provided they got the reward? Nothing. When the train came in, however, a Terre Haute lawyer, well known in Delafield, and a personal acquaintance of mine, arrived and vouched for me. And the man from whom I had hired the horse and buggy came also, at the last moment. Then the scoundrels who had perpetrated the outrage upon me hastily slunk away, in great fear of the prosecution with which the lawyer threatened them.

I got home to the Smoky City, as soon as possible, and never went back to see how Mattie's new gloves fitted her. They ought to have been good ones; they cost enough.

I have never married, and no woman can get me to her with a summons by telegraph, without the most explicit statement of her reasons, which must be good ones. Crothers—I know him well now—married Jenny.

But the one curious fact in the whole thing, as it seems to me, is that all the trouble came upon me just at the time I was warned that Mars, Uranus and Venus would combine to play the mischief with me. They did, but how could that old astrologer know about their game in advance, when he could not tell me afterward whether the market was going up or down the very next day?

WOMAN IN THE SOUTH.



WOMAN, her education, culture and sphere, is a question too sorely vexed to be entered upon without misgiving as to its kindly reception; and yet a large proportion of the women of our great republic—where, perhaps, more than in any other country in the world, woman is truly appreciated and honored—has been so misconstrued, misunderstood, and in some measure so misrepresented, that impressions and opinions radically incorrect are engraven upon the minds of thousands who live in the same country and under the same government with them. Perhaps nothing in this country strikes a foreigner with such astonishment as the ignorance that exists in the vast sections, North and South, of each other's condition. A misinterpretation which has stretched itself along an indefinite line, and which has become almost historic, beside being rooted and strengthened by passions engendered through a national conflict of opinion and arms, is not easily overthrown. The cordial welcome, however, which was so widely given to the article on Southern Housekeeping that appeared in the July issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE encourages the writer to speak in detail of the life, characteristics, and withal, the culture of Southern women.

A New England housekeeper, who had lived many years in the South, expressed to the writer her satisfaction that the housekeeping of the Southern women had been brought to light—that a real picture of the Southern household,

especially its *ménage* and *cuisine*, had been given to the public. "In vain," added she, "have I put forth argument after argument, and offered the results of my own experience; it was impossible to combat ignorance on this subject with any weapon I possessed. My own case was regarded as an exception, and counted as nothing in opposition to the general idea of the incompetence and even slovenliness of Southern housekeeping."

In the time before the war between the States, woman, in the South, was pre-eminently a social queen. That period was the apotheosis of social life. One who did not thoroughly understand how to deport herself in a drawing-room, at a ball or a dinner-party, was an anomaly. Hers was, moreover, a deportment which defied criticism. Self-possession and dignity without complacency, ease and grace without flippancy or frivolity, elegance without artificiality: these were the rigorous demands of polite society, and it was rare that any woman acknowledged to be a *lady* failed to meet the requirements. That there were wide differences in education and culture, as well as in mental and personal gifts, was of course true; but the law which required every woman to rise to this standard of good-breeding was universal.

Much has been said about the education of women in the South—or, rather, their want of education, as a certain class, who possess those "sharp optics which see what is not to be seen," are wont to call it. The public school was not then established in the South and education was, of course, obtained through private teachers and schools. A respectable estate and income were generally distributed

among the people; the horn of plenty emptying itself in comfortable, if not lavish, abundance, into almost every home, while colossal fortunes were much more unusual than at the North. The means of obtaining an education were within the reach of all, and, consistent with the day and generation in which she lived, the Southern woman ordinarily was well educated. In a large number of families, she recited in the same classes with her brothers, reading to the same tutor the same lessons in Virgil and Horace, and walking with them through the same broad and fertile fields of English literature.

The odor of English custom and habit largely pervaded the domestic life of the South. The civilization of the mother-country, although transplanted to a new soil, was not an exotic; and while it lost some of its characteristics, the essential features of fragrance and coloring stamped its identity. In many instances, the tutor who instructed the children of the family during the week was the rector who, on Sundays, gave religious advice to the family in the morning and to the negroes in the afternoon.

In homes of exceptional elegance and luxury, the chapel was built in or near the family mansion, for the master's uses, while a plainer building on the plantation was set apart for the servants. In most cases, however, the chapel on the plantation was erected for the use of the negroes, the family attending a neighboring church, or belonging to a parish in the nearest town or village. Could the walls of these plantation chapels speak, how much of devoted piety, of heroic self-abnegation on the part of the women of the South would they reveal! Here, in addition to the preacher's sermon, the mistress and her daughters were accustomed to teach the negroes from the Bible and the Catechism. Sunday after Sunday, through fair weather and foul, this was performed as an imperative duty. Rewards were given for good attendance and attention, and devices and inventions were numerous by which to make this instruction acceptable and profitable to the African taste and mind. Sometimes the master and the sons who had attained the age of manhood, assisted in this pious work; but, ordinarily, it fell upon the women of the family. A mother

had her grown sons well in hand who could make them devote a part of every Sunday to teaching negroes the Catechism. Excellent as husbands, fathers and sons, Southern men did not brook restraint, and it was Mary and Martha and Charlotte and Edith who did this work, or assisted the mother in doing it.

And, too, the Southern woman's duties in the plantation hospital or infirmary were not among the least which claimed her time and attention. During epidemics, or in protracted illnesses among the negroes, every dose of medicine was usually administered by the mistress or the daughter of the family; and the supposition that they were left or required to nurse each other is utterly at variance with both the theory and practice of the Southern housewife. Many a plan, for festivities, many a design for pleasure, was interrupted by "sickness on the plantation;" and there were few households in which the young ladies who graced the drawing-room and the library had not at some time officiated as nurses at the bedside of a sick slave. So numerous, so various, so prodigious were the cares of Southern women!

As Frederick the Great said, in speaking of the elaborate detail of etiquette at the French court, "If I were the French king, I would hire somebody else to be king;" so the tedious routine and daily anxiety inseparable from the position of the Southern mistress might excite in her a desire to hire another mistress. A housekeeper could be hired to keep the house by carrying keys and looking after the general comfort and order of the establishment; but a *mistress* only could fill the position of mistress. With hired servants, her duties soon find an end; with servants owned as slaves, one duty but served to develop another. Things great and small must come under her supervision, and she could say with Sophie Charlotte, the honest Prussian queen, to whom Liebnitz was talking of the "infinitely little," "*Mon Dieu!* as if I did not know all about the infinitely little!"

Yet, with all this burden of responsibility, these mistresses found time to read and inwardly digest many books beside the Prayer-book, which was, in truth, a great favorite among the literature of our mothers and grandmothers. The characters of Shakespeare, Scott, Jane

Porter, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth and Richardson were as household words upon the tongues of these stately dames, and the "Spectator" and the "Rambler" very frequently furnished a quotation or example for advice, reproof or encouragement to the young people of the house. The person possessing the most accurate knowledge of the *dramatis personæ* and style of Richardson's ponderous novel, as well as the most thorough acquaintance with Dr. Johnson's works I ever knew, was an old Virginia lady who had always lived on her plantation and had never been out of the State. Thackeray and Dickens came in for a fair share of attention, but the dignified elegance of Addison and Johnson and the poets of the Elizabethan age seemed most congenial to their classic tastes.

Since, at that time, she was not expected to be self-supporting, no especial department of intellectual work was studied with a view to its becoming a maintenance. It was the pride of men that wives, mothers and daughters should be the useful ornaments of home—household goddesses—themselves the impersonation of the Greek idea of beauty; that what is fair and beautiful without should also be pure and beautiful within. She was to be every whit a woman, with that feminine insight into men and things and all human life, which is so characteristic of a sensible, well-balanced woman; and whatever charm might be hers from the possession of accomplishments, or however well she might have cultivated her mental faculties, that high perfection which wrought them into her organic constitution was desired and expected, rather than the display of gifts esteemed as mere adventitious ornaments. Like those faces which possess that peculiar beauty in which the form is lost in the stronger attraction of the expression—a beauty so subtle as to elude the limner's art and almost defy the inspired brush of a great master; those faces which the poet so aptly describes as a "meeting of gentle lights without a name"—so the woman nobly planned must have that symmetry of character in which the beauty of proportion constitutes the highest charm; a well-tempered, well-attuned instrument, whose

chords are too perfectly harmonious, too exquisitely blended, to admit the possibility of discord.

The law of progress had not the power to draw woman over the line of feminine consistency into those callings and professions which God in nature seemed to have determined for stronger nerves and muscles. It was firmly believed throughout the South that St. Paul meant what he said when he commanded the women to keep silence in the churches, and it was furthermore accepted that this worthy was a man whose teachings and character alike deserved respect. A woman lecturer, then, was such an implied contradiction, such an anomaly—in short, such a monstrosity—as to put to flight the women of a community; and every man felt that his allegiance to the sex, his chivalry, the very respect which forbade him to retain his hat or his seat in a woman's presence, was compromised if he listened to one who had so far forgotten the sacredness of woman's position. And yet nowhere was the reflex influence of sex upon sex more distinctly felt or unhesitatingly acknowledged. The women were thoroughly feminine because the men were brave, heroic and devoted; the men were noble and chivalrous, because the women were pure, gentle and true.

The mother was the power in every household; indeed, it was literally her home, very often her property. A New England tourist expressed to the writer his surprise at a discovery he had made in the towns he had visited. Said he, "It is always Mrs. A.'s, Mrs. B.'s house. I am invited to Mrs. C.'s house; I never hear of the husband's house. I think I have found really the land of woman's rights after all; men have offices, stores and plantations, but the women have the homes." And the management of this home included every detail of domestic life, as the mistress looked well to the ways of her household; from breakfast the guests were dismissed to the library, drawing-room or outdoor sports, while with her own hands she washed the best china and silver before she rejoined them. The necessities of children, the wants of slaves, the requirements of visitors, the attention due her husband, made her a guide, a counsellor, a legislator in one—the wise matron who sees and improves

opportunity, the gentle Portia whose judgment and affection save both Shylock and Antonio. So, in no metaphor, but in plain prose was woman the vital breath of the Southern home. The idea, so prevalent among many who ought to know better, that she neither desired, nor was capable of, greater mental effort than was demanded for the comprehension and enjoyment of a sensational novel, appears sufficiently absurd when we realize that the supposed reasons for self-indulgence were themselves the prime causes of ceaseless anxiety and unremitting care.

In what were called the palmy days of the South, women, generally, had more or less advantage of travel; in some parts, the climate rendered a change of latitude, at longer or shorter intervals, desirable, if not essential; and as the North was opulent in commerce, it offered inducements to those who left home for a short season, while Europe, of course, with her treasures of art and inexhaustible attractions, tempted many to her cities and sea-board. A short time before the war, travel in England and on the Continent, was a necessary feature of the high-bred lady's culture, and both young men and young women were frequently sent abroad to finish their scholastic course in German universities or French schools; Dresden and Berlin, as well as Paris, assisting in the education of many a Southern girl. It was not then uncommon to find among women in the South, those who could speak fluently French and German, and sometimes Italian and Spanish. The imported French governess not unfrequently gave a good accent and a respectable knowledge of French classics to those who were educated at home, and in the Gulf States, there were numerous

pianists and singers whose style and repertoire would have been accepted as creditable in any city.

"But," says one, "all this is changed: the stately homes are destroyed or outside of the reach of their original owners; there are no slaves to direct and teach; the *mistress*, in the acceptance of the old regime, is a thing of the dead past. What is woman in the South, to-day?"

As in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the monument to Christopher Wren, so we can say of the work of Southern women: "Look around!" As nothing surpassed her courage, her fortitude, her untiring patience and energy, her persistent effort during the war, so the still greater demand for such virtues after the battle was over, found her as ready and responsive as before. Wherever woman can labor without losing the dignity of womanhood the women of the South go. In the home, in the school-room, at the ledger and the desk, with the needle, the pen, the pencil, the brush, in music, in useful and decorative art, and all handicrafts where deftness and delicacy supersede physical strength, she is at work; in short, whatever her hands and head find to do, she is doing willingly and uncomplainingly. Out from the stately homes of wealth and luxury, out from the genial fireside of comfort and thrift, from all ranks of life and degrees of fortune, from the stone mansions of Virginia to the graceful and picturesque villas of Alabama canebrakes and the Mississippi valley, she has gone, at the call of duty, into the rank and file of working-women, clad in the invulnerable armor of patient endurance and womanly dignity. And for this she is entitled to sympathy and honor.

Zitella Cocke.



TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

1834.

IN the *piazza* of Sanzio, on a pleasant morning in June, a party of American travelers stood waiting till it should please their vetturini to be ready for a start. Their two carriages had been there in apparent traveling order a full half hour. Mrs. Nelson, the chaperon of the party, believed that they had been waiting for her; but after descending with great dignity to take her place, was somewhat mortified to find that she had still another fifteen minutes to wait. The drivers were abroad in search of hay, ropes, commissions and the inevitable little keg.

The party consisted of two ladies and three gentlemen, all young and unmarried except Mrs. Nelson, who was a widow of forty-five.

The *piazza* where they stood was the social, religious and business centre of the town. One side was occupied by the cathedral, a commonplace structure with a fairly good campanile. At another side was the theological seminary, with a fine picturesque façade of blackened stones, the greater part of them remains of a pagan temple. In this seminary the elect youth of the diocese was taught a dignified and courteous demeanor; "prudence," including its negative element, how to hold one's tongue; an adamant code of submission to spiritual superiors, of which the motto was, "Obedience is an excuse before God;" or, in other words, "the sin of *obedience* God winks at;" and, incidentally, a smattering of "theology." Under the last division were included a little Latin and a great many Latin quotations, the catechism, a minute study of ceremonies and of the confessional, with the weights and measures of sins, several bad stories about Martin Luther and other vilifiers of the papacy, and those parts of the Scriptures that are used in the liturgy and sacred offices. Over and above all,

they were taught that clerical, or as they call them, church affairs, were never to be discussed, or even spoken of, outside of the clerical body.

The third and fourth sides of the *piazza* were occupied by shops with dwelling-houses over them. A beautiful fountain rose in the corner where the cathedral joined the seminary. Opposite was the chief café of the town; and some of the chief men were seated at little tables outside, each provided with a cup of coffee, and some with a newspaper.

It was a pleasant, leisurely, almost an Arcadian scene.

Half-a-dozen women and girls were at the fountain, filling the large earthen *conche*, which, poised on a twisted piece of cloth, they carry on their heads. The water overflowed from these vases while their owners paused to look at the "forestieri." The gentlemen at the café looked at them also over the rims of their cups and the edges of their papers. There were suspicious movements and glimpses behind the half-closed blinds of the seminary, whence students and reverend professors peeped, decorously invisible; and there were heads indicating curiosity in the frankly-opened windows of secular buildings, and full-length observers in the shop-doors and about the *piazza*. In short, our travelers were looked at in every sort of way, from the instantaneous firefly lamp flashing through the lashes of the blushing maiden, to the full stare of unabashed rusticity.

The canons, coming out of the cathedral after their office was over, lingered about to watch the imminent departure, excepting only the *canonico priore*, who promptly went to the fountain-head for information. Climbing to the apartment of the Sor Pollastri, who kept an inn over the *pizzicaria*, he asked to see the visitors' book; and putting on his spectacles, read out as follows: "Meesees Nalesony, Mees Martiny, Yahmasy Martiny, Carlase Saleviny, Frahnches Ailderry;" which, in

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English, meant Mrs. Nelson, Miss Martin, James Martin, Charles Selwyn, Francis Elder.

The "U. S. A.," with which they had largely designated their place of birth, was a puzzle to the reverend gentleman; but the Sor Pollastri informed him that the travelers were from the United States of America, wherever that was. "*Chi lo sa?*"

Oh! the *canonico priore* knew perfectly where that was. Had not an uncle of his, a capuchin, been for twenty years a missionary there among the savages of Brazil? Their country was discovered by Cristoforo Colombo, and—

But here the Pollastri, who preferred talking to listening, interrupted the stream of history, and told her own story.

Mrs. Nelson, the potatoes-and-butter-colored woman in black, was a childless widow, and had been living in Paris several years. She was an old friend and school-fellow of Mrs. Martin, the mother of the young lady and of the *bel giovanotto* with the serious face. The other two young men were not related to her, though they were of the same color. The little fellow who looked like a girl, Mr. Selwyn, had been sick in America, and was traveling for his health. His father, mother and sister were to have come with him, but his father had fallen from his carriage. This resulted in a compound-fracture of the leg, and Mrs. and Miss Selwyn had remained to nurse him. He and the young Martin, who were to be of the party, would have been obliged to postpone their journey, if Mrs. Nelson had not written them from Paris that she would take charge of them the minute they should arrive at Havre. At the last moment, Mr. Elder had begged leave to join their party. This was the other small light-colored young man with the sharp blue eyes. Nothing bread-and-butter about him. He was a lawyer.

While her party was being described up-stairs, Mrs. Nelson was becoming impatient below.

"Do help me into the carriage, James!" she said; "and, Bessie dear, don't let that old woman touch your dress. Those clear grays show a soil so easily."

James Martin helped the lady to her place, and returned to his contemplation

of the scene. He was a robust young man of twenty, with dark eyes and a strong, studious face. But, to borrow a distinction from William Blake, he looked *through* his eyes quite as much as *with* them. His glance was large and sympathetic.

Mr. Francis Elder had quite another expression. His eyes picked up facts as a bird pecks up seeds. He had come to see Europe; and he accomplished his purpose with as few weak scruples as possible. He gazed at the houses, the church, the shops and the café. He poked his cane between stones, and put on his glasses to find out that the grand altar of the cathedral was made of imitation marble. He examined with a perfect composure the faces of the people, their forms, hats, coats, shoes and bare feet. He looked critically at all they wore, were and did. He paused to listen to their talk, though he could understand but little of it. He glanced at the newspapers in their hands, the coffee in their cups. He noted that they all read the same newspaper, and all drank black coffee.

Mr. Elder was a small, blond young man, with a thin face, a hard jaw, and a rather large aquiline nose. This journey of his was to give the finishing touch to his education, before he should settle down to the practice of his profession.

Mr. Selwyn was not a particularly striking youth; but he was winning and gentlemanly. He liked to visit "nice" places, and shrank with a somewhat excessive fastidiousness from the filthy picturesque.

Miss Elizabeth Martin was a very pretty girl. She and her brother were the younger ones of a numerous family, of which all were married but themselves; and their father was the chief medical doctor of their native city of Southport.

The vetturini appeared at length, each with a bundle of hay, which he tucked away under his box. The one who drove Mrs. Nelson's carriage was accompanied by a young woman with a child in her arms. She talked earnestly to the vetturino as they approached; and, when the hay was stowed, he went to the carriage-side with her.

The young woman, who was very neat and well-dressed, looked up at Mrs. Nelson, and assumed a deprecating smile. The vetturino also assumed a deprecating air, and spread his hands out with a gesture that was at once helpless and magnanimous. Then the man began to talk, and the woman to interrupt him with observations, confirmations, ejaculations and apologies. They explained, implored, exhorted, complimented, and implored again, now one, now the other, now both together.

And this was the meaning of the scene: Here was a little child—a “*contessina*,” interpolated the woman—who must go to her grandmother, at Ombra, precisely the city for which their excellencies were setting out, and where they would arrive in four hours, after what Betta hoped would be a happy drive for them. Betta had meant to take the child there herself in the *diligenza*; but unfortunately there was no *diligenza* that day. Betta could walk, with the hope of being helped on her way by some passing car; but there was no way of getting this little angel there, unless—(pantomime). Bice would not give them the least trouble in the world, “*N'è ve' Bicettuccia?*” The vetturino knew the child's grandmother, “*tanto buona donna*,” and would himself consign Bice to her, if their excellencies—(pantomime).

“All we want is an orchestra and a drop-curtain,” remarked Mrs. Nelson. “We have the scene and the spectators.”

In fact, every one about the *piazza* seemed to take an extraordinary interest in the discussion. The men at the *café* laid down their newspapers, the canons ceased their talking, and stared unreservedly, and the seminary blinds became intensely motionless. The girls at the fountain hastened to set the tall vases of water on their heads, and drew near. All looked at the beautiful child held in her nurse's arms.

“There is nothing to prevent our taking her,” Miss Martin said. “She is very pretty and well-dressed.”

The vetturino struck in to say that he should charge them nothing extra for the child, though in such warm weather the horses felt every additional pound of weight. He made this declaration with such an air of generosity that Mrs. Nel-

son immediately fell into a slough of moral and arithmetical confusion. She had hired these men, with their horses and carriages, ropes, bells, bundles of hay, and all their appurtenances, for a certain sum per diem, and they had no right to take even a basket of eggs that did not belong to the party. She pressed her finger to her forehead.

“Bessie,” she said, “are we asking him, or is he asking us, to take this child?”

Miss Martin had held out her arms to the little girl, and the nurse had given her up, and stood looking at her with tearful eyes. “Be good, *carina*,” she said fondly; “and Betta will come to you soon.”

Mr. Elder, having finished his tour of the *piazza*, came now to inquire what they were going to do with the little beggar.

“Adopt her,” replied Miss Elizabeth Martin. “Isn't she pretty?”

“Very!” said the young man, with an admiring glance at the two. And the young girl with the child in her arms certainly made a most charming picture.

A hand was stretched out behind the carriage, where stood a group of men and boys who had brought the baggage down stairs, or performed some other trifling service. The hand held a fresh fig on a grape-leaf. “Give it to her, Betta,” said the owner.

“Oh! thank you, Lo Zoppo!” said Betta, and she gave the fig to her nursing, who received it, and sat hushed and motionless with it on her knee.

She seemed to be a reserved child, and either had great self-control, or was very timid. She looked fixedly at her nurse, with bright dark eyes, and breathed quickly, but betrayed no other sign of emotion.

“Does she like it?” asked Lo Zoppo of Betta, as she stepped back to let Mr. Elder get into the carriage. He looked at the woman, but not at the child.

“Oh, yes, ever so much,” responded Betta absently.

Beatrice rose and looked back in search of her nurse, something of affright coming into her beautiful eyes. At sight of her, she stretched her arms out quickly, and dropped the leaf to the ground.

Lo Zoppo gathered up the fig, and turned away.

All was ready. The two younger men mounted into the second carriage, already encumbered with a multitudinous small baggage. There was an outcry of encouragement from the nurse to the child, a cracking of whips, a jingling of bells, a general sensation, and vague lifting of hats about the *piazza*; and the party were off.

That is to say, they thought they were off; but at the gate there was another halt for some mysterious reason; and here the nurse overtook them. Tears were running down her cheeks; and at the sight of them the child trembled, and restrained a faint whimpering sob.

Nothing is more pathetic than the self-control of a suffering child; it is so suggestive of orphanage, or ill-treatment. Mrs. Nelson began to caress and pity the little girl. "I almost wish we could take the nurse along with the driver," she whispered to Elizabeth Martin. "I wonder if he would have room for her in among the boxes? Or she might sit with us, on the front seat. I would like to ask her some questions."

The nurse understood her glances, if not her words, and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of grateful entreaty. Mr. Elder was demanding explanations of their delay from the driver.

Lo Zoppo had reached the gate before them, and again stood behind the carriage. He held a beautiful red rose. "Give it to her," he said, stretching out his hand to Betta.

Betta gave the child the rose.

"Does she take it?" asked Lo Zoppo, looking at Betta.

"Yes," she answered. "Thank good Zoppo for the beautiful rose, Bice dear!"

He did not wait for thanks, but turned abruptly away.

"Oh, Madama, if you would!" begged the nurse, again clasping her hands. "I may have to walk all the way. I will myself hold the contessina so that she need not trouble you. It would be such a charity!"

"Oh, take her right in!" cried the young lawyer grandly. He had not heard Mrs. Nelson's proposition. "Call the rest of the family. Perhaps the grandfather is here in some hole or cor-

ner, all ready to pop out in his turn. Bring the little dirty white dog along, too. He can sit up on the back seat, and bark as much as he wants to. Don't be bashful! Speak right up!"

Betta did not understand the words; but the large hospitality of the young man's gestures required no interpretation. She smiled brilliantly upon him, showing her white teeth.

"If you could make room for her there, Mr. Elder," Mrs. Nelson said calmly, "the child would be better contented. And I would like to know who they are. There is something interesting in both. I don't know but that you would be more comfortable in the other carriage."

The young lawyer made a movement expressive of sudden collapse, descending with great promptitude from the carriage, and, holding his hat in one hand, offered his other to assist Betta, who beamingly mounted to his place.

This time they were really off; and when the fact was established, everybody's note-book came out. All but Mrs. Nelson carried plethoric little memorandum-books, with lead-pencils laced through tiny straps in the covers.

If one had looked over Mr. Elder's shoulder as he wrote, it would have been seen that only two words followed the name of the town where they had slept, and the date, "Bessie. Brat."

Not one of the company but would have stared on reading this entry; for there was no such intimacy between the gentleman and his fair traveling companion as the "Bessie" would have implied. They were both from the same town; but he was a new-comer there, and their real acquaintance might have been said to date from the beginning of their journey, a month before. He had only of late begun to slip from the ceremonious "Miss Martin" to an occasional "Miss Elizabeth."

"And now, tell us about the child," Mrs. Nelson said, when her own notes had been made. She spoke Italian fairly well, and was rather proud of the accomplishment.

We already know the nurse's story, and a great deal besides.

She told how her own mother had been Count Paulo's nurse, for which reason the count had sent for her to

stay with his young wife as servant and companion. She wept in praising the hapless bride, who was, she declared, without a fault, an angel upon earth, and devotedly attached to her husband, as he was to her.

In speaking of his disappearance, she became more reserved, telling the story chiefly in a pantomime of shrugs, grimaces, and gestures of the hand; and when urged to say what she thought, declared that she thought nothing because she knew nothing. The name of the Alinori never passed her lips. "The countess died of grief for her husband," she said.

But, in speaking of the Countess Maria, Giovanni's wife, the nurse showed no reserve whatever. "She is a bad woman!" she exclaimed. "She knew well that the old countess must have believed in the Signor Paulo's wife, but didn't wish to say so at once, and would never have sent away the *bambina*. The old countess adored the child, and used to come to see her every night after she had gone to bed. She would sit and cry, and talk of the Signor Paulo, and say that Bice looked just as he did at her age. She came slyly; for that wife of Giovanni's watched her as a cat watches a mouse. The old countess got enough of her; and I am sure she half repented of having procured the marriage. But she said that she could not leave Giovanni alone in the world. There is no knowing what might have happened to him. Well, the old hag is mistress now, and she has turned us out. And yet she dares to say her prayers, and puts on all the airs of a 'bizzocca.'"

Betta used the people's pronunciation of the hard word "bigotta."

"And now, instead of being mistress of the palace and all her father's lands," resumed Betta, her eyes flashing at the child through their tears, "she has nothing but that," pointing to a bundle tied up in a handkerchief. "And every cent she has in the world is contained in this box."

She untied the bundle of child's clothes and took out a tin money-box. It was rather large, and so constructed that no money could be taken out without destroying it. It was already heavy; but the two ladies took out their purses at once, and each added a silver-piece to the store.

"The old countess gave it to her, and put in all the money," Betta said. "She used to put something in every week. She said it must be given to the Sor Teresa, the child's other grandmother. I suppose there may be some copper; but I am sure there must be silver, too. To think," she exclaimed, looking at the child, after having put the money-box in the bundle again, "to think that she is a poor child, and has to beg a ride from strangers, when she ought to be rich, and drive out in a carriage with two horses of her own! Why, signora, she is a countess in her own right, or will be when Giovanni dies; and if she married a man without a title, her son would be count all the same."

Mrs. Nelson took the little girl on her knees, and began to caress her.

"Can't we do anything about it?" asked Elizabeth Martin, interested and indignant.

"*Dio benedetto!*" said Betta. "What could you do?"

This story had been told with occasional interruptions from the young men in the other carriage, especially from Mr. Elder, who wished to revenge his banishment from the ladies' society. From time to time, as the road allowed, they had driven near enough to fire some small conversational shot into the leading carriage. Now it was an old man, precisely the grandfather the lawyer had predicted, whom he heard calling after Mrs. Nelson to take him in. The poor fellow was waiting just around the last turn, exhausted with age and running, and wished her to come back for him. Then he had discovered that the nurse was a government spy, and entreated them not to express any political opinions in her hearing—nor, in fact, any opinions at all. And a moment after, the second carriage came tearing along in a cloud of dust, bearing the startling verbal dispatch that Betta was a *carbonara*, whose company would compromise them fatally, and that they would probably all be detained for examination at the next town, even if they escaped imprisonment.

All these announcements having been received with dignified composure, Mr. Elder had a sudden collapse of courage and enthusiasm, and left them to their fate.

"I have all I can do to balance myself on your coffee-pot," he moaned. "It is far from being a good cushion, though it is pretty well wrapped up. I have sat on it all the way."

"You have n't broken my coffee-pot!" cried Mrs. Nelson.

"No; your coffee-pot has broken me. That is, I am not aware that it is broken."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Nelson anxiously, to Bessie. "Do you suppose he really has sat on it? I would n't lose that coffee-pot for the world!"

"There may be a few bottles broken," said a mild voice from the other carriage, now alongside their own in a widening of the way. "I smell something like a mingled odor of brandy, alcohol and Marsala; and the little blue bag has a brown spot on it."

Mrs. Nelson uttered a faint scream.

"Don't believe him!" said Miss Elizabeth. "I never believe any of his stories;" and the look of smiling scorn she bestowed on the gentleman might have gone far to justify the "Bessie" of the note-book. "But I suppose he is uncomfortable in the midst of all that baggage," she added in a lower tone, and blushing slightly.

Mrs. Nelson called a halt, and ordered the young lawyer to come and take the seat opposite her, where she could save him the trouble of straining his voice when he wished to speak to her. "Bessie might do worse," she thought.

The two young men left in the other carriage drove on for some time in silence, the one occupied with the scene about him and the other with his own thoughts.

"I have been thinking, Charlie," said James Martin at length, "that beasts may be to man what colors on a palette are to a picture: dabs of qualities out of which human characters are to be composed. Those donkeys, now, are pure endurance; the pigs, unmixed obstinacy; and the pigeons, gentle affection."

"Mother says she had a fight with a pigeon once," said Selwyn. "It was in an old palace full of holes in some old Italian *paese*, I've forgotten where. The pigeons wanted to build their nests or lay their eggs in some holes in the wall, outside the windows, and their cooing annoyed her. She tied a handkerchief

on a cane, and tried to drive them away. They resisted, and charged at her handkerchief. I've forgotten which side won; but there was a battle."

"I am sure that the pigeons beat," said James Martin, looking at the gentle, languid face beside him.

"I have been thinking, Martin," said Selwyn, "if you will excuse my changing the subject, that, after all, I will be a doctor. Would there be room for us both in Southport? You might give me the hypochondriacs. I don't believe that you would have patience with them."

"Take them, and welcome!" replied the other cordially. "But what has made you change your mind?"

"It is watching and listening to Elder. For weeks I have been asking myself what I should do if I had to sustain a case against him. All our pretended contentions and arguments were meant by me as practice, and he has always beaten me. If he could n't do it seriously, he has done it with a laugh: if he did not find an honest way, he played me a trick. He has a thousand turns and twists. You never know just where he will bring up, except that he is sure to be on his feet. Why, sir, I have seen him eat humble-pie in a way that really, you know, you could n't do yourself; and just as you were turning away in disgust, up he comes like a steel spring. Now, there's nothing of that sort in me. I don't know of any legal business that I should be equal to except the drawing up of wills, and reading them out after the funeral. Yet I should feel as if I were a sort of sexton if I had much of that to do."

"You might draw up marriage settlements instead," his friend suggested.

"That would be very pleasant writing," he owned. "But, unfortunately, we have no marriage settlements to draw up. Don't you think that I would be a good doctor?"

There was a graceful, almost feminine archness in the air with which this question was put, and an affectionate smile answered it.

"The women will all fall in love with you, Charlie. I prophesy that you will be the fashion, and I shall come in only for surgical cases and consultations."

"You really think I may succeed, James? Honor bright?"

"Honor bright, Charlie!"

The two shook hands.

CHAPTER IV.

BEATRICE DA SANZIO.

It was a charming drive over the road between Sanzio and Ombra, and our travelers had perfect weather. The sun shone, but with a certain courtesy. In the air there was something silken and silvery, now disappearing, now delicately visible. It came from a cloud stranded on a near mountain-top, all torn black mists where it hung lowering on the rocks, but an ineffably thin veil where it floated away, and melted into the gold and blue of sun and air. Now and then a denser fragment detached itself, grew into a snow-white individual cloud, and rose into the pure ether, like a saint out of the mass of humanity.

The breeze was as fragmentary as the mists: a light flutter one moment, a sudden waft of freshness the next, then a perfect stillness, warm and heavily sweet with the perfume of elder-blossoms. The elder-trees that lined the road at either side were going out of blossom; but there was such a multitude of them, that the few remaining bouquets they each bore were enough to scent the atmosphere. In their full blossoming time the air about the trees had been overladen with their rich breath.

At mid-day our travelers arrived at Ombra. It was a smaller Sanzio. Church, piazza, fountain, café—they were the same, but a little duller. People sat still in Ombra and wondered why somebody did n't do something. There was very little business and still less enterprise in the town; and the inhabitants seemed sunken in a lethargy of mingled contentment and ennui, though some chafed bitterly against the dullness of their lives.

As the travelers approached the gate, little Beatrice, protected by Miss Martin's arm, leaned over the side of the carriage and looked up at the walls veiled with blossoming caper-vines.

"Do you know that this is your home, dear?" the young lady asked, "I am sorry to lose you, though you have not once kissed me."

The child turned, looked earnestly at the speaker for an instant, then, dropping her glance, melted slowly nearer to her, softly stole a small arm around her neck, leaned, a light weight, against her shoulder; and having thus reached the position for a kiss, was overcome by shyness, and instead of lifting her mouth, let her head droop till her smooth white brow and crushed chestnut curls touched and pressed the girl's cheek.

"Isn't she fascinating!" cried Miss Martin, and kissed her face and neck enthusiastically.

"She will be a fine coquette one of these days," remarked the lawyer.

Just within the gate was a piazza, with a group of mulberry trees standing before a church and convent. There were men in some of the trees stripping off the leaves to feed silk-worms. Under the thicker shade an old woman was doubling and twisting gray flaxen thread, her pegs set in the green turf. The melancholy of grief long-endured hung over features which must have once been beautiful. The snow-white hair still rose in thick waves above a wide brow, the faded eyes were finely-shaped, and the sunken mouth had a short upper lip.

At sight of her the vetturino drew in his horses, and called out: "Sor Teresa!"

She stopped winding, dropped her ball of thread on the grass, and approached the carriage.

Some impulse of thoughtless mischief made Elizabeth Martin hide the child, and nod a quick sign to the nurse.

A light blush covered the old woman's face as she approached. She felt the instinctive alarm of one who has suffered many shocks, and the instinctive subjection of one educated to a great respect for social superiors. She courtesied to the ladies when she saw them looking at her, and glanced inquiringly at the driver.

Mrs. Nelson beckoned to her. "Were you expecting a child from Sanzio?" she asked.

The old woman's face immediately became agitated. An expression of terror filled her eyes.

"What does she look like?" Elizabeth Martin struck in, softly pushing down a little head that began to lift itself from her knee.

"I— I do not know, Signorina," the Sor Teresa stammered, red with excitement. "I have never seen her. Her mother"—she choked, and ceased speaking.

"Do you think that she would look like this?" the girl pursued, lifting her young charge into sight.

The child appeared like a shower-freshened rose, her face flushed, and her hair disordered by the momentary confinement.

Villemain describes the true ode as "*l'émotion d'une âme ébranlée et frémissante comme les cordes d'une lyre.*" The soul of such an ode flashed into existence as that desolate old woman saw for the first time the only living creature of her blood left upon the earth, the child whose existence had been to her a mixture of intolerable anguish and piercing hope.

There was a start, a faint cry, and she stood staring at the lovely apparition, her arms stretched out, trembling, but tense. Every nerve of her being responded to that sudden vision. And not alone her present and her later past felt the shock. That small, bright face, alive with the fresh fire of youth, kindled a spark that ran back through all the ashes of her past, and confounded her own and her daughter's childhood with this childhood that she saw.

Startled by the old woman's strange agitation, Elizabeth Martin remained motionless; and there was a pause during which no one spoke.

Then James Martin descended hastily from his carriage, took the child and gave her into her grandmother's arms.

"You should know better than to play such a trick, Elizabeth," he said, almost angrily. "Can't you see that it is no time for trifling?"

The touch of the little form loosened the strain. The Sor Teresa clasped her grandchild, and broke into loud and convulsive weeping.

"Let's get out of this!" muttered the lawyer, moving uneasily in his seat.

Betta descended, and began to thank the ladies for their kindness; and after a word or two, they drove away and left the old woman still weeping, unconscious of them, half unconscious of what she clasped and kissed, except that

it represented gain contrasted with an irreparable loss. In that confusion of many sorrows, all lifting up their voices at once, it was the first grief of her life which presented itself most distinctly to her mind; and instead of mourning anew her husband and sons, or the daughter newly dead, her own long-forgotten mother's was the image which presented itself, and the deeply-covered wound of her loss broke out afresh and bled.

"Oh, mamma mia!" she cried; and it seemed as though the babe in her arms were herself, and she who spoke but the wild wraith of its bereavement.

That evening, as the ladies sat in their hotel after dinner, the Sor Teresa, with her grandchild and Betta, came to see them.

"I wish to thank the signori for their kindness, and apologize for my conduct," she said; and she was, in fact, greatly mortified at the scene she had made.

They found her a dignified woman, far more reserved than Betta had been, and she did not volunteer any more information concerning her daughter.

"But she is the true heiress, is she not?" Mrs. Nelson asked, almost impatiently.

The Sor Teresa glanced about her, then looked straight into the lady's eyes. "Signora," she said, "I have no proof of my daughter's marriage." And she thought, "What sent these bunglers here to play with fire, and put my only treasure in peril?"

"Did you not witness the marriage?" persisted the lady.

The Sor Teresa pressed her lips together. Almost a fierce impulse seized her to strike the mouth that spoke.

"Do n't you understand?" whispered Elizabeth, in English. "As the next heiress, the child is not so safe as the father was!"

Mrs. Nelson had told the story to the young men, and had declared her intention of keeping an eye on the orphan, and doing something for her education. It pleased her vanity to think that she should be the patroness of one who ought to be a countess in her own right. She propounded this plan now to the grandmother. She would send a certain sum quarterly to some responsible person in the town, and it was to

"be used for the child's necessities, if she were in need; and secondly, to give her as good an education as the place afforded.

"It had better be sent to the mayor of the town," she said. "Who is the mayor now?"

"The Signor Francesco Alinori," said the old woman briefly.

Mrs. Nelson bit her lip, and considered.

"It is just the thing!" the lawyer struck in. "Make them responsible, and they will not dare to harm her. We will see him before we go away."

The old woman, after a moment's thought, consented; and she smiled faintly, and bowed as she addressed her consent to Mr. Elder. Here was one person, at least, who had some astuteness. "But he shall have no authority over mine, Signora," she added hastily.

"Certainly not!" Mrs. Nelson promised, and began to define her plans more minutely.

"I have some money in a box," the Sor Teresa said, "I don't know how much it is."

"Oh! that can go for present needs," said Mrs. Nelson. "But what will you call the little girl?"

It was a cruel question, and hard to answer. To call her Giorgini would make enemies, and perpetuate enmity without gaining anything; to call her Lanciani was to resign all hope of future justice, and to slander her own daughter.

Mrs. Nelson brought forward the plan she had been cherishing the whole afternoon, and carried it against all opposition. The child was to be called "Beatrice da Sanzio."

Betta did not go back to Sanzio that day; she stayed all night with the Sor Teresa; and when everything was still, and the child asleep, they cut open the old Countess Giorgini's money-box, and as its contents rolled into the old woman's apron, both voices set up a cry. The only silver pieces were what had been put in that morning: all the rest was gold. The old countess, making a show of copper or silver for Betta's eyes, had every week for two years dropped a gold napoleon into the box. There were one hundred and four of them.

"You see! she knew that my daughter's child was the heiress!" cried the old

woman fiercely; and gathering up the money, flung the apron with it across the room. "She would never have given gold otherwise. They have robbed my child, the devils!"

"At least don't throw away the little you have got," said Betta soothingly, and went round picking up the pieces that dotted with gold the rough brick floor.

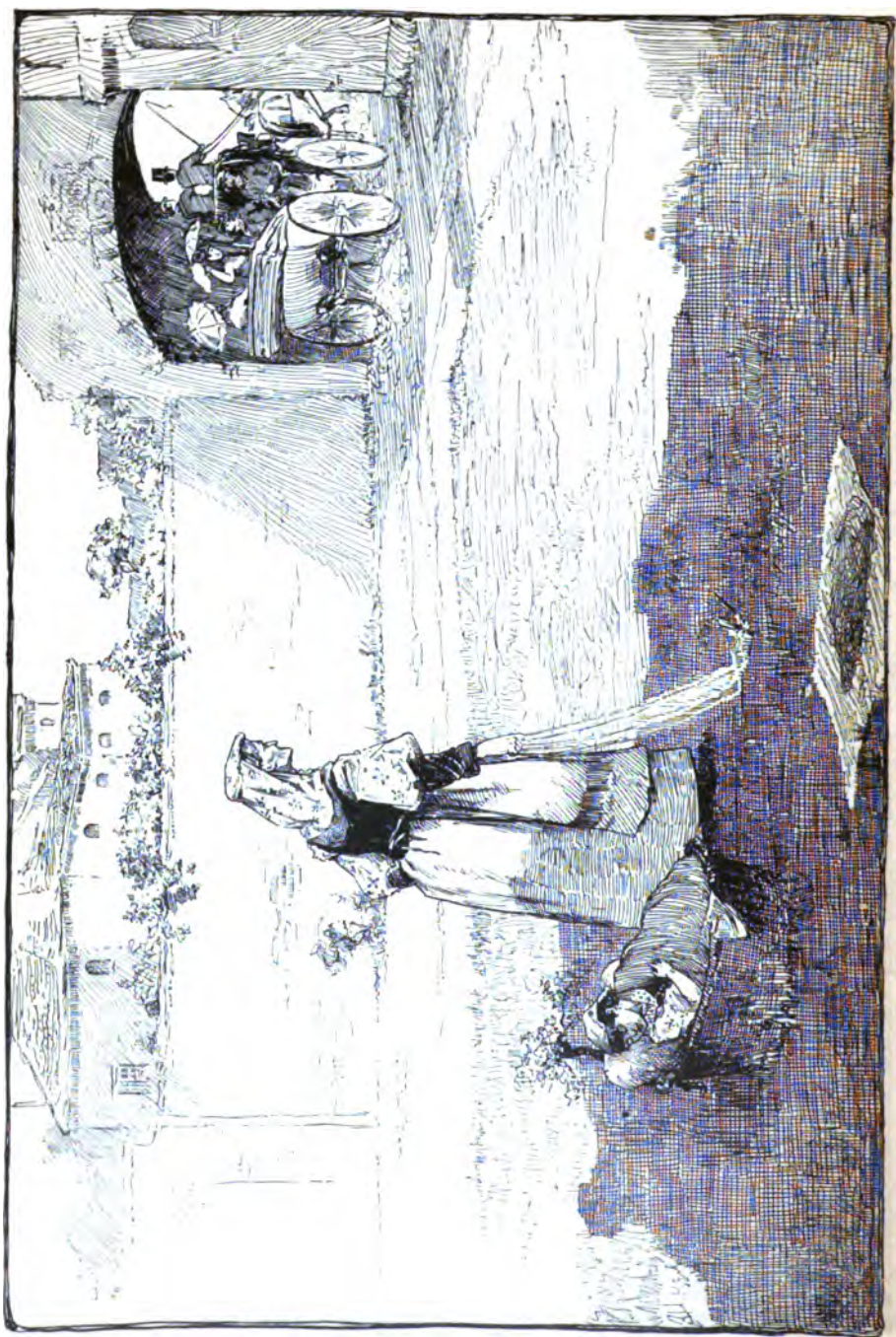
CHAPTER V.

STRANDED.

The Sor Teresa's chamber had two windows, one overlooking the grassy *piazza*, the other completely covered by an enormous fig-tree that thrust its leaves quite into the room. There was a large bed in one corner, shaded by an old curtain of coarse dark-red silk. There was an oaken chest containing her small store of household linen, the remains of her wedding outfit, her wedding-dress of silver-threaded brocade, and her large black veil of hand-made netting worked with solid flowers. This veil was so transparent that, when held up single, the flowers looked like winged things floating in the air. There was an oaken credence, an intarsio work-box, and a delicate red-wood table with cross legs. In a tiny closet in the wall, hidden by a picture of the Madonna, was a box containing her own wedding pearls, now somewhat discolored. She had given them to her daughter on her marriage; and when the young countess died they had been sent back to her.

The large fire-place in one corner of the room answered as kitchen. A table stood so near as to be almost inside of it, and quite inside hung the saucepans and earthen utensils for cooking. A few chairs and a table completed the furnishing of the chamber.

It was the morning after her grandchild's arrival, and the chamber was dazzling with a golden-green illumination. The sun and the fig-tree were having their daily struggle at the eastern window. Beatrice had waked at early dawn, had been given a cup of goat's milk and a piece of bread, and had run about in the small garden and on the house-top, till, tired and warm, she fell asleep again. Betta had taken a weeping leave of her and gone back to Sanzio.



The Sor Teresa stood and looked at the sleeping child, unwilling to wake her. Yet she had work to do; and it must be done out of doors. A pile of unbleached cotton thread lay on the table, and it must be all doubled and twisted before sunset.

She waited a while, then took a round basket down from the wall, and made a nest of it. First she placed a pillow, over that a shawl, and then a small thick bough from the fig-tree set up at one edge as a sunshade. Lastly, under a corner of the shawl, she hid a yellow apricot, a bit of bread, and a tiny bottle of wine and water.

She smiled to herself with a tremulous delight as she made these preparations, her thoughts fluttering back to her own early motherhood, and that wondering ecstasy over her first babe. Was this the child or was it another? She felt confused sometimes, she had suffered so much.

The nest prepared, she softly lifted the little sleeper and laid her in it, waited a moment till the slight stir of being disturbed had changed to slumber again, then lifted the basket to her head, and went out bearing the child like a crown.

The dome of the church threw its shadow on the grass. Sor Teresa set the basket in that curve of shade, and began her work.

Presently there was a jingling of bells and a trampling of horses. The two carriages of the Americans drew up at the gate, and they all descended and came up to her. Seeing the child asleep in its pretty cradle, they hushed themselves, and stood looking at her.

"She has gone to sleep on the shady side of the moon," James Martin said, looking at the half-circle of shadow that surrounded her.

Mrs. Nelson gave the Sor Teresa a directed envelope. "This is my American address," she said. "Have me written to if anything should happen to you or Beatrice. I have arranged that the Signor Francesco Alinori shall draw on me once a year for fifty dollars, which he will place in your hands. You will go to him for it. He says that he is going to have a governess in the house for his own little girl, and that when our Beatrice is able, he will allow her to come

and take her lessons without paying. It is a very agreeable offer; and I find him very gentlemanly. Remember to have her carefully brought up, and never allow her to be called by any other name than Beatrice da Sanzio, unless she should prove her right to her father's name."

"Tell her not to let the young one go into a convent, either as pupil or nun," Mr. Elder struck in. "Or, I will tell her myself. See here, old woman!" touching her on the shoulder. "Erre—non lettere—"

"Oh! Oh!" laughed the two ladies.

"—permettere, I mean," the young man persevered, unabashed, "che—che—Beatrice—mettere—mai—mai mettere!" with oratorical emphasis, "—erre—piede—sopra porta convento. Mai! Mai!"

A chorus of feminine laughter greeted this effort.

"Now that you have distinguished yourself," Miss Martin said, "perhaps you will go and count to make sure that all our twenty-seven parcels are in the carriage. But please don't count in Italian. You are quite too infinitely infinite for accuracy."

"I could learn Italian in a month," Mr. Elder declared. "All you've got to do is to take a word out of some other language and put a little curly tail on it. Their words run as glibly as their little pigs. By Jove! I did n't know till I came here that a pig could run. Some words are like the other end of the beast, cut square off: *più*, *giù*. A few simple rules, and you can talk right off."

"I once knew a rheumatic old lady who went on that principle," James Martin said. "She used to tell her maid to rubare her ankle. She meant rub; but the poor girl did n't seem to understand."

"Do you remember how we used to talk hog-Latin and pig-Latin when we were little boys?" Selwyn asked.

"Yiffus, yaggery," answered Martin; and they laughed.

It took so little to make them laugh.

The ladies, having had a confidential domestic consultation with the Sor Teresa, came out to their carriage.

"It is all nicely settled," Mrs. Nelson said. "And I should n't be surprised if a fine romance were one day to grow out of it. To think of our little girl going

into the household of the very family which is to have her title and estates! I predict that she will marry the little son of our *sindaco*."

She took his card from her pocket-book, and read the name out: "Francesco Alinori," and pointed complacently to the coronet.

"I shall write him to keep the child out of convents," announced Mr. Francis Elder.

"Yes," said Miss Elizabeth, "write him to not lettere permettere mettere, et cetera."

"But you can't be sure that she may not herself choose such a life," Mrs. Nelson said. "Those influences are in the very air that she breathes."

"Of course," replied the lawyer. "But I know the value of protest, and persistent protest. Why, a flea which persists is stronger than a lion which gives up."

"A flea which persists," repeated Elizabeth Martin dreamily; and, pushing up her sleeve from the wrist, displayed a score of little pink dots on her white arm. "A flea which persists!" she murmured, contemplating these dots, and then proceeding to count them with a pretty finger-tip.

"No!" the lawyer went on seriously. "I will never give the help of my silence to what I disapprove of, from the idea that speech is vain. It is never in vain. It keeps our own souls alive, if no more. It is not our lungs alone which breathe through our lips: it is our brain and heart."

"That's right! That's right!" said James Martin, and laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder and smiled into his face.

It struck the whole company at that moment that there was something peculiarly noble in James Martin's face.

They were waiting for some fresh lemons which they had sent back for, and which came presently, tied up in a blue cotton handkerchief.

The Sor Teresa watched them, laughing, jeering, scolding, merry over everything. She saw them step into their carriages, seat themselves, rise, search among their packages, call to each other, settle finally into place, and drive away. They all waved their handkerchiefs to her on parting, and she courtesied to them. There was a lessening sound of bells, hoofs and wheels, a faint cloud of dust above the city wall; and they were gone. The dead old town seemed more than ever dead. They had come like a wave of the sea over a dry beach, life-bringing, making the stones glisten for an hour, flinging spray, and shells, and sea-weed, and ebbing back again into the great unknown.

But the wave had left her a pearl!

She turned to look at the sleeping child, and went on with her work again.

Beatrice waked, ate her luncheon, and wandered about the grass. She was quiet and wistful, and seemed rather lost. She suffered her grandmother's caresses, but did not return them; and could scarcely be persuaded to speak. Now and then she would stop and look earnestly at the Sor Teresa.

The sacristan of the church came out to make her acquaintance, and she willingly accompanied him to see the Madonna, and lay a little flower on the altar.

With sunset, the Sor Teresa's work was done. The whole grassy square was glowing a red gold.

"Come, darling, and we will get some supper," she said; and when the child came quietly to her arms, she asked, "Why do you look at me so, dear? Do you not know who I am?"

"Are you Tessa come back?" asked Beatrice, gazing at her doubtfully.

Tessa was contessa, and her name for her other grandmother.

"No, I am not Tessa," replied the old woman with a sigh. "Tessa robbed you!" she added bitterly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





APPRECIATION.

THRICE blest is he whom God endows
With truest gifts of seeing,
Who feels each beauty day by day
Throughout his inmost being;
Who reads the language of the breeze,
The brooklet's rippling laughter,
Who hears the whispers in the trees
And bird-songs coming after;
Who notes each blossom on the ground,
Each grass-plume graceful bending,
Each happy floweret all around
Its incense upward sending.

The myriad voices of the night,
The insect's drowsy humming,
The wind announcing through the leaves
The tempest-chariot's coming;
The gentle music of the waves,
The ocean's varied voices,
The zephyr which o'er toilers' graves
For peace and rest rejoices;
Who sees the sunbeam through the cloud,
The hope through gloom or sadness,
The deep soul-murmurs low or loud
Of Nature in her gladness.

Who knows each beauty half revealed
In every dell and diugle,
And every vision half concealed
Where night and morning mingle;
Knows well each grace and marvel caught
By moonbeams softly shining,
And loves the pictures deftly wrought
By shadows intertwining.

Who knows each sigh but hides a song,
Each homely thing some beauty,
While hopes and glories—glad and strong—
Lie deep in every duty;
Who finds each grief but hides a grace,
Flowers grow on mountains hoary;
That clouds but veil the Master's face,
Each grief some brighter story.

A proud and happy man is he,
 All Nature's secrets knowing,
 Who reads God's truths on land and sea
 And reaps contentment's sowing;
 Who knows the Lord inflicts no dearth
 Without a blessing to it,
 And that enjoyment of the earth
 Depends on how you view it;
 That Nature's hieroglyphics traced
 On heaven, and earth and ocean,
 Are object-lessons teaching truth—
 Interpreted in motion;
 That all of these harmonious blend,
 With no truth disagreeing,
 And each its message yields to those
 Who have the gift of seeing.
 So every true and perfect thing
 Yields to his soul its sweetness;
 A monarch he, and more than king,
 Who knows its grand completeness.

I. Edgar Jones.



THE ART STUDENT IN NEW YORK.

BY ERNEST KNAUFFT.



THROUGHOUT our entire land the army of young men and women who are anxious to study art with a view to pursuing some one of its branches as a means of livelihood, is constantly increasing. To these, New York city offers, in its numerous art-schools, one of the most direct and practical avenues toward acquiring the knowledge which is a pre-requisite of success in the profession.

The rapid and healthy expansion of the last five or six years, noticeable in

these schools, is to those interested in the development of art in America, an earnest of not only future growth but of a grander development in many ways.

With thoroughly equipped art-schools must come better workmen; and with better workmen, finer productions.

Evidence is not lacking that this fact is appreciated by public-spirited citizens, who have done much to encourage and foster art in this city. Through the establishment and maintenance of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, certain of these gentlemen sought to cultivate public taste, by putting within the reach of every one, works of undoubted merit. But they did not stop there; they

have by their generous support of the Metropolitan Museum's Art Schools, subscribed themselves genuine allies of education in that direction.

It needs but the mention of the names of the members of the Museum School's committee, Robert Hoe, John Taylor Johnston, D. O. Mills, J. W. Pinchot, and W. L. Andrews, as evidence of the high place that this subject of the education of the artist finds in the consideration of men of culture who have at heart the city's advancement as a true metropolis. Mr. Henry L. Marquand, another member of the Museum, imported last year at the expense of over \$10,000, a collection of casts from the antique, which will be at the disposal of the students of these schools, as soon as the new addition to the Museum in Central Park is completed.

It is interesting to note that as early as 1801, Robert Livingston, then United States minister to France, wrote to his friends in New York urging the starting of subscriptions to a fund for the purchase of statues and paintings, the establishing of a public gallery, and a school for the instruction of art students. Thus through Minister Livingston's efforts, the institution which is now the Academy of Design, was founded. And he so far interested Napoleon in the Academy, that the Emperor presented to it several plaster casts from the antique, twenty-four volumes of rare Italian prints, and several portfolios of valuable engravings.

The "Elliott-Suydam" medals, the "Julius Hallgarten" prizes at the Academy schools, and the "A. A. Low" "Frederick A. Lane" and "Goodhue" prizes at the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, are also among the tokens of the valuable assistance bestowed upon our academies by men of means.

The principal art-schools in New York are those of the National Academy of Design, and Metropolitan Museum of Art; the Gotham Art Students; Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, and the Art Students' League.

In these schools are about 1,300 pupils. They have classes in painting, in drawing from the antique, from life, and with the exception of the Cooper Union,

have modeling classes also. The Cooper Union is a free school, although there are pay classes connected with it; the same is the case with the Academy Schools, save that a matricule card costs the student \$10 a year. The Metropolitan Museum Schools and the Gotham Art Students are very moderate in their charges; about \$20 being the cost of the season's instruction in the former, and from \$2 to \$6 a month the terms in the latter. In the Art Students' League a somewhat higher fee is charged in the regular classes, while to study all day in the painting class will cost \$120 for the season.

Students' life in New York to-day is entirely devoid of bohemianism. There is as much goodfellowship among the pupils of the school, as would be found at a medical or law school; no more and no less. They have no clannish attributes. There is no "Quartier Latin" in New York city for them to inhabit; the episodes of students' life in Paris, which we read of, have no counterpart here. They live no differently from the dry-goods clerk, and dress as they can afford, often as near the "dude" as possible. The velvet jacket, slouch hat, and the long cloak, are no longer insignia of artistic proclivities.

The only mark of their identification that we can think of, is their decided tendency to cultivate a special parlance, to use an artist's vocabulary; a technology which to the uninitiated ear is equal to any Gipsy lingo, pigeon English or dog Latin. As a general thing the richer this vocabulary becomes, the more indefinite are its terms. If you listen to a group of students in an art gallery, you are apt to hear some such expressions as these: "Is n't that a *stunning* Millet? I tell you what, there's *tone* for you!" "But I like the *quality* in that Rousseau better; that's *atmosphere*; it *hangs together* too; I call that *harmony*." "That Chase over there's got some *stunning* bits to it." "Yes, I like some of the *morceaux*, but the *technic* is the thing; just look at that *brush-work*!"

Furthermore, you would hear mentioned "nice feeling," "a well-balanced composition," "loud," "harsh," "crude," "dry" and "raw" color, and many

other terms whose meaning is dependent upon the artistic context.

"Don't you think that Number 50, over there, is a 'howler'?" we remember being asked once by a speaker who pointed to a painting by Wyant—a most delicate, misty, Adirondack scene! By a "howler" was meant a noticeable picture or one that possessed salient qualities, the remark being intended as entirely complimentary.

Few laymen have any idea of what importance to the would-be painter, is the question of his art education. Except for a few geniuses, there is no such thing for the painter as self-instruction. It might have served one a century or even a decade ago, but to-day he who would receive recognition and patronage from the public, and is able to put forth only works executed by an untutored hand, will stand little chance of substantial success. He may assert himself in other branches of the graphic arts, as an illustrator for instance, but he might better eschew painting. To those who develop a tendency for painting, this fact becomes evident as soon as they endeavor to test their capability to do some real art work.

The young man coming to these schools from the West is apt to be greatly disappointed at the first steps in his studies. In his native town he has probably done some work which has brought him in enough money to pay the expenses of a trip to New York, and a season's tuition. Perhaps he has been able to make in comparison to what his companions in other trades receive, a very good income. The local press has chronicled his exodus as an important event, and spoken of "the visit of our talented portrait-artist to the metropolis, for the purpose of pursuing his art studies under the most favorable auspices." He has been held in high esteem by his town-folk; always looked upon as the artist of the place, never as a student. His work has been in partnership with the camera, that is to say he has made portraits upon solar prints (faint prints on paper, over which the draughtsman works with crayon or pastel). With this assistance, of course his drawing has never been questioned, his patrons contenting themselves with criticising the expression of his likenesses.

As he has always satisfied his customers also with the pretty pink color of the flesh in these pastel portraits, the bright blue eyes and the decidedly golden, nut-brown, or raven hair, he is himself quite sure that he must have naturally "an eye for color." He feels therefore, that he knows enough about drawing, and will merely cultivate this natural talent for color.

The school altogether has, in all probability, a much less substantial look than he had pictured: the floors uncarpeted, the walls simply unpainted board partitions, the chairs of the commonest kind, the class-rooms crowded, temporary curtains here, drapery forming impromptu backgrounds there; everything is for utility, nothing for ornament. Perhaps there are a few drawings from life tacked upon the walls by former students, made in art schools abroad.

He soon receives his first set-back in the form of warnings on all sides that his knowledge of drawing is too limited to carry him through, should he be admitted to a painting class; such admission, even, being far from likely, as his color is "raw," "crude," "lacking in values," etc., etc. A whole string of technical terms, few of which he understands, are showered upon him. So he seeks entrance to the antique class.

The antique room he finds crowded with casts. At first to one who has never seen anything more than a plaster mask or a statuette, the effect of these forms, peculiarly endowed with life-like action, yet clothed in effect with the pallor of death, is startling. The figures suggest various weird fantasies—a morgue of classical heroes, a convention of the shades of departed acrobats and pugilists. One instinctively winces under the athletic form of the "Moses" of Michael Angelo, who seems to preside. The young students pass warily by the outstretched arm of the stooping Discobolus, as if to avoid having their eyes become the target for his precipitant quoin.

The novice chooses a cast, and falls to work. At first with much assurance, he goes rapidly through the stages of sketching in, giving little heed to what others are doing around him. But as he goes on a slight feeling of intimidation comes over him, when, solicited and unsolicited,

his fellow-students give him the benefit of their critical judgment. No formal introduction is needed in the classes, and at the end of a day he is quite on good enough terms with most of the others to make a tour of the easels and acquaint himself with the methods of work in vogue. Whatever may be his secret belief as to the rightness of his own manner, unless he is a dunce he soon sees that his comrades pursue a different way.

The character of the student is severely tested here. If he has a keen rapid

rebellion against the "blocking in," the simplifying of shadows, the lack of finish, which is so coarse and brutal to his mind. For, a self-taught person is sure to demand finish and detail in everything, and can rarely bear anything broad and simple.

Be his nature submissive or stubborn, his ardor has cooled and a certain amount of suspense fills his heart when after two days have elapsed it is time for the professor to arrive. When he does, he falls at once to criticising, starting at the other



INTERIOR OF ANTIQUE ROOM (ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE).

judgment he will see immediately that his best course is to humble himself and follow meekly in the footsteps of his companions. If on the other hand, he has a stubborn nature, he is somewhat loth to smother his own individuality and allow himself to be melted and poured in and out of the same mold as the rest of the class. His memory is full of biographies which he has read, of great painters who revolted against academic methods and traditions when they first became students of art schools. He contemplates emulating them and placing himself in

end of the room from where the novice is at work. There is something to be gained by this, and the student is all ears. He endeavors to profit by the rapid criticism and looks at his own work, seeking to correct every fault that is found in the others' drawings. But too soon is the professor at his side, handkerchief in hand perhaps, ready to dust off with a turn of wrist the two days' labor of the poor student, and bid him make his drawing much larger or cut off his figure one-sixth, and keep his lights and shadows simpler.

Sometimes the pupil is told, "Your figure is too tall for its width; put the waist higher, make the shoulders and hips broader; the right leg must be cut in on this side; make the left arm slender and the right arm larger; your head is too broad, and you may better raise the eye-brow a little and put the eyes farther apart, and put the ears lower down. *Otherwise, your drawing is very good!*"

He has gone down in the mouth step by step as the faults in his work are developed; something like a resolution has darted through his brain to quit the school immediately, and return to his Western home; but the last sentence has saved him. He repeats, "*Otherwise, your drawing is very good!*" That must be so. The faults criticised are minor details easily rectified; he will correct them at once, and then his drawing will be *very good*.

He remains a student, soon finding out how little he knew before. But, day by day, the painting class seems farther away.

The life class is generally the successor of the antique. Nothing is harder to paint or draw than the human body, nude. And no one can consider himself an educated artist unless he has painted for years from the nude. It makes no difference what branch of art he may expect to follow—it may be landscape or marine—the curves in the human form are of such variety and of such beauty that it is not straining a point to say that once becoming acquainted with them, no lines, no forms in nature will be new. The resources of color are nowhere put to a greater test than painting flesh, but our schools have good facilities for studying from life, in both the day and night classes.

Here the student is permitted to develop a greater amount of individuality than in the antique classes. Save for certain necessary checks—an insistence that the figures shall be drawn in proportion and that the value in the colors be preserved—he is allowed very free exercise of natural taste in line and color.

Entering a class-room, we find each workman bent on a different purpose, though all earnest and intent upon their

products. Here is one "going in for" a portrait, upon a figure the legs of which are much too short and the shoulders too broad; he has a head on which we see a very good resemblance to the features of the poser opposite. Another "goes in for" color, and with the vaguest suggestion of a drawing of a figure has painted a form which stands out well from the back-ground and conveys the impression of the warm tint of flesh. In the minority are those who "lay themselves out on drawing." They carefully sketch in the figure on the canvas with charcoal, endeavoring to give the impression of the entire figure as one form; they go over this outline with a brush and some brownish paint, fixing the lines more permanently, and correcting and strengthening the drawing at every step. Their coloring afterward may be metallic or "leathery," but they will be sure to reap the fruit of this well-directed labor in the future; for few things assist a maturing artist more than confidence in his draughtsmanship, and a single year of producing carefully-drawn paintings from life will give one that confidence.

The young woman who comes to New York is not often in exactly the same position as the young man. Hers is less substantial. It is not likely that she has had that absolute encouragement which the momentary success of the young man's previous career has given him. It is the exception, not the rule, if she has earned much by her crayon or brush; she generally, while studying, is supported by parents or some other member of her family.

She comes to New York with a less definite purpose than the male youth, in many cases hoping to educate herself as a drawing-teacher.

For years she has been able to give very great pleasure to her relatives and friends through her Christmas presents and birthday gifts painted by her own hand. She has received no end of compliments for these, even flattery. Thus she is made ambitious to cultivate this talent in the hope of acquiring fame. Or perhaps, her position is such that she must earn her own living, and she hopes to find art an easier method than

any other of the few channels open to women.

Some friend may have succeeded, and this gives her encouragement. Or she has perhaps seen some such notice as this, which I clip from the "Report of the Principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union:"

A partial list of last year's graduates and our present pupils, shows that 126 of them are in positions or are earning professionally. These report their earnings since May, 1893, as \$22,632, but this is probably not more than from one-half or two-thirds of the actual amount earned. Since last May, seventeen places have been taken as teachers in schools and seminaries. These positions include such institutions as Wellesley College and Mt. Holyoke Seminary in Massachusetts; Norfolk College, Virginia; Superintendent of Schools, Long Branch, New Jersey; Normal College, Omaha, Neb.; Public Schools in New York City, etc. Besides last year's graduates and our present pupils who are earning, I would allude to a few of our old scholars. One has an excellent place in Harrisburg, Pa., another at La Salle Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., another at Des Moines, Iowa. The latter tells me that she is earning \$2,500 a year. Two young women have taken orders for decorative work. In one case the order was for over \$1,000, and in another for more than \$350. They have had constant employment from a leading firm in New York.

The prospect of such emolument fairly intoxicates her. How much better than being a type-writer, a governess, a dress-maker or a saleswoman! The subject is talked over in the family; and comparing such sums with what her brothers or cousins earn, she will certainly be well off after a few years' study, and be able to reimburse her family for the outlay incident to her domicile in New York.

When really in the art school, she is still more at sea than our young man, with more advanced students around her, the professor expected this morning, the object—still life or flowers—before her. Brush in hand, she finds the task of representing upon canvas, with no other assistance than her own eyesight, a widely different affair from the transcribing some other's design upon a Christmas card. She has never learned to look at nature for herself.

It is a long and tedious task for a girl—this learning that the knowledge of art in its higher forms cannot be acquired by receipt or precept, but that she must come to see nature in a new and more thorough light than is habitual to mankind.

Before entering the school, she is apt to believe that certain laws and rules for mixing colors, etc., can be found.

It is pointed out to her when she becomes a student that no such rules exist.

And it is a mental strain for her to give up all hope of being assisted by theories and scientific principles, and apply herself to the arduous task of imitating, by experiment after experiment with the combination of the relatively



SKETCH OF TENNIS PLAYER.

few pigments which her color-box affords, the multitudinous tints of nature, or rather of imitating the one general color these varied hues make in a harmonious whole.

Some teachers are willing to acknowledge a virtue in this craving for theories, but I think our best do not. I

remember that some years ago a certain painter was induced to succeed a well-known instructor who was going abroad. The class was composed of ladies, and the new incumbent—let us call him Mr. X—soon learned that his predecessor, Mr. Z, had been a wordy man,

that the whole human structure was a compound of curves. Thin-armed models would be pictured with Sullivanic upper limbs, because Mr. Z had initiated them into the mysteries of anatomy, and they said they knew the muscles must be there, even if they could not see them.



IN A STUDIO.

who had not hesitated to comply with his pupils' thirst for literary art-teaching. So, about one-half the directions Mr. X gave were met with the objection that Mr. Z had told them that quite to the contrary "was a well-known rule."

"You have too much top to that head, madam," he said to one of the students who was seated much below her model, who had his head thrown back and was sitting upon a platform, as is customary. "Oh, I don't see how that can be, Mr. X, because Mr. Z always told us that one-half of the head was above a line drawn through the eyes, and one-half below; and see [measuring with her charcoal], that's the way mine is." And it was the work of some minutes to show the lady that it was a self-evident fact that, from where she was sitting, she could not see as much of the head above the eyes as below.

Hq found the students drawing a square-faced model, *à la* Raphael's *Madonnas*, because Mr. Z had told them

Of late years in New York a number of women have asserted themselves in the field of portraiture, but, as a general thing, flowers and still-life are the subjects they essay, seldom succeeding in large or complicated figure compositions; while, on the other hand, as designers, where the conventionalities of forms are to be re-arranged with some originality and taste, they succeed remarkably well.

Be the aspirant man or woman, the art schools of New York afford him or her most ample facilities for study. For those completing the courses at the schools, and ambitious to follow out branches of art other than figure-painting, such as landscape, marine or animal-painting, there are many artists of reputation in those fields who receive earnest pupils into their studios for special instruction.

The "League," which has the largest number of pupils—about five hundred—can be denominated, I think, without

dispute, the chief of the schools. It was established and is maintained by "art students." It has no salaried officers, but is managed by a board of control, a majority of whom are actual workers in the classes. In giving us the Continental methods of teaching, *i. e.*, the methods learned in the first art-schools abroad—the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris, and the Royal Academy, Munich—it was the pioneer. Here, for example, is a list of the corps of instructors for the past season, and in parentheses the names of their masters, the leading painters of Europe:

Kenyon Cox (pupil of Gérôme and Carolus-Duran), H. Siddons Mowbray (Bonnat), Walter Shirlaw (Linderschmidt), George De Forest Brush (Gérôme), William M. Chase (Piloty), B. R. Fitz (Royal Academy, Munich), Geo. T. Brewster (Mercié, sculptor), J. Carroll Beckwith (Carolus-Duran), H. A. Levy (Gérôme), T. W. Dewing (Lefèvre and Boulanger), Thomas Eakins (Gérôme).

The pupils thus have the traditions of European art handed down to them; the traditions of schools which have supplied Continental Europe with most of her great painters. An American, after a thorough course at the "League," may go abroad and enter the schools and ateliers there with no fear of having to unlearn anything he has studied, nor of being compelled to learn the first principles over again. His study there is sure to be progress from the start.

In previous seasons the "League" has had in its faculty, beside those named above, J. Alden Weir, Frank E. Scott and William Sartain. Mr. Charles R. Lamb has been president of the school

for the past three years. Under him the "preparatory antique class" was added to the course, and it has been a success from the start. Also, he has re-organized the workings of the "composition class;" and such a department is often much more the means of making practical artists out of the students than the professors

are aware of. The principle of a composition class is to give to the student for treatment such subjects as "Fire," "Silence," "Lost," "Home," "Wind," "Peace," "War," etc.; whereupon he makes his sketch, representing, as fully as his mental power and technical training will allow, the subject indicated. These compositions being brought in on a given evening, and duly arranged upon the walls, are criticised by some competent artist.

In this way, a student very soon finds out what chance of success he has before the public; for, the public will patronize those who can make pictures with a meaning in them—but not the clever or conscientious painter of bits and

fragments. Very sad is the lesson which many students who must make their living by art have to learn, namely, that to be able to paint parts of a picture ever so well will not bring success half so quickly as the ability to paint a complete picture passably. It is with the latter object in view, that composition classes are formed. I remember some years ago, that any drawing could be brought into this class at the "League," no matter what subject had been given out; for instance,



SKETCH OF GIRL AND CHILD.

a still-life study of tin pans and copper kettles could be exhibited when the subject was "Hope." Now, however, every member of the class must furnish a design which shall illustrate that announced.

The "League" has students from all parts of the Union, and also fourteen pupils from Canada. New York State, of course, furnishes the most, 321, of whom 214 are from the city. New Jersey is represented by 26, Massachusetts by 18, Illinois by 12, and Pennsylvania and Connecticut by 11 each. More than one-half of the 658 students are members of the "League," but about 175 of them are not active in the school at present.

Neither the Academy, Cooper Union, the "League," nor Gotham Art Students undertake to teach the arts applied to industry, nor to give any manual training. Therefore, when in 1883 Mr. John Ward Stimson was appointed superintendent of the Industrial Art School of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and found three night-classes at work studying designing, he, having been a pupil of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, saw his opportunity of fostering together, in the closest relationship, the creative art taste with practical industrial skill. While the arts of drawing and painting in the abstract were taught in the schools named above, and while the purely industrial designing was taught in many schools in the city in some such manner as geometrical drawing is taught, according to rules and principles, Mr. Stimson saw that great would be the gain in both cases if in his school the student should be taught to apply his knowledge of form and color to industrial productions. He saw the gain that would arise from the just connection of all branches of art with each other. This connection was made: and in a few years his "night-school" was brought to the very front, side by side with the other art-schools, and beginning with three classes he had thirteen, and some 300 pupils, when he resigned in January, 1888. Thus the Metropolitan Museum Art-Schools have become a boon to those with small means, who are enabled to study a branch of industrial art in which they can reach proficiency sooner

than in oil painting. Some, for example, can work at an "art trade" during the summer, and save enough out of their earnings to enable them to study painting during the winter.

Mr. Arthur Tuckerman, a pupil of the architectural department of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, has succeeded Mr. Stimson as superintendent. The life class, formerly Mr. Stimson's, has luckily fallen into the best of hands. Mr. R. Cleveland Coxe, known to the public as one of our foremost marine painters, but identified also in art circles as a figure painter of high order (whose schooling has been four years of study in the atelier of Bonnat), is associated with Mr. Lowell Dyer (of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*). In sculpture they have Mr. Olin Warner, and the remaining industrial classes are in the charge of Messrs. V. G. Stiepevich, Julien Ramar, C. Brower Darst, Lucas Baker, Walter B. James, Ernest J. Gilles, Alois Loehner and William E. Voltz.

The Women's Art School of Cooper Union is presided over by Mrs. Susan N. Carter, who has been well known in the art world for a score of years. The instructors in the free school are: R. Swain Gifford, oil painting; J. Carroll Beckwith, life and cast; Mrs. Wm. Stone, normal drawing; John R. Davis, wood engraving; Mrs. M. C. B. Ellis, crayon photographs; Miss Lucy A. Coe, photo-color; Miss Kate Corey, cast drawing. Previous instructors have been Mr. W. H. Low, G. De F. Brush, and Geo. W. Maynard. The school dates back to 1857, and has been directed at different times by Mr. Jarvis McEntee, Mr. W. J. Linton, the engraver, and Dr. Rimmer. Mrs. Carter has had charge of it for the past sixteen years.

This school is free for those who intend to support themselves by the profession of art, but for those who wish to study as an accomplishment, paying classes are opened in the afternoon. In this department, Wm. Sartain has charge of the life and cast drawing, and J. Alden Weir, of the oil painting.

Previous to 1875, the course did not include a "life class" (drawing from the nude). Its introduction that winter considerably raised the character of the insti-

tution, and at present it stands on a par with the best schools of the country. Entrance in this life class, it is pleasing to note, is dependent entirely upon a previous successful course in the lower classes. It is thus made a goal toward which the students aim in their earliest efforts.

Unluckily, the resources of the Cooper Union Woman's Art School are entirely insufficient. Over 700 applications are made annually, but only about 250 find admittance, as that is the limit of the room-space at its disposal. Always before the school commences the free classes are filled, and those applying afterward must find instruction elsewhere.

About the same conditions may be asserted of the schools of the National Academy of Design. No other art building is so well known as this edifice on the corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. The Academy as an organization is so deeply associated with the development of art in America, that it is a great pity the schools do not bear a higher reputation. The collection of casts is said to be one of the largest and finest in the country. Classes are in session all day and in the evening. Possibly no graver charge can be brought against the management than that they are conservative. But it is well known in art circles that a student seldom joins the school save for

reasons of economy. Were the terms at the League as low, no student would hesitate a moment in choosing between the two.

As pointed out before, the classes are virtually free, a matricule card for the season costing \$10. This includes the classes



MR. CHASE'S PORTRAIT CLASS.

of antique, life, modeling, composition; also sketch and costume class. Messrs. L. E. Wilmarth, N. A., Edgar M. Ward, N. A., and Charles Noel Flagg, are the instructors, with Mr. F. Edwin Elwell in charge of the modeling class. Beside these, Mr. Ward has a painting class in

which the terms are \$30 for a season of six months, or ten dollars a month. During the season, Mr. J. Wells Champney, A. N. A., lectures on artistic anatomy, and Mr. Frederick Dielman, N. A., on perspective.

"The Gotham Art Students" organized themselves in 1879 as a sort of art club, to meet in the evenings for mutual benefit and for study from the cast and life. They were, for the most part, young men connected with the art trades—decorators, designers, engravers and lithographers; and were engaged in their occupations during the day. They procured two or three of the best painters in the city to visit them twice a week and supervise their studies. It was but another step to open their classes to outsiders; and yet another, a few years ago, to inaugurate morning sessions and classes for women. With these facilities, "the Gotham Art Students" has become one of the art schools of New York, and indeed one of great promise.

There are in the morning classes, a large number of students who intend to make painting a profession. The terms for tuition are lower than in the League, by about twenty-five per cent. The instructors are, Messrs. H. Siddons Mowbray, Wm. R. Derrick, B. R. Fitz, and F. W. Freer, in the drawing and paint-

ing classes, and Mr. Fred Moynihan, of the Royal Academy, London, has charge of the clay modeling.

To be a student in these schools does not necessarily indicate that one is only a beginner in art. Many of the exhibits seen on the Academy's walls at the autumnal and spring exhibitions are by pupils working in the school-rooms in the basement of the building.

Mr. Charles C. Curran, who has prepared the study of the interior of the League—which illustrates this article—while at present a pupil of that school, made his *début* at the Academy Exhibition some years ago.

The drawings by Mr. C. H. Warren were made at the "sketch class" at the Academy. A class of this sort is composed of students of the school who pose for each other every afternoon, during one hour. There is no instructor to the class, and each worker does the best he or she can, drawing or painting in whatever medium suits the fancy: pencil, charcoal, pen and ink, water color or oil. The benefit derived from such a class is that of acquiring the habit of making notes of forms and colors for future use, or of becoming able to take in an impression of a figure and indicate with point or brush its salient characteristics, without the help of prolonged study.

THE SHADOW-SELF.

AT morning-tide the traveler westward bound
Before him sees a lengthened shadow run;
At noon it shrinks beneath him on the ground;
Unmarked, it rearward moves at set of sun.

A juggling shadow-self the youth pursues,
And questions with a fond and curious mind;
This shade the man in prime subdues,
But mellow age has cast it far behind.

Edith M. Thomas.



MY DREAM OF ANARCHY AND DYNAMITE.*

I HAD a dream; please Heaven it may prove but a dream. Who that reads it will vouch that it will not become a reality?

I.

It was the middle of November, 1888. The Presidential election was barely over, and the canvass had been one of unprecedented bitterness. Three political parties had striven for the mastery and the two unsuccessful ones were making the land resound with charges of fraud and bribery. An impartial onlooker, if such could have existed at such a time might well doubt whether even a government "of the people, for the people and by the people" were likely to prove in the end, any permanent improvement upon those forms which we had been teaching American youth to regard as "effete." Many thoughtful men were conscientiously asking whether the whole science of government, as it had existed for six thousand years, were not a semi-barbarous system of blundering; and whether it would not be better to overturn the entire fabric, and at least make the experiment of some of the later theories.

A famous labor advocate, gifted, ambitious and as nearly honest as ambitious men usually allow themselves to become, had been the candidate for the Presidency of a party composed mainly of laborers, artisans, and men who enjoyed far less of this world's goods than they believed to be their just share in the grand distribution that is forever going on in the world's market-place.

Many of them were ignorant and impulsive. During several months they had been told that all property was robbery and the fruit of past robberies, and that all men had an equal right to an equal share of the luxuries of life. "Presidential year," proverbially bad for business, had been worse than common, from a variety of causes, but principally the increasing number of strikes and the attempts of Congress to change the tariff.

The unemployed numbered hundreds of thousands; winter was staring them in the face; the prospect was a bleak and bitter one, and men and women were desperate and ready to fall in with anything that promised even temporary relief.

Since the executions of the Anarchists in Chicago, a year before, the police had vigorously suppressed incendiary speech-making, and public disquiet over threats of dynamite had subsided. Just at this time, I met an old army friend, whose work as a detective had led him to, disguise himself and frequent the haunts of the Anarchists in quest of a criminal supposed to be in hiding among them. He told me of the plans they were hatching for a bloody and terrible avengement of their Chicago comrades, and for overturning society, and seizing and dividing among themselves and the workingmen whom they expected to join them, all the money in bank vaults, the sub-treasury, and the portable valuables in stores and private houses throughout the city. I laughed at his pretty fable, and advised him to dramatize it, promising him at least a run of a hundred nights in all the principal cities. But the captain was not to be laughed down; he was terribly in earnest, and, finally, his earnestness impressed me to the point of consenting to disguise myself and investigate in his company, to be vouched for by him as an English convert to Anarchistic principles. My friend's influence brought me at once into contact with the leaders; and, under the pretext of a burning desire to be of assistance in the grand *coup d'état*, the captain's story was quickly confirmed.

There were about twenty-five thousand male adult Anarchists in this country, practically all foreigners, the vast majority being Germans, with a heavy sprinkling of Poles, Bohemians and Russians. They were by no means the ignorant and bestialized creatures that they were imagined. Nearly all were educated, and many were possessed of trained

*The author is a well-known writer who stands very high in military, social and political circles, but whose name is withheld at his request.—[The Editor.]

and skilful minds. More than half the total number—some fifteen thousand—were located in New York; some five or six thousand in Chicago, and the others were distributed among the suburbs of the two cities named, and in Cincinnati and St. Louis. Scarcely an appreciable following could be found in other large cities. They differed from the Nihilists up to the time of the Chicago hanging only in this, that the Nihilist was pledged by solemn oath to kill, and to kill whomsoever the "Committee" would direct. The American branch proposed to kill only after the failure of other means. "Other means to what end?" one asks, and the intangible answer, after much mouthing of "liberty" (in America!), must be finally resolved into permission to enjoy at will what their more fortunate neighbors have accumulated. Since November 11, 1887, they had changed materially; and now their motto had become "Revenge and Our Rights;" their motive to kill, and their great reliance dynamite.

The New York section was thoroughly organized, and large quantities of bombs were safely stored with a hundred petty leaders.

The outline of the plan was this: They themselves were not to make any breach of the peace, but were to wait patiently until some labor disturbance should rouse the great masses into a feeling of hostility against the police; then every art should be employed to instigate a conflict, and when blood ran at fever heat among the masses and they were ripe for vengeance, the police were to be dynamited in the presence of "the people." No half-way work, either, like the Haymarket, but one good bomb following another, until the police were absolutely destroyed. This would encourage and inspire the populace, and then the grand assault, the heavy work should begin. Whenever a body of police, large or small, showed itself, a dozen determined men well supplied with bombs, were to be detailed to destroy them. If doing it from sidewalks presented obstacles, it should be done from windows and roofs, to which the Anarchists would have previously forced access along the probable lines of advance of the police. It was estimated that the entire police force

could be destroyed by less than thirty determined dynamiters. The regiments of National Guard were to be destroyed while assembling in their armories, a detail of ten Anarchists being dispatched to the vicinity of each armory as soon as hostilities opened, but with careful instructions to await the time when the whole regiment should be formed within, before bringing their irresistible engines of destruction into play. If these plans should miscarry with one or more regiments, they could be destroyed on the march from windows and house-tops quite as effectually as the police would have been.

The intervention of the Governor, with a great body of State troops, had also been considered, as well as that of the President, and the regulars, and National Guard from other States. No regiment could live ten minutes in any street when the upper windows were in possession of a dozen dynamiters. Had not over seventy men been killed and wounded by a single bomb in the Haymarket? How many bombs, then, would be necessary to wipe the best disciplined regiment utterly from the face of the earth?

All this accomplished, all the exponents of force having been swept from behind the law, what then? "What indeed, but simply to take for ourselves the goods of which greedy capitalists have been robbing us; burst open the bank vaults, blow up the sub-treasury; appropriate the contents of stores and gilded palaces which would have been ours before, but for unrighteous laws, and hiring forces of police and soldiers; go in, and help ourselves, and let the poor become rich, and the rich step down awhile into the places of the poor. Glorious consummation! Most righteous retribution! We shall be simply coming into our own, of which we have been robbed. All this, too, can be accomplished with certainty and with celerity. There is no human power which can thwart our plans, if only our one hundred chosen bomb-throwers stand firm. And why should they not, when wealth and ease lie just before them, and only a few police and a few regiments of soldiers stand in the way?"

Such was the glittering prize held up to the view of the restless, dissatisfied, pinched workmen; and when I asked

myself what effectual obstacle could be interposed to this comprehensive programme, I was forced to admit that whatever barriers good citizens could rear, when once the machinery had been set in motion, they would certainly be far weaker than Paris vainly offered to the Commune—and that, too, before the days of dynamite. Here were men who had the brain to plan, the nerve to carry forward, and the numbers to sustain the entire programme. One hundred bomb-throwers would doubtless suffice to carry out all the work of destroying the guardians of property; but, if one thousand were needed, they could be obtained with equal facility.

It is only twenty-five years since a large part of New York was under the feet of trampling mobs, who showed what mobs can do even with no knowledge of dynamite. There could, consequently, be no doubt that, with the guardians of law and order once out of the way, no flinching would take place from the more agreeable and profitable role, wherein the mob helped each of its number to become a rich man in a day or a night. Nothing was plainer than the necessity of timely prevention, and that, too, by heroic methods. Here was no case for a weak, faltering or hesitating policy. Once ring up the curtain on the first tableau, where the police face the red flag, and the tragedy would go forward unerringly to the last act, containing the terrible *denouement*.

Prevention, then, was the only policy left for society to adopt; cure was beyond the hope of any sane man, after the first irruption.

But how might society prevent, under our constitution and laws? Increase the police and detective force? At the most, this would only increase by a few thousands the number to be destroyed. It would require only a few more bombs and bomb-throwers, and these could easily be supplied. An increase of the military would be no more effectual. No, the more closely one should think, the more clearly he must see that whatever of preventive measures were to be applied must be applied well in advance of the first organized assault upon the defenders of law and order. But what might those be?

I sought Inspector Williams, told him the facts, and asked him what *could* be done to avert the awful calamity. The handsome face of the officer expressed the deepest interest in my tale as I unfolded it; a few curt questions were asked, indicating that the subject was by no means new to his trained mind. He looked out of the window for several minutes, his brows knit, and a deeper shade came upon his bronzed features. Then he turned toward me and said: "I have no doubt that these fiends intend to do all they say; I will go further and admit that they can doubtless wipe us all out in three hours, whenever they have sufficient nerve and organization to attempt it seriously. Yet, under existing laws, we of the police, are powerless to forestall them. Our laws are framed upon the theory that so long as the people govern themselves, they will respect the laws of their own making. The law never contemplates the possibility of an extended conspiracy to overthrow the government by anything but ballots. Under a monarchy, the law is not so sure of popular support, and ample means are given the police to prevent outbreaks. Here, we must await an overt act, a breach of the peace, an assault, a threatened assault, or an incitement to commit a breach of the peace; something of this kind must occur before we can act."

"But, Inspector, do you realize the extent of the terrible disaster that must result from a policy of inaction and non-suppression? Do you take in the awful fact that if you wait an overt act, you will be too late; that the entire police force will be destroyed, and the city fall into the hands of plunderers? Do you mean to tell me that you have no right under our laws to self-preservation, and no right to take steps to preserve the city whose guardians you are, by any and every means which may clearly appear necessary? You know, that unless you search every suspected house for bombs, and unless you do it *before* any overt act is committed, you will be utterly unable, either to protect the city, or even to save your own lives; and do you seriously mean to say, that notwithstanding this, you must sit still and supinely wait for the swift and terrible destruction which is being prepared for you?"

The shades upon the inspector's face grew dark almost to blackness as I proceeded; and when he replied, his bearing was that of a brave man ready for a desperate deed; prepared to face his duty, but hopeless as to the result.

"You put it harshly but all you say is true. The law *says* just that, whatever the lawmakers may have *meant*. They did not foresee organized anarchism, and never dreamed of dynamite as the weapon of revolution. We can do nothing but watch and await the chance to move quicker than they do when the supreme moment arrives. We are prepared, and shall be quick, you may be sure; and, if we lead them by only an hour, then God help them—that's all! But, if they do nothing prematurely,—well, a man dies only once you know."

The law itself, then, was the fatal defect in the entire system of safeguards thrown around the lives and property of good citizens. The law must be amended; that was clear.*

Realizing that the extraordinary character of the laws which were required would necessitate a tremendous degree of pressure from the people themselves, I went to the editor of a great metropolitan daily, offered him my array of facts, and besought him to bring the powerful engines of press influence to bear upon the Legislature. In reply, he urged the

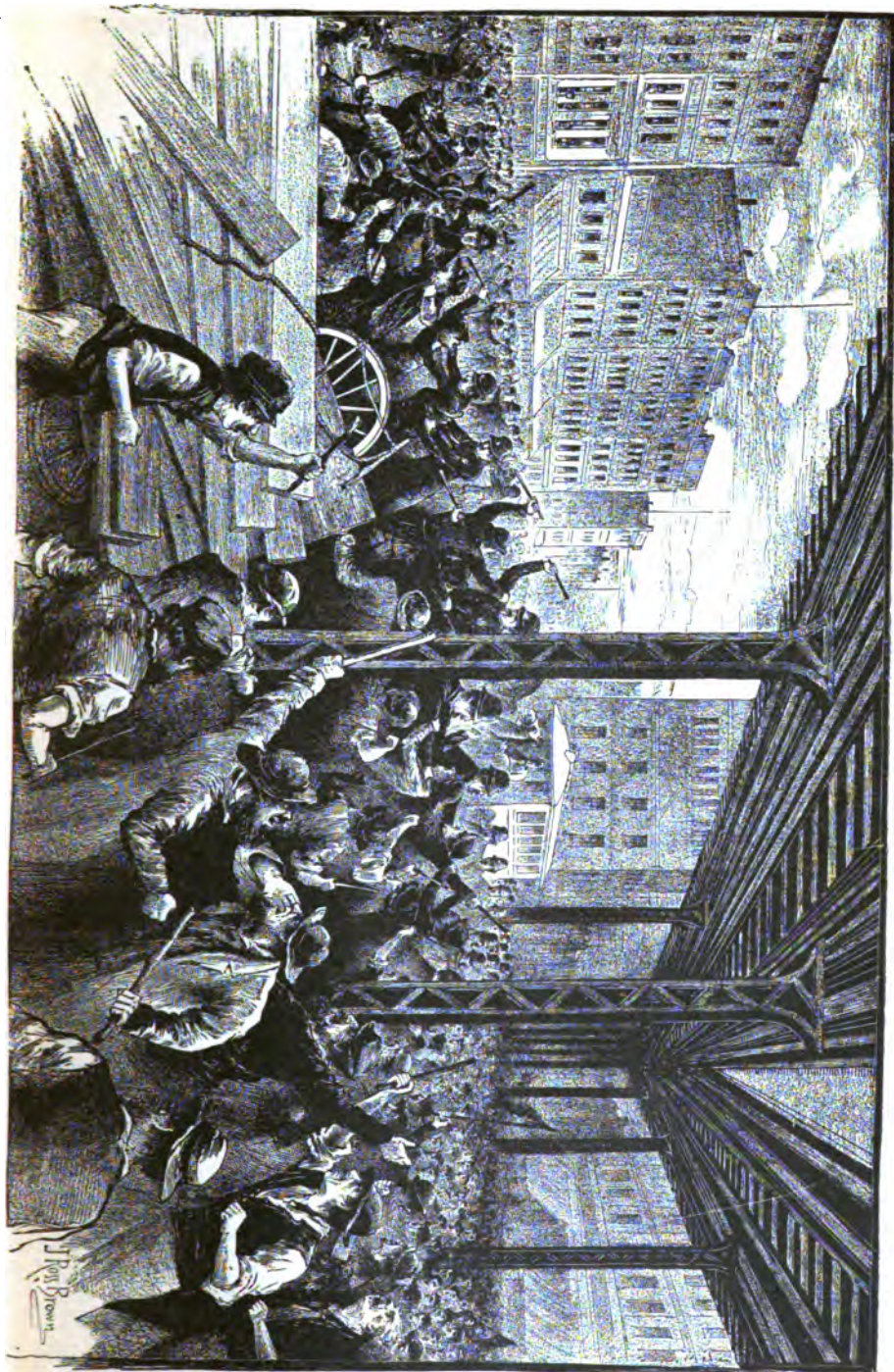
*It becomes plain that two new features must be added to the laws: First, The possession of a dynamite bomb by any unlicensed person must be *prima facie* evidence of an intent to commit murder; and unlimited powers of search for bombs must be accorded to the police. A bomb would not be used by a private citizen not engaged in blasting, for any purpose other than murder; and the law might rightfully conclude that the man who had one in his possession without license had it in pursuance of an intent or conspiracy to murderously take human life. The penalty for conviction should be specific and extreme; no loopholes for jury nor judge should be left; the penalty should be specifically *imprisonment for life*, and, if it be possible, the intervention of pardoning power should be forever prohibited. Let these fiends know that the mere finding of a bomb, in house, shop or pocket, means perpetual imprisonment with no miscarriage of justice possible, and it will tide us over the danger temporarily. But this would not be a permanent safeguard. After a time, police vigilance must necessarily relax; and the danger would again suddenly confront us, the more effectively, from the fact of its having been driven to underground and hidden methods.

The second new law, then, must remove Anarchists from our midst. Constitutional objections would be raised to any method which it was possible to propose; but certainly no constitutional inhibition could reasonably be supposed to extend to the point of denying the first law of nature—self-preservation. That right lies back of all law, justifies all law, and it was, primarily, to promote and secure that right, that the Constitution itself was framed. That government has a right to preserve its own existence, was argued, and settled, in 1861. Government by the people, distinctly implies a contract of citizens one with another,

danger of making public such terrible facts, lest it only spur the Anarchists on and precipitate the catastrophe.

I responded that we are already years behind the Anarchists; that they knew their power as fully then as they would after the city should lie at their mercy, with its defences all demolished. There was not a feature or phase of the question which they had not discussed, in each other's faces, until they grew delirious with the anticipated victory and its golden spoils. That mischief was already fully done. The Anarchist was wide awake, and the only parties who were asleep, and who needed rousing, were the good citizens who could not yet bring themselves to recognize what a volcano lay beneath their feet. These men must be shown the facts of the case, before it became too late. Society must be aroused; laws must be enacted, as quickly as the Legislature could be convened, authorizing searches for bombs and imprisonment for their unlicensed possession. Business men must be shown that the entire business of New York might be irremediably ruined in forty-eight hours, and every species of property, except the land itself, wrenched from its owners, or destroyed. Nothing short of a profound conviction that such a danger impended would rouse our busy population to make any adequate provis-

whereby all agree to create a government whose primary duty is the protection of all, in return for the pledge on the part of the citizen to sustain the government. The government shall protect each citizen, and each citizen shall sustain the government; that is the contract. But here comes the Anarchist, and instead of fulfilling his sworn contract (when he is naturalized) to sustain the government, he openly flaunts his opposition to all government and all law, and proclaims his deliberate purpose to overthrow the same by unlawful means—by murder and by the torch. It is against common sense to claim that the government is, nevertheless, bound to protect him; that a contract can have only one side to it, and only one party be bound. Government has the right, in the very nature of things, to compel the Anarchist to depart, even though he were not a dangerous member of society. How much greater becomes that right, when large bodies of Anarchists, arming themselves with the most destructive agent known to modern science, openly organize with the avowed purpose of killing the government's agents by wholesale, committing robbery by wholesale, and erecting a revolutionary system founded upon the ruins of a government that they proclaim their ability and purpose to overturn? The law should be enacted in every State without a day's unnecessary delay, *accepting the condition of outlawry which the Anarchist openly boasts, and banishing him from our shores*. Other countries would quickly follow our example; and, perhaps, we might see the edifying spectacle of all the world's Anarchists gathered together upon some accommodating island, remote from the laws which are so hateful, and indulging, at will, in the gratifying pastime of cutting each other's throats as the spirit of liberty may move them.



ion for preventing such an incalculable disaster.

The appeal was useless. The editor could not believe that so diabolical a plot was actually hatched by men competent to carry it out; he thought it was mere mouthing, vamping, and in a year's time I would laugh at myself for my fears. It was in vain that I reminded him how Paris had twice within a century been despoiled by mobs, and held in terror for months, though those mobs knew not dynamite, and though the local government was vastly stronger in every element of force than ours.

He doubted the constitutionality of the laws that I suggested; while I pointed to the distinctly extra-constitutional laws abolishing slavery and creating paper money as measures which no constitutional lawyer had ever sanctioned, before the white heat of war for our very national life had come upon us. He insisted that my alarm was needless; that barking dogs did not bite. I replied that barking dogs did bite in Haymarket Square, and that, moreover, they had now, ominously, ceased to bark. I begged him to reconsider, and, as it was already dark, to allow me to come to him again in the morning. Reluctantly he assented, neither he nor I dreaming that the fatal night had come, and that it was already too late. The day of doom was at hand!

II.

The feud between the Third Avenue Railroad Company and its men had again broken out, and a few "scabs" had been running the cars for several days without much disturbance from the strikers. The object was now to afford the pretext for a great riot, which should call out nearly the entire body of police, and thus facilitate their destruction by wholesale. A meeting was held, with closed doors, at which the representatives of the unions which controlled workmen on the other roads agreed to call out their men also, for the professed purpose of compelling the Third Avenue managers to yield, but really with the motive of increasing the numbers and power of the mob. Various other unions agreed by their representatives to call out their men, and it was openly announced that a "commit-

tee" would be posted at the junction of Third and Fourth Avenues to stop all cars at that point, and at all hazards. This point was chosen by the leaders as the battle-ground because of the immense open space, which favored the assemblage of a vast multitude; but chiefly, however, because of its proximity to the haunts of Anarchists, Socialists and the great tenement-house districts, where more than 150,000 men and grown boys live within ten minutes' run.

Before daylight, the expectant mob began to assemble. No cars were ready to start until after eight o'clock, by which time the seriousness of the prospects had induced the company to wait another hour for the arrival of a strong body of police escort. A single car, filled inside, and on both platforms, with police, moved slowly down the avenue, preceded by two heavy platoons of police. At Fourteenth street, it was halted to enable six more platoons to take their places, as it was now plain to the authorities that it would take hot work to get the car through the dense mass at the junction, now becoming turbulent by reason of frequent potations during the hours of waiting. A heavily laden lumber truck had been wrecked across the down track, and the driver had taken away his horses. Behind this obstruction stood the front rank of the mob, from whose throats went up a hoarse shout of defiance as the police drew near.

The first platoon advanced to the truck and some of them mounted it, unfastened the binder and began to lift off the pieces of timber, and remove them to the side of the track, when a paving stone flung from the midst of the mob struck one of the policemen that were on the truck and felled him. Instantly his comrades ceased work, and drew their heavy clubs, preparatory to a charge, while the other platoons moved up to close supporting distance, stretched out in several compact lines of sixty files each, and stood facing the mob, awaiting the word of command. Then the red flags were swung aloft in a hundred places over the heads of the mob, and were greeted with shouts, yells and curses of defiance against the blue-coats, to which a volley of paving stones gave greater emphasis. The order was at once given, and the police advanced on the

double-quick. Straight into their faces now came a volley of pistol shots, while stones flew thicker; here and there a blue-coat went down, plunging heavily forward upon the pavement, but the onward rush was not stayed until they reached the mob, and each officer began laying about him with his club. Then it was discovered that hundreds of ball-bats and axe-helves had been distributed among the crowd, and these terrible weapons proved a match for the long night-clubs of the police. The conflict raged without decisive result for many minutes; the officer in charge of the reserves seemed to be in momentary expectation that his brethren would force the mob to retire, as of old, and did not bring in his men. The mob gathered itself for a mighty effort, and pushing forward, by sheer weight pressed back the police, in some disorder. Stung by defeat, the captain gave the command to fire, and each officer delivered his fire into the mob, as rapidly as he could. This was the moment for which the Anarchist was waiting: "blood from the veins of workingmen" was staining the stones of New York; it was all the rallying cry he needed; now the workingmen would be ready to rise, now bring in the bomb! The reserve police came forward on a run to the assistance of their brethren, and all advanced once more, when a bomb thrown from a window with skillful precision, dropped among the officers, and instantly exploded. When the smoke cleared away a score of mangled men lay dead in little heaps, and, piled upon them, were three score more in every stage of mutilation. A wild yell from the mob was answered by a deadly volley from the entire body of police, who rushed forward to avenge their fallen comrades. Now came a second bomb, landing in front of the doomed ranks, and duplicating the butchery of the first; before they could recover, a fearful crash in the rear told of another bomb; then two more in quick succession shook the ground, digging out great holes in the street, and fringing each hole with little ghastly heaps of quivering bodies, torn asunder by the frightful potency of the infernal weapon. The sight was sickening to all except men whose passions were roused to frenzy.

But the killed and wounded among the mob had been many, and the sight of their fallen comrades, combined with the effects of their frequent libations, and the wild excitement of the hour, had transformed them into demons, and they rushed forward with exultant yells and shrieks, and blasphemy thrice-distilled, over the writhing bodies of their victims, and upon the shattered remnants of the blue-coats. A gallant rally, as the mob came on; a back-to-back movement to fight outwardly and sell their lives for a brave and bloody price, and the handful of survivors kept back the hordes now thirsting for their blood. A last bomb, aimed all too well, like its predecessors, and the little knot of men whom it spared, fell victims to the slower brutalities of the infuriated mob. The first act had been played through without the missing of a single line!

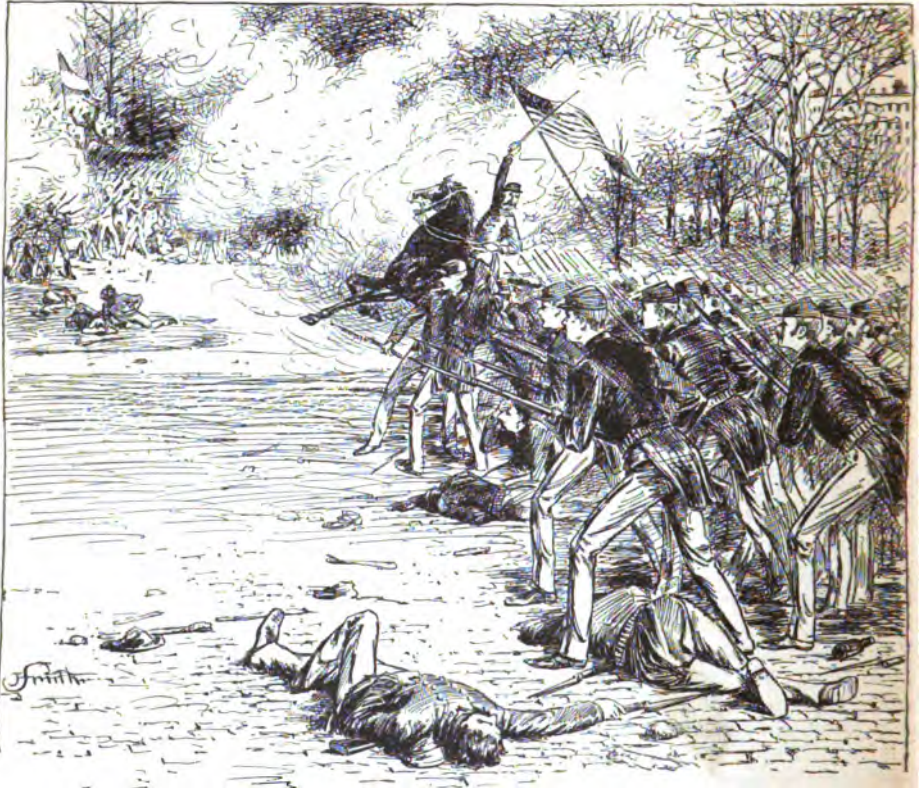
The echoes of the conflict, and its astounding result, spread like wildfire through the town; factory, shop and slum emptied itself at one retching into the street, and myriads of heavy feet trampled wildly towards the Bowery. Still the red flags stayed upon the slippery field, where their first victory had been won. They were waiting for the crowd to number tens of thousands more; for the police reserves to come on and meet the fate of their comrades—and *then!*

They had not long to wait. The broad street was already choked with men, among whom the red flags passed up and down, followed by a heavy human wedge of shouting, cursing, elbowing fanatics, crying that their hour had come at last for vengeance, and for coming into their own. Here and there, orators harangued the crowd from carts and trucks, inflaming their passions, and inciting to deeds of retaliation upon the "robber barons," "bloated aristocrats" and their "hireling" police and soldiers. Barrels of whiskey were rolled out from the neighboring saloons without emphatic protest from the owners, who were assured that they were all coming into their own before night, and the liquor would be paid for out of the capitalist's unrighteous hoards.

The delirium of the crowding masses grew rapidly from minute to minute,

and by the time the heavy battalions of police came within sight, the mob numbered fully fifty thousand men, so inflamed by rum and passion as to be almost bereft of reason. The Anarchist leaders still kept their heads, and prepared to direct the movements of the crowd. The alarm had been sounded throughout the city, and the various regiments were assembling with all possible haste in their armories. The police authorities felt it

gait, grasping their long clubs, but with revolvers ready for instant use. A roar of defiance and consciousness of superior power burst from the red throats of the maddened throng, and, before they had approached within fifty yards, the pistol shots from the mob began to tell upon their front rank. The word was given to draw revolvers, and then to fire, and a line of flame shot out, along the entire blue front, before which a hundred of



injudicious to allow the mob to go on gathering strength and fury during the two or three hours requisite to bring the members of the regiments together from their citizen avocations, and an immediate advance upon the mob was determined upon. A small force was detailed to close towards the mob from the side streets, for the purpose of diverting attention, in some degree, from the principal point of attack, and then the solid battalions came on at a swinging

the mob went to the pavement; another, and another followed, in quick succession, and the officers advanced steadily, firing as they went; the men in front of the mob dropped in their tracks with moans and shrieks of agony, and the whole mass began surging backward before the determined onslaught, when a terrific concussion announced that the deadly bomb-thrower was again at work—one, two, three—six—eight—twelve, delivered in quick succession from cool

and practised hands; and when the smoke had lifted, heaps of stalwart forms lying on the stones were all that were left of those heavy battalions except a few stragglers, who could barely count themselves fortunate in escaping death by dynamite, only to receive it from hob-nailed heels.

The mob now danced, yelled, hooted, laughed and gave way to frenzied expressions of demoniac glee; their hour had indeed come, and they were not only victors, but—*masters!* Some screamed, "Now for the soldiers," but the leaders knew that no soldiers would molest any one on the Bowery that day! They had taken good—too good—care on that score.

It was now almost noon. The members of the National Guard had responded with promptness to the summons, and every armory was a scene of excitement and activity. The Seventh's was half filled with gray uniforms, and with friends and citizens. Every moment fresh arrivals were coming; ammunition boxes were open; cartridge cases were being filled with nervous haste; officers were excitedly discussing the ominous news as it came in from time to time over the telephone, or cautioning their men how to bear themselves when they stood face to face with the mob, and under fire. "Do not shout or talk when the work begins; leave that to your officers; only listen for orders; obey them promptly; keep well closed up; leave the wounded, if any there are, to the ambulance corps; see nothing but the mob; hear nothing but your own officers; and, no matter what comes, never, never turn your backs upon a mob; remember that noise does not hurt; keep cool; and, when you fire, *aim low*; one disciplined regiment can break the heaviest mob that ever yelled." Such were the sentiments inculcated by the officers. Ah, yes; but a mob with *dynamite* is a totally different affair from a mob with pistols, clubs and paving-stones!

"Drum-Major, the 'Assembly!'" cries the Adjutant. The Adjutant, sergeant-major and markers take their posts; the staff moves toward its place at the right; the Colonel walks calmly down the great floor opposite the centre, faces the Adjutant, folds his arms and comes to "parade

rest;" the Adjutant signals for "adjutant's call;" again the drums roll out sharply; the Adjutant and sergeant-major move forward to the color line covered by the markers, place them, take one step inward, and, as they draw swords and face about to prolong the line, the companies put themselves in motion; the line is formed; the music ceases; the Adjutant commands, "Guide posts;" passes to the front and centre of the battalion, faces it, commands "Present arms;" polished steel tubes come to the front and centre of each man's body with a precision like one slightly prolonged *snap*; the Colonel has ceased to stand at "parade rest," and assumed the position of "attention;" the Adjutant turns upon his left heel, faces his chief, salutes, and reports:

"Sir, the *battalion is—*" DESTROYED! Aye, that's the word! That sentence will remain unfinished till the Judgment Day!

Ten well-dressed men had been listening, out on the streets, with apparent indifference, to the drum-beats within; they knew, too well, the signal which brought the whole of that gallant corps into compact lines, upon the stone floor; and, when the last tap had ceased, they scattered, each man to his assigned post. Four bombs crashed, simultaneously, upon the arch of the north roof, while the Adjutant was making his report, wrenching asunder the great iron arches, and spending no little of their terrible force upon the devoted heads below: instantly, four more came upon the south roof, and brought the whole superstructure down upon the masses of soldiers and citizens beneath; one crashed into the east entrance, tore up the paved way, and brought down a hundred tons of *débris* into the passage-way; another wrought a like work in the west entrance, and thus closed the only means of exit for those who had survived the fall of the roof. Almost as rapidly as the reader has followed the narrative, these events occurred, and were instantly followed by some twenty additional bombs that were tossed over the walls, among the soldiers and citizens already buried beneath the fallen roof. Each of the dynamiters had thrown but three bombs; it was all over in a minute; when, satisfied with their hellish work, they

coolly walked away without molestation from the few citizens who had observed the bomb-throwing, and who thought a live citizen was better than a molested bomb-thrower.

As the news of this calamity was rapidly carried through the city, it reached the bomb-throwers detailed to blow up the other armories before the regiments themselves were made aware of this new method of attack, and all the regiments but one were buried amid the ruins of their armories, without being able to fire a single shot.

This regiment, owing to a miscarriage of the Anarchists' programme, was enabled to march out upon the street without learning of the destruction of the other troops, and took up its line of march down town. At several points, en route, it met small bodies of rioters; but, being commanded by a cool, competent officer who had smelled much gunpowder in the Army of the Potomac, it bore down all opposition without opening fire on the crowds, by presenting an undaunted front, and advancing at "charge bayonets" whenever occasion served. All the regiments, when first called to arms, had been ordered to report to the Brigade Commander in Union Square; and toward that point the veteran Colonel directed his line of march. As the head of the little column passed Madison Square, the Colonel saw the unaccustomed sight of a body of police retreating in disorder up Broadway, bringing with them many officers of the Brigade Staff, and followed up by a heavy mob, between whom and the police a fusillade of pistol shots was in desultory operation. As the heads of the two columns approached, the regiment was halted on the north side of a street-crossing to enable the retreating mass to debouch into the side streets, and clear the space between the mob and troops. On came the mob, yelling over its anticipated victory, and mad with rum and lust, for plunder. It was indeed a heavy mass to check. If checked at all it must be by an immense weight of metal crashing through the foremost masses.

The dispositions were quickly made. The street was wide enough at that point to admit of a division front, which was formed in double-time; the second divi-

sion was closed up directly against the first; the front rank of the first division lay down flat; its rear rank knelt; both ranks of the second division remained standing; the space each front-rank man occupied across that street would send its four rifle-balls crashing into the mob at each volley—and it was a tough mob which would stand up to a fight like that. The Colonel stood in the front rank between the companies, and it was plain that the old-time, hot battle-blood was beginning to surge within him. He was pale, with lips tightly set, and eyes that grew hard and pitiless as he watched the storm gathering before him. The paving-stones had begun to reach his men; several pistol balls had whistled overhead, yet the veteran gave no sign of action. A bullet from the mob now struck a third-rank man in the breast, and he fell backwards in his tracks, dead. Quick, as though the word had been part of the dying groan of the soldier, came from the Colonel's lips, "*Ready!*" *Click—click—click* went four ranks of rifles. "Now, aim low." "*Aim!*" "*Fire!*" and the winged messengers of death sped on their lightning errand into the bodies of the enemies of law and order. The front rank still lying down, placed the butts of their pieces on the ground and raised the muzzles to the position of "charge bayonets," until the smoke cleared away, and it became evident that the mob would not try to rush in before the ranks could reload. The other three ranks rapidly reloaded, then the front rank, and again a tremendous weight of metal went tearing through the mob. "*Rise!*" "*Load!*" "*Carry Arms!*" "*Charge Bayonets!*" "*Forward; Guide Centre; March!*" and on dashed the gallant citizen-soldiers of the little two-division battalion, followed closely by the balance of the regiment. The carnage among the mob had been frightful, and when they saw the solid front bearing down upon them with cold steel, they turned and fled precipitately back towards Union Square.

The street grew narrower, the division front was abandoned for the column of companies in close order, and thus Union Square was reached, and the veteran officer had reported, in literal accordance with his orders, but for the last time on earth!

The regiment was formed in line of battle, along the north side of the plaza facing the square. The mob, no longer pursued, halted under the trees in the square. The full scope of the morning's work, in destroying the other regiments and the main body of police, now was first communicated to the troops. They saw that the situation was desperate, far beyond the conception of the most cowardly recruit an hour before.

Mobs were gathering in immense numbers in various parts of the city; the criminal classes were all afoot; every workman had ceased work, deserted his bench, and either hastened away to secure and protect his home and its precious contents from a peril the scope of which he knew it impossible to measure, or, if disposed to evil, to swell the murderous throngs already numbering many scores of thousands. These alone were enough for a single regiment and the whipped and ragged remnants of a police force to face; how much worse, then, to add to them hundreds, perhaps thousands, of bomb-throwers, each bomb filled with the death of a hundred men, and almost certain to be launched from some unseen hand, some unsuspected lurking-place.

To add to the horrors of the situation, the military now knew that no fresh supplies of ammunition could be expected; none could be brought to them through the streets already thronging with rioters. Only twenty rounds could be carried in the cartridge-boxes. Twenty more per man had been served, with orders to carry them in the men's pockets; but this order had been but partially obeyed. The old soldiers of the war, particularly, were averse to loading themselves down in that way, and recalled the scores of times when such orders were obeyed, only until they got out upon the road, and then pockets were emptied, and rarely was the act repented. So, now, the prospect of using more than twenty rounds upon a crowd of ragamuffins, armed only with pistols and stones, seemed too remote to balance the inconvenience of stuffing their pockets with hard metal cartridges before a long march. The dropping of cartridges had begun as soon as the street was reached; those who had never been in battle were quick to follow so agreeable a precedent,

set by such exemplars, and the result was that very few soldiers had more than twenty ball-cartridges, while the first and second divisions, comprising two-fifths of the whole regiment, had but eighteen to the man. A brave man, with his foes all in front, his flanks secure, and plenty of ammunition, is a dangerous man to tackle, even when outnumbered ten or twenty to one, as our own war history has shown many a time. Here, none of these conditions were present, except the brave men.

The police were instructed to guard the entrances to all the houses whereby any roofs or windows could be gained from which the bomb-throwers could attack the troops from the rear, while the Colonel readily engaged to keep the main body of the mob far beyond bomb-throwing distance. One platoon of troops was sent to cover Broadway to the north and Seventeenth street westward, while another covered Fourth Avenue northward and Seventeenth street eastward, with instructions not to waste a cartridge. This left the bulk of the regiment, some 600 men, to devote themselves exclusively to the mob in front. Retreat was not thought of, and the idea would have been instantly rejected if proposed. No column of troops could now expect to march five blocks in any direction without being dynamited from some housetop or window, en route, and besides—*there was no place to retreat to*. Every armory had been destroyed, no building could be made capable of resisting an attack of dynamiters, however carefully its approaches might be guarded and defended. A single bomb would sweep away the picket-line and expose the building to instant destruction. No, the open air was best and safest, and if the soldiers must die they could perhaps have a chance to sell their lives dearly in the open plaza. There was a faint hope that they might so punish the mob as to frighten off the dynamiters, and thereby secure their safe passage to Central Park, where a camp might be established and a rally of good citizens be organized. The punishment of the mob became most evidently the first step to secure their own safety. Then the sooner done the better! A brief council of war was held in front of the regiment

at which the police officials were present, and it was decided to advance immediately upon the mob with such spirit as to demoralize them, if possible, and then having seriously punished them, send police and skirmishers ahead up Broadway and Fifth avenue to sweep bomb-throwers from the buildings, while the regiment and main body of police followed. One company was deployed as skirmishers in front of the battalion, with instructions to make every shot tell, and the regiment advanced in line of battle across the plaza and into the square. The skirmishers did their work well, and the mob slowly and sullenly retired before them until they were in Fourteenth street, and the line of battle had reached the centre of the square; then the mob cheered wildly, and broke away right and left, uncovering Broadway, up which advanced an irregular and heavy mass of men armed with rifles, escorting two Gatlings which had been captured an hour before. They came "in battery" on the run, and in a moment more the machine guns, evidently handled by men acquainted with their management, were pelting a hailstorm of balls among the troops with great effect.

"Lie down!" commanded the Colonel, and, as soon as the skirmishers had retired upon the line of battle, the roar of a regimental volley broke upon the air. Every man was swept away from the Gatlings; half a thousand of the foremost rioters had furnished living targets for the bullets of the soldiers.

"Load! Rise! Right shoulder arms! Now for those guns, boys! Forward, double time, march!"

With cheers that rang for blocks above the roaring of the mob, the gallant battalion dashed forward upon the guns. Those of the mob who had rifles and bayonets closed in, quickly, in front of the Gatlings, delivered a telling volley into the ranks of the troops, and came to a "charge bayonets;" the regiment staggered a moment under the heavy shock; the Colonel dashed out in advance of the line, and waving his sword, called out: "Come on, men; show them what you're made of!" and forward again, with a wilder cheer, swept the helmetted line, no longer straight, but bent and bowed, in and out, from flank

to flank, with great ragged gaps here and there, especially near the colors, toward which the followers of the red flag seemed to show a special hatred. The curb was reached, the line surged heavily together now towards the centre, rifles came down to "charge bayonets," and, with set lips, the gallant troops threw themselves upon the mob, who waited for their shock in dense and heavy masses. Straight at the breasts of the maddened rioters went that line of glittering steel; straight home went the sharp point of bayonet; down before the fierce onset went the foremost lines of rioters; still on, pressing through, bayonetting as they went, the rear rank filling up the gaps torn in the front, the officers rushing up and down behind the impoverished ranks waving their swords and cheering on the men. High aloft swung the stars and stripes and the State colors in the line of file-closers; high aloft waved the red flag of anarchy and murder. A hundred men had seized the Gatlings, and were dragging them toward a place of safety, but the thick mob impeded their progress, and, as rank after rank of the mob went down, this movement was disclosed to the soldiers. A wild rallying cry was sounded, and one company, headed by its captain, dashed ahead of the battalion line, with clubbed muskets, to reach the fleeing guns; the mob, already breaking, rallied for their defense; the regiment lost its cohesiveness; each captain acted excitedly for himself; two companies halted abruptly, loaded their empty pieces in a trice, and straight into the breasts of the men rallying about the Gatlings poured a deadly volley, before which they melted away like snow; the first company reached the guns, brained their abductors, and the mob was in full retreat, whipped, terribly punished; the Gatlings were once more in the hands of the National Guard, were turned upon the mob, and rained death upon them, until they surged out of the line of Broadway into the side streets.

The march was immediately begun for Central Park. No means of transporting the wounded were available; those who could not walk nor crawl to a hiding-place must be left behind to be beaten to death and brained by the fiends who would soon again swarm over the battle-field to glut

their malice upon helpless heroes. The police and two companies as skirmishers preceded the column, driving every suspicious-looking character before them, entering many houses and stores, and forcing into the street all of whom they could feel the least doubt. Twenty-third street was safely reached; it looked as though they might reach the open ground of the park; hope grew stronger in every heart, and the saddest thoughts now were those of the gallant comrades whose faces they should never see more. Thirtieth street, and still no bombs; surely the police were doing their work with exemplary skill and effectiveness. A look back down the slight incline of the avenue showed that the mob was not following; the street was clear, except for boys and a few scattering vagabonds. Had such an unlooked-for fact any ominous significance? What had turned the mob backward from its intended victims? Surely it must be the fearful punishment it had just received, and a newborn respect for the prowess of the boys in blue. On tramped the column up the stately avenue; houses showed no sign of being inhabited; had the wealthy people fled? Here and there a front door had been broken through; but the march was more rapid, and the skirmishers had to do speedy work to take even a hasty survey of the interiors before the head of the column reached them. All thoughts were now concentrating on the goal of safety, less than a mile ahead; quicker and quicker became the step of the column, longer and longer still the pace. Half-an-hour ago they had faced almost certain death; now hope, dashed with fear and anxiety, had taken possession of every breast. Each man drew his breath shorter and quicker; it seemed as if he had not time to allow a full inspiration; talking in the ranks had ceased, except in short, quick, highly-condensed sentences. Would some new and insurmountable danger confront them at Fifty-ninth street—would they be turned back and overwhelmed at the last moment in sight of the leafless branches of their only safe refuge? "Thirty-fifth street, and all's well!" "Thirty-eighth, Fortieth, Forty-second, Forty-fourth, Forty-eighth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first"—thank God, all yet was well!

Up to their left stood the noble pile of the Vanderbilt mansion. "Step out, boys, step out; close up; the park is in sight; no mob stands between—we'll be there in ten minutes"—aye, in less time, but *where*?

A huge rent in the pavement in front of the first company, another in the rear of the second company, another behind the colors, yet another under the very feet of the eighth company, and still one more behind the tenth; the earth ploughed out in vast heaps, the stones hurled with superhuman force in deadly circles from each chasm, a blinding crash and shock four times repeated, in such quick succession as to seem almost one; a clearing away of smoke, an atmosphere reeking with offensive odors—we draw the veil over the rest of that sickening scene! A few scattered knots of men still stood erect and stupefied along the space where the regiment had stood, when a second volley of bombs fell near each group and reduced the survivors of that gallant band to a mere handful. Two skirmishers but slightly in advance of the column turned and aimed their rifles with quick sight at the upper windows of the Vanderbilt mansion. A well-dressed man was leaning far out of one window to get a better swing for his right arm while his gaze was riveted upon one of the little groups of survivors below the house and somewhat down the avenue, holding to the casement with his left hand. It was an awkward position, and in his fiendish fever to furnish yet more victims for Death, he swung his body as far out as possible. It was a fair enough shot, but he must be a quick marksman who caught that murderous arm before it should send half a dozen more souls into eternity. There was a puff of smoke in the street, a sharp "zip" at the murderer's left elbow, a reeling, a clutch for the window-casement again with the wounded arm, the bomb dropped from the right hand while it involuntarily drew up toward the sill feeling for something to hold to, and in a moment the entire body had plunged outward, turning over and over lengthwise in its swift pursuit of the fallen bomb—and the ruffian fell upon and was blown to flinders by his own petard.

The police and the few remaining sol-

diers sought the interiors of such houses as they could gain admittance to, and when they emerged again, after the lapse of some hours, it was to proceed to their streets.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE PIPES OF PAN.

BEAUTIFUL Syrinx, garland-clad,
Over the hills and dales flew she.
Goat-footed Pan pursued, like mad,
Nothing of music then knew he;
Love, sweet love, was in his heart,
And he knew no thought from love apart.

Over the fields, through woodland bowers,
White feet wet with the glistening dew,
Strewing the way with fragrant flowers,
Closely followed the naiad flew;
Till, at last, she hid by the river bank,
Where reeds and rushes rose rank on rank.

Baffled and breathless, here and there,
Mad with the passion that knows no rest,
Vainly the god searched everywhere,
Clasping the reeds to his hairy breast;
And over their tops, as he held them fast,
The breath of his sighing swiftly passed.

And soft on his ear a sweet sound smote,
A sound so mellow and deep and clear,
That he sought on the reeds for another note
To gladden and comfort his longing ear,
'Til the harmony sweet that from them rose
Like a lullaby soothed him to calm repose.

And he only wakened to pipe again,
And to tell his love in the new-found notes,
While the birds sought vainly to voice the strain,
With the strength and power of their swelling throats;
And Syrinx, wooed from her hiding place,
Listened, with wonder upon her face.

And Echo, too, from her mountain home,
Down o'er the valley tripping came,
Across the stream, like a flake of foam,
While deep in her heart there rose a flame
Of love divine for the being there,
Whose trembling music filled the air.

Ever since then, Love's sweet desire,
Uttered in tones of melody,
Has found the spark of a kindred fire
In the souls that have heard love's minstrelsy.
Love's sweet whispers withstand who can,
Heart seeks heart through the Notes of Pan.

James Clarence Harvey.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD NABOB.

BY M. F. WILLIAMS.

WHEN I set out for my first visit to Burnaby Manor after an absence of a few years in the far South, I chose the rough unfrequented road over the Ridge. Silas Saxton's cabin, I incidentally remembered, was on the summit of the mountain. The sun neared the meridian as I reached the cabin and stood on its little porch, with the humblest of roofs over my head, but a picturesque landscape at my feet, rivaling in sublimity many a far-famed foreign view.

The mountaineer, a tall, sinewy man in blue cotton shirt, homespun breeches and squirrel-skin cap, slowly emptied the corn-cob pipe which I had found him smoking in that tranquil content that is characteristic of the natives in this secluded southwest region of the Old Dominion.

"Li'yer, hit's grub time, by sun," he hospitably observed. "That ar young Docter Saxton will git heah long 'bout I've fed yo' critter. That's him a-cross-in' the branch this side them pines yonder, a-drivin' them fiery beass'es uv his'n es stiddy es a ole team."

"Saxton? Who is he?" I inquired. I don't remember anyone of the name, other than yourself."

"Tom's his fust name," replied Silas, wrinkling his forehead in apparent effort to express sluggish ideas. "He's mos'ly lived at New Yo'k en furring places, but he's done settled at that ar big Saxton Hall. Thousings uv money went inter that house. The coal wur on that lan', en hit's done med him rich."

"Coal would make you or anybody else rich."

"Likely 't would," he answered to my sagacious remark; "but top uv the lan' is good 'nuff fur me, li'yer. Folks es burrows inter the yeth fur what's hid is sho' to git the wust uv hit. 'T would n't be hid ef 't wur meant to be drugged out. I don't favor these heah mines. They folches a power uv strangers inter the country."

The mountaineer led away my horse, and had disappeared within a log building thatched with sod and pine brush,

which did duty as a stable, when a pair of slim, sleek thoroughbreds halted at the stile.

Tossing the reins to a mulatto groom, Dr. Saxton sprang from his carriage. I could not help admiring the strong, agile motions and the symmetrical grace of his sinewy figure as he walked along the path, slashing restlessly, but not destructively, at the hollyhocks, flags and hundred-leaf roses that fringed it on either side.

He was really handsome. The brilliant, deep-blue eye, and the flash of a ready smile under a heavy, blonde moustache, charmed me at once.

"Where is Mr. Saxton?" Very pleasant tones softened the abruptness of his inquiry. "Pardon me. I thought he was sitting here as I drove up."

"You were quite right. He was sitting here. If you wait a few minutes he will return from the stables."

Dr. Saxton consulted his watch before saying: "If he has gone to the stable, it may be ten, perhaps fifteen minutes, before he comes back. I have not that much time to lose. I can leave a message with Mrs. Saxton," he added, stepping rather unceremoniously into the low kitchen.

I could hear his gay, careless laugh and mellow, lively tones in response to the motherly voice of the mountaineer's wife. She followed him to the door, repeating an urgent invitation to stay to dinner.

"Positively no—not to-day. Thanks. I have an appointment at four, sharp."

"Will not five do as well for your appointment?" I asked, in compassion for the falling countenance of my hostess.

"My appointment is at four," he replied; and with a nod and a smile he walked back to his carriage, and the fast trotters dashed off down the Ridge road.

"What did you mek uv that ar young docter?" Silas inquired, when we had seated ourselves at the well-polished deal table.

"A noble-looking man, and certainly a thorough gentleman," was my reply.

An expression of gratified pride drifted into the mountaineer's sun-browned countenance. The expression was reflected upon the comely features of his wife. Evidently I had said just what pleased this old couple.

"That ar youngster is a ginuine gentlem'," Silas solemnly stated, pointing each assertion by a startling rap with the handle of his knife upon the smooth table: "Yes, sir, a gentlem' uv money."

"He has every evidence of wealth," I agreed.

"His critters is fine, en his lan's is fine, en the looks uv him hain't bad, li'yer; they hain't," asseverated Silas. "Tek mo' sweet petatys, en anuther chunk uv bacon, li'yer; eat hearty en he'p yo'sef; thur's mo' petatys in the ashes on the hyearth, ef you 'll hev em. That ar youngster's place am ne'r to Bu'naby Manor."

"Then it must be very near indeed, for poor old Madame Burnaby has been forced to part with the bulk of the manor lands," was my regretful comment.

The mountaineer broke open half a dozen steaming hot potatoes and ranged them round his plate; then quaffed a huge mug of milk with impervious deliberation.

"Hit's a mizzable pity," he began impressively, "fur critters like them blooded Bu'nabys, with rich grandpaps en the like, to kum down to no mo'n a fohty-acre lot, round sech an aw'mighty big house too; but, li'yer—" The mountaineer came to an abrupt halt, and addressed himself to the demolition of the potatoes, which he accomplished in a surprisingly short time; while the unfinished remark seemed to await its proper turn to file into place. Pushing his plate to the middle of the table, in tacit announcement of having no further use for it, Silas returned the squirrel-skin cap to his head, and tore off an immense quid of tobacco. "But li'yer," he resumed, in precisely the same tone, "'t aint no bigger 'n that ar Saxton Hall."

"T aint no grander, noways," supplemented his wife, with a proud little laugh, as if by acquaintance and identity of name this Dr. Saxton's grandeur cast an oblique ray upon them.

The transparent delight with which

these primitive old people alluded to the "young docter en his critters" amused me. The weather, the election, the grain, the game, each afforded some new occasion for reference to Dr. Saxton's ways and belongings. Altogether, the mountaineer and his wife seemed most innocently trustful of this new land-holder in their vicinity.

The sun had gone down behind the Ridge by the time I reached the pretty little lodge and carriage-gate of what had once been the well-kept avenue to Burnaby Manor-house. Outside the gate, a light carriage and pair of shining bays stood, under the shadow of the giant oaks. Recognition would not have been difficult anywhere. They belonged to Dr. Saxton.

Inside the gate, I discovered the doctor in earnest conversation with a young girl, comfortably seated on a broken rustic bench. Three smooth, silken-coated kittens dozed in the folds of her dress, and huddled closely together, more, perhaps, from a natural cherishing of warmth than mutual affection.

The girl seemed involuntarily to shrink from observation; but her shabby, weather-beaten straw hat failed to conceal magnificent eyes, or to overshadow pretty, smiling lips. Her cheap gray gown was not only faded, but scant and worn.

The salutation vouchsafed by Dr. Saxton was neither as careless nor sunshiny as it had been at the mountaineer's cabin. Annoyance clouded his features; my presence was plainly ill-timed and unwelcome, and I relieved him of it with all possible speed. Old Madame's warm reception banished the incident from my mind, until, later in the evening, her friendly confidence recalled it.

"Mr. Grant, it is five long years since you were here, is it not?" she said, after we had settled down into capacious leather chairs, before a fire lighted in the library.

"Fully five."

"Subtract that five, and the remaining seventy years of my life were respectably free from money misfortunes."

The old gentlewoman sighed and clasped her small hands nervously; then drew a black shawl closer about her shoulders, as if the bleak retrospect chilled her.

"My son, Colonel Burnaby, is dead, but the fire of his careless, easy ways—one might almost say, his follies—seems unquenchable," she went on irritably. "He left them to me, along with little Anne."

Ignoring the first part of her remark, I said "Anne is your grand-daughter: she must be quite grown." Old Madame took a surreptitious whiff of her vinaigrette: "Seventeen, my dear friend: a detestable age—just the time of life for predatory adventurers. A seventeen-year-old face is well enough, but a seventeen-year-old head—pray deliver me from the care of it."

Madame Burnaby took a second, more vigorous whiff of the vinaigrette, and found occupation for restless hands by opening a fan. "There is nothing left for Anne. The land is gone: first the great tract of hard-wood timber—yes—the timber first," she reiterated, counting it upon her fingers, with fan, in pensive, pleased enumeration of lost possessions; "then, yes, the spring farm, next; then the grain-fields and meadows, and last of all the sheep pasture on the slope, went to satisfy the ravenous mortgages."

"It does seem a hard turn of fortune."

"Hard?" sharply echoed my poor old friend, angrily brushing away a tear. "It is simply atrocious. I could have managed the estate to double its value. I am a capital financier, and now," she added, with a third, fierce application to the smelling-salts, "they have found coal on the Burnaby Slopes—a new and inexhaustible vein. Since the property has gone from me to this common, low-down clown Saxton, it has become enormously valuable. My ill-fortune is in inverse ratio to his prosperity. I have not the temper to bear it!" She shut the fan with a snap, and tossed it down on the table in reckless indifference to consequences.

"Would not Saxton give you time? He looks anything but an inexorable creditor."

With a wintry smile, old Madame spread out her little claw-like hands to the blaze. "He gave me time and time and time; but that only swelled the interest on the debt, and this pushed the mortgage closer to my door. I surren-

dered in sheer affright, lest the house go from over my head."

"This Saxton must be enormously rich?"

My remark provoked a high, cracked laugh from Madame, whose mood seemed vibrant between feverish rage and grief.

"Rich and richer," she replied; "he will sell Burnaby Slopes for a fabulous sum, or sink a shaft there and open another great mine, while the Burnabys of the Manor-house have a cabbage plat and turnip patch."

"Did his liens take in all the property?"

"Everything except this diminutive fragment," was the bitter rejoinder. "Saxton is the neighborhood nabob. He is common and vulgar and rough, but—he is lucky. God knows that I am even afraid he may divert my blue blood into the veins of his descendants!"

She looked at me with such genuine consternation depicted in every lineament, that I was rash enough to smile.

"Oh, the stupidity of men!" she cried out. "I tell you this fellow without grandfathers and grandmothers aspires to poor dear little Anne."

"Impossible!"

Old Madame took several swift audible sniffs at the smelling-salts.

"I don't wonder that you are amazed. It's too true. He wants to include her in the mortgage—of course. Why should n't he match a plough-horse with a thoroughbred? Mercy on us! What *are* these upstarts coming to?" she said excitedly.

"He is a fine-looking man!"

"One moment, Mr. Grant," she interrupted; "don't trouble yourself to commend the man. I have set my heel on any such love, and crushed it," she added with an aspect of illimitable resolution. "The man has orders never to venture upon my premises, and Anne—but here is Anne now."

The door had opened quietly, and three kittens scampered into the room. The girl hesitated, then raised her eyes imploringly, as she came forward and gave me her hand.

It was the same fair face, unshaded by a tattered straw-hat; the same graceful, well-made figure, robed in the identical shabby gray, serge, and lastly the unmistakable trio of kittens. It was not

possible to forget such a face, but the expression thereon certainly entreated oblivion of any previous glimpse. Tacitly recognizing the appeal, I made no allusion to the meeting at the carriage-gate.

"I suppose I am too old to see it, but I can't imagine the pleasure Anne finds in strolling through lands which have been taken from us," querulously observed old Madame.

"Yes, grandmother, but—but—I did 'nt go far; so it—it do n't matter."

Anne glanced at me, and blushed vividly, in intense embarrassment. Her grandmother's ill humor was a positive relief. It silenced the sweet hesitating tones, ruthlessly.

"Don't matter!" echoed Madame. "Don't matter that you must keep within stone's throw of the house, or trespass on the lands of another person! You are like all the Burnabys; nothing on earth ever troubles them."

"Oh! no, grandmother, I can't be like them—we are so poor. They had no troubles," began Anne in the softest of plaintive voices, breaking suddenly into irrepressible laughter.

Old Madame looked up suspiciously. "You are never troubled. You are in radiant spirits. You don't even care about what you might have been."

"Oh! grandmother, we have n't much, but you know I can't help that," interjected the girl in naive simplicity.

"Well—well—your blood was not mortgaged," replied Anne's grandmother in pointed significance, her depreciative glance traveling over the threadbare gray gown. "Oh, if that coal had only been found while the Slopes pasture was mine! The man has taken advantage of my necessities."

"Grandmother, you don't think that!"

Madame Burnaby arrested the eager rejoinder by an impatient sniff of the smelling-salts. "There—that will do, Anne. I only ask you not to think of money alone." Anne's face glowed at the implied avarice. "Go and attend to tea, and take those kittens with you. Hannibal must carry two of them away to-morrow."

Anne took up one of the kittens and pressed her hot cheek caressingly to its soft white little head.

"Come, Bobbie Lee and Silkie; grandmother won't send you away!"

Old Madame half smiled, half sighed. She was not unkind; only sore and galled by misfortune.

"How very pretty she is!" I could not help saying, when the door had closed after Anne.

"Yes, her father was handsome, light-hearted, and ease-loving. It has brought us to this. You see," she added with a diplomatic air, "Anne is really so little mercenary, that she does not like the case when I put it in that light."

Knowing that this small, elderly, positive dame owned a tongue capable of great possibilities, I cautiously said "He certainly has much to attract and admire."

"He has his luck," contemptuously broke in my hostess. "Sheer, stupid, fatuous luck; nothing else. I won't countenance it. He must have something else. Luck is ephemeral—it is kaleidoscopic. He may be the neighborhood nabob to-day, the neighborhood sharper to-morrow, the neighborhood convict by the day after. I won't countenance upstart nabobs . . . Come to tea."

My friend opened the door in her quick, almost startling way. She had always been a rash, impetuous little woman, rushing to her purpose without the smallest prudential consideration. The wonder was that she never deviated from the proprieties of life, but somehow seemed to hold infallible right of way though untroubled by common caution.

Anne was gently attentive. She made the tea, with a delightful intuition of my preference in the exact dash of sugar and shade of cream.

At my time of life certain comforts hold a ruling place in happiness. With most men, dinner rises in the ascendant. With me, tea and my slippers have become the determinate point of diurnal content. I was not disappointed: Anne gave me a perfect cup of tea and a servant brought my slippers.

Old Madame succumbed to the genial influence of indoor comfort. Her talk, although at times a trifle sharp, amused for an hour or two; then wrapping the black shawl around her shoulders, and resting her diminutive feet comfortably upon the fender, she went to sleep.

Anne was darning a sleeve which showed signs of general outbreak at elbow and seams. The kittens dozed in the luxury of a great flat work-basket on the floor, at her feet. Evidently she was very shy—a dainty, blushing shyness, neither awkward nor painful.

"Do you know," I began, "that I see no trace of your grandmother in your features?"

"I am afraid there is none. I am very glad to resemble the Burnabys," answered Anne, with a sudden spirited look reminding me of old Madame, "although Mammie Hester says that grandmother was beautiful once; besides, she is the very wisest person I ever saw. But then," she corrected herself, "I have seen so few people!"

"Would you like to see more?"

Anne's face brightened at once.

"I should like above all things to go out in the world and mingle in the most fashionable society."

"Unwise! Consider how difficult for a young girl—country-bred and grass-grown, if I may say so—to adapt herself creditably to fashionable gaiety. One must understand the subtlety of elegance." My tone conveyed unspeakable disapprobation of any such vagary.

"But I am a lady, Mr. Grant; no one can be more than that," was the unanswered reply, while her changeful color deepened. "Why cannot I behave creditably anywhere, if I can do so at home before grandmother?"

"There is a *savoir faire* acquired only by contact with the best society."

"I have had no society except grandmother's; but it has been the very best," persisted Anne, making effective use of that convicting logic natural to the feminine tongue when some personal interest is at stake. "I should like to try," she went on eagerly. "There must be some fashionable ladies who are no better looking than I am."

In view of the suggestive episode at the gate, and old Madame's disclosures, this urgent desire of Anne's became perplexing. I addressed myself to the solution of it with unconcealed directness.

"Are you tired of your old home?"

"Oh, no. How can you think so?"

"You do not share your grandmother's grudge against Dr. Saxton?"

A lovely deepening blush proclaimed the rapid rise of embarrassment; indeed there never was a more charming study or communicative face than the one before me.

"Oh, no, no! and I hate business; it is sure to be disagreeable and make people cross."

"You are simply lonesome; you crave excitement and strangers."

"I never was lonesome in my life," she cried out indignantly, "and I don't want strangers."

"An old fellow like myself can never understand the caprices of a girl. You disclaim every obvious motive. You are not even annoyed by the obnoxious stranger, who, for my part, I think"—At this point the wildest anxiety surged into Anne's countenance. Her splendid eyes dilated, her lips parted, she breathed feverishly: the poor girl hung upon the opinion, she longed to hear, yet dared not ask, as if it might be a verdict of life or death.—"could never be mistaken," I went on, "for anything but a polished, courteous gentleman. Of his birthright to that distinction I am ignorant; but if I am anything of a judge I pronounce Dr. Saxton, backed by a long line of noble ancestry."

A swift flash of joy illuminated the fair features. Anne laughed in such childish glee, that the kittens raised their heads from the work-basket and stared at their mistress in grave wonder. Just as abruptly she became thoughtful.

"Mr. Grant, you and grandmother have both seen numbers of gentlemen, and must be good judges; but you differ. Grandmother declares that Dr. Saxton betrays a low origin; you are equally positive that he is a born gentleman. There is only one way to be satisfied: I must go out into the best society and see the best men for myself."

There was no denying that Anne was largely endowed with a capacity of her own. The implied distrust, however, whether of herself or Dr. Saxton, still perplexed me. There was no time for a reply. Old Madame roused from her nap with all the buoyant loquacity of the surreptitious sleeper.

"So late? Who would credit it? All your fault, Mr. Grant! You have kept us awake. It is so seldom that we have

a guest; other than a man to serve a writ, or with back taxes, or with a fresh debt unearthed—a man to help push one down hill. Ring for candles, Anne."

"They are here, grandmother. Mam-mie Hester is in bed long ago," explained Anne.

"True! Why do I forget that Hannibal and Hester are both turned seventy, and they are the only servants we have. The novelty of a guest has kept me awake, but you, Mr. Grant, must be tired. Good night."

Hannibal had not claimed the privileges of old age, for I found him waiting in my room with a bowl of warm punch, just as he used to wait on his master's friends, before the rollicking, generous-souled colonel squandered the Burnaby fortune.

"We kain't do much fo' you, Marse Grant, but we kin give you a fust-class punch yit," apologized Hannibal, sure of my appreciation of his unrivaled brew.

After breakfast I strolled about the remnant of landed estate, comprising Burnaby Manor. Fields, beautiful, undulating, and more productive than ever, stretched away to the Ridge; but they had changed owners. Off to the left, beyond the barren aridities of Burnaby Slopes, the region seemed instinct with life. Gray, shadowy columns of smoke betokened the mouth of the mine and the village of cabins. All belonged to this rich Saxton. He had dispossessed the good, old family—this fortunate, moneyed nobody.

I summed the offenses of this successful, fine-looking alien in unfriendly array. They were negative and positive. Had he not broken in upon the traditional ways of our forefathers by not letting things alone? Was he not always in a hurry, rushing after an appointment, as though the matter of a couple of hours was of the greatest consequence? Burnaby Slopes did very well as a sheep pasture; it had always been that. Moreover, old Madame had mentioned that this Saxton actually talked of a branch railroad, when everybody felt satisfied that the weekly stage and semi-weekly mail carrier gave ample transportation and postal service. Altogether, I had nursed up quite a respectable antagon-

ism to the handsome stranger, by the time I returned to the library.

"I have just sent Hannibal in search of you, Mr. Grant," exclaimed Madame, the moment I appeared. "He is in the drawing-room now; on pressing business, his messenger informs me."

"Whom do you mean?"

"The neighborhood nabob," she answered, in inimitable scorn; "the metallic side of the nabob. Go and see him; I will not. Who knows but he has trumped up a claim on the garden or the house itself—this mountebank with only his luck?"

Under stress of the old lady's kindling resentment, I turned to the drawing-room without further question. It was neither a stranger nor the young doctor. Silas Saxton, the mountaineer, faced me, with his imperturbable simplicity and monstrous quid of tobacco.

"Howdy, li'yer! Reckon you dunno what to mek o' seein' me," was his salutation, as he held my hand in uncomfortably cordial grasp.

"Mrs. Burnaby supposed it was Dr. Saxton, but I am very glad to see you. She has deputed me to attend to your business."

"That's kerrec, li'yer. You'll do fur my arrant better 'n the wimmin folks. Dunno es hit's wuth mentionin', but I've kum long uv them Bu'naby Slopes, which they 's hankerin' atter, tu'nin' bottom up'ards."

Silas stopped to push the squirrel-skin cap farther to the back of his head, and scratched his grizzled forelocks. The mountaineer never mixed occupations. When he scratched, all conversation was suspended. When he conversed, the scratching rested in abeyance.

"She has nothing to do with them; they have been sold to Dr. Saxton," I explained. "You must see him about Burnaby Slopes."

"Dunno es hit's wuth the trouble, bein' es he haint no say so long uv hit; bein' es he did n't buy the lan'," responded Silas with great deliberation.

"You are mistaken: he was the purchaser," I assured the mountaineer.

"Folks is oftentimes mistook, long uv a power uv things," he admitted; "but I'm sho' I haint mistook this time, kase I bought that ar lan' when 't wur sole."

He gazed in my face without the scintillation of a smile on his wrinkled countenance. "En the young docter," he added, pausing to rake pensively up and down among the grizzled forelocks, "en his fiery beass'es is mine, li'yer. Dunno es I tole you—Tom 's my las' boy. T' others died afo' Tom 's born."

For the first time a grim smile broke over the man's face.

"Your son? Dr. Saxton your son?" I ejaculated, electrified by the intelligence; "it can't be."

"Jes so, li'yer, en I dunno es I need be pertikiler 'shamed uv him," returned Silas with a gravity becoming almost droll, while I stood utterly confounded by this discovery.

I seemed to dart a swift backward glance, through years of desultory acquaintance, and see this man, so immovable, so self-concentred, as to give not the faintest hint of the aims he carried to successful achievement.

Old Madame's aversion and scorn of Dr. Saxton were fully explained. Ann's rankling desire to learn for herself the footing of her lover among the best men now defined its animus. Before Silas had disposed of his tobacco juice, two conclusions ranged themselves in the foreground: Old Madame would never consent to the marriage, and Anne would always feel the prick of that unanswered question, whether Tom Saxton's polished courtesy merely imposed upon her simplicity, or whether it might pass current in the most refined and worldly-wise of social circles.

"Reckon, li'yer," Silas went on, "you had n't no notion of sech hard-wukin', common folks es we uns hevin' sech a high-toned boy?"

Silas gave his leg a resounding slap, and laughed to himself in exquisite delight—a laugh subdued by excess of tobacco juice, as well as habitual reserve. His tone became jocular. Slapping his leg again by way of further emphasis, he added: "En a boy so wur fotched up like the bes' uv quality, en a boy es hes set his heart, nat'ral like, 'mongst the fustest big bugs."

"Events take a surprising turn, sometimes," was my cautious answer.

"Think so, li'yer? Ole Madame, she's done said him no, en sot her foot down,

es 't wa' n't no use uv lookin' long uv no Bu'naby; which es hit 's done, done with, en clean cended, I 've kum 'bout the business. You see, li'yer, I loant the Cun'el two thousing dollahs, en paped him on Bu'naby Slopes fur hit, en 't wur knocked down to me, las' corn-pitchin' time."

"Are you not satisfied with your bargain?" My tone became perceptibly cool. The man must be avaricious indeed, to want more from my impoverished old friend.

"Dunno es I am, li'yer. When they sold me that ar Bu'naby Slopes, 't wa' n't no coal foun' on hit."

"If there had been, things would have terminated differently," was my pointed reply.

Silas tore off another quid, and held it up before him in pleased contemplation. "I would n't hev got hit noways, would I?"

"I think it doubtful."

"Hit 's kinder cheatin' to tek lan' fur two thousing dollahs, en sell agin less 'n yeah atter, fur a hunderd thousing; haint hit, li'yer?"

"It is an everyday transaction. You gave Mrs. Burnaby time to take up the mortgage."

The mountaineer fixed his keen penetrating glance upon me, with a searching intentness, cutting short my remark.

"Jes so, li'yer, but I mought 'a knowed she had n't no money to tu'n up yeth, nor yit to do nothin' but sell to me. 'T wur mo' like cheatin' then; wa' n't hit?"

"Men are not given to troubling themselves with any such considerations, when they profit by the transaction."

I took refuge in generalities until the drift of his remarks became clear. He did not leave them long in obscurity.

"Dunno es they are," he agreed, still contemplating the tobacco between his thumb and forefinger, as if he regretted his inability to take up the business of the quid until the occupation of talking ended.

"Hit 's been a couple uv weeks sence they knowed fur sho' 't wur coal a holdin' up the ole sheep walk. Hit 's tuk my hard ole head ever sence to wuk out things straight; en now, li'yer, that ar Bu'naby Slopes is wuth a fortin, en I haint no

right to no mo'n two thousing dollahs en my intrust on hit. She kin give em the say so, to wuk the coal-bed, en she kin pay me my two thousing dollahs en intrust."

"Do you mean to say that you relinquish Burnaby Slopes upon the payment of your debt?" I exclaimed, astounded for the second time by Silas Saxton.

"That wur my say so, 'ceptin' you've done languidged hit like a li'yer," was the imperturbable response, while he turned over the quid for inspection on the reverse side.

"You understand that Mrs. Burnaby has no more claim upon it, than upon any other piece of property sold by her?" I felt bound to offer the explanation. It made not the slightest impression.

"True 'nuff, li'yer," he began, lifting his contemplative gaze from the tobacco to my face, "but 't wur two thousing dollahs I loant the Cun'el en intrust atop no that. If that ar Bu'naby Slopes had n't no coal to bottom hits yeth on, 't would n't be wuth no mo'n two thousing dollahs en intrust. She kin tek that ar Bu'naby Slopes agin, en ef she papers them coal-men tight, hit's wuth a fortin to her. I want my two thousing dollahs en intrust atop of hit, en I do n't keer fur no mo', kase t' wur no mo' a-comin' to me."

The mountaineer put the huge quid into his mouth, stretched his long legs out to their utmost length, and pushed both hands into the depths of his pockets, with the unmistakable air of one who has said absolutely all. The tobacco absorbed his attention now, and Silas could do but one thing at a time.

His rugged but shapely countenance evinced neither regret nor satisfaction. It was immobile as cast-iron. Nevertheless, as I faced Silas Saxton at that moment, the tremendous force and strength of the man's nature seemed graven upon every lineament. He had nothing more to communicate; so I went at once to the library.

Madame was there with Anne, in consultation over a list of necessities, which I fear me, they were striving to reduce to the capabilities of the scantest of incomes. I drew a chair close beside her. To lay the matter before my old friend, required no eloquence. The facts gained by terseness.

Anne's magnificent eyes grew large and luminous. She tossed her pencil to the floor and her account-book to the other side of the room, and rushed to my side. Madame's withered face flushed to a dark red. Grasping my arm in a nervous clutch, she cried out in a high shrill voice "Is it—can it be true? The man has honor! This mountaineer has honor—fine—beautiful honor!"

"Come and see him; he is waiting," I urged.

She summoned resolution immediately, and moved swiftly toward the door. Anne made a sudden dart forward and snatched the kittens from their repose on the hearth.

"Oh, my pretty pets," she cried out, "I may keep you now!"

Her grandmother stopped—"Indeed you may, my darling," was her fervent response; then she retraced a step or two, before saying "I banished this man's son because he had only a heritage of luck and its spoils. I say he may come back—mind I promise nothing more now;" and Anne's young face was hidden in the soft fur of the kittens.

"Ah, such beautiful, beautiful honor!" murmured the old lady.

In the drawing-room, the mountaineer removed the squirrel-skin cap in deference to the feminine presence.

"Dunno es I ever cheated nobody," he responded in simple surprise at the little lady's grateful praises.

"Hit wur two thousing en intrust es I loant the Cun'el when he's livin, en es I wuk hit out, 'taint no mo'n that ar, now he's done died. The boy Tom, he'll be proper glad to hev yo' say so fur comin' back. He's a gentlem', the doctor is, en don't owe a dollah in the wor-ld."

"Who ever heard of a gentleman with out debts?" exclaimed old Madame, talking very much at random in her excitement. "Gentlemen have debts and debts."

"Dunno es I did n't speak too spry. Tom—he owes me summut," corrected the mountaineer, "but he haint no debts he can't pay."

"Far better," approved Madame; "he ventures then without peril."

Silas smiled grimly, in very plain doubt of any such commendation.

"You see, li'yer," he explained, as we walked toward the gateway, "I brung

up Tom not to owe folks. I whaled him once for borryin' a pipe, when he wur a chunk of a boy, en I'd timber him agin fur hit, ef he wur a hundred. Wife, she loant him fifty cents of mine, yistiddy, fur toll on the pike, bein' he'd done left his wallet home. He haint paid me yit, but he'll fotch hit befo' sundown."

My visit extended into several days, during which I adjusted Madame's affairs with the coal company. Their superintendent being eager to work the Burnaby Slopes, no unforeseen difficulty retarded our business. The result proved eminently satisfactory to my friend. In less than a week I was ready to leave the manor house. As Hannibal led my horse around, Anne followed me into the hall.

"Mr. Grant," she began in blushing shyness; "can grandmother afford to go away now, and see how the best—the very best—most fashionable people talk and act, and look?"

"She can easily afford to do so, Anne," I assured her.

In the following January a letter from Anne's grandmother informed me that she had established herself in New York for the winter—that many of her fashionable friends of the past had renewed their acquaintance. "Would you believe it," she added, "Anne is quite a success in society. We sail for Europe in the spring. Anne has set her heart on being presented at court during the London season, and, *entre nous*, I have no further dread of the neighborhood nabob."

Acquiescent usually in the old lady's conclusions, I differed in this, as expressed in her supplementary clause. I had a different theory of Anne's determination to see "the best—the very best society." As time went on, however, I rather inclined to the grandmother's view.

The superintendent of the mines made persistent efforts to purchase Burnaby Slopes outright. In frequent letters, I laid these large and liberal offers before old Madame. At first I urged her to sell. Invariably her replies were an emphatic rejection on this point, both of my counsel and of all offers of the coal company. At length I ceased to do more than acquaint her with their renewed desire to bargain for the property.

"I prefer to lease Burnaby Slopes,"

she wrote from Paris; "the coal beds are large and valuable. If they propose this amount now, it is certain that in a year or two these shrewd capitalists will double their offer." In substance this was her uniform answer to every overture of the coal company. She even refused to lease for any number of years. "As the property becomes more and more necessary to their purpose, of course my rentals must increase," this speculator in petticoats explained to me by way of response.

'So like a woman!' was my mental comment, while I carefully filed her letters, as vouchers in the future. 'Having a good thing, she at once wants a better. If the coal company offers one hundred thousand, she will refuse because it is not two; and yet she has absolutely nothing else!'

Thus, two years having slipped away, the Burnabys were coming home.

The bay of hounds and crack of fowl-pieces betokened the advent of the shooting season. Broadening flecks of yellow and red relaxed the prevailing sombreness of ridge and mountain. Bracing breezes sent the blood racing through my veins in renewed vigor. Some fitful and transitory return of youth tempted me to shoulder a gun, strap on a game-bag, and set off for a week's holiday on the mountain.

It was not until the fourth day that I sat down, in sheer exhaustion, to decide upon the shortest route out of these highlands. The limitless prospect had only deepened my perplexity, when the swift, reddish whisk of something alive was followed by the flash of a gun. A few minutes later, a tall, agile figure came noiselessly up the gray rocks. Thesquirrel-skin cap, pushed to the back of his head, identified the wearer, before his healthful, weather-beaten face turned toward me.

The man was Silas Saxton.

"Li'yer Grant! Howdy, li'yer?" he said, with a twitch of the facial muscles meant to do duty as a smile of welcome. "This 'ere varmint traveldt wunst too oftin'," added the mountaineer, holding up a red fox, whose adventurous whisk had cost its life.

"Dunno es huntin' 's wuth the trouble, sence that ar mine 's brung sech a power uv folks inter the country."

"The mine must be some distance from here?"

My assertion was purely interrogative, for I had quite lost my bearings.

"Think so?" queried Silas. "You 're out sho' en clean, for it's no mo'n three mile south'ard, es the bee flies, from heah to Bu'naby Manor, en' the mine is two mile fudder. Old Madame en the little gal may like hevin' em so close, but I don't."

"The mine has brought some money into the country," I reminded him.

Silas placed his heavily-booted foot on the rock in front of him, and chewed the monopolizing quid in unhurried deliberation; then carefully adjusting his elbow upon his uplifted knee, he rested his chin in the palm of his hand. In his squirrel-skin cap, his ash-colored homespun, and with an utter lack of motion, he seemed almost hewn from the gray ledge of rock behind him. A belated rabbit scuttled away into the tall ferns, shaking their broad fronds with a soft, mysterious whirl. Silas noticed it passively.

"The money may do fur Tom," he said, at last, in a low monotone, not discordant with the scene. "Hit's give to him. He's quality, li'yer, the bes' uv quality, but dunno es all the money 'll fotch what he's a-hankerin' atter. Hit's the little Bu'naby gal, li'yer."

"She's young yet," was my apologetic observation.

"Jes so, li'yer," he dryly rejoined, straightening himself, and drawing out the clumsy ramrod; "but she's two year older 'n when she done went away; least-ways he's got a big house, en the bes' uv lan', en a stable full uv fine critters, en them fiery beass'es still travel that ar road, but there haint no talk uv tyin' together . . . I'll jes' load up now, en git on."

"As I am so near the Manor-house, I will go and see Madame about the renewal of her lease of Burnaby Slopes; and by the way, how does the mine prosper?"

"Dunno es I kin tell you, li'yer. I done sole out my shur, two years ago, comin' near layin-by-corn time. 'Twa'n't no good unkiverin' what's kivered, en I had n't no call to own property es I could n't see, so I got shet uv hit. I

did n't keer to fetch prowlin' strangers on the mounting. Thar ways is so turrible diffrent. Good day, li'yer!"

Nightfall found me once more at Burnaby Manor. An hour's rest restored my somewhat fagged strength and spirits. I descended to the drawing-room in some trepidation, lest I should be late. The fear proved groundless. On the hearth-rug stood Dr. Saxton, who greeted me with that same ready brilliant smile.

"The ladies are not down yet, Mr. Grant," he said, glancing at the clock; "but you will have a very short time to wait, for Mrs. Burnaby's dinner hour is immovable."

I seated myself in front of the cheery blaze. Dr. Saxton resumed his position on the rug. The light of the wax candles in the chandelier seemed to catch the golden glint of his hair, and bring out the fine tints of his complexion. He was certainly a splendid specimen of manly beauty, and moreover proved a singularly agreeable talker. Something of a traveler, and largely a reader, his ideas were pronounced and inspiring; indeed I thought him too progressive for our locality.

The latent force peculiar to the mountaineer Silas, evinced itself in the mountaineer's son. The twenty minutes before dinner sufficed to rivet a belief that if Anne had ever loved him she would always love him. Compared with the inherent power and dominance of this man, the fashionable fops of society must have made but a thin, faint resonance in her life, calling back no echo.

Old Madame, grown younger and more good-natured by luxury, though original and vivacious, interrupted our conversation. Soon afterward Anne came in, smiling and indescribably lovely, and transformed into a veritable *grande dame*. The shabby stuff dress, replaced by a charming toilette becoming to her refined style, may have aided in the transition. An undefinable influence had wrought the fair, shy young girl into a graceful, high-bred woman. I noted that the magnificent eyes glanced first at Dr. Saxton.

"My dear Anne, you always save yourself by a hair's-breadth," laughed her grandmother indulgently. "Think of it—just one minute of my dinner

hour, and yet you are in time. Come, there is Hannibal."

Dinner was quite as formal an affair as in the days of the bibulous Colonel, when such meals had doubtless counted as an important factor in the debit column scored against the estate.

"It has been barely one week since we reached home," Madame remarked when we returned to the drawing room; "in that time, I have had two visits from the superintendent of the coal mine, and now he requests Dr. Saxton to ask for an immediate decision."

Naturally I took my accustomed seat opposite the hostess. More naturally still, Dr. Saxton seated himself beside Anne.

"Then you have considered the matter of sale or lease, and I hope decided in favor of selling outright. It is much safer to invest the money."

Madame Burnaby assumed a new character—that of hesitation.

"Do you still advise it?" she asked, peering into my face with those bright, far-seeing eyes of hers.

"Most urgently."

"Dr. Saxton, do you still advise the selling of Burnaby Slopes? Pray give me your counsel, too."

She turned from me to Dr. Saxton in apparent doubt.

"I am so little of a speculator, my dear madame," rejoined Dr. Saxton, "that I always prefer a reasonable certainty to a prospective bonanza. You ask if I advise selling your coal-beds. I answer most emphatically that I do."

"Thanks, gentlemen! Your advice has the unusual merit of sincerity," she retorted, the facile, half-satirical tone proving our hostess herself again. "For once in my life my affairs have a woman's head to the fore. I mean to do what I think best. I shall turn speculator, and hold back my shares until they rise to immense value."

"They may fall in value," interpolated Dr. Saxton.

"How can they fall? The vein is inexhaustible. You have no ambition—no vim—either of you," scolded Madame. "You are like all Virginians, content with a shabby competence. Give a Virginian the smallest of incomes, a pipe to smoke, a history of Virginia to read, a

grandmother to tell him legends of his ancestors, and he is happy—blissfully, absurdly happy. It is shameful. Dr. Saxton, you should have more spirit at your age."

"Very possibly, madame, but one must be wise, as well as adventurous," was the light response.

"Tut! You are men, and men are either reckless or timid. I shall be—what neither of you has the courage to be—business-like," returned my hostess. "Dr. Saxton, you asked an immediate decision; pray be good enough to go around by the mine, this very night, and say to the superintendent that at present I positively decline selling."

"He shall have your message to-night, if possible," agreed Dr. Saxton.

"Pray state decidedly, that at present I positively decline; remember to say *at present*. I wish to leave the way open for future negotiation," she sagaciously added. "I am the very first of the Burnabys who ever tried to make money."

With a smile of supreme satisfaction, she drew the soft, warm shawl about her shoulders, and in five minutes was asleep.

The evening passed very quickly; in fact, I could never recall a single topic of conversation. Of course I did not fall into a doze. Dr. Saxton's voice became audible once. Possibly he supposed me sleeping instead of meditating; or, being thoroughly in earnest, he forgot my presence.

"Why am I to wait—wait always, Anne, my dear?" he was saying; "I am not the man to procrastinate. After waiting three years, you now repeat the same exasperating refrain, Wait! wait!"

"Only until grandmother consents, Tom," answered Anne's sweet, plaintive voice. "She has always loved me. I do n't think I could be quite happy without her consent."

"She desires a brilliant match for you, Anne, and very justly," he began; a touch of regret in his accent.

"I could never marry anyone else, Tom, and you are quite a brilliant match."

Anne's soft tones, half in earnest, half in jest, were certainly very lulling and conducive to drowsiness.

"If your grandmother would trust something to time. Power and prominence only come with years, unless they are inherited. I had no such birthright, but I shall—" He must have lowered his voice to a whisper.

The elder lady calling to me rather loudly was the first distinct sound dispelling my reverie. Why she should declare that she had to call several times I am quite unable to say, when I am positive that it was but once. Old Madame can be disagreeable at times, even to the best of friends. I explained how I had been turning over the question of sale or lease of Burnaby Slopes, whereupon Anne laughed and Saxton smiled.

"You are tired. It is eleven now, and Dr. Saxton is waiting to take leave of you. Do not forget your promise to see the superintendent yourself, Dr. Saxton, and say that I positively decline to sell, at present: positively—at present," she reiterated.

"Your decision shall be conveyed in your own words within an hour, if possible for me to see the superintendent," Dr. Saxton assured her.

"What a pity Tom Saxton don't make use of his opportunities," commented my hostess when Anne had followed her lover into the hall. "I can't bring myself to permit the marriage. Anne could have done so much better abroad—foolish girl."

"She will marry him," I briefly asserted.

"Perhaps," doubtfully replied Anne's grandmother. "With his opportunities for speculation, his courteous manners, and fine appearance, he might reach any height. I call it a lack of good sense to allow such chances to pass unimproved. The truth is, that Dr. Saxton is like old Silas—honest, obstinate, and narrow-minded; well enough in his way, safe and honorable—a beautiful honor—but so stupid in business. Anne must wait until I am dead. Ah! Hester is waiting for me."

The grandmother and her elderly maid quitted the room together, thus perhaps expediting the farewells in the hall, for Anne returned at once to the drawing-room.

"Are you going now, Mr. Grant?" she asked.

"I desire first to make an inquiry, Anne."

A charming color reddened her cheek as I spoke. "I want to ask you whether Dr. Saxton bears the test?"

"Oh, Mr. Grant! what a memory you have for my absurd whims! However, it is but fair that I should answer your inquiry, and acknowledge that I have met no one comparable to Dr. Saxton. I—well, I don't mind admitting that I—love him now, after seeing other men for myself."

"You have judged wisely, dear child. But I must not keep you up. Good night!"

Excessive fatigue and good Hannibal's punch soothed me to sleep almost as soon as my head sank upon the pillow. The absolute oblivion of deep, dreamless slumber had not long enfolded me, when suddenly a dull roar, reverberating, seemingly through all space, aroused me. I started up in bed, thoroughly awakened, much alarmed, and vividly sensible that some super-human, unknown thing had happened.

I listened with an intent, acute susceptibility for even a faint sound—all was still. Unbroken quiet reigned in the great roomy mansion. I fancied once that old Madame called Hester. Before I could be certain, that terrible roar of thunder, again crashed through the silence—a hideous sullen roll of thousands of cannon. The windows rattled in their casements; the very house itself trembled from roof to base, like some living thing in mortal terror. The same intense hush, as if all nature was petrified by fright, followed this horrible thunder.

I sprang from bed, and hurried on my clothes. Opening my door, I could now plainly hear old Madame and Anne, and some of the servants in the upper hall.

"What is it, Mr. Grant? What can it be?" ejaculated old Madame.

Anne and the servants, seemed too panic-stricken, to make coherent inquiries. "Can it be an earthquake?" she asked in a breathless whisper.

I think, after the first terror, we experienced some relief at this solution of what, otherwise, seemed an inexplicable horror. Fully an hour lapsed, while we waited in the hall for what might happen next.

The servants huddled together in one corner. Mistress and maid, guest and man servant, were alike appalled. No individuality of heroism evinced itself. At length I suggested, that in all probability no more shocks would occur; we might return to rest in supreme gratitude for our escape. The servants crept away after their mistress, with visible reluctance.

I soon regained my couch, but not repose. Nervous apprehensions of disaster banished sleep and exaggerated every passing sound, so that when a handful of gravel suddenly fell on the panes of a window near my head, I instantly sprang from the couch and threw up the sash.

"Mas'r Grant! it's me, sah—Hannibal—don't make a noise, please, sah." The man suppressed his voice almost to a whisper.

"What is it, Hannibal?"

Some instinct told me, that the present dread, straining my nerves to their fullest tension, hovered on the verge of realization.

"It's the mine, sah! They've had a accident! It's done 'sploded, sah—the mine has—wid all de men in it!" he said, in swift undertones.

"Good Heaven! Are you sure?"

"Yes, sah; I brung the news," answered another voice—"I've jes' come from de mine, sah. Dat whole place is all to' up fur miles roun', ebery las' thing is blowed to shivers, en smoke pourin' out'n de shafts, en de yeth a-cavin' en a-crashin' in, top ob dem men, like de judgment day sholy done come; en Mr. Grant, sah—I—I—jes' come on to ax you, sah—has you seen Marse Tom—Docter Saxton, sah?"

"Is he not at home?" I called out, in sharp alarm.

"No, sah—I sot up fur him, but Marse Tom aint nebber come home. Dem horses come a-tearin' up de road atter de 'splosion, wid de fix smashed all to flinders, en I've tracked em clean back to de mine, but Marse Tom wa'n't thar, he wa'n't anywhar; nobody knowed who's down in the mine, but Marse Tom aint nebber come, sah—he aint nebber come home."

* * * * *

Daylight found me in the midst of a throng of grimy colliers and wailing

women, at the mouth of the pit. The Saxton groom had in nowise exaggerated the disaster. Shattered windows and fallen debris, miles distant, attested the force of the explosion. No one gave it a thought. No one marked the utter wreck, almost immolation, of the village about the mine. No one took cognizance of anything, save the black shaft, at the foot of which lay entombed the night shift of miners, and perhaps others.

Inquiry merely augmented anxiety for poor Tom Saxton. It accumulated facts, pointing to the same conclusion. The superintendent had gone down the shaft at eleven—he was still in the mine when the explosion occurred. Dr. Saxton left Burnaby Manor at eleven, and certainly went to the mine. There, all trace of him vanished. There, the terrible fear for him commenced. Hours wore on. Doubt settled into conviction.

The mine was on fire, the miners said; and, indeed, the hot gusts of fiery, gaseous smoke told their own sickening story. It required no gift of divination to forecast the future. I summed the worst feature of the disaster, as it appeared then.

"The mine is on fire, and Dr. Saxton is missing," I reiterated to myself, turning away in blank, hopeless dismay.

Blackened and begrimed by exertion, and painfully helpless to succor, I was moving back aimlessly, when Silas Saxton, pushing his way through the crowd, confronted me.

"Li'yer," he demanded, in a low brusque voice, unusually accelerated, "whar 's Tom?"

His piercing eye, riveted upon mine in a fixed gaze, seemed striving to read my inmost thoughts.

"He had business with the superintendent," I began in lame circumlocution—"he drove to the mine to attend to it."

Not a muscle of the mountaineer's countenance changed; so rigidly still was it, I noted that even the quid of tobacco had been forgotten.

"Jes so, li'yer; en the boss wur in the mine?" he questioned.

Briefly, I related the matter of the rejected sale.

"The widder Bu'naby wur sot agin sellin'?" he interrogated; "an' Tom fatched the say so to the boss?"

"Yes; and we fear—that is—he has not been heard from since," I explained, doubtful whether the fatal blank had been filled by Silas Saxton. The immovable, unreadable features made no betrayals.

"Li'yer, sommut's happened to Tom," was the deliberate answer; "but he haint in that ar mine. Nigh onto two year back, Tom gimme his *say so*, not to go inter the mine, savin' on a matter of life or death. Kin you call to mind, what it wur he said?"

"Perfectly. He replied to the old lady that if possible the superintendent should have the message that night," was my answer, with a precision enforced by his searching gaze.

"Nat'ral 'nuff, li'yer. It wur not pos'bul, kase uv his *say so* t' me. I brung him up not to lie, en his *say so* papered him tighter 'n what's writ with pen and ink. Sommut's wrong. I'll look for him, but not in that ar mine. Tom's not thar."

He turned short away, and easily forced a passage through the crowd.

Accustomed in my profession to the least honorable phases of human nature, I might naturally have hesitated at abandoning the well-founded belief that Tom Saxton had perished in the mine. I did nothing of the kind. The very force of the mountaineer's conviction swayed my own conclusions.

I rapidly pursued the squirrel-skin cap, visible above the heads of the crowd. Dr. Saxton's groom, a faithful fellow, joined the mountaineer. Both the groom and myself found it difficult to keep pace with his long, swinging strides. If the horror at the mine had not absorbed every thought and held us intent upon its own appalling catastrophe, Tom Saxton must have been discovered within a few hours after his accident. We found him, where the horses, in their mad plunges of terror at the explosion, had flung him. The road was rough, rocky and unused; the fall perilous; it had fractured a leg and stunned the young fellow; but all this seemed trifling, compared with the direful fate we had feared.

"I knowed sommut wur wrong, Tom," the mountaineer said, "but I knowed

you wa'nt in that ar ongodly mine, kase I had yo' say so, not to go."

Silas brushed his eyes slowly with the back of his brawny hand; his usually emotionless monotone wavered and broke, almost into a sob. With a deft and touching tenderness, he aided us to lift the splendid but helpless form into a comfortable position; divested himself of the homespun short coat and folded it under Tom's handsome head; gave him a cool draught of water from his flask; then, drawing out a twist of home-grown tobacco, tore off an immense quid and put it in his mouth, saying, more to himself than to anyone else, "He wur my las' boy, Tom wur."

There is little else to add. For the second time, my stay at Burnaby Manor lengthened unexpectedly, but not by business for old Madame. There was absolutely no business. Legal acumen and acute negotiation were alike uncalled for in the phrasing of lease or deed. The lease had expired. The deed would never be drawn. The mine resolved itself into a huge subterranean furnace. A single chance remained of extinguishing its hidden fires—to close and abandon it for years, perhaps forever. That was done.

Mine and miners alike had vanished. Burnaby Slopes lost its ephemeral value, and became even insecure footing for sheep.

Old Madame never rallied from this second shattering of her fortunes. She failed visibly and rapidly. "Anne," she said to her pretty pale granddaughter the morning I left them, as she read the daily bulletin from Silas, 'Tom's on the mend', "Anne, I meant to make money; like all the Burnabys I have lost it, but it was a man's fault. Your father's carelessness made me over-cautious. You may only trust somemen, my dear, and you are to marry Tom Saxton soon, very soon. He inherits a beautiful honor and a grand hard sense. He is the neighborhood nabob now, and he is of such a fibre that he will always be the neighborhood nabob."

They obeyed the old lady to the letter the moment Dr. Saxton recovered.

Silas still sits on his porch, and chews the immense quid or smokes the corn-cob pipe, while his eyes traverse the grand stretches of country at his feet.

"I knowed sommut had happened es I'd raise him like a convenience, Tom, li'yer, that ar night," he said, not wa'n't to lie like a gent, anduct justifies long ago; "but I knowed he wur not owe money like a gent, confinement. in that ar mine. I tole him long back, done, done es I tole him. m in double

THE MUTINY ON THE "SOMERS."

BY LIEUT. H. D. SMITH.

CONNECTED with the brig-of-war, "Somers," there has been recorded a tale involving mutiny, piracy, and swift and terrible retribution, the details of which, created at the time of the occurrence a profound sensation, with mingled sentiments of horror, indignation, and sorrow throughout the land. Midshipman Philip Spencer, son of the Honorable John C. Spencer, of New York, Secretary of War under President Tyler, was convicted of being the ringleader and prime instigator in the first regularly-organized mutiny known in the annals of the United States Navy.

The "Somers" was the handsomest miniature man-of-war sailor's eye ever rested upon. She was built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1842, costing \$37,650. She was 259 tons, mounted ten guns, and was manned by eighty men. Under the command of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, she sailed from New York on her maiden cruise, September 13th, 1842, with despatches for the squadron on the coast of Africa. On the 10th of November she left Cape Mesurado, homeward bound, standing across to the Leeward Islands, so as to touch at St. Thomas on her return to her native shores.

On Saturday, November 26, Lieutenant Gansevoort, executive officer of the "Somers," stepped into the cabin and informed Captain Mackenzie that a conspiracy existed on board, having for its object the possession and control of the vessel, the murdering of all officers and a majority of the crew, and the hoisting of the black flag, with Midshipman Spencer as chief of the pirate band. Mackenzie was disposed at first to treat the subject lightly, as a boyish talk, and the effects of a vivid as well as a foolish imagination. He tried to impress upon his executive the terrible nature of the alleged

crime, which might involve of life or death. But Gansevoort replied calmly that he fully appreciated the importance attached to every utterance, and at once laid before him some astounding information, imparted to him by Mr. Hieskell,

In maturing a plan of so serious a character, involving the capture of a vessel of war, and the shedding of blood, became extremely hazardous to the adherents, or to approach with wish.

It required a certain Midshipman, nerve, a cold-blooded, calculating, and a quarter of judgment and audacity, that The of- scarcely be apt to credit to Spencer's pretensions, training, a sume apparent on orate education, to say n, and in little advantages he had derived from cautious tones, associations.

The purser had an assistant, slowly the after the name of Wales, a fairly superior. possessing ability and good character. November, in advance of his position, was carried ble that Spencer had not been in order, to the assistant's worth, and desired a was strengthen his organization by securing his services. e in-

On the night of the 25th of November, was the midshipman approached Wales, at un- was standing in the waist, enjoying the view of beauties of the tropical evening. Once. ing him to take a seat on the boat, their and offering a cigar (something of a condescension from the hands of an officer), Spencer, without further beating about the bush, at once opened up the trenches. Beginning with a remark that he had something of unusual importance to say, he asked his companion if he would bind himself by an oath never to divulge the particulars. Spurred on by curiosity, and little dreaming of the monstrous plot concocted in the warped and morbid brain of the youth, Wales rendered a ready assent. The oath o-

"Yes; a THE MUTINY ON THE "SOMERS."

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doubtful
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betrayals.

"Li'yer be a man of honor, and
was the de at your decision in this
in that a, the secret will be held
back, Ton ould you hesitate, under
inter the tions, to kill a man? Have
or death. e to face death, and are you
wur he s ad man?"

"Perfe g his astonishment under the
lady that lighting his cheroot, Wales re-
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"Nat and minutely, the midship-
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conclusions.

I rapidly trusty agents; the rapid
cap, vi ss ne vs concerning the
crowd. ents of men-of-war; locating cruiz-
fellow ounds, hiding places, and depots for
the gr lies—in fact, he would attend to al-
to kee everything bearing upon the omin-
strides. usness. No risk was to be assumed
not abso King aught else but unarmed and
intent less merchantmen. Every vestige
phe, ch vessel they captured was to be
loyed after selecting what was valu-
cover le from the cargo; though such of the
accid male passengers as found favor in the
horse es of the buccaneers were to be spared.
at the It were to share and share alike; with
road w, ncer as commander-in-chief whose
fall pe authority none were to dispute, and
stunn hose judgment should be considered
seem inal and absolute. The written plan,
ful fi covering the entire project in all its
"I laborateness, was carefully preserved
the n and secreted in his neckerchief, and he
promised to reveal it to Wales when a
ood opportunity offered.

Casting his cigar over the rail, Spencer brought his face close to that of his companion, and hissed through his teeth, threats of the direst vengeance from the hands of himself or associates if he should presume to utter even one word of "the game that was afloat."

Wales never hesitated as to what course he should pursue, for he was firmly convinced that horrible influences were at work, threatening the lives of several persons and involving the fair fame of the United States Government.

Hidden in the recesses of the store-room, the steward, with bated breath, related to purser Hieskell all the details of what he had heard. The purser, dismayed and scarcely crediting his senses, took the first lieutenant aside, and entrusted him with the particulars of the piratical conspiracy; and that officer, in duty bound, lost no time in rendering a report at head-quarters.

Commander Mackenzie listened attentively to the threads of the tale, but on weaving them together as a whole he was disposed to treat the matter lightly, as unworthy of serious consideration. But before the audience closed, the first lieutenant was cautioned to be on the alert, and if any new developments were made, to report the same without delay.

Gansevoort retired from the cabin, scarcely satisfied with the results of his interview. In his own heart he believed that a dark and terrible plan was being woven and elaborated, to kill all not in sympathy with the plot. Had he been in command, there is little doubt but that decisive measures would have at once been instituted.

Without creating suspicion or in any way changing in his demeanor toward Spencer, the first lieutenant narrowly watched every movement he made. His vigilance was rewarded by seeing a number of indications which pointed clearly to the guilt of the accused officer. But before a second report was ventured upon, Gansevoort resolved to submit convincing proof regarding the strange affair or preserve a profound silence.

Spencer was observed to be in secret and nightly conference with boatswain's mate, F. Cromwell, and a seaman by the

name of Elisha Small. To both of these men he was known to have given money, tobacco, and liquor. He had found means to undermine the integrity of the ward-room steward, and induced him to steal brandy from the mess, with which he supplied his favorites and then got under its effects himself. He had entered the ward-room, asked for and obtained a large chart of the West Indies, studied it intently, and questioned the surgeon respecting the Isle of Pines and its reputation for healthiness. He was also very particular regarding the rate of the chronometer, applying to Midshipman Rodgers for the desired information. He would load the commander with blasphemous abuse when lounging among the men, and was overheard to express an admiration for the black flag, and the exploits of those who had ranged themselves under its distinctive emblems and device.

These and other circumstances were brought to the notice of Commander Mackenzie, and that gentleman resolved to probe the affair without further ceremony.

All hands were assembled at quarters at sun-down, and the officers were directed to meet on the quarter-deck. Accosting Midshipman Spencer, the commander in a stern voice said—"So, sir, you aspire to the command of this vessel, I understand."

"By no means, sir," was the response, with a smile and respectful bow.

"Did you, under an oath of secrecy, tell the purser's steward, you had a project to gain possession of this vessel, to murder all hands, or a considerable part of them, and to commence the life of a pirate?"

"It is possible that some such nonsensical conversation may have taken place—but purely in the light of a joke."

"A sorry one, I fear. Remove that neck-handkerchief."

The closest search of his person, however, failed to reveal the tell-tale proof.

"What have you done with the paper on which you wrote out an account of your plot?"

"It was a mere scrap having my day's work," he said out, sir."

"You usually carry problems on your neck-handkerchief."

"Only as a matter of convenience, sir."

"Mr. Spencer, your conduct justifies me in placing you in close confinement. Mr. Gansevoort, put him in double irons."

This order was at once obeyed, and a thorough examination was made of Spencer's effects. Concealed in the lining of a razor case, was discovered a tightly rolled bit of paper covered with Greek characters, a language well understood by the midshipman. Mr. Rodgers translated it and found the names of the ship's company arranged in columns: one with those considered doubtful; another of those willing to join; next, the men who were to be forced into the scheme; then those selected to perform the work of murder, to provide arms, take the wheel, act as sentinels—in fact the general plan and scope of the proposed mutiny was revealed in all its hideousness.

After his arrest, the midshipman, heavily ironed, was placed on the quarter deck, with an officer as guard. The officers observed that alarming indications of insubordination were now apparent on all sides; that the crew assumed a sullen, discontented expression, and in little parties conversed in low cautious tones, casting stealthy glances toward the after part of the vessel, and slowly dispersing upon the approach of a superior.

On the day of the 27th of November, the main-top-gallant mast was carried away during the execution of an order, but whether by accident or design was never fully established. Mackenzie inclined to the theory that there was method in the circumstances, and that under cover of the confusion and bustle, the mutineers hoped to effect the rescue of their leader and seize the vessel at once.

Whatever might have been their hopes in that direction, at the decisive moment no demonstration was made. The new mast was rigged and sent aloft, and all damage repaired before night set in. The sullen air and muttered growls on the part of the crew when this was accomplished, increased the suspicions and apprehensions of the little band of officers. Two more arrests were made: of the boatswain's mate, Cromwell, who was doing duty as boatswain, and the seaman Small, before mentioned. They

were heavily ironed, brought aft, and a vigilant watch kept over them by the officers.

With the confinement of these men, the crew openly testified their disapprobation. Mutterings, low and ominous were heard from various quarters, while black looks and petty acts of insubordination were not wanting. All this, with the insolent airs and menacing manners assumed by some of the men, had the effect of thoroughly arousing Commander Mackenzie and his officers. They were convinced that their lives were in peril, that they were standing over a volcano, which at any moment might overwhelm them with destruction. How far the seeds of disaffection had taken root amongst the ship's company it was impossible to determine, but little doubt existed relative to certain members of the crew still at large, who, had justice been rendered, would have been confined side by side with Spencer, Cromwell and Small.

The officers were now all armed, and keenly alive to the dangers threatening them. Never for a moment did their vigilance relax in maintaining a strict watch over prisoners and crew.

There were no marines attached to the brig and their absence was sorely felt, so much so, that it was not deemed advisable to make other arrests, the energies of the officers being already severely taxed. To the lasting honor and credit of the marine corps, be it recorded, that since its formation as an arm of the service, in all cases of emergency, sudden peril, and situations demanding prompt and decisive action, they have never wavered in their loyalty or been found wanting in the essential qualifications that have won for them a more than national reputation for courage and unselfish devotion to duty and the flag under which they serve.

The petty officers, to a man, save Cromwell, were "true to their salt," and the stigma cast upon them by the course of action pursued by their comrade was deeply felt. They expressed their indignation in no measured terms, and requested to be detailed for posts of trust that they might prove their sincerity, and remove from the hearts of their superiors any suspicion that might possibly have been entertained.

Commander Mackenzie was not a man to flinch in the hour of danger or emergency. He had carefully studied the situation, and he adopted what appeared to him the best and most politic course. He summoned the petty officers aft, told them that he relied implicitly on their honor and fealty, armed them with cutlasses, pistols and muskets, and with Midshipman Rodgers in charge formed a line across the quarter-deck. By this means, all openings for communication were cut off between the forward and after parts of the vessel, and an increased sense of security pervaded the little band of anxious watchers. The surveillance over the crew was strictly maintained, and various overt acts well calculated to increase suspicion were quietly noted. Attempts at intercourse between the prisoners were detected, but the prompt and stern interference of the armed guard foiled what designs may have been harbored in the brains of the discomfited mutineers.

Early in the morning of November 30, Commander Mackenzie sent a message to his officers, requesting their opinions relative to the best course to pursue regarding the three culprits under arrest, whom he judged to be the principal conspirators, and also, what additional measures were necessary for the safety of the vessel.

The officers assembled in the ward-room and consisted of Lieutenant Gansevoort, the surgeon, purser, acting-master, who was a passed midshipman, and three midshipmen. The three young midshipmen did not take part in the discussion, but during the sessions assisted the commander in looking after the vessel. A watchful eye was kept on deck while the examination of witnesses progressed. "Their deliberations" says an able article on the subject, "did not take the form of a trial, and cannot in just sense be called one, as the accused did not appear before them, and were granted no opportunity for explanation or defence. Indeed, the object of their investigation and consultation was to advise the commander, whether in their opinion the necessity of the case was so great and urgent as to require the exercise of that arbitrary power, which, in such a question, must at times be resorted to by the captain by the

discretion of military authority. That this necessity did now exist was the decided opinion of three officers, and this fact they reported to their commander on the morning of December 1. They considered that in the state of the crew, as they viewed it, it was impossible with any good hope of security, to carry the vessel into the nearest port of the United States. They also deemed it an important naval principle, that a ship of war should not apply for assistance in a case like the present, to any friendly foreign power. In these views, Commander Mackenzie coincided. He decided that it was not his duty to run for the nearest friendly port, in order to obtain assistance. His desire to reach even the island of St. Thomas, without resorting to the stern law of necessity, was caused by the hope that he might there find the United States ship 'Vandalia.' But in his opinion this alternative was not now left; the safety of the vessel requiring the immediate execution of the three mutineers."

No time was lost in completing the arrangements for carrying out this resolution. On the same day it was formally announced to the prisoners that they must prepare for a speedy death. A little more than an hour was allowed, to give them an opportunity of making known their last wishes and of leaving final messages to their friends.

Three whips were rove off from the main-yard arm: the after-guard of both watches manning the rope destined for Spencer; the forecastle and foretopmen standing by the line for Cromwell, while the maintopmen ranged themselves along the main deck in readiness to "walk away" with Small, who, for a month, had filled the rating of captain of the main-top. The petty officers fingered their weapons nervously, as all hands assembled "to witness punishment." The officers, attired in full uniform and with drawn swords, were grouped together, while the commander, stepping forward, made a short address to Spencer, dwelling on the enormity of his crimes. The prisoner was then allowed ten minutes for prayer. He sank upon his knees, and, being into tears, declared he was not being reminded by the fact that he should set the ex-

ample of dying with composure and dignity to the men he had corrupted and seduced, he regained his self-possession. Cromwell was entirely unmanned by his impending fate, but Small listened calmly to his sentence. Spencer admitted his guilt, and said that he deserved death, as he had harbored like schemes when attached to the "John Adams" and the "Potomac." He sent brief messages to his parents, and begged Mackenzie's forgiveness. Cromwell and Small received permission to address a few farewell words to their messmates. The former had been declared innocent by Spencer, and maintained stoutly to the last moment the truthfulness of the assertion. His last words were: "Tell my wife I die an innocent man; tell Lieutenant Morris I die an innocent man."

The ensign had been bent on to the halliards; the drummer stood in readiness to beat the call, to roll off; and at the third roll, a gun, the signal for the execution, was to be fired. Spencer requested permission to give the word in person, but at the last moment his courage failed him, and he begged Mackenzie to speak it for him.

The officers stood over the men, having received orders to cut down any who faltered in performing their duty. When everything was adjusted, and the last word had been said, the commander gave the order, the signal gun boomed forth its dreadful import, the national colors were hoisted, and simultaneously the three condemned men were dangling from the yard-arm. Mackenzie then addressed the crew, after which they were piped down, and the usual duties of the ship resumed.

With the going down of the sun, and as the shades of night closed in upon the little vessel, the solemn funeral service was read by the light of the battle lanterns, and the bodies were committed to the sea.

The effect of the execution was not lost upon the men. Nothing approaching disaffection or discontent was again discernible on board, and the "Somers," after touching at St. Thomas, reached New York on the 14th of December.

On the arrival of the "Somers," and the facts becoming known, a thrill of horror and consternation pervaded the public

mind. Mackenzie and his crew marched to the nearest church, and returned thanks to Almighty God for their safe deliverance.

A court of inquiry was at once formed, consisting of Commodore Stewart, Jacob Jones, and Dallas. Mackenzie's course was fully approved, but subsequently, on his demand, he was accorded a court martial, of which Commodore John Downes was president, and the trial, covering a period of forty days, resulted in his complete vindication. Fenimore Cooper, with his fertile brain and biting sarcasm, wrote a scathing article and review of the case, handling Mackenzie in an exasperating manner, but popular opinion was on the side of the commander of the "Somers." Secretary of War Spencer, father of one of the executed mutineers, wrote a letter, which was extensively circulated, denouncing the act of Mackenzie as illegal and unwarranted, as, if there were any grounds for believing a mutiny was contemplated, the prisoners should have been brought in irons to the United States, where they could have undergone a legal trial. Complaint was made during the court-martial trial, because B. F. Butler and Charles O'Connor, employed by the father of Midshipman Spencer, were not allowed to sit by and put questions approved by the court.

It has been stated that the commander of the "Somers" assumed another name to avoid the unpleasant notoriety he had acquired in the tragic and unfortunate affair. Nothing can be further from the truth, so far as the mutiny and death of the conspirators were concerned. The change alluded to occurred in 1838, while the execution took place in 1842.

The records of the New York Legisla-

ture contain the following in relation to the point:

In the Senate on Saturday, January 6th, 1838, Mr. L. Beardsley, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill authorizing Lieutenant Alexander Slidell, of the U. S. Army, to assume his maternal name, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, to enable him to inherit property. Mr. Verplanck said he had presented the petition. The petitioner was well known as a skillful and gallant officer, and his name also stood high in the Navy world. It was one which, with its present associations, he should think, nothing but the strongest inducements could impel him to wish to change. He must write a great many good books ere the name of Mackenzie would be more celebrated than that of Slidell.

He was commissioned a commander, September 8, 1841; and died, from injuries received through falling from a horse, September 13, 1848. He was a brother of John Slidell, who, with Mason of Virginia, represented the Confederacy in France during the war of the rebellion.

During the Mexican war, the "Somers," under command of Semmes, who was then a lieutenant, was engaged on blockading duty off Vera Cruz. On the morning of the 8th of December, 1846, she was struck by a squall while between Verde Island and Paxaros reefs. The brig was under topsails, courses, jib and spanker, and Semmes had just ordered the mainsail to be hauled up and spanker brailed up, when the squall was upon them and the vessel was thrown upon her beam ends. She was flying light, with but six tons of ballast on board, and short of provisions. She sank rapidly, carrying with her to the bottom over half of her crew; but her commander, who certainly was never born to be drowned, was picked up by boats belonging to a foreign man-of-war, and reserved for his career on the "Alabama."

The scenes connected with the loss of the "Somers" may doubtlessly have been brought vividly back to Semmes while he was struggling for life amid the dark waters off Cherbourg, with Winslow's guns still echoing in his tingling ears.



Boat
captain by

OUR CABINET.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

TIMELY TOPICS.

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LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

Two short stories, "A Phyllis of the Sierras" and "A Drift from Redwood Camp" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Bret Harte, form a very attractive volume of light reading. The former shows the more evidences of care in its preparation, and contains some charming strokes of description and quaint humor that are fully up to the standard of any of the author's previous efforts. The idea of the "Drift from Redwood Camp" is, perhaps, the newer, but the story has rather the stamp of being entirely a work of imagination. In brief, a bummer of a mining camp is washed away in a freshet, and falls in with and is cared for by a tribe of Indians, who regard him as something supernatural. Such material in the hands of an ordinary author would, no doubt, make very dull reading, but it is quite sufficient, in the hands of Bret Harte, to make a charming little sketch.

The Indian question has long been one of great interest, but it also has been very one-sided, and we welcome, therefore, the little volume before us, "The Indian's Side of the Indian Question," by Dr. William Barrows (D. Lothrop Co.). The author believes the Dawes Bill presents an opportunity such as never before existed for saving the Indians and making self-sustaining, self-reliant, capable citizens of them. But he shows that the law will amount to nothing without the systematic, persistent and watchful co-operation of friendly Americans who are not the Indian's neighbors. The Indian's neighbors are not his friends. Frontiersmen must be held in check by the law and public opinion behind the law. With a view to bringing about that accord, Mr. Barrows reviews the whole history of Indian management briefly and in a business-like manner, with continual citing of authorities. This is Indian history with a purpose; the book is a means of intelligence on a question, which within a year has taken on so new a phase that it needs to be studied anew, and this volume is the readiest means of information we know of.

Another volume by Dr. William Barrows has been brought to our notice: "The United States of Yesterday and To-morrow" (Roberts Brothers). For actual information in regard to the great West, few books have been published that will compare with the one in question. It is a volume that will give the young man a respect and a knowledge for the resources of his country such as he would never get if his information must come from the ordinary text-books. Moreover, it is written in such an interesting manner that the young student will be attracted to its pages. Early pioneer life, with its hardships and crude laws, is faithfully depicted, and the great prospects of the West are set forth in an impressive manner.

An entertaining little book comes to us in the form of "The Story of the City of New York," by Charles Burr Todd (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The aim of the volume is evidently to create a love for local history among the younger generation, and in this respect it will without doubt, fill its mission. Furthermore, it appeals to what may be termed popular readers—a class that abhors anything having the semblance of dryness. The work is essentially a history until it reaches the more modern stages, when it becomes a record of contemporaneous events.

The story as a whole, is well told. It starts at the beginning, the discovery of New York Bay in 1524, by Jean Verrazano, a native of Florence, who took possession of the surrounding land in the name of his patron, Francis I., King of France. Then follow interesting detailed descriptions of the Dutch dynasty, of the English rule, the commercial development of the nation, and finally, records of the more important recent incidents, such as the history of the Tweed Ring and a description of Brooklyn Bridge. The work is nicely printed and fairly illustrated.

"Essays, chiefly on Poetry." By Aubrey De Vere, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.) This

is a collection, in two nicely printed volumes, of essays that have at different times been contributed by the author to high-class English periodicals. The first volume is devoted to criticisms on Spenser, Wordsworth and Sir Henry Taylor. It opens with a treatise on the characteristics of Spenser's poetry and is followed by a discussion on "Spenser as a Philosophic Poet." Two essays are about Wordsworth, one dealing with his "genius and passion," and the other with his "wisdom and truth," both in a forcible manner. The remainder is taken up by an able criticism on Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde."

In the second volume, the collection includes in addition to several literary essays, a number of discussions on ethical topics, the most interesting of which perhaps is "The Subjective Difficulties in Religion: Does Unbelief Come from Something in Religion or in the Unbeliever?" Essays are certainly not the most popular of current literature, but for profitable and entertaining reading, the volumes in question are among the best of the kind that have been brought to our notice for some time.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has in "Gouverneur Morris," made a valuable addition to the American Statesmen series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The word "biography" has in it little that will attract the general reader. This is due very largely to the way the market for half a century or more has been flooded with dull, aimless and uninteresting literature of this description. Mr. Roosevelt has a ready pen and his style is forcible. He has in the volume in question cast adrift the old tedious style of narrative, and has given the sketch of "Gouverneur Morris" a spirit that carries the attention of the reader through the entire volume. The idea is a good one, and other biographers will, we think, do well to follow the example.

The "Pocket Guide for Europe," by Thos. W. Knox (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a timely little volume which contains a great deal of concise information on questions that everybody who contemplates a tour of Europe asks. The author's aim has been to give a general outline of a Continental tour, but the "Guide" will be found especially interesting by those who have only a few weeks and a few hundred dollars at their disposal. A valuable feature is a chapter on "Travel Talk in Four Languages."

"Agatha Page," by Isaac Henderson (Ticknor & Co.), is a novel well worth reading, even in these days when the production of fiction seems to have no end. While a number of the characters are rather hackneyed, the author has displayed a force in their de-

velopment that takes them entirely out of the old rut, and renders them almost real. Agatha, the heroine, is a character on whom the affections of the reader are immediately centred, while the tale hinges largely on the attempts of Mercedes, a brilliant but scheming woman, to destroy her happy and ideal home. The interest is well maintained throughout. Should Mr. Henderson write a few more stories equal to this and "The Prelate," he will force himself to the front rank of modern popular novelists.

The Maximilian era has furnished background for innumerable pictures of Mexican life and adventure. In "Isidra," by Willis Steel (Ticknor & Co.), we have another story of this epoch added to the list. While perhaps rather improbable, it is bright, and will deeply interest those who like brigands, soldiers, intrigues, treachery, and love, all served up in one tale.

"Cloudrifts at Twilight" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the title of a collection of the poems of William Batchelder Green, author of "Reflections and Modern Maxims." The volume is nicely printed, and many of the compositions are strikingly good.

"Heartsease and Rue," by James Russell Lowell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The lover of good poetry will hail this volume with delight. In this age, when so much so-called poetry is current, it is truly a relief to turn to the work of a living master, and still more to find that this master has not yet reached the zenith of his magnificent career. The volume is gracefully introduced by

Along the wayside, where we pass, bloom few
Gay plants of heartsease, more of saddening rue:
So life is mingled; so should poems be,
That speak a conscious word to you and me.

And so the poems are mingled, and the grouping shows the scope that is covered. The first class bears the heading of "Friendship"; then follows "Sentiment", next "Fancy"; then "Humor and Satire"; and the volume closes with a collection of epigrams. The style is as varied as the scope, ranging all the way from the Elizabethan to the present, and affording an almost inexhaustible store of enchantment for the cultured mind.

A new volume of poems by Thomas Brown Peacock comes to us from G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains "Poems of the Plains," "Songs of the Solitudes," and "The Rhyme of the Border War." Mr. Peacock has the not very general quality of having something to say in his poetry, and of saying it. The world is every day becoming more practical, and Mr. Peacock well deserves the title

of practical poet. The volume contains a biographical sketch of the author and critical remarks on his poems by Prof. Thomas Danleigh Suplee.

Mrs. Wister possesses to a remarkable degree the talent, somewhat rare among translators, of preserving the force and beauty of the original—that local coloring which is as essential to the beauty of a novel as a good background is to a painting. Her translation—or, rather, adaptation—of Schobert's romance, "Picked Up in the Streets" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a decided illustration of

this happy faculty. In reading this interesting story, one seems actually to be with the heroine, Terra, in all the stages of her eventful career. The portrayal of the petty German court is so vivid, one seems to breathe its very atmosphere. The rigid and narrow-minded Princess Sybilla, the mischief-making lady-in-waiting and her even more disagreeable brother, the high-minded Rommingen, and the beautiful Terra, as well as the other people of the story, appear living realities, so faithfully are they drawn. It is an enjoyable story, and is exceedingly well written.

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for May.

It is the most dangerous time of our year. We are assailed by strong temptations in the form of warm breezes and occasional foretastes of summer heat to change our thick clothing for that of lighter weight; to linger for a few minutes upon a chilly corner, to discuss matters with a friend; or to let furnace fires go out—it is really so warm. When the frost is coming out of the ground, it has a power of imparting a chilliness to feet that even winter's ice did not possess; or perhaps the thick boots and overshoes have been laid aside—spring is really here, you know.

All such things make these May days dangerous, and the *AMERICAN* warns its readers to exercise double care during this month. No underclothing should be changed in weight, no matter what temporary aberrations thermometers may show in upward leaps, and an overcoat is quite as necessary as in January. It need not be worn continually, but it should be as constant a companion as the hat.

Women in spring are usually wiser than men in these matters; they do not discard their winter wraps until it is time to pack them away altogether; and the statistics of lung and throat diseases give them a partial exemption therefor.

It is particularly necessary that houses should be heated during these damp days. Air in cellars circulates through upper stories with perfect freedom, and if the furnace goes out below, chill rapidly penetrates above. It is better to have a warm room, with open windows, than sleep where the air is both damp and cold. In many parts of the country there is a fixed date to extinguish winter fires, and commence that annual sacrifice to filth that is called house-cleaning. But if in remote periods that date was a guarantee for summer's advent, times have changed, and we may now look for a cold north-east storm that has been regular enough

to have earned the name of "the May storm." In New England and the northern central States, this cold, wet snap seems to come later and stay longer each year, and everyone living north of Virginia should beware of its arrival, and not be caught unprepared. It is emphatically a dangerous corner.

I have been asked once more to say something anent the abuse of tobacco. It is almost fruitless to inveigh against its use, for there are too many millions of sensible people who find comfort in its smoke, solace in its company, and contentment in its effect. Yet the fact remains that with its increased consumption physicians find an increasing list of patients with heart derangement. Life insurance examiners now reject applicants for policies who have what is known as "tobacco heart disease," which disorder is manifested by palpitation, nervous fluttering, or irregularity of pulse, and inability to climb stairs or hills without shortness of breath. All these are symptoms of poison—and this universal toxic agent is tobacco.

When any one or all of these signs become manifest, a wise man will either quit poisoning himself or at least reduce the dose; but the trouble is, there are so few wise men!

The most harmless form of tobacco using is probably smoking through a narghile, or water-pipe; next, mild cigars of low grade, for the finer qualities of tobacco contain the most nicotine; and last, ordinary pipes. The most harmful forms are chewing, and especially cigarette smoking.

If our young people who are addicted to indulgence in the cigarette could see how and of what it is made, they might be induced to quit the practice, though I doubt it. It is fashionable, and that is enough for them.

A young society lady said to me recently, after listening to some such statement as the above: "Why, doctor, we ladies do not object in the least to cigarettes; in fact, we rather like the odor." And until our girls put their

veto upon the practice, I presume it will continue, with the certain result of a weak-nerved, soft-muscled, and short-winded race of men to come.

Moderate smoking by adults is not attended with much danger. On the contrary, many seem to derive actual power from it, but it is only seeming. The use of any poison can at best only be tolerated for a time; it can never be permanently attended with good effect.

Throughout this month, throat troubles are common, and among those that come under my observation I notice a preponderance of tonsilitis — the old fashioned quinsy sore-throat. Here is a simple remedy that is most effectual for that very uncomfortable disorder. Since using it, I have found it necessary to puncture a tonsil only once.

Carry in a pocket a small package of bicarbonate of soda (ordinary baking soda) and apply it gently to the affected tonsils with the tip of a finger. If the application is made hourly for two days, all inflammation will disappear. It is, however, best to avoid cold damp as much as possible. Sleeping rooms should have a plentiful supply of pure air, which is best obtained by opening windows. "But night air is not wholesome this damp weather," said a gentleman, lately. "My dear sir, what other kind of air is there in the night but night air?" was the reply. After a winter's depression of vital tone, and exposures to Arctic blizzards, a plentiful supply of oxygen is doubly necessary, and there should be no hindrance to free circulation of air while voluntary life is still.

If everyone would take half a dozen deep inhalations twice or three times daily, beginning with the arms hanging down and an empty chest, and gradually raising the arms until when the lungs are full they are stretched directly upwards, there would soon develop a sturdy power of resistance to cold that would add much to our comfort; and even in the chilliest of weather it is surprising how much warmer this makes a person feel, besides expanding the chest and enlivening the general system.

Surface rheumatisms, such as lumbagos, cricks in necks or pains about the ribs, are nearly always due to exposure to cold damp. An excellent remedy for slight attacks of this nature is the application of heated flannel upon which a few drops of spirits of turpentine have been sprinkled, to the part. Do not use red flannel. Since mineral have displaced vegetable dyes, there is no safety in any bright color, and several instances of severe skin poisoning have recently been traced directly to wearing red flannel under-clothing. If heat and counter irritation do not relieve, there is no home remedy equal to massage and electricity, which the family doctor will probably order promptly.

I saw a lady in a horse car lately take a coin

from her purse to pay fare, and put it in her mouth a moment while she replaced her glove. It seemed to me then that a long sermon might be preached from that text.

If the lady in question had considered the many foul places that coin had visited, the many filthy hands and possibly infected clothing it had passed through, and the serious danger she incurred of catching some contagious disease, I do not believe she would have put it between her lips, where absorbents are so numerous and active. It occurred to me, as I recalled a certain scarlet-fever stricken shanty down town, where there was a small store of just such coins in a cracked earthen jar, that if the lady had seen those surroundings, she would have wanted a pair of tongs to handle the coin, instead of putting it in her mouth.

It is one of those causes of the spread of infection that cannot be estimated. It is, however, so easy to avoid that a few warnings such as this will probably do good.

While upon this subject, hotel soaps will bear examination. Though it is to the interest of first-class hotels to furnish everything of the best quality, yet the soap found in their sleeping apartments is rarely so. Besides being of a cheap and nasty sort, it is left in rooms from one tenant's occupancy to another and another, until used up. Perhaps the person who washed with it last might have had itch or something worse that could be communicated to another with the utmost ease, especially if the skin were broken. Perhaps not; but who knows who was the last to wash with that half-worn-out cake of soap, that would have been when whole dear at a penny?

Europeans permit everyone to furnish their own soap; and when I have heard my countrymen complain of "want of conveniences," I have felt inclined to ask them if they thought a hospital for skin diseases ought to be attached to their hotels. Soap, good soap, is cheap, and twenty-five cents is not much to pay for the certainty of avoiding infection. Let hotel soap alone.

It is about time for the annual hegira to Europe to commence, and for numbers of people to hesitate about undertaking the journey for fear of seasickness. Many years' experience of sea life has taught me that for certain persons there is no such thing as a remedy at once effective and harmless. They must be seasick if on the water, in spite of everything, but it generally does them good. The majority, however, need not suffer at all. Here let me record my conviction that there is no excuse for using any powerful drug, much less for the exceedingly dangerous practice of stupefying a person with bromides or poisoning him with antipyrine, the latest proposed remedy. In itself, seasickness is rarely a serious matter, much less a dangerous one. Discomfort of an acute type is the

worst of it, and to avoid a few days of this, it would be certainly injudicious to poison one's self.

As long ago as 1876, I made a series of experiments upon seasick people with a special remedy, and since then they have been repeated with the same gratifying result. It is pretty well settled now that this disturbance is due to loss of nerve control, and that any remedy, to be effective, must tend in that direction; also, that doses which seem altogether incompetent by reason of smallness to do any real work have often a surprising efficiency when accompanied by personal influence and persuasion, where nerves alone are to be operated upon.

It might prove that the latter factor of my scheme was the greater, if this medicine had not proven effective when taken by the patient himself. At any rate, here is the prescription for all to try who wish, and it is absolutely harmless:

Into a tumbler of pure water put five grains of bromide of soda, two drops of tincture of nux vomica and two drops of wine of ipecacuanha. This must be taken in teaspoonful doses every five minutes—best from the hands of a medical man who will attend to

his business and not leave his patient. In half an hour the nausea usually disappears; in another the headache has gone and sleep comes. Upon awaking, there is a very active and hungry man looking for something to eat instead of the utterly dejected mortal of a short time before.

Nor does the malady usually return. A lady aboard the "Alliance," to whom I administered this remedy, had no further serious trouble, although the last twenty-four hours of the voyage was rough enough to make the oldest salt top-heavy.

Such doses of bromide as ten, twenty, or even sixty grains, daily for several days before sailing are always dangerous, sometimes causing insanity.

It is too great a price to pay for a trifling upset, and every sufferer from seasickness will hardly acknowledge it to be more than that—after he has landed.

As for antipyrine, there are several recent accounts in medical journals of fatal poisoning with this drug; reasons sufficient for its total abandonment by all except doctors.

"Better bear the ills," etc.

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.

TIMELY TOPICS.*

A Very Low Business Standard.

Now that poor old Jacob Sharp is dead and buried, and cannot enter into further conspiracies to defraud the city, State, or National government, is there not an opportunity afforded to be a trifle more lenient in our estimation of him than has been the case for some time? To be sure, he did use dishonest means to obtain Broadway for a surface railroad. Still he used these when he found there was no possibility of obtaining the franchise by honest methods. He was in Rome, and was forced to do as the Romans did. It is a safe supposition that no matter how large a price Mr. Sharp had offered the city for the Broadway privilege, he could not have obtained it without at the same time resorting to bribery. It was a clear case of "no bribe, no road." If he did not bribe, the project to run cars on Broadway must be indefinitely postponed; and if he did, the crime would be no greater if he paid the city nothing than if he paid a large price. Consequently, it is not surprising that he chose the cheaper course.

Judged by the ideal standard of right, the

financier was wrong; but measured by the lower and commoner standard of every-day business dealing, wherein every man is endeavoring to overreach his neighbor, Mr. Sharp does not appear as such a heavy villain. Here are two standards; and yet how many of our business men and politicians, who are so loud in their denunciations, could be tested by the higher one, and not be found wanting? The Broadway surface railroad has, without doubt, been one of the greatest of recent additions to New York City's conveniences, and the case in question seems to a slight extent to flavor of the end justifying the means, and to this slight extent at least let us give Jacob Sharp's memory credit on the ledger of justice.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

New York.

R. C. B.

New York City's Morality.

THE chief question that seems to be agitating the social mind is, Whether the standard of morality in New York is higher or lower than in other large cities?

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with letters and short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

To the Rev. Dr. Dix may perhaps be accorded the honor of popularizing the discussion, on account of his recent bold and cutting strictures on society women, though he dealt largely with society as a unit. It must be granted that sham and even shame do exist in New York society to an extent that is truly deplorable; it must also be admitted that many so-called society "ladies" and even "leaders" pursue coquetry almost to the point of imbecility; that they throw aside their modesty and prudence to an extent that is often disgusting; that they thrust behind them, in the search for the sensational, most of the offices and duties that belong to a good wife and mother; and yet, one who has traveled and has moved in the "best society" in many of the leading American and foreign cities can, with very little effort, treat the attacks on the morality of the Empire City with cynical composure.

Close observation has clearly convinced me that in no city are sham and shame more superficial in their relation to the *best* society than in my own. In every community there will naturally be an amount of evil in one form or another that will crop out at times and attract public notice. But, to my mind, it is a direct acknowledgment of unacquaintance, blindness, or pedantry, to say the metropolis is worse in point of social morality than other large cities. The actual society in New York is especially pure and refined—more so, I think, than that of any of the many large cities I have visited. And even in the lower social scale there is a decided feature that speaks favorably for the general morality of the city in question. I refer to the self-reliance, on the part of young women, that is generated by the rapidly growing field for females in respectable and responsible professional and clerical situations in our city. In the course of my foreign travels I was particularly struck with the utter helplessness of the young women of respectable though not wealthy families. To earn their living is considered a degradation; marriage is the cynosure of all their earthly ambition, and in the race for husbands which this condition calls forth the leaning is naturally far more toward the immoral than if the condition did not exist. At any rate the tendency is not elevating, and when we take into consideration the many avenues that are open to young women in our city in which they can make a comfortable living, without even dreaming of social deterioration, the conviction must, I think, force itself strongly upon us that in both the lower and higher strata of New York society, the morality is at least as high as that of any other large city.

Mrs. A. D. Y.

New York.

Emigration and Immigration.

THE study of this subject is, in a great measure, a study of causes and effects with regard to the countries involved. Taking, as a useful example, the German movement of population, which has lately taken precedence of all others in the eyes of the observing and reading public of Europe and America, we inquire the cause or causes of German emigration. Is it the incentive so often presupposed of the Irish emigrant—poverty, landlordism, official oppression?

At Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1682, was formed the first American colonizing company, which made its settlement at Germantown, Pa. During the famine of 1709, thirty-five thousand persons availed themselves of Queen Ann's offer of free passage to America; and from that time there has been a continuous stream varying in size more with the comprehension of oppression, than with the severity of it. For a whole century after the English queen's aid was given, the German peasant was in the condition of a serf. "Not till 1810, was freedom secured, and not till 1821, was every vestige of this ignominious bondage removed." They were at last allowed to become absolute proprietors of their little holdings, now dotted over the arable lands of Germany, like patchwork. But their possessions are loaded with taxes, and they have no voice in the government by which their freedom of motion and of speech are confined, not even in local affairs. Yet they, like their forefathers, would doubtless cling to and extol the country, notwithstanding; for it is an old-time custom to submit in quietness to the ruler's exercise of this and greater prerogatives, as by divine right.

Hard times at home has some effect, but the most directly felt and directly apparent grievance is the compulsory three years military service of every fairly able-bodied young man. The standing army is a standing grievance on the Continent. This compulsory service is one of the most obvious and egregious follies, idiotically rather than childishly shortsighted and impolitic. As marriage is strictly forbidden to the common soldiers during service, there are some of the very strongest incitements for these men, the hope and sinew of Germany, to seek their fortune in other countries as soon as the age of service approaches—between 20 and 25 years old. Their parents do not blame them, but approve of their making good use of these three of the best and most important years of their lives, instead of idling them away in garrisons, contracting evil habits for life, at the same time keeping alive the spirit of war and private feud: and beside, immensely increasing the expenses of government, to be wrung

out of the peasantry who are not of military age or sex.

The peasants' cottages in Bavaria have been characterized as pig-styes; and those in Nassau, as little better than Indian wigwams, though the farmers of that place are superior in their occupation.

In the mechanical trades another three years is virtually wasted in journeymanhip, traveling from shop to shop, for the fruit of the work is of one pattern over the whole eastern half of Europe, and westward to the Rhine; while outside of Germany one would not have the aid of his trade's-guild. As it is, journeymen sometimes come to begging. Every trade must follow the old way.

One reason for the large number of musicians in Germany is that there is in this profession a chance to rise, and the absence of rivalry and competition gives the artisan the necessary time for practice.

The lower classes regard this country and our ideas with favor; the higher classes, with the reverse. Here a farmer's wife or help would not think of performing the grosser out-door occupations, such as the loading of carts, driving oxen, working as hod-carrier, drawing hand-carts, which the peasant women there are obliged to do, partly because the men are compelled either by law or custom to waste so much time.

The difference between Catholics and Protestants in the greater part of Germany is, perhaps, less than anywhere else. Both churches are easy-going; the members and clergymen do not hesitate to indulge in a certain amount of social drinking, card-playing and theatre-going.

If we observe for sake of learning which provinces furnish the best, most easily assim-

ilated and Americanized class of German immigrants we can scarcely fail to choose the northwest German of Schleswig-Holstein, Westphalia, Oldenburg and Friesland, against the southern provinces, their houses and methods of living being in advance of those of South Germany. The North German farmer, indeed, might be able to teach us some improved methods of agriculture if we could get him here; but there, as elsewhere, the most comfortable class does not so readily emigrate. Yet the habits of the rest of Germany are not so fixed and constitutional that assimilation is hopeless. In the second generation, at least, Germans may become Americans. The work is one of the most important in our times, from the vastness and preponderance of German emigration.

Another nationality which is entering the Northwest we can doubtless assimilate more easily, as it is more like the original settlers of the Northern States: the Norse, under the name of Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Icelanders. The latter people are being compelled by calamities produced by nature to leave their beloved country, to escape famine; and the government which facilitates the settlement of this interesting, intelligent and moral people is following the dictates of a wise policy; and now is the time to do this for our own present and future interest. It is one of the Teutonic nations which is to predominate in this country. Shall it be, in the building up, as in the founding of the United States, the North-Teutonic principle of freedom by constitution and laws, which shall prevail? The strength and hope of any country lie in the character of its people.

Fairfax, Vt.

J. N. Eno.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Home Amusements.

Now, while young ladies are so accomplished there seems to be but little difficulty in getting up an amusement for a home evening. There are in the first place all the accomplishments. Young girls can learn the harp and the violin, and play both so well that the evening concert fairly rivals the professional one. Then comes the great army of charades, the play improvised on the spot out of a word, a few local incidents, a dream perhaps. Nothing is more amusing than this improvisation to those who have the talent. Then comes the study of costume which is necessary to the making of pretty dresses and picturesque groups. Such an entertainment called "A Night in Venice," can be made

very amusing by groups of girls who have arranged a Polish quadrille, a Swiss dance, a Russian, a Dutch, and an Italian group. The dances can be all studied from some book of the dance. The costumes can be made at home by the wearer, out of bits of cretonne, and red flannel, etc.

Then there is the new accomplishment of elocution. Nearly all young girls now are learning this elegant art, and they are committing to memory the best pieces of modern and ancient poetry. Let them be particular in their selections, and avoid the morbid, the sensational and the queer pieces often selected by the amateur speaker. Young ladies have a false idea that such pieces as "Ostler Joe," "Ginevra," and other equally sensational and feverish poems, are dramatic, and

will show them off. It would be far better if they would seek the pure well of old undefiled English, and learn pieces from the earlier poets, like Drummond of Hawthornden, Sir John Suckling, Dryden and Herrick. There is a compilation by Palgrave, called the "Golden Treasury," which is unusually rich in pieces suited to the young elocutionist.

Then the modern accomplishment of photography as practiced by young girls adds much to the amusement of the home circle. If by flashing a light the miraculous machine may take an instantaneous photograph, how amused every member of the family must be, who sees the expression of the one at the piano, the funny man, the smile of the young daughter, all put on the photographic paper instantaneously.

This accomplishment is invaluable to the young artist. If there is a studio in the house, the amusements are incessant, for the sketches can be brought down and talked over, while mamma mends the stockings and the artist in fancy work embroiders her satin screen.

Needlework has now become one of the fine arts, and the lace maker, the embroiderer, the knitter, enters the portal of the great temple whose worship ever leads us up higher. Emerson says that we are all delicate machines and that we require nice treatment to get from us the maximum of power and pleasure.

The native air of the mind is hard to find. Certainly, in gay, mixed fashionable society, there is no possibility of much individual expression; but in the home circle, one could blossom into the best individual advancement. How often a new friend introduced into the family causes all others to shine with a new lustre! It is like the brilliant flame of that match which is struck for the instantaneous photograph. Thoughts, fancies, humors glow; we are amazed at our own cleverness; we estimate our home with a new value; our old things are not so old after all; the members of the family have a new setting—like old gems, they reveal new brilliancy. We measure the sons and daughters by another meter. We kindle each other, and make life happy and brighter.

The fashionable routine has nothing like this. We may enjoy the infinite opulence, the gay movement, the music, the fine dressing, the attention to ourselves perhaps, the pageant as it passes; but we come away hungering and thirsting; it leaves us no legacy for rainy days.

What we need is a friend who will drop in to dinner, and be in tune with the whole family; somebody and his wife, whom we love and trust, who comes in from life similar to that we are leading—fellow-soldiers in the same great battle, with whom we can interchange a few leading ideas, words of mutual courage and help; these are what we need.

And it is a curious fact that when one sets out on any quest, the supply usually equals the demand. Knowledge, tact, agreeability, musical skill, culture in the best sense; people who have experienced all that helps to polish the manners and refine the soul, are all about us, ready to become our intimate friends, to visit us socially, if we can only find them out.

Eating and drinking together has endeared people of all ages. It is said that men must dine together before inaugurating any great enterprise. A supper is a good basis for a mutual understanding, and the simpler the better. All the stories of the great wits like Charles Lamb have much about the little supper, and the great sayings of Dr. Johnson had only the background of an indifferent tavern-dinner. Neither meat nor wine was so good as to be distracting.

Our own houses are our kingdoms, within which we may practice all the kingly virtues. There society begins.

"The domestic fireside is a seminary of infinite importance, and its duties are not all done when it has educated the group of children who grow up about it." It should be a beacon light to many a homeless wanderer in a great city, and especially should it gather in homeless boys—those who, just out of college or away from their own background, are trying to make their way in that pathless forest, a great city.

"The world is still deceived with ornament," and we are in danger of forgetting the underlying charm of simplicity, so that the effort to make a quiet evening at home amusing is often a failure in a great city. In New York, people of quiet tastes and who are fond of early hours, have tried to stem the torrent of the "German" and the great ball and the more formal dinner by entertainments which shall be less expensive and more rational.

Hence clubs have been formed for literary readings, music and games. The success has not been phenomenal. Sometimes the effort to be playful becomes elephantine, and that is not graceful. Free and easy entertaining must, like Sancho Panza's reading and writing, come by nature. A party, to be agreeable, needs sometimes a quality which those who give it have not got in their natures. Entertainers are born, and not made.

Society, as such, gets many cutting criticisms for its insufficiency. Everybody says, "Why, with all our wealth, talent, art, civilization—why have we no more agreeable réunions?"

People do not sufficiently realize that when society is reduced to a mercantile basis, and that when you invite me because you owe me a dinner, or when I make a dinner and

invite you to meet ten other uncongenial creditors of mine, that society has lost its charm.

Of course, like all great things, the lighting or cleaning of a city, for instance, this society paying of debts must be done, in a grand general manner, and the greater must swamp the lesser.

But the losing of the principle, which is generally supposed to be amusement, and retaining the outward form, is a miserable sham.

We wish to go to a dinner, to meet agreeable people; we want men and women to come to us, to amuse us.

To improve society, we must begin by improving ourselves; to have unity, you must first have units. We must learn to make our home evenings agreeable, before society will be agreeable.

It is a question of temperament, whether anybody is happy. Life could n't be lived did we see the whole of it before us. We must take it by minutes, and God give us courage and power to conquer the trials of every day.

The beginning and end of every accomplishment is to enable us to make somebody else happy, and we generally end by cheating ourselves into a great deal of happiness by the way. But if we start out in pursuit of our own happiness, we are very apt to have an overturn on the road.

There is in all young persons, a love of that sweet irrepressible intoxicating pleasure known as dancing, and when every other attempt at an evening entertainment fails, that comes in. Then there is the lawn tennis, the polo, the hunt, the opera, the theatre, the drive in our great crowded city, all awaiting the fashionable and the well-to-do. It would seem as if this were enough. But it is exactly in that set that the enquirer finds the people who complain of *ennui*.

The world, full of enchanting paths, vague, glorious, and tempting, opens before the young figure that goes gracefully dancing down its paths. The legacy of the world's romance is left to the young. We might as well attempt to close the throat of a song-bird who is just beginning to sing as to tell a young girl not to be gay.

And who wishes her to be told not to be gay? Her gayety is what keeps this dreary old world of blizzards and failures alive.

But her very gayety may be misinterpreted. It has been lately, even from the lips of divines.

There are ultra fast and fashionable women, whose salons are entertaining but not safe. Society is a mosaic, in which the false jewels shine more brightly than the true.

An instinctively pure and imperial nature, however, walks through such a salon to repudiate the bad and to extract the good; but how is it for those who are gentle, un-

suspecting, ignorant? How for those who are *only half good* and open to temptation—which is the position of more than half the world?

The influence of one "ultra fast and fashionable woman," whose principles are questionable, does more injury to society than a thousand essays can tell; and even a woman who has no particular vice, but only an idle love of pleasure, with this desire for a celebrity which is at best questionable, is one of the evil forces which are undermining the social reputation of American women at home and abroad. The presence of bad manners, loud, unconventional behavior, is attributed to bad morality, when it is simply a carelessness of outward appearances.

Now, if there were a beginning of home influences, home amusements and home culture, much of this might be obviated.

There is a fullness in life which needs no false excitements. Many of our best women in society are models of virtue and propriety, full of good works, thought, enjoyment of literature; filled with that exaltation of intellect which comes from contact with the best society. There is a generous outgoing of sympathy from the highest class to the lowest. To be a fashionable belle does not preclude the possibility of being a St. Elizabeth; but on the other side of the picture, the ultra fast and fashionable women are vulgar to begin with. They suffer much from that heavy *ennui* of the mindless. No purposeless visiting and chatting, nor, indeed, the triumphs of dress and what is called social success, can save a woman of idle spirit from *ennui*. Of this class, Horace Walpole made the scathing criticism that one-half of one's acquaintances in this world pursue the other half merely to get rid of themselves, to use up days which they cannot otherwise employ.

In contrast to this, imagine a home circle where each individual is bright and witty; imagine them getting up a set of Shakespearian dinner-cards for the family dinner-party; imagine each one cultivating herself to the highest point of excellence, with a view to making the evening at home a party to the wearied Papa or the anxious Mamma.

Unfortunately, some homes are rather dull and commonplace. No one seems to have much energy to make it gayer. Sarah gets very tired of Emily, and Emily does not enjoy Sarah. Papa comes in tired and disappointed, and Mamma finds her pleasure at the gayer *réunions* of society. Of course such dark places are hard to illuminate, but it can be done. One gay, bright member must strike the match, and take an instantaneous photograph of the best moment.

Mrs. John Sherwood.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

Confidence in Our Own Faith.

WITH a great many people, the considerable number of things they have doubt about prevents their appreciating what they have faith in, and getting from that faith the strength and assurance they otherwise might.

When Abraham was called out of Ur, he knew the Lord was going to use him, but had not the slightest idea *how*. He, however, did not fill his eye of faith so full of motes and beams of unfaith, as to make it good for nothing. It meant more to him that he knew the Lord was going to take him somewhere, than that he had no conception where He was going to take him. His solid crystals of assurance did not tumble apart in a warm bath of encompassing uncertainty.

Like Abraham, was the man born blind. He made queer work of the questions the catechetical Pharisees put to him:—"Can not tell you anything about the man that did it, but I can see." He did not see his way clear to be blind on account of his inability to account for his *power* to see. What he knew was as distinct from ignorance as though he had known more.

We have less need of more faith, than of recovering the faith we have, but have forgotten about, and of bringing out, and airing and wearing the convictions we have laid away in the drawer. I have great confidence in the policy of ventilating our religious convictions; by which I do not mean publishing them, but letting the air in around them.

I remember how on the farm we boys used to gather together the brushwood in Spring, and make bonfires of it, and the brush would burn for a while with a brisk hot blaze, and then begin to die down; and the smoke would curl and roll, and the whole performance become inexpressibly sooty and hopeless; till one of us, with his eyes running over with tears tortured from them by the settling smudge, would rush up with a long pole and push over the brush-heap, and away would go the smudge, and up would dart again the long tongues of flame. Bonfires need air. Convictions need air. Men are suffering from unoxegenated faith.

We get a little faith, and then we go and pack it away like a miser sticking gold coins under a loose board in the floor; like the poor fellow in the parable, digging a hole in the ground to put his lonely talent in. One talent would have been enough if he had kept it out of a hole and kept the napkin off it. We believe enough ten times over if we would not persist in winding our faith with waxed cerements and interring it in doctrinal graveyards.

We pray sometimes, "Lord, increase our faith." What if we should vary our supplication sometimes by crying, "Lord, raise our faith from the dead"? And then, having prayed that, supposing we should go about answering our own prayer by digging down and giving the poor strangled thing something to respire, and discovering that it was not death, but asphyxia!

Our faith becomes in time like trampled ground. We not only wear the grass off it by treading across it so much, but we get it so packed and crusted it will yield no grass. We settle into a condition of moral hard-pan; and for purposes of fruitage, hardened belief is not worth much more than hardened unbelief. It would be a great thing for us, as individual believers, if we would take just one of the cardinal doctrines of our own creed, keep it at our elbow for a week, get the grave-clothes off, and let it sit up in its own coffin and look about.

It is this which ails quantities of young men and women of our generation. It is not that they believe so little, but that they become so mentally ensnared in the mists that have been started up along the margin of their belief, that the belief goes out of sight altogether. In their distracted consciousness of what they do not know, they forget that they know anything, and incertitude becomes their dominant temper. A very thin mist will shut out the sun, and one question will make more racket in a man's mind, and create a denser smudge, than almost any number of affirmations.

For this reason, we deprecate the discussion in the pulpit of so many matters that lie out on the frontier of religion. We preachers are too apt to be like the divine in the story, who, having propounded his theme, said, "Now, brethren, I am going to discuss this under three heads: first, I am going to tell you what we all know about it; second, I am going to tell you what I know about it but you do not; third, I am going to tell you what there is n't anybody knows about it." And his congregation, of course, went home in the smoke. That discourse, like so many others similar, only put the hearers the further beyond the touch of their own convictions, gave them a vigorous push toward the conviction that they had no convictions, and doomed them to shipwreck by bringing down a fog upon the very coast to which their boat lay moored.

C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

New York City.

The State of Society.

WHAT is our own society? It has almost ceased to have a national tone: the old American life and ways are overlaid and hidden; this is the land to which enormous delegations from other lands migrate; it seems a great assemblage, a conglomerate of many and strongly contrasted civilizations. Nowhere has there ever been a better field for the devil's double propaganda; and all about us are the signs of his activity. True, there are checks which still restrain the evil, but each day some barrier gives way. To keep to the straight and narrow path of settled principle, clean living and purity of heart is harder now for our young people than it was a quarter of a century ago, because a false sentiment, widely influential, condones their excesses and even approves of their errors.

Note first, the execrable quality of much that the people read. To refer to the public journals is but to begin; they feed a taste for what is vulgar, coarse, and low, with copious daily supplies of stuff adapted to that unwholesome appetite. But these annals of degraded life are supplemented by fiction of the same tone, by novels whose heroes and heroines are libertines and light and fallen women, and whose plots are a network of seduction, adultery, divorce, murder and suicide; by that special kind of poetry justly named "the fleshly," in which this vile body of ours, with its stirring passions and their manifestation, forms the perpetual theme. Sensation novels, dashed with as much indecency as possible, and sensuous poetry, in which the ideal and the animal are one and the same thing, form a quality of mind and temper which finds further attraction in the drama, as we have it now; in large measure a repetition of the old, old story of the working of Lust, and garnished with dances which gratify man's sensual appetite and attest women's misery and shame. Such minds, such souls as these, may turn to Art for a new excitement, and they find it, in the imported works of foreign schools, such as we have referred to, and in those of a home school, which follows the lead of dishonor, and devotes itself, mainly, if not exclusively, to the delineation of lascivious and salacious figures. To these demonstrations of immoral craving and declining taste, response is made by the bookstalls and news-stands on the street, and by many a shop window, where vile wood-cuts and engravings meet the eye, and help on the work of corrupting the public mind; and no doubt the thing would be much worse than it is, but for the agency of the police, who, under the indignant protest of decent citizens, compel the dealers in obscene literature to keep within bounds.

It would be painful to enquire what kind of life is developed under the influences thus at work for our ruin; to gauge, with the line and plummet of God's Word and law, the demoralization of society. For some of this there may be excuse; for example, think how the lowest classes live, in tenements, crowded together in such wise that it is impossible to be decent; that children cannot be brought up like Christians; that young men and women can hardly by any chance be kept honest, chaste and pure. But what shall be said of the higher classes, for those whose sins are without justification, and denote simply carelessness, irreligion, unbelief?

Look how young girls are trained; in softness and luxury, with the one idea of making a figure in society and a brilliant marriage; of making the most of their physical advantages, and alluring the other sex by the acts best adapted to that purpose. See them on the drive through the troubled social sea; at their lunch parties, with a dozen courses and half as many kinds of wine; at the opera, immodestly attired; at the ball, giving the whole night to dissipation; at the summer haunts of fashion, without due oversight or sense of responsibility, treated with easy familiarity by careless men, and apparently without a vestige of an idea of what is due to a gentlewoman from a man. Listen to the low gossip among these young women; to the broad speeches and unclean stories, by which they are prepared for the final surrender of the last idea of propriety and of all faith in the honor and virtue of men.

Then pass on, and let us look at the woman as married; married, perhaps, for her money, or marrying some man for *his* money, without love, and often without respect. Married, but with no idea of living thereafter under bonds; resolved to be more free, and to enjoy life more; eager for admiration, athirst for compliments and flattery; so that the husband early drops into a secondary position, and some other man, who does the madly-devoted for the time, engrosses the larger share of her thoughts. Follow out this subject till you come to the divorce suit, and the separation; and thence to the next marriage, when those whom Christ and the Gospel forbid to marry so long as some one else liveth, snap their fingers at the attempted restriction, and commence a second partnership without fear and without remorse. We all know that these are the commonest things of the day. We see men freely moving in high places whom no respectable woman should permit to cross her threshold; notorious immorality condoned for the sake of great wealth; grave social scandals, widely known and openly canvassed, though the actors are received with open hand and made welcome as before; flirtations going on between persons each of whom has

plighted troth to some one else, and thus stands perjured before man and God: men languishing after the wives of other men, and married men running after young girls and paying them attention, with the devil's look in the eyes and the devil's thoughts in the heart; and women, young and old, permitting these demonstrations, agreeably entertained and flattered by them, glad to find themselves still able to make conquests.

There are, undoubtedly, persons among us who prefer vice to virtue and the excitement of animal passion to the testimony of a good conscience and a pure heart; who like the stimulus of sin and would deem it an awful misfortune and an unspeakable affliction to have to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. Our danger is not in the fact that there are such as these in the world, for such have there always been; but the danger here is reached when no strong public opinion is against them, when a general approval hardens their hearts; when others who would live orderly and honor-

able lives find it up-hill work to do so; when chastity and modesty are sneered at, and those who will not join hand in hand with these sinners are bidden to stand off, and keep out of the way, and hold their tongues, nor interfere with this grand business of enjoying the pleasures of this present world.

I have gone as far as I care to go, and yet have done no more than to skim the bubbling caldron and take off what comes to the top, leaving the black broth below, a thing too foul to be described. But the scum is an index to what is underneath; and if these things whereof we have spoken go on in sight, what, think you, goes on out of sight? How appalling must be the record of one night only, when the shadow lies black on this vast city! What crimes must that deep gloom conceal; what sights to scare good angels away!

Morgan Dix, D. D.

New York City.

THE PORTFOLIO.

Intensely Intellectual.

I THOUGHT I detected a wicked gleam in Ben's eyes, but everything was done so quietly and Mrs. R., the lady to whom I was introduced, was such a quaint, charming, little woman, that I was completely off my guard.

Mrs. R. was dressed in a soft gray gown, peculiar to the Quaker sisters. About her shoulders was folded a delicate lawn neckerchief, and her hands were gloved with the utmost nicety. As she seated herself in one of the wide armed rockers and let her eyes wander over the expanse of ocean, her expression was sweet and dreamy.

"Do you like the ocean?" I at last ventured to enquire.

No answer. She must be deep in thought and does not hear me.

"Do you like the ocean?" I repeated considerably louder. Still she did not answer; a shadow seemed to pass for a moment over her sweet face.

How stupid of me, I thought; perhaps the sea recalls no pleasant remembrances.

"Isn't this a magnificent day?" I next ventured, thinking this question surely conventional enough to deserve an answer. But the silence remained unbroken.

Well this is rather queer, I repeated; perhaps she is intensely intellectual and scorns such sorry platitudes as the weather.

"What do you think of Von Hartmann's Philosophy of Disenchantment as an exponent

of the more recent German thought?" I next queried. Still the awful silence. Suddenly a light shone upon me. Why of course the lady is a Quaker and will reply only when addressed in her own peculiar dialect.

"Hast thou been in this locality long, friend?" Still the saintly eyes scanned the horizon, but never so much as a murmur in reply.

The situation had become decidedly embarrassing. What should I do; leave her apparently absorbed in the universe? As I turned to go away I heard my wicked friend, convulsed with laughter.

"For once we are quits," he said; "that poor woman is stone-deaf, and even Gabriel's trumpet would very likely fail to arouse in her the least emotion."

A. C. B.

Batavia, N. Y.

A Well-planned Revenge.

FROM my boyhood I have much disliked practical jokes. I do not now remember ever having played one on anybody, with a single exception, and that brought down such dire vengeance upon my head that I never tried another. Indeed, if it had not been for my profession—that of a clergyman—I should most surely have seriously contemplated ordering "coffee for one and pistols for two," as probably nothing short of a duel would have satisfied my thirst for retaliation.

While I was a student at Amherst College I had for a class-mate a fine-looking and promising young man whom I will call James Edmunds. In common with many students, he had a hobby. His was a liking, nay more, a perfect infatuation for the writings of Horace. Many half hours, and whole ones too, aside from his necessary studies, had he devoted to translating the writings of this, his favorite author. In his dissertations, essays, and debates, there would frequently crop out the words, "as the eloquent poet of antiquity has said," followed by a quotation from Horace. Indeed, so frequently did this occur, that he became, unconsciously, a laughing-stock of his class.

It was in our Senior year, when, one afternoon as I was returning to my boarding-place from the cobbler's, where I had been to get a boot that had been patched, my eyes fell upon the piece of newspaper wrapped about it, and I began to read. At that time Horace Greeley was in the beginning of his career, and the article I was reading was a report of an eloquent speech he had made in Boston, in which he had introduced a fine description of the hills of New England. I tore off the word Greeley, and reserving such of the article as suited my purpose, crossed the street to the house where my friend Edmunds had his room. On entering I began, "Here, Edmunds, did you ever see this quotation from Horace?" and handed him the bit of newspaper. He read it, and went into ecstasies over it, wondering where it was to be found, in what particular poem, etc., and actually spent a good part of the evening, as he afterward told me, in trying to find it in his "Horace." He thought it descriptive of the hills of Italy; and imagine my astonishment when he actually incorporated it into his next essay. I kept my secret, and neither students nor professors discovering the fraud, the time rolled rapidly on, and Commencement Day drew near. Edmunds and I both received appointments, and when we had prepared our orations, we agreed to submit them, each to the other, for criticism before the important day arrived. Accordingly, one evening we met to do so, and what was my dismay to find that he was again going to use the quotation from Horace Greeley, preceded, as usual, with the words "as the eloquent poet of antiquity has said." I felt I could hardly allow this, and on the next day I sent him a note through the post-office, which ran as follows:

EDMUNDS, MY DEAR FELLOW—Believing the joke has gone far enough, allow me to inform you that the description of the mountains I gave you, and which you so much admire, was written of the hills of New England, by Horace Greeley.

Sincerely yours, SPENCER.

On my way to recitation the next day, I met Edmunds, and received from him a rather

cool salutation, which I was obliged to confess to myself I deserved.

Commencement Day had come and gone. Our college life was over, and we separated; he entering Andover Theological Seminary, and I going to another divinity school. Years passed away, both of us began preaching, Edmunds settling in Connecticut and I in New Jersey. During my first winter as pastor, I prepared a series of lectures upon the early life of the colonists in New England, and upon the Revolutionary War. After delivering the first one I was gratified at seeing a synopsis of it in our village paper, and, marking the article, I sent it to Edmunds, with whom I had kept up a desultory correspondence. In a few days I received a cordial note from him, in which he expressed regret that he had not composed one of the audience. "By the way," he added, "if you care for it, I will send you a piece of 'Plymouth rock,' and you can use it in illustrating the landing of the Pilgrims on the 'stern and rock-bound coast' of New England." I replied immediately, thanking him for the offer, and assuring him that I would be much indebted to him if he would send me the piece of rock, for I had been invited to repeat my lecture in a neighboring town, and the young people, especially, would be sure to be interested in such a relic. So in the course of a week I received by express a box containing a good-sized piece of rock, which I carried with me to the next town, where it created a decided sensation. I invited those of my audience who desired a closer inspection of the original "Plymouth rock," to come up to my desk at the close of the lecture. Many did so, evincing much patriotism and enthusiasm over the relic. Indeed one young lady asked me if I would have any objection to placing it upon the floor, that she might put her foot upon it, and so imagine herself a Pilgrim just landing from the "Mayflower." So large was the specimen that I could afford to be generous with it, and, accordingly, I chipped off several pieces of it for my friends. I had for some time been contemplating setting up a cabinet, having collected quite a large number of mineralogical and geological samples, and I established one now, placing my piece of "Plymouth rock" in the most prominent compartment.

Early in the following spring I was asked by another college friend to give my lecture upon the early Pilgrims, in his town in Massachusetts, which was but a few miles from the place where Edmunds was located. So it was arranged that we should meet. I went, saw Edmunds, talked with him about the old times, and lectured as requested. Again I exhibited the piece of rock, which by this time had dwindled considerably. The next morning I bade my friends good-bye, and as I

shook hands with Edmunds he gave me a note, saying, "Read that on your homeward journey." I slipped it in my vest pocket, intending to read it immediately, but on entering the stage which was to convey me to Springfield, I found an old acquaintance of my father, and became so engaged in conversation with him, and so lost in admiration of the fine scenery on this route, that I forgot all about the note until I was aboard one of the Sound steamers, bound for New York. Alone in my state-room that night, I found the forgotten note. Opening it, the reader may imagine the chagrin with which I read as follows:

SPENCER, MY DEAR FELLOW—Believing the joke has gone far enough, allow me to inform you that the piece of Plymouth rock sent you by me, and the object of so much curiosity, is not from Massachusetts, but from Plymouth, Connecticut.

Sincerely yours, EDMUNDS.

Had any of the passengers been on deck at an early hour the following morning, a lone, melancholy man might have been seen dropping into the swiftly-flowing waters an oddly shaped piece of rock, and thence pursuing his voyage a sadder but a wiser man.

For some time afterward, I was kept busy writing to my friends who possessed specimens of the bogus rock, that I had been the victim of a practical joke. It is, perhaps, not surprising that I have lost my interest in the real and only original rock, and I think the sight of any big stone is fully as interesting to me as would be that historical one at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

K. St.-J. Hurd.

Stray Hints to Travelers.

As the time will soon be here when most people go "to the country"—wherever that is—a few hints from a lifelong wanderer may, perhaps, command respectful attention.

Always carry as many bundles as possible; they occupy the mind as well as a couple of extra seats in the car.

It is a good plan to start for the station two or three hours ahead of train-time, and run most of the way. You will thus have an opportunity to read all the signs on the walls of the waiting-room, study the rules and regula-

tions of the road, count the seats in the room, and obtain other valuable information.

Never place any reliance upon the sign-boards you see about the place, relating to the departure of the next train. Always consult the ticket-agent; he is used to it.

When you hear a gong ring somewhere, grab up your bundles and make a wild rush for the train; it amuses the crowd.

About twenty minutes before train-time station yourself near the door leading to the cars, and wait. When the door-keeper announces "Special express for Buffalo, Chicago and the West!" quickly step to his side and ask him if this train goes to Squedunk. If he doesn't know report him for insolence, or carelessness, or negligence, it doesn't matter which.

Before boarding the train, ask a brakeman if this car goes to Squedunk. After carefully arranging your bundles on four seats, raise the window, if you can; otherwise don't, as you might burst a blood-vessel, or break your suspenders. Now hunt up somebody and inquire if this train goes to Squedunk. Never on any account consult a time-table, as it is very trying to the eyesight.

Always forget which pocket your ticket is in.

If you would impress people with the idea that you are an experienced traveler, keep your head out of the window most of the time; you may get it knocked off.

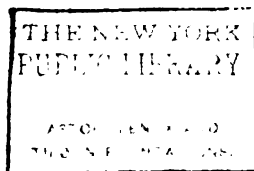
When the train halts twenty minutes for refreshments, dash to the lunch counter, scare a sandwich down your throat with three gulps of hot coffee, hold it down with a piece of cocoa-nut pie, grab a doughnut, and run for the train. The doughnut will amuse you the rest of the twenty minutes, perhaps the rest of the day, and deprive you of the rest of the following night.

Two hours before you reach your destination, gather all your bundles about you where you can seize them at a moment's notice. Then sit perfectly still. These last two hours of the journey pass very rapidly when thus employed.

Be on your feet a considerable time before the train stops. You will reach the door with a rush when it does.

Geo. Peterson.







CHARLES DICKENS [The Junior].

From a Photograph by N. Sarony.

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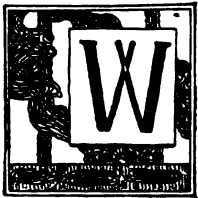
JUNE, 1888.

No. 2.

ALONG THE CARIBBEAN.

III.—BARBADOS: THE ELBOW ISLAND.

BY DR. WILLIAM F. HUTCHINSON.



HERE the great curve of peaks that projects from the blue Carib sea to represent all that is left of lost Atlantis, in islands of picturesque scenery and matchless climate,

makes its most acute angle, a traveler leaves his southwesterly course and makes a direct run of a hundred or more miles eastward, to reach Barbados.

For a week he has feasted every sense upon pictures of scenery as strange as lovely, and has recognized in smoking mountains and riven rocks some evidences of the awful forces that buried a continent miles below the waves and left these verdure-clad peaks the only monuments to a race destroyed. Exquisite floral forms act as setting to a fauna exuberant and wonderful, all of a type peculiar to volcanic lands beneath a torrid sky, and sharp-pointed rocks dip straight into the blue sea thousands of fathoms from an upper ascent of equal height. The ocean bed spreads out in level plains diversified by rolling elevations, where pre-historic man may have pastured herds, built cities or made long journeys to these *pitons* where we now arrive only by

steamer, but where all natural environment remains as our ancestors left it when they were so relentlessly submerged by destroying waves.

No relics of their existence remain, it is true; but the eons that have passed since their disappearance is reason for that, especially when one considers how rapidly tropical heat and decay attack all things inorganic as well as more complex forms. An explorer in the deep, close forests of these islands, while he fails to discover footprints of bygone ages, finds a life that differs in material points from nearest continental forms, and leaves him to wonder whence it came.

A dozen years or so have passed since the pioneer naturalist searched these wilds, but Mr. Ober's example has not been followed, and the deep forests of Dominica, Saint Lucia and Martinique, in spite of strong temptation, remain as he left them, unexplored.

Far in these dim recesses, where only blacks penetrate, and they but rarely, there is concealed a beauty altogether primitive and unique, beneath a sky that is steadily serene in winter months, while the temperature is that of Northern June.

To all this, Barbados is an exception dressed in green and white. Approach-

ing its soft slopes from the westward, one is strongly reminded of carefully cultivated English hills, an illusion which disappears only when the harbor is entered. But while running down the coast from the north, there are few things to mark the difference, at least from twenty miles away.

No mountain ranges accentuate outlines that grow blue as they recede until lost in the bluer sky; no patches of dark color mark where thick forests lie, and no signal gleam from falling water shows where a white cascade catches sun-rays and sends them back to the watcher to tell where it lies hidden.

Every rood of land is light-green or snow-white at that distance, with dividing lines marking fields; and under a strong glass these are resolved into trim farms, with windmills or tall chimneys to give the needed working power. Drawing closer, the land becomes characteristic, and it is plain that a new formation is before us.

There is nothing ancient in these low hills of coral stone, or shelving shores; nothing that appeals to geologist nor naturalist; only a new world for the student of human nature, who finds in this library whose volumes are mostly bound in black, many a pleasant problem to be worked out beneath a lovely sky and with congenial surroundings. As this island is beyond the curving arm of land that stretches out from the Antilles to South America it may be fitly called the Elbow Island, occupying, as it does, in this grand chain exactly the position of that prominence upon a human being.

As we sailed into Carlisle Bay, the harbor of the island, early in last February, an air of prosperity and business was seen at once. More than a hundred sail of many flags were anchored, among them a noble British squadron of nine men-of-war. Boats were pulling about in every direction, and speedily surrounded us, to tout for passengers ashore, as we carefully sidled to our position and let go anchor. They carried any and everything, these boats, invariably demanding double fare at first, the custom hereabouts. But we were used to that, and a shilling apiece was all they got. Before us lay the city of Bridgetown, low in buildings, red as to roofs, spread out three miles in length

by two inland, dominated by a cathedral tower, and half hidden in greenery. Rounding the breakwater, called the carenage, for they tip vessels half-over here to scrape them clean, we ran alongside a stone quay and were ashore, to be surrounded by a crowd of darkeys intent upon earning a penny from the newcomers. "Here am I, master!" "Your boy John, master!" "I's Uncle Sam boy William, master!" "Dis de way to de ice-house, master!" *et usque ad nauseam*.

Most travelers who come here report the negroes insolent, devoid of education and bristling with petty annoyance. It is odd, perhaps, but I have never seen all this. They are persistent, it is true, but where human life is crowded as here, and pennies are hard to get, why should they not be? During a stay of weeks in Barbados, I have always found the blacks polite and accommodating, even to each other.

My coachman dropped his whip one day; an old man came some distance after him with it, and the acknowledgments of service and reception thereof would have done credit to more assuming people of lighter skin.

I think that the density of population is what impresses a stranger most. It is like living aboard a man-of-war, where men are as thick as bees, and space for another one seems difficult to find. There is absolutely no privacy. Out from the town of Bridgeport, as far as you choose to go, the roads are like streets, with little boxes of houses along the wayside, each holding a numerous family, while troops of negroes stroll along the white way. Sit for a moment beneath a *lignum-vitæ* or bread-fruit shade, and negroes spring up from the ground to gaze and wonder who you are. This teeming concentrated human life is the first novelty that a tourist sees.

In an area of one hundred and sixty-six square miles, one hundred and eighty thousand human beings live, and apparently live comfortably well. It is, perhaps, the most densely-crowded territory known, and this state of affairs makes itself evident at once in every part of the island.

Streets are crowded from building to building all day long, as a New York



THE CHIEF MOTIVE-POWER OF BARRADOS.

pavement is in the forenoon. The people are almost entirely good-humored blacks, clean, and neatly dressed in white. My driver, William, went through this mass at a steady trot, and they got out

One of their little houses, in many instances not more than ten feet square, can be rented for about two dollars a month; and water is free. So they get on very comfortably, and, except from habit,



A PUBLIC MARKET.

of his way easily, without a word of such abuse as is common in Northern towns, not often needing his warning, "Look out da! Hi!"

My camera was a continual source of wonderment. They know that "de master takes picturs wid dat masheen," but that is all, and its production in the most secluded spot imaginable would bring together within two minutes an audience large, attentive, admiring, but never annoying.

They live very simply, these children of the sun. For food, fruit, flying fish and yams are nearly enough, are nutritious, and cost but a trifle, say a penny or two a day. For clothes, plain, white material which covers them completely, except feet that are always bare, and an aged straw-hat, picked up somewhere, is really more than they need in a climate where clothes are a burden, and Edenian attire something to be longed for. They cost little more than fig-leaves.

do not often beg. That your dog should come up and ask for food does not seem more natural than that these negroes should hold out their hands for a penny, and the brute animal takes a refusal with much poorer grace than the human. A stranger driving past (and every visitor bears his cachet upon his forehead), represents wealth, intelligence and undisputed superior authority—why should he not be asked for a penny? Clearly there is no reason whatever.

Occasionally they are malicious. My friend Reed had a lot of fine fowls poisoned not long ago because a neighbor's cook was jealous of his; and such petty crimes, the result of jealousy or spite, are not infrequent.

In a certain way, they are religious. That is, they attend church regularly on Sunday, pay their mites cheerfully and respond vigorously. The Church of England controls the island and has numerous parishes, which are well supported by

government subsidy and tithe taxation, and are well attended.

It is a simple impossibility to make them moral. In order to marry, a certain license-fee is needed, and it is customary for the woman to purchase the house, saving, penny by penny, the twenty-five dollars necessary to pay for the little box which to them is home, besides the price of the furniture. But it is so much easier to avoid this and have the money to spend for bright ribbons or a stunning gown, that a large majority of black women become concubines by choice. This condition is not regarded as shameful in the least, and many refuse altogether to marry when they have the chance, alleging the un wisdom of binding themselves for life to an untried partner. "Suppose he done turn out bad, master, den what I do?" answered one of them yesterday to my question of why she did not marry.

It is not far back in the history of these islands to voodoo and fetich worship, the essence of which is fatalism; and this doctrine has descended unchanged to the present. My man dropped a focusing glass the other day, with damaging result at this distance from New York. It was not much use to abuse him, a result he was expecting, and he turned away wrath with the remark, "De will ob God mus be!" which I learned afterwards was a common expression among them to account for a lapse or accident of any kind.

In an article upon these islands, the chief question must be their future and their future inhabitants. Recent writers, among them Mr. Froude, have given it as their opinion that the whites must gradually disappear; then the blacks, deprived of restraining and civilizing influences, will relapse into barbarism. A long acquaintance with these beautiful lands and careful study of this problem has convinced me that only the first part of the proposition is correct.

That whites must go to the wall when subjected to competition with colored men equally competent to fill their places and able to work for less than half their wages, is a self-evident fact; and this competition is driving young white men out of the island, never to return. A leading merchant told me to-day that he had recently replaced three of his clerks who had left

his employ from various causes, with colored men, adding, "And they are doing better, steadier work than the others, at a far less rate of pay."

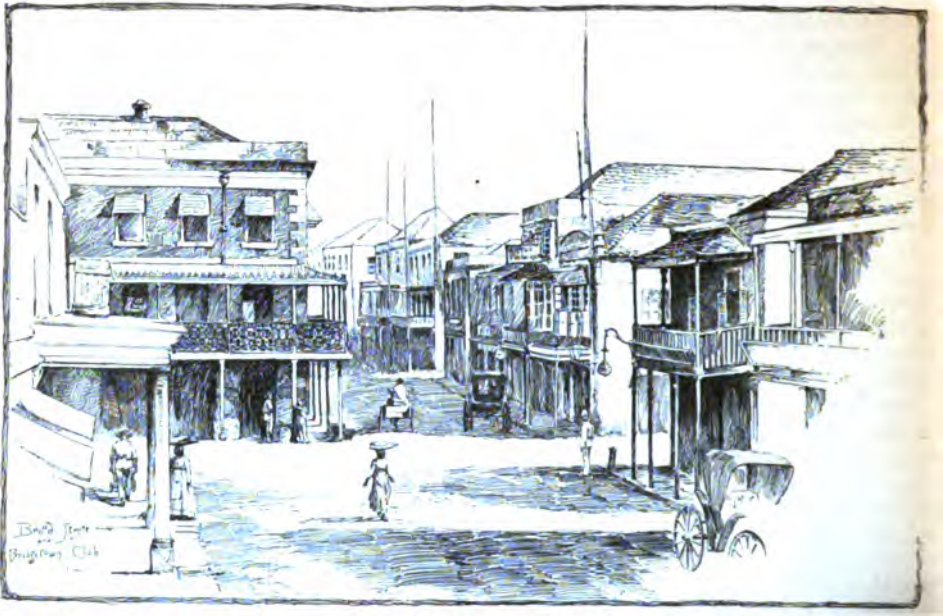
This extermination seems to be a foregone conclusion, dependent upon natural law. But, so long as England holds her empire here, and there is not the smallest sign of any change, so long will law prevail and order reign. Nor would civilization retrograde in any event. Leading colored men and their compeers are ambitious, determined and able. To show the world that they are competent to follow the path traced for them, or even to improve upon it, is a task congenial and easy.

Every inch of Barbados soil is teeming with cultivation, and the inhabitants have no vast forests nor wild mountain recesses where guerrilla bands may live for years in security.

The negro's experience with whites here has been always kindly; oppression and wrong are unknown. Over in Hayti, whether the ruler was French, Spanish or native, his administration was ever a record of robbery, rape and murder. Only too ready to follow examples so congenial to their natures, Haytien negroes have surpassed their teachers, until in a large section of the island voodooism is the only religion, and cannibalism a practice not unknown.

But the student of sociology will see no such prospect for Barbados when the readjustment of real estate values, now in progress, shall have been accomplished and people know exactly where they stand. I predict a long future of prosperity for this spot that nature has so highly favored, and a steady development of its colored people until they become quite equal to their white friends, who now associate with them freely, and esteem them highly. I have written thus at length upon this important subject, because my sources of information are different from Mr. Froude's, my point of view from another plane; and because it is but just that the people themselves should have a right to tell their own story in their own way.

Barbados should be, and is, one of the healthiest places in the world. Drainage is natural, water percolating easily through three or four hundred feet of



BROAD STREET AND BRIDGETOWN CLUB, BARBADOS.

porous coral rock until it reaches conduits to the sea, and the water supply is copious and pure. Devoid of forests, its entire surface is swept by constant breezes that come from the wide sea only, which reduce sensible temperature so wonderfully that a thermometer reading eighty or eighty-five degrees, marks only a comfortable heat.

Food supplies are excellent and cheap. Fruits and vegetables are fresh every month in the year, and meats are better than in many a Northern market.

Indeed, one may pass months in this delightful atmosphere with every advantage of a cruise at sea and without its unpleasant accompaniments. It seems particularly adapted to bronchial diseases and exhaustion of nerves from overwork, where it is necessary to be quiet and avoid all excitement.

Worry and trouble speedily disappear before its soothing influence, and sleep comes easily to eyes that have long been strangers to its balmy reinforcement. Mails are infrequent, and cablegrams at three dollars a word an expensive luxury, so that business cares may be readily left behind.

It is no place for consumptives who have passed beyond the bronchial stage.

Softening of tissue will proceed rapidly in this humid warmth, and the Atlantic breezes that bring with them quietude to worn-out nerves and rest to tired brains, act with fatal effect upon lungs already far advanced in disease. Such cases are better at home.

Probably, the best way of living for a family that comes to stay several months, is to rent a house at Hastings or Fontabelle, the two chief suburbs of Bridgetown, and have their own home. A comfortable house for four or five persons can be found for twenty-five or thirty dollars a month; and servants, better than ours on the average, can be hired at from one to four dollars a month. There is no difficulty in getting a pleasant place a mile or two from the town, as horse-cars run to all the principal suburbs; and, once at home in the new climate, its highest advantages may be attained.

Artists will find constant amusement and difficult studies in the peculiar color effects that are so hard to catch. Just wherein it lies, I cannot tell; but there is something extraordinary in the light of Barbados. My camera, quite trustworthy at home and in the Western Caribbean, plays me strange tricks of over

and under exposure upon the same plate. No views out of doors can be made instantaneously, and there is no certainty what the developer will reveal.

And the same disturbing element exists with colors. Black and white quite fail to express tropical effects; and so does the brush, at least as far as I have seen. One may try as hard as possible to catch the green of yonder breadfruit tree or mass of changing crotons, but before the sketch is done, it is usually destroyed—an utter failure. With longer time some one will learn, doubtless, but no one seems to have done it so far.

Driving is a perennial delight. Roads of rare excellence wind in and out of shady groves in town, and extend over the island in every direction. Horses are fair, and can be hired at reasonable prices; so, few people walk. A handsome two-horse

wretched in appearance as a rule, get one about cheaply enough. Twelve cents a mile is certainly a moderate price for two occupants, and that is what the charge is.

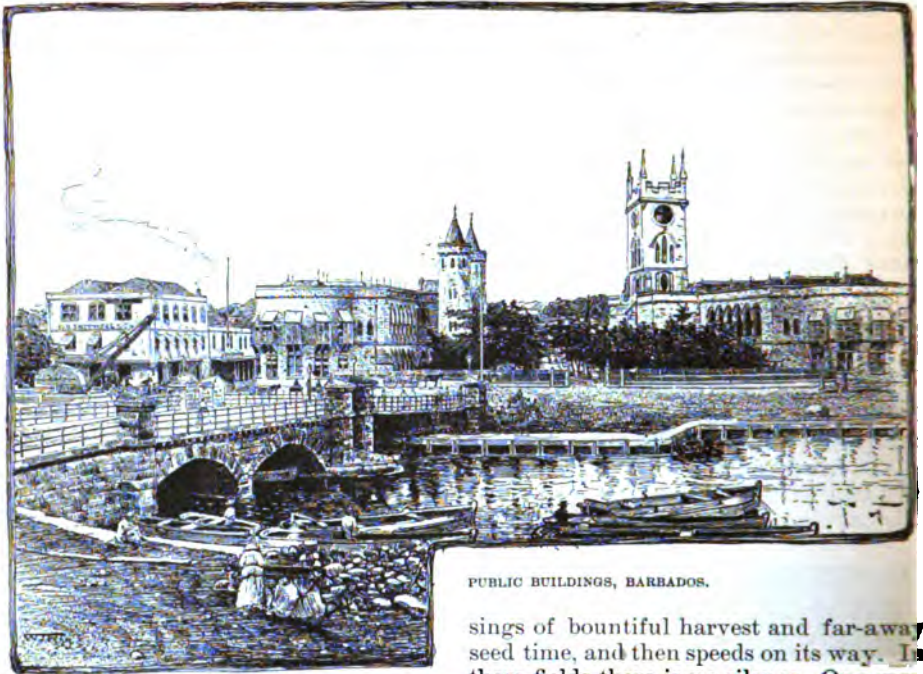
By the courtesy of Mr. R. H. Skinner I have before me a "Catalogue of Books in the Public Library of Barbados," wherein fifteen thousand and forty-four volumes are set down, besides two thousand and more magazines and periodicals. To the cool and spacious rooms in what would be a town-hall anywhere else, every stranger is warmly welcomed and made at home. It would be difficult to find a pleasanter place to pass an hour daily than among the well-chosen books of this library. Rule II of the governing code provides that "Books not wholly of reference may be lent from the library at the discretion of the librarian to parties resident in the island"; and by a polite



A TYPICAL BARBADIAN HOUSE.

landau, carrying five beside the driver, can be secured for eight dollars a day for a journey of twenty miles each way, which will carry one pretty well across the island. Cabs are many, and though

construction all visitors are considered residents to this extent, so that one need not be at a loss for reading matter. There is also a circulating periodical library on High Street, conducted by Shepherd &



PUBLIC BUILDINGS, BARBADOS.

Co., where for a monthly subscription of twenty-five cents all magazines up to the same value may be taken new every month, and for a small addition the quarterlies as well.

One can have a delicious sea-bath every day in the year. A reef of coral sand effectually protects swimmers from the immense sharks that infest all these seas, and the water is of a velvety softness that tempts to long indulgence. Daily baths are a necessity where the skin is so active, and a native would sooner neglect his breakfast than his dip.

The leading industry is sugar, and this year's crop is expected to be a phenomenal one, seventy-five thousand tons being the hoped-for yield, which, at three or four cents a pound, will amount to a handsome sum. All the fields of brilliant green are cane, shading up from a delicate pea tint with under color of buff, to a dark grass green with whose deep shadows the peculiar light of this island plays strange freaks. Sometimes, watching a field, it is almost black, and then, as sunbeams catch it bending over, it will seem red. Through its tall stalks and hanging leaves the ever-present breeze

sings of bountiful harvest and far-away seed time, and then speeds on its way. In these fields there is no silence. One may almost see and hear the growth, so plain is the creaking and rustling that is going on around, so rapid the increase in size.

The process of manufacture of sugar from cane has become so familiar as to need no further description here; and I shall only quote a few figures to show how cheap labor is in Barbados. For ordinary work in fields or about the mill, which is usually driven by wind, as in the illustration taken from an estate named Rockleigh, men receive twenty cents a day, women twelve, and children eight to ten. It must be confessed, however, that they do not seem to overtax themselves. For a few weeks when grinding goes on, all is bustle and hurry, with a large amount of noise and fuss to help the work along; the rest of the year, laziness. Much of this belongs to the race everywhere in tropical lands, but would scarcely be expected in Barbados, where competition for life alone is so strong that industry ought to be in a manner compulsory. But where a banana and a flying fish make a meal, or, in default of that, "I draws my belt one hole closer, master," existence is possible upon a very small margin indeed, and is actually worth having at any price.

I was writing one morning about six o'clock at Fontabelle, and although the sun was not quite up, the pervading light that is never entirely absent from Barbados was reflected back from the sea to my table through bread-fruit and palm-trees, as soft as from a sunset cloud. My thermometer marked 70, and the nocturnal fragrance was not yet all vanished. Perfumes of roses contended with dying odors of the beauty of the night; and day sounds of birds were taking the place of the night-frog, whose musical double-note had scarcely ceased to vibrate. Peace and

deft servants, were busy preparing our savory breakfast of flying-fish and fruit; and the day began, as every day begins there, with perfect weather and a sense of health that seem eternal. It grew warmer as those climbing sunbeams that at last have come into my room with all the rest, marked the hours of midday; but all the day before I was out with camera and pencil when they were vertical, and felt not the smallest inconvenience. It is not in the tropics that sun-heat is most felt or does harm; and such a thing as a *coup de soleil* is quite unknown.



THE INTERIOR OF A SUGAR FACTORY.

beauty reigned—and as one deep breath after another of this pure, warm air sent blood to finger tips, life, under almost any pressure, seemed well worth living, and lovely earth very hard to part from. The passionate attachment that these simple blacks feel for their native land is easily explained this charming break of day; and a feeling of contentment pervaded every nerve of the visitor who has escaped the chilling frosts and deadly winds of Northern lands.

Below, William and Mary, the consul's

The island is nearly streamless. The only brooklet that I have seen is called Indian River. It originates in a swamp, flows a dignified course of three or four hundred yards in length and ten feet in width, until it reaches the sea just above Fontabelle. No cascades add their beauty of snowy lace foam to white coral cliffs—there is no surface water. This, where a single day's rain-fall has been known to measure ten inches, seems curious; but the same porous rock that coral insects built for Barbadians to live upon, takes

care of that. The water finds its way down, a hundred feet or more, until it reaches resisting material, and then, in darkness and unseen, returns to the sea. There it makes itself known by springs that are occasionally of sufficient size to temper perceptibly the salt water around, and even to become visible through the latter, as they spout up through white sand at the bottom; and bathers in this pleasant mixture can feel what seems to be some living thing lifting and crawling beneath their feet, a sensation more startling than cheerful, where one is not quite certain what strange manner of creature may turn up at any minute.

These subterranean streams are occasionally found in caves that tireless teeth of wind and wave have gnawed deep into the bowels of the land. In one cavern named "Cole's" quite a river has been found, whose exit is unknown, whose source is unguessed—that flows quietly on through a great distance in darkness to the sea, as:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

Among the best trips, indeed the very best in Barbados, are those by carriage to St. John's Church and Codrington College, and by train to Bathsheba, which lies among the wildest scenery of this coast, whose grandest views cannot be very imposing since the land does not reach the altitude of a thousand feet at any point. In company with Mr. Grundy, the courteous manager of the Barbados Railway, I recently made a visit to the latter spot under the most favorable auspices. The little railroad is, itself, a curiosity. Only twenty-one miles long, it has twelve stations, that rejoice in most ridiculously inappropriate names; and at every one of them the same amount of form and ceremony was gone through as if a train were leaving Liverpool for London. A black grenadier wore a helmet marked "Railway Police," and scared away small, loafing darkies with majestic wave of hand or suggestive touch of rattan. Porters, with their duty printed in big red letters on cap-ribbons, rushed about among the six passengers that were going with us, as busily as if a thousand trunks were awaiting demolition; and shouted out, "This train leaves for Rouen,

Windsor, etc., etc.," with as much pomp as if it were actually starting for those very places in Europe. In a third-class carriage in front, a lot of jolly tars from H. M. S. "Pylades" were off for a day in the country where sugar-cane grows and rum is plentiful. One of them had a guitar, and we presently heard a song, whose chorus ended with "From Scilly to Ushant is forty-five leagues."

Everything was intensely English, and it quite needed a look of palm leaves across the street and a deep breath of warm air to dispel the illusion. In half an hour we had left Bridgetown behind, and were running through a lovely country. Except for stray windmills, for curving outlines of horizon and near fields of cane, the inland scenery resembles closely that of Warwickshire. There is nothing in America like it. As far as eye could reach, and the view was over many miles, field after field of waving cane succeeded each other in lessening tints of golden green, with not an uncultivated spot in sight. No trees, except a palm or two accentuating heaven's deep blue on yonder cliff, or marking a noble avenue to some estate manager's home, whose white walls sent a shaft of sunlight out between the trunks to show us their existence. No streams except a yard or two of muddy water called a river by mistake, which wound amongst the cane like an ugly gray snake, and crept away to the sea ashamed. Roll followed roll of fertile land, climbing slowly up to the horizon line beyond; and fields were dotted here and there with women at work "weeding"—planting new cane or hoeing that already up, which looks exactly like growing Indian corn. In all the scene there was no sign of idleness, except when the pausing train gathered a dozen darkies at a station, to criticize the locomotive's action, which to their poor minds is a daily increasing marvel. Work, work, and nothing else; for this vast population must live, and small portions for each means a grand total for all.

At Three Houses—the name comes from a tradition that a Carib village once existed here, containing just that number of huts—Mr. Grundy had a "trolley" awaiting us, of which we took



SUGAR ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

prompt possession, and prepared for the scenery of Bathsheba.

A trolley is a sort of small car with a seat for two upon a little platform, and a propelling power of two darkey boys "holding on behind," and upon this we made the rest of the journey. In a few minutes a distant, dark blue line stood out beyond the level, and the sea greeted us from the east with deep booming of surf against rocky crags far below. Ragged Point Lighthouse stood guard against a particularly treacherous reef that has lured many a mariner to destruction by its strong resemblance to a similar point on the other side of the island; and between it and us was a grove of palms, about which a gruesome legend lingers.

When bold buccaneers sailed along the Spanish main and made things very lively for early colonists, they by no means neglected Barbados. Here was a famous resting place, and they appreciated the pure air of these eastern hills as highly as more modern sanitarians. So, after cruising became a bore, and age began to dull the charms of plank-walking and general rapine, a few pirate

chiefs came here and built stately mansions, among them the one that is half hidden by yonder distant grove of palms. Surrounded by every luxury that Spanish gold could buy or strong arm seize, they spent their days in watching gardens grow and reaping heavy crops of wild oats.

But instinct was still strong within their murderous souls, and no single merchant ship sailed past their lairs without arousing the old robber passion; and this wily pirate soon devised a scheme to bring more fish to his net.

In those days there were no light-houses to guide vessels from afar, and sailors who had not seen land for weeks were used to look for the street-lights of Bridgetown as their guide, if they came in during darkness.

So our enterprising robber purchased a lot of mules and lanterns, and waited for a stormy night and a coming ship. When they appeared together, he hung his lanterns around the mules' necks and had them driven about among the trees. Their twinkling light, now showing clear, now hidden by leaves, easily deceived the sailors, who dashed their

ship upon those iron rocks where it speedily went to pieces, and its cargo became unlawful prize. If by chance any life was spared by the sea, it was speedily disposed of by the more merciless pirate; and there are still shown the chambers underground where prisoners might have been kept.

By a judicious economy and well devised system of settling accounts with pistol or knife in place of gold, this special buccaneer soon grew enormously rich; and shortly after, so the story goes, retired permanently from business, carried his gains to his native land, founded an abbey or two and died in the odor of sanctity, admired by all.

Beyond the curve of Consett Bay, the shore becomes still more rugged and picturesque. Vast rocks that have been dragged from high estate by resistless sea, have been carved by the same power into effective statuary. One represents a lion couchant, and, from two or three points is as striking as if from Barye's chisel. In and around the bases of these rocks the waves play curious pranks and sing wild songs; soft and sighing when there is no wind, yet with a sullen undertone that tells of wilder, more majestic harmony when Boreas is abroad. Some of them have been cut away by water, hammer and chisel until vast masses are balanced upon narrow bases, which are at last cut through, and only a flat table remains to mark where a cliff once existed.

Viewed from a distance, say from St. John's Church tower, there is presented a succession of rugged cliffs, rolling land and foaming sea that has received the name of Scotland, from some exile's idea of a resemblance to far-away Caledonian shores.

Barbados is everywhere healthful, but when one feels depressed or exhausted with Bridgetown heat or needs a little rest from hospitable attention, Bathsheba, with its cliffs, its delightfully cool nights and excellent hotel, offers a change that few other West India places are able to present.

The only way to reach Codrington College is by carriage from Bridgetown, a distance of about fifteen miles over roads like a floor and through a country that is cultivated like a garden. The drive

can easily be made in a single day, and affords as much pleasure and information as any other in Barbados.

Lunching at St. John's Church, the road thence is a steep descent of some eight hundred feet, and then leads along a fine avenue of palms to the college buildings. Half a dozen lads playing tennis comprised the visible students, and they put themselves at our disposal with a cordial politeness that bespoke but infrequent visitations. Buildings, chapel, dormitories, visitation rooms, library and dining hall were inspected in turn, found in a most excellent condition, and we were shown the famous swimming bath, said to be the finest in the world. And it well deserves its reputation. Covered by a slight wooden building, the tank is hewn from solid rock about a hundred feet by seventy wide, to a depth of from five to ten feet. A singing stream comes in from the cliff side and runs through the bath, so that it is always fresh and pure. It may readily be imagined how the youngsters prize this splendid water supply in a land where daily baths are a simple necessity of life, far more essential to health than drugs. Some pious hand has decorated the rafters with scripture maxims in old English, which have a bizarre effect. One scarcely needs the golden rule before his eyes when splashing in his daily tub.

A kind friend has just loaned me the "Barbados Blue Book," which contains some very curious information, and while speaking of schools, for Codrington College is the acknowledged head of the educational institutions, I shall quote from it.

None of them are free. Rich or poor, each child must pay a penny a day for his teaching, books not included; and to this, which is for children only, a much larger sum is added in higher grades. There are about two hundred and twenty schools, of which one hundred and eighty are under the control of the Church of England, twenty-two Wesleyan or Methodist, and the others Moravian. I visited several schools in company with Mr. Collymore, the superintendent, and found them well conducted, and at Harrison College, which corresponds to an American high school, about one hundred and fifty students with an active, intelligent corps of teachers. With the excep-



AN ARROW-BOOT MILL.

tion of the head master, who receives three hundred pounds sterling per annum and house rent, and whose duties seem to be largely ornamental, the others are wretchedly paid: the science master, an English university honor-man, receiving the munificent salary of fifty pounds a year.

The Church of England is supreme over the entire management of the land. When the island was settled, the same authority reigned unquestioned in the fatherland, and its transfer was quite natural. But with advancing civilization in every country of Europe, State Church authority has waned before that spread of intelligence which gives to every man a choice of form of worship, and is apparently doomed to extinction in the near future. Here, however, where traditions retain strong hold of men who see only loss of prestige and

money in a change, and where the people submit to the burden, there is a sense of deference to the Church from the State, a submission to clerical lead that probably exists nowhere else to equal extent.

The island is divided into parishes, not boroughs as in Trinidad, or counties as in England; public works are carried on under Church control, moneys are expended by vestry vote, and it would be difficult to find any public business in which the State Church has not a heavy influence. Referring to my blue-book, I find that the total expenditure for Church establishment in 1886 was more than three thousand dollars in excess of the amount expended for educational purposes, and such figures tell a pregnant story.

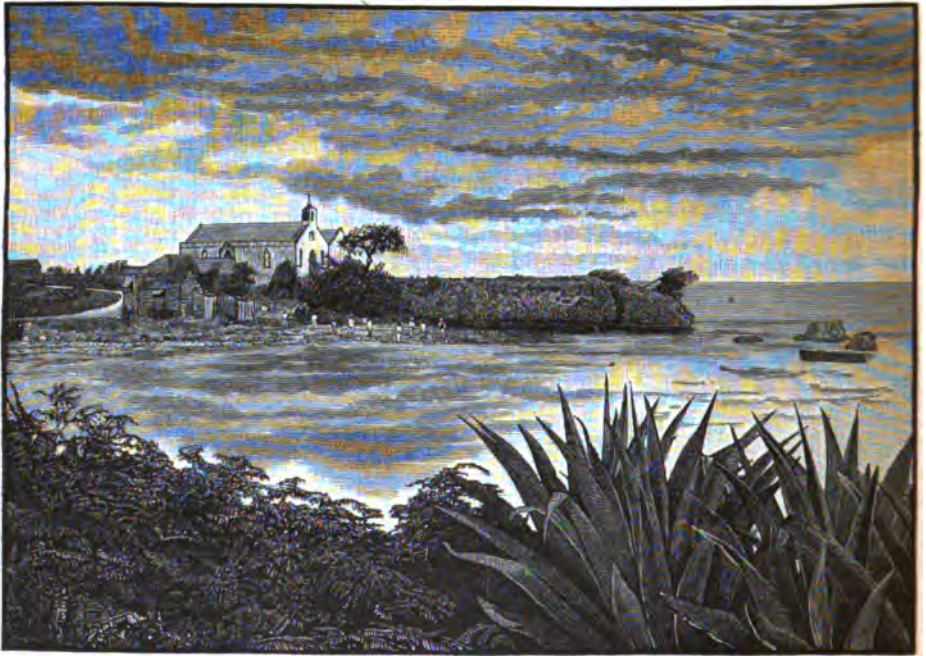
There does not seem much more to say in this connection than that this state of

things exists by consent of the people, since they could change it at will through their representatives in legislature. What need exists for a Lord Bishop of Barbados with a palace and a salary of some \$5,000 per annum, does not clearly appear to a stranger, but since the natives are content it is evidently no business of any one else.

The Provost-Marshall appears to have the next best thing to the Church. He is entitled to fees first as provost-marshal, then as sheriff, then as marshal of Common Pleas, and, lastly, as sergeant-at-

tions, in a total population of about 200,000, there are not 2,200 voters—about one in a hundred. In America the ratio is about one in six.

Rum is as nearly free as possible. Any one who chooses can sell it upon payment of fifty dollars per annum, and Bridgetown is as full of petty saloons as an American city under prohibition. But drunkenness is rare; so rare that in a month's wandering about the island, the only tipsy men I saw were some sailors from a man-of-war; so it cannot be a very dangerous element.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, BARBADOS.

arms; and ought to make a handsome sum of it, if he is active enough to get around quickly.

A fee has to be paid for any changes in churches: to alter any ornament costs five shillings; to alter a chapel, two pounds; to put in an organ, one pound, thirteen, and for each visit paid, one pound. All these, and many more fees, go to the registrar.

Rather an extraordinary state of things exists with regard to franchise. In spite of exceedingly liberal laws, with a small property qualification and many exemp-

Enough of statistics, which would be gladly avoided if anything else but figures could tell certain facts with force.

One of the most interesting places to visit in Barbados is the museum of Mr. Belgrave, the well-known collector, out in Westbury Road. He has brought together a large, well-selected and exceedingly beautiful collection of marine curiosities which is nicely arranged in a couple of well-lighted rooms. He has one or two absolutely unique specimens of coral, one resembling a stock of sugarcane with joints and roots, except that it

is of a delicate pink color. For this he has refused tempting offers from the British Museum. One may spend an hour a day, if a lover of beautiful forms of the deep, in these airy rooms, and find at every turn something strange and striking; and the collection is well worthy of a larger audience than the few strangers who come to admire it from foreign lands.

Among the many insects that fly about evening lamps and in pleasant gardens outside, I notice a painful lack of brilliant colors. No painted moths nor shining fire-flies are to be seen, and the latter are unknown; so that the island offers none of the attractions to an entomologist that are so rich in Venezuela.

Poisonous reptiles are few and scarce; and St. Patrick must have made a flying trip to Barbados, as far as snakes are concerned. I hear of a few centipedes and scorpions, but they are found only in the neighborhood of sugar estates, scarcely ever being seen in town, so that people who fear intertropical lands in general as homes of venomous serpents and insects, may put their apprehensions aside if they conclude to go to this island.

Arrowroot culture is carried on in a shiftless sort of a way, and a valuable industry has thus been neglected, while the Barbadians have consistently put all their eggs into one basket. On the northern side of the island, amongst roaring surges and flying sea-spume, I saw a little patch of something growing, with tender, feeble, light-green leaves, very like lettuce that is a week above ground. The cultivated land was perhaps a quarter of an acre, and in one corner of the lot stood a miserable thatch-roofed shanty. This was an arrowroot plantation and mill. A lank, poverty-stricken white answered to my call, and conducted me about his estate, ending up with the manufacture. Two women, whose pallid faces, bent backs and listless looks spoke of scanty rations all their lives, were busy squeezing the water out of a mass of white fibre by handfuls into a sheet stretched over a barrel. In one corner stood a large circular grater to be turned by some lazy hand—and that was all.

The root looks like small, white sugar-cane, divided into joints, growing some six inches long; is cut into fibre by

grating, soaked in water, and then has the starch that is known as arrowroot squeezed out slowly by such discouraged looking females as those were. In appearance and taste this was quite equal to what I have seen in Bermuda; and along this north coast is vacant land that is useless for cane, enough to supply a great demand, with every facility for cultivation. And it must be profitable, for upon the receipts from that petty, poor place, at \$2.75 per hundred pounds, these three people subsisted. Living, it was not; that was an ambition to which their wildest hopes had not soared; but they did not cease to exist, and were not more utterly dejected in gait and general get-up than many of their compatriots who worked in cane-fields.

Lying beyond St. Andrews, a long drive from Bridgetown, and occupying the eastern face of the northern end of the island, are a series of remarkably steep cliffs, that climb out of the sea to a perpendicular height of hundreds of feet. To their bases come long Atlantic swells that have met no hindrance to their will for three thousand miles, and these attack this rocky barrier with a fierceness that gives to the coast some of the most magnificent sea-effects that I have ever watched. Even North Irish or Hebridean cliff surges were but baby play beside them. Striking with a boom, they mounted almost to the summit with a green, glassy rush that reminded me of Niagara just above the fall; then combing into spray, lashed out greedy fangs of foam at the looker-on, and retreated with a roar like near and heavy thunder. They followed in quick succession, each seeming to climb a little higher than the last, until one's senses were quite upset by enormous force, and we experienced a curious illusion of motion. Land and wave were waltzing to the music of the sea. An infernal one-two-three, one-two-three movement began; solid rock lost its anchorage, and the world went round and round until giddiness came, and the steadiest head dragged the rest away. There was a wild look in my companion's eyes, and she was half hysterical when the earth regained its senses a little away from the orchestra's reach.

But we had come to see what is called the animal flower cave, a collection of

actinæ in one of the caverns that dashing water has worn in the rock-face far below by years of steady toil.

No place this for women. So they returned to the carriage and marooned it awhile, which is Barbadian for recuperation physical, while we climbed down a stony sort of chasm, until before us, a little way across, was the cave opening, and leading to it a narrow path along a ridge, steep, wet, and with most hungry-looking waves rushing over it at irregular intervals. The guide watched his chance, darted over with a whoop; and watching ours, we followed. The tail end of a ferocious swell caught one fellow, and I thought he was gone, but he escaped with a sound wetting, and we called him clumsy.

Inside, the floor was tolerably dry and quite safe, so after a little more abuse for our friend who had scared us so, we went into an inner chamber, and there in a circular basin with stone floor, reposed a still pool of liquid glass. Now and then its shining surface was gently stirred by trickling streams falling into it, but it was almost incredible that water should be so transparent as this. Where there was no motion, nothing whatever parted eye from crevices in that floor, six feet below.

We gathered round, looking quietly at the water, when what had seemed like a dead stem of a water-lily near me began to expand. "Look!" I whispered in fear of spoiling the show; and in twenty seconds that pool seemed a blazing garden of flowers. With a prevailing color of yellow, of the tint of buttercups, there was enough of red and blue to make purple hues also, which changed as we gazed enchanted, with each slight motion of the plants.

Finally Jack plunged his hand in after the nearest one, and, presto! the garden was gone, the pool was empty again. Quiet for a moment, and the play began once more; and so we had various acts, all alike. We were in hopes that colors might change, but they were ever the same.

So, with a good final look, we started for the ridge again—the guide called it a saddle—made the passage safely, and drove quickly home through a delightful night, over roads that wound through

cane-fields, like white lines of foam upon a rolling sea.

Cole's Cave is another pretty excursion, in quite a different part of the island. Driving out from Bridgetown, guests of our friend Howells, the way led up hill and down, yet mainly ascending until the central crest was reached, from which a pretty picture was before us, of land and town and sea. There was nothing grand—only man and nature were at their best in spring attire, and rich fields rolled down to the blue distance with scarce a single point of foliage, their green surface lighted by turning sails of many wind-mills, whose whiteness shone from far as sun-rays caught them. The city was invisible on the bay-shore; but tracery of many masts and ropes was drawn like spider-webs against closing water-line and transparent sky. A cool fresh breeze was blowing—so fresh that I drew my coat close around me, although the mercury was close to eighty; for a little chill in the tropics, quite unnoticed at the time, may mean fever or lumbago or neuralgia to unwary strangers, who cannot realize how freely their skin is acting after a Northern winter's lockup.

Then we came to a series of cracks in the earth, exactly like some I have seen elsewhere after earthquake shocks, and probably resultant from similar causes. Only these were made ages ago, and time has smoothed their rugged sides and draped naked rock-forms with clinging vine and waving fern until they are really beautiful. In one of these clefts lay the entrance to our cave, a deep well from the chasm floor, down which we climbed, eighty feet or more, like cats, with feet and hands. Light grew dim descending, until at the sloping bottom Howells pointed out a hole apparently just big enough for a fair-sized dog to squeeze in, lighted several candles, and started with a laconic, "Now then, here we are."

The opening was really large enough to admit a stooping man, however, and we crawled slowly over a floor of slimy loose stones, into a nasty sooty uninteresting cavern. A little of it went a great way, but we were there to investigate, and pushed on carefully until a muddy brook interposed its barrier and protested. Here, in pools that were being

dug from solid rock, water was collecting which a company was to carry to Bridgetown later, and so enter into competition with one already established.

The only curious thing about the place was that every few feet, circular holes were drilled a few inches deep in the roof as regularly as if by a steel cutter. How this was done baffled conjecture, and the impressions of the trip were that Howells had given us a very pleasant drive and *al fresco* lunch, and that the cave, as a cave, was a total failure.

Hotel accommodations in Barbados are excellent and plentiful, and rates are from two to three dollars a day for transients. Parties wishing quiet homes can readily secure board at less rates in various parts of the town; and those seeking rest will find it, together with strong sea-air and an almost changeless temperature, along the Northern coast.

There is probably no place in the world just like Barbados, and its people have a pride of country that is remarkable, considering its lack of importance. Foreigners are regarded with a degree of reserve simply because they are such, and discriminated against in certain statutes relating to freeholds. The better class are well educated and hospitable, but in what they please to call society circles there is an exaggeration of English snobbery that is ludicrous to a traveler, and caste lines are drawn with a closeness that is dying out in the mother island. Of course, these matters are in women's hands, as elsewhere, and the fair sex rule supreme.

Something, perhaps it is the climate, nips all enterprises in the bud, and with unrivaled facilities for docks and discharging cargoes, ships lie a mile from shore and with lighters slowly unload. Yet building goes on briskly, several new quarters of the city are filling up with houses that are creditable residences, and the population steadily increases.

It is a bad place for rheumatism. Night and day the skin is working to its utmost capacity, and an unnoticed chill stiffens up muscles that refuse with painful persistence to be loosened. Bright's disease and diabetes gain rapidly under the influence of kidney rest, and remain improved, if not transferred too early to Northern cold. For those who seek dissipation, who ask "what is there to do down there?" and who demand ceaseless occupation, Barbados is no place.

There is no theatre, no amusement of any kind, and the only departure from such mild fun as driving and sailing furnish is taken at a social, well-served dinner or a pleasant dance, where each knows all the other guests.

But for quiet, rest and healthfulness, there is but one island of the Atlantic comparable to this—and at Nassau, Americans find but little change save climate, and that rated at four dollars a day.

When steamship lines shall see fit to cater for passenger trade and charter for the season vessels that can run twelve miles an hour, Barbados will certainly get its share of our nomads, who, restless as they are, know a good thing when they get it, and are faithful in their likes.

THE SKY AND THE WOOD.

THERE is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod,
'Twas written by the hand on high,
It is the autograph of God

The trees their crowns of foliage toss;
Where monarchs fell in thunder showers,
Spring drapes their forms in mourning moss,
And writes their epitaphs in flowers.

George W. Bungay.

BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.

IV.—“BETWEEN HAY AN' GRASS.”

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.



HE finishing up of the seeding was in cross-dragging, and by that time the soil was dry and mellow, throbbing with heat and life, and ready to embrace the corn, a much more tender and hesitating germ than the hardy cereals, wheat, oats and barley. The corn-ground was sometimes plowed in the spring, but more often in the fall; and all that remained in preparation was to cultivate it with the seeder-teeth and harrow it with the great drags till it was as smooth and mellow as a garden.

By this time the earliest sown wheat was flinging a beautiful green shade over the other fields, and the verdant grass came back to clothe the bare and blackened sod; the larks had returned, the geese and ducks had all passed over to the lakes in the farther north; only the solitary crane still wheeled slowly by in his majestic flight—hardly a day passing but his sonorous note fell from the fathomless deeps of the dazzling sky—and the morning symphony of the prairie hens began to die away. The popple groves were deliciously green, their round leaves trembling in the breeze; the oak began to take on a pinkish and brownish tinge, as the tender leaves unfolded toward the point of being as large as a squirrel's ear. At this period it was time to begin planting corn.

This was, in ordinary years, about the third or fifth of May; and one of the pleasantest experiences of the year. The ground, a deep rich loam, unmixed with rocks or gravel, lay out in broad acres, having been harrowed until it was as fine and soft as a flower-bed. Then after it had been marked one way by a contrivance resembling a four-runnered sleigh, which left the field crossed with deep lines four feet apart, it was ready for planting. The custom of the best farmers was to wait and mark it the other way

just ahead of the planters, in order that the grain should fall in the moist earth.

In those days the hand-planting had not given way to that of the machine, and corn-planting was more of an event. We, smallest boys, had been helping to make garden. 'We had raked up the yard, clipped vines, set onions and radishes till we were tired, but when the call came to plant corn we went at it with considerable animation, though it must be said that our enthusiasm was, as a rule, short-lived. Fields for it then ranged from ten to sixty acres, though wheat was still the prevailing crop; and to drop and cover fifty acres of corn was a "considerable of a job 'n them days."

So, early on a fine May morning we might have been seen starting for the field in hilarious mood: the boss, the hired man, a couple of neighbors' sons—stalwart young fellows who are "changing works", that is, helping us, with the understanding that we are to help them. Sometimes the girls, sisters of the men or daughters to the boss, go along to help. The hand drives the marker, the girls and the smallest boy drop the corn, and the boss and the others with light, sharp flashing hoes follow to "cover." The marker starts over the field, crossing the old marks and producing checks or squares; and at the intersections thereof the seed is dropped and covered. The field is brown, rich, and level, half-mile bouts being the usual length; the air is still, and we can hear the merry voices of others similar parties in the neighboring fields. The young fellows choose their "droppers" among the girls, and the work begins right briskly.

Dropping corn is an art. I think at this distance I may say that I was an artist thereat, being able to drop for two coverers at once, which was phenomenal work. Lest the reader may not be correctly informed as to the method, I will explain a little in detail. First, you must pull off your boots or you will miss the delicious feeling of the warm moist earth, as the

tender sole sinks to the instep, burrowing like some wild thing but lately returned to its native element. Next, you get one of your mother's old faded calico aprons to tie around your waist (Nellie will tie it for you); then tie a huge knot in the slack of it and you have a pouch resembling that in which the carpenter carries his nails; fill this with a couple of quarts of corn—take your place—go!

Now you must drop "three and four" kernels—no more and no less—in each intersection of the grooves. The sharp eyes of those who are following will detect every mistake (though, if you are a girl, "Len" will say nothing, but cover the one poor little kernel as quickly as possible before the vigilant eyes of the boss see it). But if you are skilled you get the swing of it, and every time you plant your left foot in a groove you drop three grains, fearing not the swift steady stroke of the hoe behind; but the soil is so mellow and the hoe so light and keen that one clip is all that the skillful coverer gives to each hill, and he presses you hard. The gait is a rapid walk, and the dull ring of the hoe at your naked heels is like the tick of a clock for speed and regularity. But being skilled and generous you walk between the girls and help them along by dropping an occasional hill on their rows.

Nevertheless, it is hard work. Your neck aches and your back aches, and by the time you have gone eighty rods and arrive at the fence, you are only too glad to throw back your head and look at the sky. You take plenty of time to fill your pouch. As the forenoon wears away, the sun get incredibly warm; and as the boss leans on his hoe and looks lovingly at the wide level field getting greener each hour, he says, with a voice full of a sort of tender awe, "I jest believe I c'n hear that wheat grow!"

We went to dinner in those days with an appetite born of a nearness to the earth. It was a merry meal, though the unusual work was wearisome to the girls, and not infrequently they flatly rebelled and took several hours of "nooning." Those early days of planting corn have a distinct and mellow charm for me now as they did then. There were superb dawns, and warm, sensuous, slumbrous noons; there were gorgeously colored, indescrib-

able sunsets flaming across the sea of tender springing wheat, when a rising mist was in the air, and the diminishing notes of the prairie chickens still rang in quavering intermittent music through the red haze, joining with the swelling chorus of the frogs who took up and carried forward the theme as the other voices died slowly away.

O, days unspeakable! O, simple, homely tasks! How shall the careworn man tell the glory, the majesty of those nights and days as they filled the boy's heart with a pleasure so deep as almost to be pain. O, to bury my feet again in that moist, warm earth; to lie on the mellow ground in the sun; to walk across the fields and hear the steady click of the hoe at my heel, and the laugh of the girls working beside!

But, no! my capacity for such simple life has gone. It is a delusion, the mere gilding of a hard task, a halo around a dull and laborious life by the passage of time. Ah, well! there is no harm done in looking back wistfully at this distance—it is safe enough. It is a phase of life passed away. The "check-rowing automatic corn-planter and coverer" has taken the place of the girls and boys with aprons and hoes. With a long knotted cable and a machine, one man now drives a team into the field and plants and covers eighteen acres a day. Girls no longer have any part in this truly beautiful work of putting the corn in the earth, and the boy is required only to stick pumpkin-seeds (which almost breaks his back now as it did of old). When they get a machine to plant pumpkin-seeds, improvement in the direction of corn-planting can go no further. The steady *click, click*, of the machine will be the only voice in the wide and sunny field.

The spring's work now done, there came a little breathing spell for men and teams, and surely they needed it. The horses, so shining and plump a few weeks ago, now looked gaunt and worn. The men also felt a vast relief at the end of the planting, for all through April from early morning till dark they had hurried to and fro across the field, tramp, tramp, like madmen chasing some charm invisible to the onlooker. Wheat-sowing was always a hard season.

The corn planted, we, boys, had a new and (I am sorry to say) a pleasant work to perform, namely, to snare and shoot the gophers from the corn-fields. The Western reader needs no further information concerning this work, but to those living in Eastern cities explanation is quite necessary. There are, in the prairie states of the West, two sorts of ground-squirrel, popularly known as "the striped gopher" and "the gray gopher." The striped gopher is a differentiation of the chip-munk of the woods, and the gray gopher is simply the gray squirrel in a new habitat. I may chronicle here an interesting fact: that the survival of the fittest has brought about a beautiful adaptation to environment in both cases. The striped gopher is so delicately marked and colored that he is well nigh invisible when in the short yellow and green grass of the upland. On the other hand, the gray gopher keeps in the neighborhood of spots of ground producing long tufts of gray and weather-beaten grass, places where the last year's growth still remains, the color harmonizing with his own yellow-gray coat, and aiding him in his efforts to escape the hawk and the coyote.

These little creatures, like the wild chicken, follow a certain stage of civilization, and absolutely swarm in the sod adjoining a field. They grew to be a great pest, for they developed the most remarkable intellectual cleverness in finding and digging up the corn after being dropped and covered in the manner just described. In some strange manner the roguish little fellows found out that wherever there were two deep marks crossing, and a man's footmark imprinted on a little mound of dirt, therein were to be found most delectable bits of food, and they took advantage of their knowledge.

It was not uncommon to find a long row of newly-planted corn dug up in this manner, with the most unerring precision. This was clearly a case of development, for the gophers on the wild prairie were not by large odds so shrewd as those scions of a stock whose five or six generations had dwelt within the neighborhood of man. Inherited aptitude, evidently united to native and individual intelligence. However this may be, the fact remains that it was "dead

gophers or no corn," and with gun and poison we waged remorseless war upon them on work-days, and with snares we compassed their destruction on Sundays.

I will not stop to dissertate on the strange delight boys have in causing suffering to men and animals alike, but will pass to another and pleasanter consideration. Although possessed with more or less of the savage delight, we were, I think, like the angler or hunter, more pleased with the effect of the sun, the wind and the earth upon us, with the freedom from labor, than with killing the little creatures. I remember but with sorrow the occasional gopher caught by the sinewy neck in my noose, but all that surround the act are unmixed delights. There was the congregation of the boys of the near neighborhood to enjoy the bracing morning; the tender, springing grass; the far-away, faint changing purple of the wood; the shimmer of the swelling prairie, leaping toward the flaming sun—all the inexpressible glow and pulse and blooming desire of the spring day come around me as I write of that apparently barbarous and otherwise trivial matter.

It is only another exemplification of Mr. Howells' position, so well voiced, too, by Emerson and Whitman. Go the whole earth round, we surely come back to find the vulgar and common things nearest us, sweetest and most significant of all.

Being something of a psychologist, I am often profoundly amused at the revelations which come to me in writing reminiscences of this nature. These *genre* pictures of boy-life in the West are intrinsically of no moment; their interest will be mainly due to the observer and his angle of vision; to one who (like myself) is a product of these scenes and incidents, a word or sentence concerning a common experience will assume great value, while at the same time, those reared among a totally different set of vulgar incidents will be amused merely. To return to our snare:

With a long piece of stout twine—saved for several months from grocery packages—we sally forth on a Sunday morning in May, two or three neighbors' boys going along to help out the fun. If there is Sunday-school, we will

attend that in the afternoon, but the forenoon is to be taken up in basking on the prairie. The gophers are whistling here and there, and dashing about; a hawk dips and wheels in the slumbrous, shimmering air; plover and snipe lend voice to the scene, the plover incessantly rising and settling on a fence-post or mound, with its peculiar wailing, quavering *pee-weet*; while the twitter of innumerable ground-sparrows passing overhead, and the sweet and thrilling note of the meadow-lark, add an inexpressible charm to the morning air.

Snaring gophers is like fishing, an excuse for enjoying nature; but having driven a gopher into his burrow, you turn from the landscape hastily to put your slip-knot in the mouth of the smooth hole and retire to the end of the taut string to wait till he pops his head through the noose, which he will do—possibly. It is the habit of these little fellows to come suddenly to the top of their burrow, and then cautiously lift head until they can eye you. You must be keen-eyed if you note the little rogue, for he is not only just the color of the surrounding grass, but he is a rare ventriloquist. After sitting a couple of minutes and seeing nothing, you hear a low, sweet trill as of a sleepy bird. You can not place it. It may be in the air, it may be to the left or the right; you can not tell. But if you be skilled, you know that the crafty rascal has come out at some other burrow, and that he is laughing at you, "*pr-rr-ee-ee*!"

You turn your head—"cheep." A slight motion to your left apprises you where he has gone down. You adjust your snare there, and again sit patiently and as still as stone four, five minutes, and then you hear that sly, sleepy trill. It sounds back of you at first, then in front, and finally turning your head slowly, you see a bright eye gleaming upon you from the burrow where you had your snare set in the first place.

At this you laugh, and pulling in your snare out of respect for his cunning and his marvelous ventriloquistic powers, lay out full length on the warm, bright green sod. You listen to the multitudinous, softened sounds of the prairie; you hear the drowsy laugh of your companions, see the girls picking

flowers on the sunny slopes; and in a sort of drowsy, sensuous content, gaze at the clouds and dream and dream, without other desire than to be left in peace in the spring sunshine. The wind wanders by in gentle gusts, but there is no grass to wave, no trees to rustle; an infinite peace broods on the whole wide prairie.

One feels at such moments like the angler who lays his rod among the ferns and watches the soaring heron, high in air; listens to the ripple of the stream, its beating, pulsing, ringing chimes, putting one into perfect content and peace. In such times the man forgets his wants and desires, and actually goes back to the prehistoric state, when desires were simple and few and easily allayed. Lying thus, the bright-eyed little trickster ventures up to his hunter's feet, and rustles in the short grass at his very ear. No matter, they are brothers now!

In those early days there were vast tracts of land lying waste, over which the cattle and horses during the summer roamed as wild things. As soon as the grass began to spring from the blackened sod the cattle were turned out to forage for their living, and soon all those of the neighborhood aggregated into large droves feeding miles away from home. Each night, therefore, till late in the fall, it was our duty—and a pleasant one ordinarily—to mount our horses and "cut" the cows out of the drove and bring them home. This we always did on horseback, of course; and in consequence each boy grew to ride like a Sioux. The most of us began to ride in this fashion when seven or eight years of age, absolutely growing up in the saddle; and a little later, when the cattle were herded, we spent many days on the wild lands. The prairies of northern Iowa were then very beautiful. They were richly clothed with verdure: on the uplands a short light-green grass intermixed with various "weeds," the lowlands showing a thick tall growth of various kinds of grasses and willows. Along the streams a few miles apart there were lines of luxuriant timber, oak, ash, maple, elm and basswood. The streams were pure and cold, but had few fish. I have never seen anything in the shape of meadow so luxuriant

and beautiful as those natural meadows in June. The flash and the ripple and glimmer, the myriad voices of the ecstatic little bobolinks, joined with the chirp and whistle of the red-wings swaying on the weeds or the willows, the larks piping from grassy bogs, and swift-flying snipe and plover adding their shrill voices as they rose from and sank into the flowery, green depths of the grass!

Nor was the upland less interesting, as we roamed far and wide over it on our horses. In the spring the sight of the huge antlers lying in countless numbers white and bare on the sod told of the millions of elk and deer that had once fed in these green savannas. The gray hermit, the badger, made his den in the sunny slopes of the long swells, as did also the fox and swift coyote; and many a mad race we made after this swift and tireless "spectre of the plains"—all to no purpose, save to bring out the speed of our horses and break the monotony of the day's herding the cattle.

Scattered over these uplands were groves, or, more exactly, clumps of popple trees, called "tow-heads", for some occult reason; they were commonly round and ordinarily from a hundred to four hundred feet in diameter, though in some cases they were many acres in extent. Then there were seas of hazel thickets, intermixed with lagoons of blue-joint grass, that beautiful and stately product of the richest soil. Over these uplands, through these lakes of hazel and round these islands of popple, we boys on fleet horses careered—chasing the rabbit, hunting the cows, or racing the drove of half-wild horses. In summer we verily lived on the prairie and on horseback.

As it cost nothing, or next to nothing, to keep horses, every farmer had from five to twenty colts ranging from one to four years old. In the spring these long-haired half-wild creatures were turned loose, or were tempted away by the grass of the swales, from the straw-piles in whose lee they had burrowed during the winter; and as soon as the warmth and plenty of the spring had filled them with new life they doffed their shaggy coats and lifted head to the breeze in glorious freedom. Most of them had never had a man's hand on them, but even those, once tamed, mingled with the wild ones

so indiscriminately that only by the collar marks, or other ineffaceable badge of servitude, could they be distinguished from the rest.

It was curious, it was glorious! to see how the old wild instinct broke out in these halterless herds! In a few days, after many battles, individual and otherwise, the horses of all the region united into one drove, and a leader, the swiftest and most tireless of them all appeared from the ranks and led in the splendid evolutions of the troupe. I remember the first time I ever saw them thus on the wing. It was in the sixties, and was my first morning on the genuine prairie. The day before we had traveled from another county, fifty miles to the east, and near the Mississippi, arriving at our new home late at night. Directly in front of our little frame-house, there was a vacant unfenced half-section of land; the other farms surrounding it were fenced, for the "herd law" had not yet passed. Far to the north and west the wild prairie stretched boundlessly.

As we stood the next morning looking at the vast level sweep of the russet plain, we heard a distant roar and trample, and saw a cloud of dust rising along a road leading north, as if a railway train were rushing southward towards us, and a moment later out on the smooth sod burst a platoon of half-wild horses led by a superb cream mare. Ah! how they exulted! How they laughed in the cool autumn air! as they wheeled in crescent form, charged in echelon, thundered abreast or raced like speeders on the course. Under their long and tangled manes gleamed their eyes, blazing with the wild light of exultation. They shook their heads; neighed like bugles, snorting defiance; their long tails and manes floated like banners.

As we cheered at this inspiring sight, the cause of such sudden debouch was made plain. For a man mounted on a fleet little cream (the mate of the leader), was riding at a slashing run between us and the drove, endeavoring to head them off down another lane. He was large and finely-proportioned, and rode his horse magnificently; and the Morgan under his thighs strove gallantly to do his bidding. She lay out like a hare;

she seemed to float like a hawk skimming the ground, and her glorious rider sat so easily that his great weight seemed to leave her perfectly free. On swept the crescent-shaped platoon around to the left, aiming for another vast prairie to the east. On strove the gallant cream, disdaining the idea of being beaten by her own mate; her ears laid back in a frown, her nostrils distended, her breath roaring like a furnace. O! for freedom from the saddle and master, and then we should see who would lead yon troupe! All in vain; the little mare, though having the inside track, was no match for her wild, free mate, and a few minutes later the leader entered the short lane leading to the east, and the thunder of the hoofs died rapidly away in the distance. The whole matter was, that the owner of the cream-colored span had occasion to use the other, the leader, and had undertaken to drive her into a corner somewhere and catch her.

It grew to be a familiar sight, this movement of the droves, for almost daily they had a parade—without any special provoking cause. But we delighted to stir them up. Here they are, almost motionless on the prairie: some are feeding, more stand gnawing each other's withers in that way peculiar to horses; and some are in a close knot to keep away from the flies, stamping uneasily, or jostling together. As a rule they are not handsome; they are not blooded horses; they are long-haired, and mainly large-stomached and low-necked, from being always grazing.

Having nothing else to do, and being mounted on fleet horses ourselves, we youngsters gathering the reins well in hand, ride carefully up to them. The leader is lying down, shaking her head viciously as the bot-flies strike her like bullets under the jaw. The colts and horses, never handled by man, approach us with curiosity; they have not learned the craft of the Morgan mare, who knows too well what it means to fall into the hands of man. Our own horses begin to breathe heavily, and to dance in a springing motion as the drove begin to show uneasiness. We whoop! The cream springs to her feet like a cat, and away we all go with thunder of heel and snorting breath. Ah! these clumsy

colts are transformed into something wild and handsome. The lifted heads and streaming manes dignify and even give majesty to the bearers, as they move off awkwardly but swiftly, looking back with that peculiar, insulting, cunning waving of the head from one side of the body to the other, the challenge of the horse, and the tail flung out like a flag.

But I am light-weight, and my horse was once leader of a similar regiment, and therefore I soon out-strip all but the savage little cream mare, who is running her best. We move side by side as evenly as two horses in harness, but my splendid little bay pulls on the bit, showing he is capable of more. The herd drops behind; I lift my cattle whip, lay it down across the cream's back, and yell like a fiend. She squats—she does not kick; she flattens like a wolf—if she kicks she is beaten—she is absolutely flying now—I can see the veins come out on her neck and the neck of Rob Roy; I can see the muscles along the spine and over the hips of the mare heave and swell, and I can *feel* the same action in Rob. Again I bring the whip down, but there is no change! The mare has done her best; she has reached the limit of her stride. Then changing the pressure of my knees, and letting the reins fall, I lean forward and shout into the ear of Rob, and his head, before held high, straightens—seems to reach beyond the mare's head—she falls behind; she wheels; she is beaten; she turns and rejoins the rest. But while Rob is glad to turn and recover his breath, that tireless mare returns to and leads the drove in countless evolutions, wheeling and charging, trotting, galloping, always on the outside track, as if to show that while Rob Roy could beat her on a short run, she was comparatively fresh, while he was winded.

As I started to say, such movements of the drove often took place without any disturbing cause, save the sheer overflow of energy, and would continue for hours at a time, covering of course many miles. The cattle never did this, but they were a great study in other respects. After the herd-law came in we were obliged to watch them, and the herds grew larger, as men united to hire a herder. But even before that time the

cattle tended, like the horses, to aggregate into large bodies, and the disposition to return to the wild state was quite as marked.

We boys used to delight in the battles which resulted when two strange herds met. Being with our own so much, we grew acquainted with all the personal peculiarities of each. They were not blooded cattle, with short horns and heavy bodies, but great, rangy, piebald creatures, with long, keen horns, and wild eyes when roused. We exulted when two strong and resolute steers approached each other with the ferocious signs of battle. The lowered heads and lolling tongues; the stiffened, swelling necks; the wrinkled skin around the rolling eyes; the deep, ominous roar of their voices; the cautious, side-long approach, like skilled boxers—all these led up to the sudden crashing of the meeting skulls and horns. And then follow the straining thrusts, the sudden relaxations to get an advantage, the clashing of shaken and interlocked horns, the deep breathing, the terrible glare of the blood-shot eyes. Now, the brindle gets the upper hold and presses the white to the ground, nearly shutting off his breath; now, the white gathers himself for one last, mighty effort, and lifting the other upon his horns, literally runs away with him.

This ends the battle; for, curiously enough, the victor in such cases is not vindictive—once fallen always beaten, is the rule with a steer or cow. Each herd had its champion, and so accurate did we become in the reading of these bovine characters that we could tell at once whether "Ol' Brin meant business" or whether "he was only bluffin' the other feller." There was, however, always an element of mystery about these herds of cattle. There were times when the gentlest old family cow became frightful. Sometimes, when lying under a little tree, my horse feeding at my side, I would hear a wild savage roar, a long-drawn, powerful, raucous note, ending with an upward burst, instantly to be followed by other and fiercer roars. I spring into the saddle, for I know what that means. Some restless ranging steer has found a trace of blood. Looking out on the prairie, I see the herd running

swiftly toward the solitary warrior, who, with nose held to the ground, with open mouth and curling tongue, is voicing the roused savagery within him.

The whole herd is transformed from a lazily feeding and sleeping company of cows to a drove of infuriated buffalo, rushing and crowding, roaring and bawling, fighting, struggling in a thick mass toward and around a common centre. They paw the dust or toss flakes of the sod in the air, eyes roll in white fury, feet trample; and throughout all, that thrilling, frightful, hair-uplifting bawling, roar never heard at other times, is emitted by old and young, till you imagine yourself in the midst of a den of mad lions. Anyone who has seen this most marvellous return to savagery, or heard that sound, can never forget it or confuse it with any other sight or sound. At such times we kept aloof, even when well mounted, till their rage was over. I have seen a similar return to the savage state in swine, when, in response to the grunting roar of a dam answering the squeal of a little pig, the whole herd of lazy porkers would fly at their feeder, ready to tear him in pieces.

It was a gloriously free life we young horsemen led in those early pioneer days! Not yet old enough to be put into the steady work of the farm, we were made the keepers of the stock on the plain. So we watched the wild oat grow tall till its silken plume dried hard and twisted into a barbed arrow; we watched the king-bird make its nest and catch flies for its mate; and cheered the brave little fellow as he fell again and again upon the sailing hawk. We saw the flowers come out rank after rank, the roses, the pinks, the stately lilies, and the delicate silvery plume of the rattle-snake weed. We reveled in the sun and the wind, and grew hardy as Indians, with bare feet, bare browned arms and muscles like iron. We raced horses, rode on the gallop standing erect like the circus-men, rode backward, rode without saddle or bridle (guiding the horse by the mane or by the pressure of the knees), wheeling, circling about each other, or sailing straight across the flowery plain on the long wolf-like gallop of the trained ranger.

But it was not all fun. I am thinking now of long days in the fall rains, when

cold and miserable I sat on my dripping horse, under my rubber blanket, and listened to the steady plash of the rain. I am thinking of long rides in the night, looking for strays, rising and falling on my faithful horse, whose heels strike dully on the sod or strike sharply in the road. The night is dark. There is no moon, and thin clouds obscure the stars. Mile after mile Rob Roy puts behind him with his steady swift lope. Faint noises are heard in the grasses. A bird springs up from the weeds.

Beside, the herding of cattle is usually a lonely business. The boy is sent off in the morning with his herd, and, taking his luncheon with him, spends the whole day there—in most cases, alone. Thus he soon exhausts the few excitements which vary the monotony of the day, and quickly the play is apt to become work. The cattle are mainly quiet, and do not stray much; battles are comparatively few, and only occasionally do they burst forth in the fury I have described. In a few days, therefore, the boy falls back upon the companionship of his horse. After he has been taught never to trot a step, but to go from the walk to the lope, he learns to be guided by the pressure of the knee of his master; he no longer feels the rein; he must stop short when chasing a steer, wheel like a flash, guided by the weight of his rider thrown on one side or the other. He must learn to race a fractious steer so nicely as to turn him in a circle back to the herd, never getting so far ahead of brindle as to allow of his turning the opposite way. All this takes time, but time is no object to the herder, and it is his proud boast finally that he can drive his herd in any direction without bridle or saddle on his horse. Visitors were always welcome.

We were not all engaged in this business of herding cattle and horses; on the contrary, the older boys were busy in the corn-field and a little later in the haying-fields. We who were on the prairie invariably wished we were working at

home, while our elder brothers thought we had all the fun. The fact was, too much of a thing, even a good thing, is wearisome to the spirit. And to the lonely little soul on the plain, the flowers, the birds, the wind and the free horizon's sweep sometimes oppressed him. With companionship, they would have retained their charm longer.

My brightest memories of the prairie, therefore, date back to the times when we only had to go out each afternoon and drive the cows home to the yard. The change from work in the corn or the haying field, was delicious. It made the heart leap to swing into the saddle and go sweeping away up the lane and over the perfumed and flowery plain. It was an escape from the drag of the earth; it was like taking wing into a dustless, fragrant, free air. Small wonder that the man of to-day looks back with a tender regret to those days, re-enjoying his gay dinner among the popple trees, sailing again the wide meadow where the wild oats swirl and the blue-joint bows shiningly to the passing wind.

Slowly these prairies were plowed, fenced and sown; the wild-strawberry beds gave place to tame; the blue-joint died out, and the timothy and clover pasture took its place. Corn-fields grew larger, and work on the farm more continuous and more binding; the cattle in their pastures grew heavy, tame and uninteresting; and the boy of those regions to-day has no longer an excuse for long daily rides on a trained and fleet horse. Herding a drove of half-wild cattle on a glorious prairie no longer forms a part of boy-life on the prairie. Like the star the orators speak of, cattle-grazing of that sort has gone West; and though the boy of the day, undoubtedly, finds something that amuses him, I doubt if it compares with the strange, wild pleasure of roaming the many-colored and luxuriant wild-lands in common with the deer, the coyote, and the sailing vigilant hawk.



TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

AT Ombra. You go out from the Porta del Sole, and, stepping from under the shadow of its round arch, leave behind the dusty streets, the gray stone walls, and all the arid solitude of a lifeless old Italian town. You draw a fuller breath at the sight of the beautiful outer world, and a frigid disgust leaves you at that view, like unclean snow melting under a full spring rain. If you are vigorous, you may feel an inclination to run.

The road has run: As soon as the stones were off its back, it swung smoothly round a group of chestnut trees, and was off into the green country.

At the left, the land rises in a huge concave scooped out against a mountain range. This great amphitheatre is lined with protruding rocks and cliffs; small, level tracts terraced and cultivated; headlong turf, broken and sliding in heavy rains; peeping country-houses, and above, a wide space, green-gray with ledge and herbs, where a crooked thread of a yellow path crinkles upward, to disappear without seeming to have arrived at anything, as it reaches beyond the range of lower vision.

At the right there is a gentle slope to the plain, with corn, wheat, vines, chestnut and walnut groves, and here and there a cane-brake, or a tiny olive-orchard. The plain is a beautiful picture: wide, like a lake, set round with mountains; and all a mass of wheat, with a delicate *sfumatura* of olive-trees running through it, and giving it the appearance of floating.

It was a fine morning in October, the heavens glorious with a mild and generous light, the heights and the plain sparkling with freshness and color. The sun had been shining for hours on all the landscape except this eastern hollow, which received its morning from the

west; and the road was still in shadow. Moving along in the shadow was a tiny donkey with enormous ears, bearing a very fat man on its back. Giuseppe, Don Francesco Alinori's farmer, had been to town for the morning mail, and to execute a number of domestic commissions for the Signora Alinori and her daughter Aldegonda. The family was in *villeggiatura*.

Giuseppe's feet hung nearly to the ground; and the donkey's small hoofs made, as he walked, a dainty click-clack, like the heels of a lady's slippers.

Not far behind them was a tall pedestrian. He was a fine-looking gentleman about thirty years of age, and he walked with an easy swing, holding his hat in his hand. Now and then he paused to look about him, as though seeing the place for the first time; and at every pause he drew a fuller breath, and put his shoulders back. There was the light of a smile in his pleasant, searching eyes, and transpiring in some way through the somewhat patriarchal beard that covered all the lower part of his face.

About a mile from the city gate, a broad path led off from the road, gradually and obliquely ascending. The man on the donkey glanced back at the gentleman as he turned into this path, and received in reply a nod and a wave of the hat. Giuseppe was acting as guide.

The stranger was strong and elastic, and full of life and health. His glance was frank and kind, his brow broad, his teeth sound, his hands sinewy. His face showed a character capable of generosity, enthusiasm and a splendid anger.

He was a young American doctor who had been studying and traveling in Europe, after having graduated at home; and he was now, after a brief visit to the East, about to return to his native land and put into practice what he had learned. As he said, his hive was full of honey.

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He turned into the path, and went up dreamily for a while, till the barking of a dog recalled him. At that sound, he lifted his head, gave himself a vigorous slap on the breast, and quickened his pace.

The slap was not a *mea culpa*, but meant to make sure that the breast-pocket was not empty. In that pocket, beside a respectably-filled purse, was a letter written by a Florentine banker to the most illustrious Signore, the Signor Don Francesco Alinori; and the writer begged leave to present to his dear Checco the egregious Signor Professor James Martin, a distinguished physician from America; and he did so with a flourish of trumpets that might have abashed a more timid bearer.

The young doctor was anything but timid; and as he glanced over this letter for the last time before presenting it, he thought it a very good one. To be sure he was not renowned, as the writer declared, and his title to be called distinguished might have been questioned; but he meant to distinguish himself, and he expected people of discernment to perceive that he was not an insignificant person. And he was right. For nature signs the work on which she takes pains, though with but a hieroglyph; and those who bear the signature recognize each other.

Dr. Martin folded the letter, and restored it to his pocket-book. The path had now reached an opening luxuriant with field and orchard, vineyard and garden, richly cultivated from the grove that hid the road up to the bare mountain ledge. There was a large, rough stone house with a brilliant disorder about it, and a trellis in front supported on stone pillars, and roofed over by two immense grape-vines that grew with trunks that for size were like trees. These vines still held the later ripening clusters; but the cane-staked vigna beyond had been denuded weeks before, and the wine was already working—a light, champagne-like muscatel, and strong oliatico, with a flavor of birch bark. The almonds had been gathered, but the walnuts though ripe, still hung on the trees; pomegranates were changing from orange color to brown, and there was a peach-tree glowing with large crimson

cling-stones, a delight to the eyes, but as tough as a sponge to the teeth.

There was corn waiting to be husked, a mimic mountain of rough, shining gold; bins of wheat were visible through the open doors of breezy store-houses, and poultry of every sort were wandering at will, and picking up the remains of the harvest. A small herd of swine also enjoyed the pastoral freedom of the domain, and took in very good part the gentle rebuffs which met them at the house-door, the flower-garden, the walnut-grove and the drying-ground.

The drying-ground was a wonderful sight, a snow-field of linen, on this bright morning. It occurred to the doctor that the family did their clothes-washing only twice a year, like some German families.

This estate was the Villa Alinori, formerly Villa Cassini, from the family to whom it had belonged, and whose heiress had joined her contadina wealth to the rank and poverty of a younger son of the Alinori. At present only one brother, Tommaso, stood between her husband and the Alinori title; and, as we have seen, only the simple Giovanni prevented their enjoying the Giorgini title and possessions. Tommaso and Giovanni out of the way, the rich contadina's husband would become Count Giorgini, and transfer his family to Sanzio; and her young son, Francesco, would be Count Alinori.

The Signora Anna Alinori was therefore a proud and happy woman socially; but that had not prevented her betrothing her eldest daughter, Aldegonda, to a wealthy farmer's son, and promising her own son to a daughter of the same house. "A man without money is a dead man who walks," she quoted. "What the Alinori want is money. Their nobility will take care of itself. A title is a cork that floats when gold goes to the bottom."

It was Aldegonda's corredo of linen which lay like an arrested avalanche on the drying-ground, bushes, hedges, trees, lines, stakes and stubble. One hundred of everything was the rule; and no girl of respectable family could think of going to her husband with less.

The only persons visible to the doctor as he approached the house were a young girl of fourteen who leaned against one of the stone posts of the trellis, and a

gentleman who smoked while he read a newspaper under the shade of a walnut-grove at some distance. But as soon as he himself became visible, a graceful youth appeared in the door, and hastened out to meet him.

"What a picture of a boy!" thought the doctor. Blond hair lay in loose waves about a perfect brow, the gray eyes were clear and well shaped, the mouth a woman's mouth, red, full and arched. A delicately shaded golden down followed the curve of the upper lip.

"I have been watching for you," the young man said, with a smile and salutation at once dignified and winning. "Our farmer has told us of your coming. If you will do me the favor—" waving his hand toward the house—"I will go and call my father." Another wave of the hand indicated the walnut grove.

"Why should we disturb him now?" the doctor said. "He has but just received his paper. While he is looking it over, perhaps you would be so kind as to walk about the place with me. I find it very interesting. It looks as though a cornucopia of fruit had been poured down over you."

The Signor Alinori had just received his paper, and was looking it over; but its contents were far from being able at that moment to engross his attention. He merely thought it proper to ignore the presence of his guest till it should have been announced to him.

"Certainly we can look about the villa, if you wish," the young man said. "But my father would be displeased with me if I did not introduce you at once. Beatrice, have I left my hat here?"

The last words, uttered in a caressing voice, which atoned for the evident request, were addressed to the girl leaning against the trellis post.

She started, her pensive look changed to a smile of pleasure, and she ran to get the hat. They were walking slowly away when she came behind them and slipped it into the boy's hand. As she did so, bending forward, her eyes were raised to his face, and a brilliant smile illumined her own for a moment.

The young man gave her a careless nod, and she returned to her post, and

leaned there looking after him. She was rather pretty, though ill-dressed; and there was something sad and solitary in her air.

The doctor, glancing back, found her a picturesque figure as she stood there motionless in the dancing lights and shadows of the vine-leaves. It did not occur to him that she might be an old acquaintance of his. At the time of Mrs. Nelson's death, five years before, he had heard she had left a small annuity to the child they had picked up somewhere in Italy; but the later crowding incidents of his life had quite covered up a fact which to him had little interest. His sister would have remembered had she been there, but had not thought to remind him. His correspondence with Mrs. Elizabeth Elder treated chiefly of more brilliant scenes and characters.

Elizabeth Martin had been now for nine years the wife of Mr. Francis Elder, and was fully occupied by her family cares and social ambitions. The news she asked her brother for were of courts and courtly people; and thus it happened that the doctor failed to recognize what was perhaps, one of the most interesting encounters of his life.

Inside the house the Signora Alinori was at that moment declaring herself to be in a state of desperation. Here was a mountain of linen to iron and pack, the house in town to be prepared for Aldegonda's wedding, and the family to move; and only one week in which to do it. Yet just at this time, of all others, visitors must come! The Sor Chiara Mattei, the mother of Aldegonda's betrothed, had sent word that she should come out to see them that morning; and an American had already come. Of course both these guests must be invited to dinner. Visitors in town can be gotten rid of; but visitors in villa must eat. It would be necessary to kill two chickens; and in the market two chickens would bring three lire. The Lord knew they had need to economize after having bought a hundred of everything, and raked and scraped to give Aldegonda a thousand scudi in money. "And everything comes out of *my* pocket," concluded the Signora Alinori.

These complaints were poured forth in a high-pitched, snarling voice, which

from time to time cracked with emotion; and the speaker was standing before a long dining-table, which commanded a view of the road and the walnuts. One guessed why the master of the house preferred to read his paper at a distance: The lady's audience consisted of two peasant women who assisted her to sprinkle the hundred sheets of her daughter's corredo. Aldegonda herself was ironing pocket-handkerchiefs at another table by a distant window, and did not seem to hear her mother's voice. A dreamy, complacent half-smile hovered over her pretty face as she daintily folded and smoothed the squares of linen and lawn stitched and embroidered by her own hands. Visions of the future hung about her like a mist.

"The Sor Chiara pretends to think that it is all very easy," the Signora went on spitefully. "But she was n't always so rich. The time has been when she could n't have had a chicken even by going on her knees for it; and everybody knows that her mother"—

She checked herself just in time, recollecting that the grandson of this woman was to be her son-in-law.

Through an open door a large, rough kitchen was visible, in which a fire of twigs was blazing on the elevated hearth of an open fire-place, and half-a-dozen little charcoal furnaces at which irons were heating and saucepans steaming. A third contadina here was counting walnuts into a sack, and dexterously slipping one into her own capacious pocket from time to time. A fourth was making maccheroni. The stiff paste of flour and eggs rolled thin hung over the side of the table like a cover, and a kitten was slyly reaching toward it, with one eye on the roller.

The Signora Alinori, glancing through the window, gave a kind of snort. "Oh, yes!" she said, and tossed her head into the air.

The Sindaco, as his family still called him, though it was years since he had occupied that office, was coming to the house. He had received his visitor with elaborate courtesy, and after a few minutes' conversation, had begged leave to absent himself for a moment.

The Signor Francesco Alinori was a rather stout gentleman, whom his son

resembled in features, though not in expression. The father could be charming, but was ordinarily surly in look and speech.

"Here comes the Sindaco to order a banquet of thirty courses," exclaimed his wife; and she shook the sprinkler she held with such violence that the ball came off the handle, and flew across the room.

One of the contadine picked it up, screwed it into the handle again, and filled it with water, glancing slyly at her companion. It was well understood by the familiars of the house that the Sindaco and his wife hated each other.

The gentleman entered. "I want a bottle of vin santo of '35 and some cakes sent out to the grove," he said with an air of quiet authority. "Teresina"—to one of the contadine—"carry out the little round table." Then, addressing his wife again, "Send two or three bunches of grapes, and the glasses with the gilt rim." "Giovanna"—to the second contadina—"go and gather the grapes."

The two women made haste to obey, feeling themselves in a tempestuous atmosphere; and the husband, wife and daughter were left together.

The Signora, without seeming to have heard the request addressed to her, continued to wield her sprinkler, increasing in violence as her anger increased. Her husband, coldly watching her movements, marked the drops of water coming nearer to him with every shake of the sprinkler, till finally a small shower reached the sleeve of his black velvet morning jacket.

"If you do that again, I will throw the whole basinful over your head," he muttered hoarsely.

The Signora dropped her sprinkler, and flounced angrily out into the kitchen, whence her voice was immediately heard in shrill reproof. The kitten, popping mischievously out from under the table, had snatched at the hanging sheet of maccheroni paste, and come to grief. For, the roller having been lifted at the same instant, the whole mass had slipped down to the floor, covering the hapless animal like a blanket, only a small gray head with very frightened eyes protruding.

The Signora shook her contadina by the arm, which she pinched at the same

time; lifted carefully the fallen paste, whimpering hysterically the while; and further relieved her feelings by kicking the kitten. The small mischief-maker, squawking, sought refuge with the mother-cat, and had her ears boxed by the maternal paw for consolation.

The Signor Alinori glanced significantly at his daughter, who demurely continued her ironing. He turned upon his heel and went out. He had no fear of not being obeyed. In fact, Teresina was already setting the little table near Doctor Martin's elbow; and in a few minutes Giovanna appeared, bearing a brass tray that shone like gold. In the tray were glasses and a plate of ciambelle. She had scarcely gone when a third woman approached with a second glistening tray holding a bottle of wine and a plate of grapes.

The visitor watched everything with a smiling interest. He found something patriarchal in this multiplicity of service. "Whose fault is it," he thought, "that domestic service is getting to be held dishonorable in other lands? Is it the fault of master or servant? What will bring about the true balance?"

His meditations were interrupted by the return of his host; and the two were soon engaged in a discussion which did not interest the son, so Francesco, junior, returned to the house.

"What sort of man is this American?" his mother asked.

"He is a tall man who swings his cane going up hill," the son replied.

"Anybody can swing a cane," was the retort.

"But everybody does n't, especially when he has had a long walk, and is climbing a hill," the son returned; and without further parley, went out into the kitchen and began to tease the servants.

"Just like his father!" the Signora muttered. "Always hanging around the women!"

As he left the room by one door, Beatrice entered by another. She looked at him wistfully as he withdrew, but did not follow.

The Signora began to lament herself to this new auditor.

"Don't you want me to do the stockings?" the girl asked, with quick obligingness and sympathy. "You must be

tired. I will do them nicely. I will sprinkle, fold and iron every one of them."

The expression, and even the color, of the girl's face changed as she spoke. There was a faint rose color over the cheeks; a sweet, gracious smile; and the voice was meltingly soft, half with tenderness, half with timidity.

"It would be such a help to me, Bice," the Signora said in a gentle tone, and handed over a pile of fine thread and silk stockings, all knit by hand.

"I sometimes wish that I had no land," she went on in a quieter voice, soothed by the first sympathy she had met. "I have a mind to let it for half, and live in the town all the year. It makes a slave of me. There are the silk-worms, now; no one can see to them but me. When Giuseppe took care of them they were perfectly brown, and the silk no better than bavella. This year they are as long as my finger, and as clear as amber; and the silk is as glossy as gold. Then the oil—if I did n't look after it, it would be fit only for the lamps. And I must stand by when the wine is changed; and I must count the eggs, and measure the corn, and wheat, and chestnuts, and walnuts. And as for the lentils, not a cart-load is sent away that I do not keep account of."

"You know so much! And you do everything so well!" the girl murmured.

A sound of wheels was heard, and a victoria drawn by a stout pony appeared. There was a momentary vision of a rubicund face looking over the driver's shoulder; but it subsided as quickly as it rose. This was the Sor Chiara Mattei, Aldegonda's prospective mother-in-law. Her family was a good deal richer than that of the Signora Alinori, and her villa was not a farm also; but she had not the advantage of having made an aristocratic marriage.

"Run and meet her!" the Signora Alinori said to her daughter. "Don't let her know that I have seen her; but make her understand that we are overwhelmed with work. Let her come in here if she wants to."

A bustling, self-satisfied, good-natured looking woman presently entered, and saluted everybody with effusion, kissing Beatrice on both cheeks, and standing a moment holding her in a half-embrace.

Beatrice was afraid of the Signora Alinori, whose rude tongue was worse to her than a lash; but she was quite at her ease with this woman, who, next to Betta, was the best friend she had in the world. Betta was the Signora Mattei's housekeeper; and from her the lady had learned all of Beatrice's affairs which it was not thought prudent to tell publicly.

In her the orphan felt that she had found a friend and protectress. But for the watchful eyes and frank remarks of the Mattei, Beatrice might have sunk to an almost servile position in casa Alinori, though Mrs. Nelson's pension would have been considered in any other house in town sufficient for a modest maintenance. It was the Signora Mattei who kept alive the fact that the piano in the town drawing-room belonged to Beatrice, and that the French master who had given lessons to Aldegonda and Francesco as well as to her, received pay only for one. "It is as easy to teach three as one," the Signora Alinori had said. And it was again the Signora Mattei who pointed out to everybody that the little gold watch among Aldegonda's wedding presents had been given to the child by Mrs. Nelson, but accepted from her protégée's generosity by both mother and daughter.

There had been some discussion in the family over this gift, both the father and son objecting most decidedly to its acceptance. It would be mean to take it, they said.

"It would be cruel not to accept the only thing that I can give," protested Beatrice tearfully. "Everybody else is giving something."

The Signor Alinori looked at her attentively a moment, then laid his hand kindly on her head. "We will take it, then," he said, "and on your eighteenth birthday I will give you another watch, and a prettier one than that."

The Signora Mattei had come to announce that the present which custom required the bridegroom to give to his bride had been received at Ombrà, and to beg Aldegonda to go in town with her to see it. This was a cadeau of four dresses, a bonnet and a cloak.

Aldegonda hastened to prepare herself for the drive, while her mother listened with a feeling of mingled pleasure and mortification to her visitor's description

of the finery. She had already suffered from the greater richness of the presents that came from the other side. Her generous piles of linen and clumsy old silver made but a poor show beside the sparkling gold and shining silks of the Mattei. She had hoped for something from the Giorgini; but though Aldegonda's marriage had been announced to the Countess Maria, no response except ceremonious good wishes had been vouchsafed.

But when the Signora Mattei said, "I shall ask you for only a dozen invitation cards," her comfortable sense of superiority was at once restored; for that part of the wedding-announcement which set forth the name and state of the bride was surmounted by a coronet.

The cards were brought forth, and produced the desired effect. The contadina sank at once to her proper place among the *mezzo ceto* crowd. Her head advanced itself a little, her smile changed from flattering to flattered; and she took the twenty cards offered as reverentially as a loyal subject takes the extended hand of royalty on presentation-day.

CHAPTER VII.

SOUTHPORT.

The town of Southport is a very good specimen of a green-and-white New England city. There are rows of trees, chiefly elms, in the principal streets; and at the time of which we write there still remained some of those square, flat-roofed houses set in gardens, which wealthy people built for themselves seventy-five or a hundred years ago.

The city, as its name implies, was built on the sea.

Among its chief families were the Selwyns; and when Charles was in Europe, they were the richest family in town. But the broken leg which had kept his father at home was the beginning of a series of misfortunes for them. The remainder of Mr. Selwyn's history resembled that of Job, minus the patience. There was something grotesque in the succession of disasters which robbed them piecemeal of all their possessions but the homestead in Southport, and a microscopic annuity, which in better days Mrs.

Selwyn had devoted to charity. It is a detail to explain that with Mrs. Selwyn charity meant converting some far-away heathen people to New England ideas.

They managed to get Charles through college and medical studies; and the father died happy in the conviction that prosperity had returned to his family, if not to himself. He had lived to see his son a doctor, and to hear the sound of the hammer which affixed his sign to one of the white posts beside their garden gate. He did not know that the sign was unpaid for; and if he could look back and see that it was not likely to be soon paid for, we cannot know.

Mrs. Selwyn and Edith, through their tears for the departed, kept anxious watch on the street and that gate; while Charles, in his office in the back drawing-room, listened breathlessly to every tinkle of the bell which might announce a patient.

But the patients did not come. They passed by on the other side, going to old Doctor Blake, who was rich, avaricious and childless. Or, they went to old Doctor Martin, who was not rich, indeed, but had a money-making family. There was John, his eldest son, who had shops and houses and the beginning of a merchant fleet, while David was following in John's footsteps. There was Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Francis Elder, the most successful criminal lawyer in town, the terror of prosecuting virtue and the bright morning-star of rascality of every species. And—hats off!—there was James, the famous young doctor, who had studied abroad, made his bow to royalty in England, sent his sister mosses and flowers from India, his mother a bag of Mocha from Cairo, and his father a monumental pipe from Constantinople.

At that time, 1844, a person who had lived abroad was distinguished; and Southport was proud of young Doctor Martin. They all knew that he was coming home to take his father's practice; and they knew that he owed his foreign travels chiefly to the generosity of his maiden aunt, Miss Betsey Martin.

In fact, the family owed a good many favors to this same maiden aunt. It was she who had given John and David the first little push that had launched them on the sea of fortune; and it was she who

had given Mrs. Elizabeth Elder all her wedding linen and a beautiful basket of flannels, lawns and laces to her first baby, Francis junior.

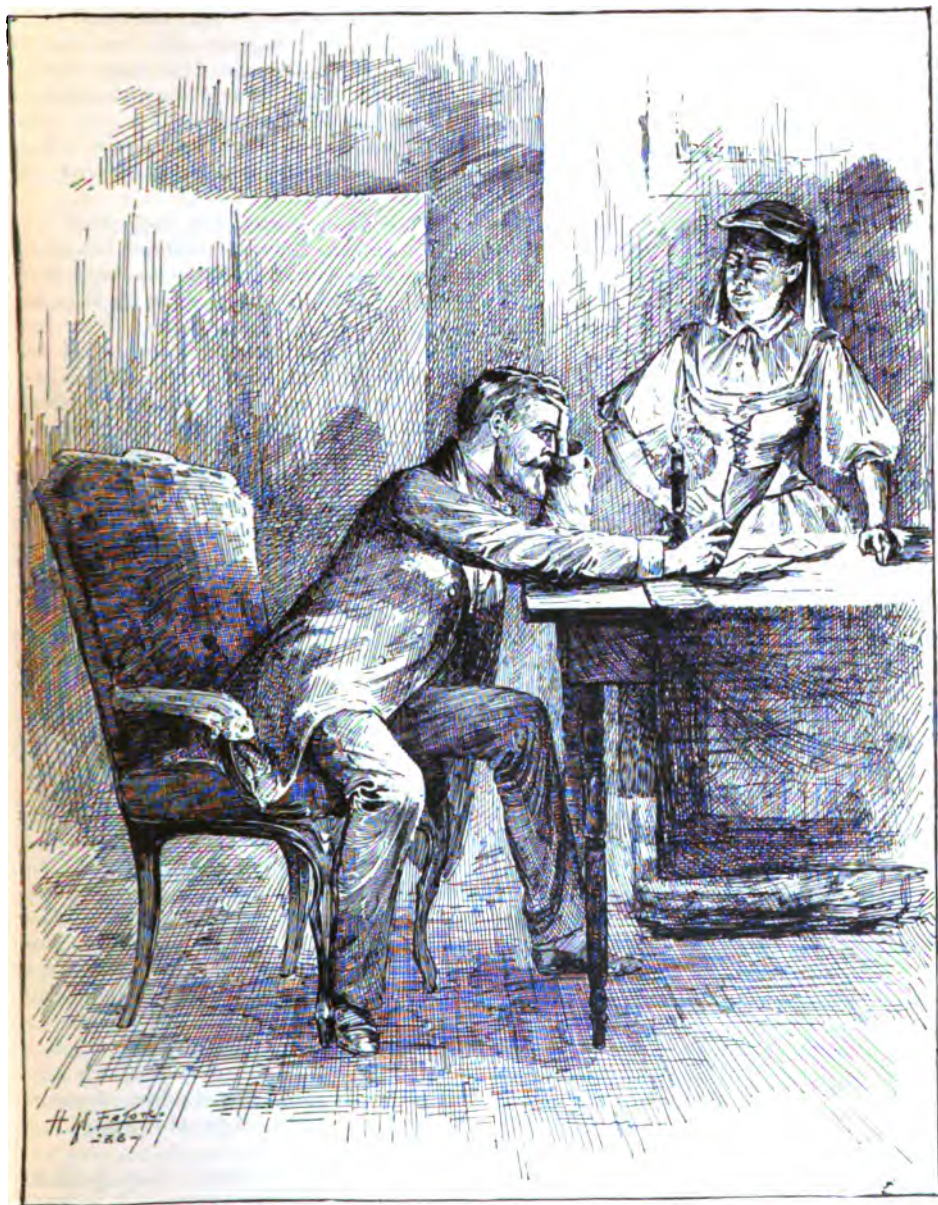
Everybody knew, too, that Miss Betsey adored her nephew James, and meant to leave him all her savings and her township down east. This township was a large tract of land, partly wild, and had been left to the maiden Betsey by a lover of her youth. She passed six months of every year on this estate, and came back rosy and sun-burnt, and with a wind-swept freshness of look and manner which did credit to her true lover's legacy. She always returned accompanied by a good many barrels, six of which radiated a delightful orchard fragrance.

One of these six had always been the sacred barrel of the boys. No one but themselves could knock the head out of it, and no one could even see it knocked out without their permission. Its contents were invariable: a sample of all the apples and pears grown on aunt Betsey's farm, with a bag of beech-nuts at the top.

Miss Martin took James to Beechland, as she called her place, one summer, and the boy remembered it with an enthusiasm which influenced all his future life. No forest scenes of other lands had ever lifted nobler branches to his fancy, or rustled with so sweet a music; and often when he saw some quiet rustic dwelling far away from home, his thought went back to the brown log-house at Beechland, and it seemed to him as picturesque, and more comfortable by far.

The young doctor traveled with speed. Everything was planned in advance, and a vast amount of preparatory reading was done. His first brief tour had been but a sentimental journey, and he had brought home only some brilliant, blurred impressions. This was a more philosophical and humanitarian pilgrimage.

The villa life of the Alinori charmed him. He found himself wishing that such a life were possible to reproduce at Beechland. The many contadini about, all busy, but working leisurely, without pressure or care; the easy relations between master and servant; the plenty, the ready smile, the grace, even the confusion—all made a picture pleasant to his eyes. He was not so simple as not to know that this was but the surface, and



"THE WOMAN STOOD LOOKING AT HIM."

that the moral life of these poor easy laborers was but little above that of the beasts they lived so intimately with; but he sighed for something of that grace to drape the rough virtues of his native rustics.

He thought painfully over the subject as, having declined company, he strolled backward to the town of Ombra that evening.

"Must I distrust so much that is pleasant?" he asked himself, "and be forever on my guard against its charms? The *lasciar andare* does very well in matters of taste, but not when it is a question of right and wrong."

He reached his hotel in a golden silent gloaming, and was met by his landlady, who smilingly presented him with a package of letters forwarded by his banker. He glanced them over, as he ate his solitary dinner, at which the landlady served him with an extraordinary solicitude. When he retired to his chamber he was surprised to see her follow him. She lighted his candles though it was hardly dark, beat up his pillows, asked if he would n't have a bottle of wine sent to him, and showed herself so loath to go that he finally suggested the good-night she seemed to have forgotten. Then she stopped before him, with one hand hidden in her apron pocket.

"There is one more letter, Signore," she said. "I hope that it does not bring you bad news."

"One more letter?" he echoed. "What do you mean?"

She half drew it from her pocket. "I did not give it to you before dinner, lest it might spoil your appetite," she said.

He silently took from her hand a black-bordered, thick letter, and seated himself to read it. The woman stood looking at him, watching his expression with a real anxiety. She had not known him twenty-four hours; yet when she saw his brows knit as he laid aside a large double sheet closely written, and unfolded a briefer letter enclosing it, she made a quick forward movement, as quickly checked, and bit her lips to keep silence.

He read, and dropped his face into his hands.

"I knew it!" the woman cried. "O Signore, I was sure that there was sorrow in that letter. I knew that ill news

was coming; for last night I heard an owl crying like an infant on the roof of the church opposite. I said to my husband: 'Something is going to happen here.' And he said: '*Ma, che!* the only thing that will happen will be that I shall catch that owl. It's just what I want; for I am going lark-shooting,' says he. And says I—"

She broke off; for the doctor lifted his face, and she saw traces of tears in his eyes.

"O, Signore! what has happened?"

"Poor Aunt Betsey!" said her boarder; and took up the long letter he had laid aside. "I have lost a dear aunt, who was a second mother to me. She has been sick a long time, and would n't let me know, lest it should trouble me, or make me give up some journey I wished to take. See! she wrote this letter in the last days of her life; a little every day. Oh! oh!" and he wept.

The woman was weeping too. She patted him on the head and shoulder, said all the comforting words she could think of, begged him to have patience, and finally induced him to speak. It was the best comfort she could have given him: and the doctor presently found himself relating his story to this sympathizing listener. With anguish in his voice, he spoke of his aunt's love for him, and of the fresh, bright health of her sixty years. And then—his hostess still wiping her eyes, and murmuring words of sympathy—he translated that pathetic, yet cheerful, last letter. He did not observe how his listener's expression changed as he went on. Her tears ceased, her eyes enlarged and brightened, and her mouth remained open with the eagerness of her listening.

"She leaves it all to you!" she exclaimed, the moment he ceased. "It is all yours?" Her hand pressed his arm.

"What?" asked the doctor, absently. "Oh, the money? Yes, she leaves it to me."

"How good of her!" the landlady cried, with sparkling eyes. "It must be an immense fortune."

"I don't know," he replied, still absently. "No; it is not immense. Poor auntie! I wish I had n't stayed so long. How glad you would have been to see me."

"There must be a good deal of land," the Italian pursued. "And it is all yours now?"

The doctor did not reply. Her questions had begun to reach and grate upon him. He wondered now how he could have read that sacred letter to a stranger.

The landlady felt herself dismissed, and after a few more words, left him to his grief. She went the more promptly because the incident had given her numbers for the lottery, and it was already Friday evening. *Doctor, dead aunt, fortune and owl*—why! she ought to get a *terno* and two *ambos* out of it.

She had half a mind to put five *paoli* into a *quaterno*. Only it might be *land* instead of *fortune*, *man crying* instead of *doctor*, and *mourning letter* instead of *dead aunt*.

Any way, there was no time to lose. She found her dream and lottery book; called a servant to go to the office for her; and finding no other piece of paper at hand, tore a blank leaf out of her prayer-book to write the numbers on. This done, she pushed her lagging messenger out of the door with such force that the girl ran stumbling half way across the piazza before regaining her equilibrium.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR DEFENSES FROM AN ARMY STAND-POINT.

BY GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

I.



STRONG efforts to have national controversies settled by arbitration are being put forth by good men among all civilized nations. But the time has not yet arrived when gov-

ernments have either adopted or show a very decided disposition to adopt the new method. Certainly, larger standing armies are to-day in existence than ever before, and until arbitration, therefore, shall be an accomplished fact, a reasonable precaution for our national defense and public safety demands at least a nucleus of an army and navy; and also that proper and adequate means shall be easily available for the protection of the nation's life and property. It is true that our geographical position and our non-interference policy will, most likely, preserve us from European complications; yet, there are causes which may at any time lead to war; such as the imperialism, wherever it is found, in fact or in spirit, which abhors any republic; the constant and bold assertion on our part, of our national demands; the fearless proclamation of the rights of our

citizens abroad; the sending of the subjects of other nations from our shores; the increasing desire of our people to hold such islands and outposts as will help to secure America to Americans; and the resistance that will surely come sooner or later to enforced immigration from any foreign nation whatever.

The proposition is an indisputable one, viz: This nation (the United States) is liable at all times to war.

According to modern experience, war once declared bursts upon a nation like a thunderstorm. Quick to rise, it is sudden in its outbreak, and is soon over; and the devastated and defeated country is forced to defray the expenses of the campaign. There is great need then for a nation liable to war, to be at all times reasonably prepared; that is to say, the army and navy should be trained to their duties and ready for expansion; and the militia should be well organized and easily mobilized.

It is, therefore, important in considering this question to discuss first the different forms of attacks, the quarters from which to expect them, and how they should be met.

The attacks upon our country might be made from the land or from the sea. Land attacks, either from the north or from the south border, are not to be

greatly feared; for, as we could easily bring into the field our full strength, we would, in such event, have decidedly the advantage over an approaching enemy.

Attacks from the sea, that is from the Gulf of Mexico or from either ocean, would be aimed at our cities on the seaboard, or at those within easy reach near the mouths of large navigable streams; also at sizable harbors, important depots, coal mines near the shore line, and navy yards.

The enemy's navy would strike our merchant marine wherever found, and would, of course, if strong enough, endeavor to defeat and destroy our navy afloat.

One well-defined object of an attacking force would be to levy contributions upon our cities; a second to secure some important lodgment as a basis of operations upon our soil, and a third to control or destroy internal communications and commerce.

To withstand such a hostile force and defeat its purposes is the province of coast defenses. How to place such defenses and render them efficient, present problems of vital interest to every citizen of this country.

It cannot be the part of wisdom, as society is now constituted, to throw away every lock and key, or leave the doors to all our treasures unbarred; neither can it be considered a wise policy to permit, as we have done for the last quarter of a century, the channels to our principal cities, important supply-depots and large tenanted harbors to remain without a respectable show of protection in the way of coast defense.

Next, let us take a glance at some of the improvements that have been made during the last twenty-five or thirty years in foreign guns and armor, and have had a tendency relatively to lower our national standing and to jeopardize our interests. From 1850 to 1855, our existing fortifications were, as a rule, put into their present condition. Then, war-ships were unclad with iron or steel, and smooth-bore guns had short range and comparatively inaccurate fire. Since then, there has been extraordinary expenditure by foreign powers in developing every kind of ordnance.

Breech-loading rifled cannon have attained enormous proportions, and the

plating with which ships of war have been covered has been continually increased in thickness, until some of the vessels constructed could hardly float heavier material.

The foreign naval depots and gun factories, such as Portsmouth and Essen, have kept up, on trial grounds, a steady contest between heavy ordnance and the armor for ships. The constantly changing ordnance, increasing in size and power, has been matched by a corresponding increase in the thickness of the iron or steel used for floating armor, until now probably a limit has been reached, or rather approached; because it is impracticable to go much further in size, weight and expense.

The Elswick breech-loading rifled cannon weighs one hundred and ten tons; the diameter of the bore is 16.25 inches; it hurls a projectile of 1,800 lbs., and uses habitually 850 lbs. of powder at a discharge. This gives an energy of 53,927 foot-tons (a foot-ton is the work expended in raising a ton's weight one vertical foot). With one thousand pounds of powder, the muzzle velocity is 2,128 feet (*i. e.*, the distance the projectile would pass over in a second, with the same speed it had on leaving the muzzle), and the energy 57,680 tons.

The new English war-ship "Benbow," which has just been completed at a cost of four million dollars, will have two of these Elswick guns, and the Italian government has received from Krupp's manufactory three others weighing 118½ tons each.

Another, 139 tons in weight, 15.7 inches calibre, is under construction. It is 52½ feet long, and has two projectiles. The lighter weighs 1,630 lbs., is 45 inches in length, requires 1,069 lbs. of powder, and is estimated, at the muzzle, to pierce 45 inches of wrought iron. The heavier is 62 inches long, weighs 2,314 pounds, and with the same charge of powder, is estimated to penetrate 47½ inches of wrought iron.

It is even proposed to manufacture a still larger gun, which will weigh at least 150 tons, and carry a projectile of 3,360 lbs.

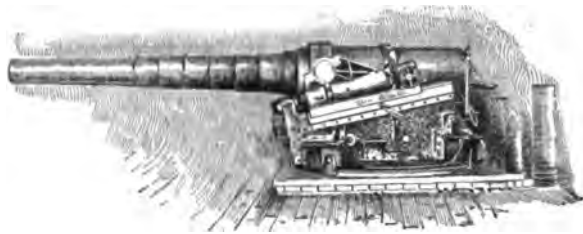
Such are samples of heavy ordnance now made or making.

There are many other changes of importance. England, for example, has recently nearly reconstructed her navy. Ninety-seven of her war-ships carry five hundred and eighty-nine heavy guns, whose projectiles will pierce from 12 to 20 inches of wrought iron; fifteen more carry fifty guns whose projectiles will pierce from 20 to 33 inches.

Furthermore, she proposes to use the merchant steam-ships of the White Star and Cunard lines for cruisers and transports in case of war.

In brief, England has now a navy which could not be replaced for two hundred million dollars. In her actual service there are two hundred and fifty vessels, while she has a reserve of three hundred, with one hundred and fifty torpedo boats. Moreover, England, in case of need, is prepared for prompt extension. At home and abroad—that is, within her own domain—armored defenses have been constructed and prepared with or for modern heavy

guns, and five double-turreted monitors at present rebuilding, and intended to mount each four breech-loading rifles. So that altogether we have fifty-five vessels, carry-



EIGHT-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLE.

ing three hundred and fifty-two guns, most of them old smooth-bores.

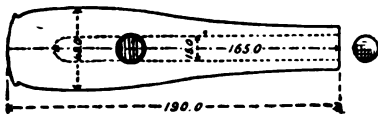
Now, the best gun in our navy is the 8-inch steel breech-loading gun; weight about 28,000 lbs.* The weight of the projectile is 250 lbs., and the service charge 122 lbs. The estimated penetrations in wrought iron are as follows: At muzzle, 17.1 inches; at 1,000 yards, 15.1 inches; at 2,000 yards, 13.6 inches.

The calculated range for this loading, with the extreme elevation which the carriage permits (20 deg.), is about eight and a half statute miles.

The regular army has an aggregate force of 28,000 men, and there are 81,700 organized militiamen. Aside from these, an unorganized body is available for military duty, of (in round numbers) about seven million men. In case of foreign war, the number of men essential to work all our permanent batteries proposed would be drawn from this quota, aggregating at least 85,000 artillery troops.

Our sea-coast defenses, when constructed years ago, were equal to those of any other country. Since 1865, Congress has failed to make sufficient appropriations even for repairs, so that they are in poorer condition than they were twenty years ago. Our sea-coast cannon consist mainly of the 15-inch smooth-bore and the 8-inch converted rifle, with a number of 10-inch smooth-bores and other smaller guns. The only guns of these worth considering for present defense are the 15-inch smooth-bores and the 8-inch converted rifles. The

* It is asserted that a 10-inch naval gun is now just finished. It is a breech-loading steel rifle.

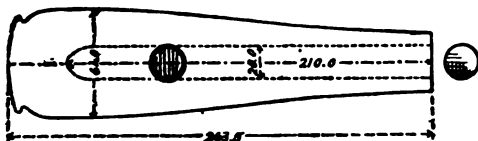


PLAN OF FIFTEEN-INCH GUN.

ordnance, thus facing the world. And, as a rule, her coasts are made reasonably secure against assault.

We find like activity and preparation in other countries, and similar trials of heavy ordnance and armor of ships, while unremitting care is shown in the construction and preservation of permanent works for coast defense.

It will now be interesting to look at



PLAN OF TWENTY-INCH GUN.

our own status. Our navy, according to the Navy Register, has forty-one unarmored vessels—most of them old, and nearly all carrying smooth-bore guns. It has thirteen monitors, each car-

penetration of the former, using 130 lbs. of hexagonal powder and a 450-lb. chilled shot, is ten inches of wrought iron; that of the latter, using 35 lbs. of powder and 180-lb. projectile, is eight inches of wrought iron—both at 1,000 yards.

Many of the 15-inch guns cannot now be used for want of suitable carriages.

The largest guns we have are the 20-inch smooth-bore; and of them we have but two. These, the 15-inch and other smooth-bores, which would be serviceable within range against wooden ships and transports, and ironclads where a plunging fire could be secured, are utterly ineffective against armored vessels at greater distances; because modern war-ships could easily lie beyond their range, and at their leisure disable them and thereby destroy their inadequate protection.

For interior defense, guarding torpedo plants and sweeping narrow passages, some of our existing sea-coast guns would be of service; but evidently for the ordinary coast defense they are worthless, and where these heavy guns fail of execution for defensive purposes, an army of men, however large, could accomplish nothing. They could not prevent a single shell from entering a city and doing its horrible work of demolition and destruction.

It was necessary for us to go to an English gun foundry for some of the forgings of the present 8-inch breech-loading rifles authorized in 1883. They were not ready for use until June, 1886. Since then our home factories have been improved so as to complete guns of this calibre; but the question is, Where could we get larger guns than these in time of war?

In reference to torpedoes, the engineer corps has made remarkable progress and worked out good plans for their play in the defense of our harbors; yet even in this, the appropriations have been too limited. There are no properly-protected operating rooms, no electrical apparatus or other adequate means for carrying out their proposed systems.

The carriages of most of our sea-coast guns are out of repair; they could not bear the shock of continuous firing. Some of them have already given way under experimental discharges. Thus

we see, whatever be our point of view, that we are hardly prepared by our present coast defenses to resist any, even the smallest, hostile fleet which may approach our coast with armored vessels and modern long-range rifled cannon.

II.

San Francisco has a population of about three hundred thousand; a real and personal estate valued at \$250,000,000; a destructible private and city property, estimated at \$190,000,000, and a railway property worth \$184,000,000. This city is the center of a vast system of railroads and telegraph lines; the harbor is fine and commodious, and the largest ships may enter at will and find safety from the storms of the ocean. The shipping interests are immense, in fact, co-extensive with the world. Other sizable cities cluster about the harbor and its bays. The large navy yard is at Mare Island, and the United States Arsenal at Benicia, both of which can be reached by large ships.

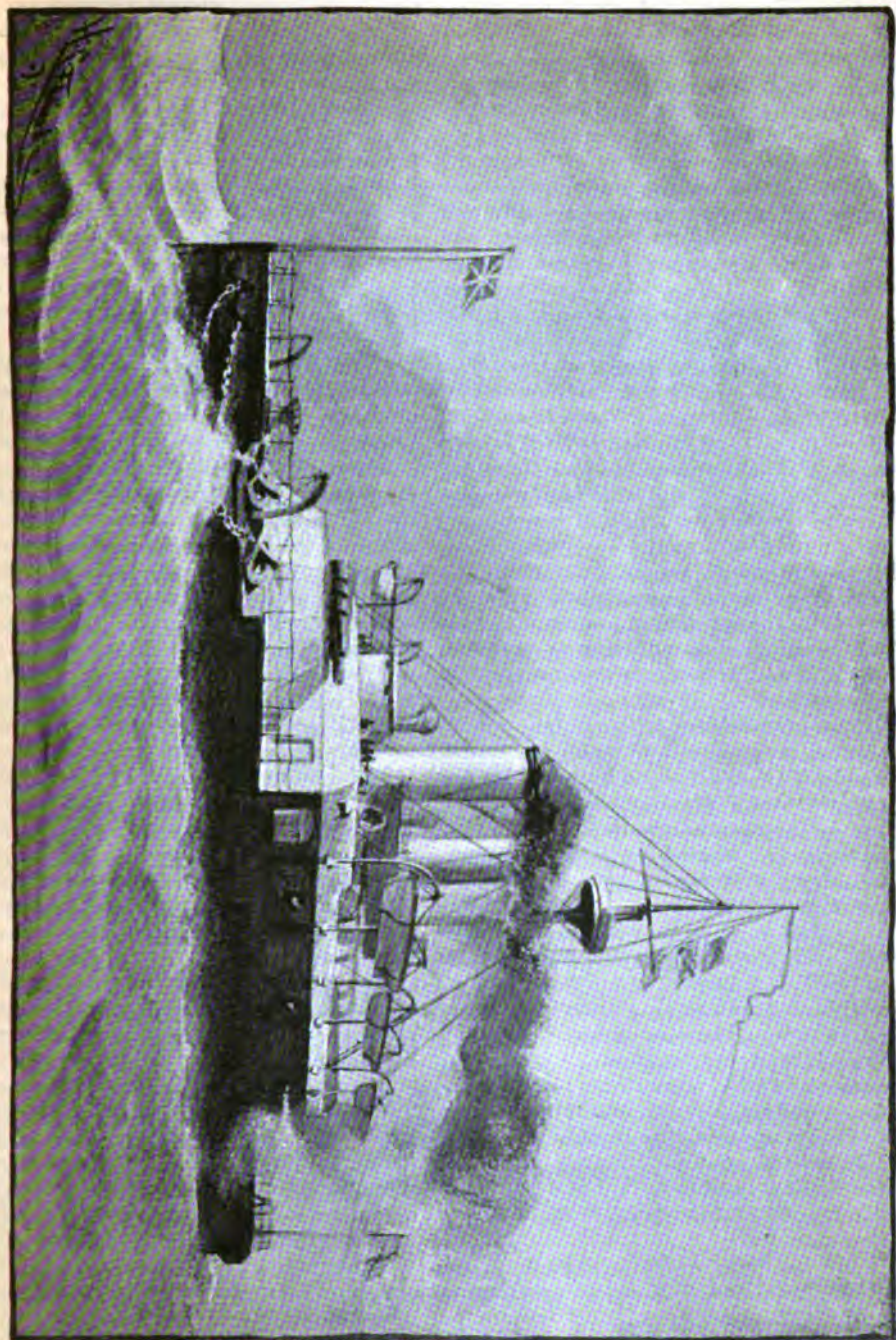
With the evident want of preparation, granting our present defenses their full value, the San Francisco bay could be entered by an enemy's fleet without meeting any material opposition. The city and surrounding towns could be shelled; the communications with the interior could be cut off, and irreparable loss would be suffered by the destruction of our naval and military stores at Mare Island and Benicia.

Should we possibly succeed, by using all the appliances, in closing the harbor against an enemy's vessels, they could still lie at points below Lobos, out of reach of our ordnance; and with their heavier guns send their shells into every part of the city.

Foreign nations know the condition of our defenses. They have our complete coast-survey maps. They know also the status and whereabouts of our ships of war. Weak and assailable points are those which are chosen for attack, so that being liable to war there is a possibility of a naval attack against San Francisco, and it is the part of common-sense to make preparations for such a contingency.

Coast defenses are more important than fire insurance. In the fiscal year, end-

U. S. S. "BENHOW"



ing July, 1887, San Francisco expended for its police and fire departments, \$875,506.00, and this was merely to protect property against possible loss. The total loss during that year by fire was \$845,213.48. The buildings and their contents thus partially destroyed were further protected by their owners by an insurance of \$2,894,298.39. Thus it is plain that the protection against fire usually afforded by the city is deemed insufficient, and men seek other security against damage and loss.

Yet the Government taxes the citizens of this city, with a virtual promise to provide for their defense against a possible calamity far greater than that produced by fire; but for many years it has not given the protection promised. It is very strange that business men are content with this policy, and still stranger that they advocate a reduction of revenue before new public works are constructed, or the old put in repair. Certainly the logical order would seem to be: first make good the coast defenses, and then discuss the question of a reduction of revenue, or the disposition of our large surplus in the treasury.

The best defense will combine effectiveness, economy and safety. Fortunately, we do not now have to try experiments. We have had the privilege of observation while other nations have been spending millions in experimenting; so that we may now follow out a fixed policy.

Doubtless, changes will hereafter take place in the character of fortifications as well as in ships and armor, but to withhold a reasonable protection on that account would be parsimonious and criminal. It is the universal custom for nations to use fortifications for coast defense, and no proficient officer of the army or navy opposes this method. In certain localities the navy may do more and the fortifications less, but in no locality can we afford to dispense with the fortifications.

Let us hear a few words from the "Board on Fortifications," reporting in 1885: "Fortifications must command from the shores exterior to our harbors all the waters from which the enemy can reach our cities and navy-yards with his shot and shell; the harbor-mouths and

all the narrow passages within them must also be occupied, and if nature has not afforded all the positions deemed requisite others must, if practicable, be formed artificially.

'Fortifications should succeed each other along the channels of approach and in our harbors, so that the enemy may nowhere find shelter from our fire while lying within our harbors, should he succeed in passing the outer line of works. The harbor mouths and channels must be obstructed by lines of electrical torpedoes for holding the enemy's vessels under fire of the fortifications.

"Galleries and chambers, securely protected by heavy armor or great masses of earth, must be provided, so that the torpedoes may be efficiently worked; and a personnel of intelligent officers and men must be specially trained for this service. Heavy mortars must be placed in large numbers to command all positions where an enemy is likely to anchor within their range, either for the purpose of tampering with or destroying torpedo lines. Our guns must be heavy enough to pierce the sides of the enemy's iron-clads, and they must be mounted in sufficient number to make it impossible for any war vessel to run past our works."

The method of defense by fortifications and torpedoes (torpedoes to hold the vessels under fire of the fortifications, and fortifications to protect the torpedoes and destroy the vessels which come within their range) is the most efficient and least expensive one that can be devised.

The plan proposed by this Board is complete and thorough, and all that is now needed is the appropriation of money and the time essential for the work.

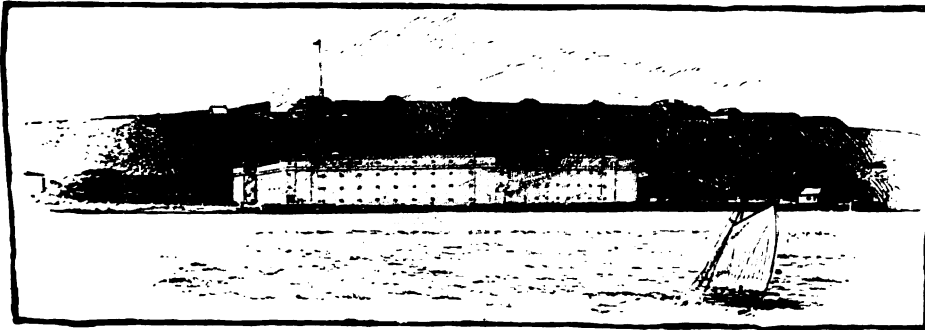
So much for the general statement. With regard to San Francisco, the Board adds: "This is a most exposed point, and owing to the width across the channel, difficult to be defended by guns from the shore. Floating batteries are therefore required to be added to the defense; likewise, eighteen torpedo boats."

According to well-established principles often enumerated, the floating batteries referred to would only be used where the proximity of deep water to the place to be defended renders a shore defense impracticable, or where the approach is

so wide that the shore guns cannot reach all points of it.

Guns ashore, within range, are more effective than guns afloat. They have firm platforms, can be covered by any thickness of armor, and are not exposed to torpedoes and mines. True, a gun upon

As to the cost of defending San Francisco harbor, a lack of defense will in the long run be found the most expensive; and surely a complete system of protection, secured without extravagance of expenditure, will prove the most economical. Again, a large number of



VIEW OF FORT WADSWORTH, NEW YORK HARBOR.

a floating platform may be moved quickly from place to place and thus have the effectiveness of range increased, yet the cost, maintenance and vulnerability make such contrivances undesirable when shore guns may be employed.

Commander W. T. Sampson, of the U. S. Navy, enlarges upon these views as follows:

"A floating battery should then mount guns equal or superior to any that could be sent against her; she should have protecting armor of greater thickness than any probable enemy, while she should be at the same time a smaller vessel of light draught.

The duties . . . for floating batteries may be performed by the regular naval force, but the legitimate field of action of such a force is upon the high seas, in protecting our commerce, in destroying the commerce of the enemy, in making attacks upon undefended or important parts of his coast, thus forcing him to maintain a fleet at home, or in meeting and destroying his fleet.

If the navy proper is held for coast defense these other important duties must be largely neglected and some of the most efficient means of bringing the enemy to terms disregarded. A naval force which is adapted to the wide range of its duties is not adapted to the work of defending a coast."

working people are always directly benefited by the construction of public works, as they receive the wages.

The estimate in my annual report of last year, made by the senior engineer officer on the coast, is about twenty-eight millions of dollars. This is the aggregate. For 110 heavy guns and 128 mortars, with the means to mount and shelter them on shore, \$15,569,000 would be required. For the three floating batteries, carrying six 14-inch and six 10-inch guns, \$10,725,000 would be necessary. The remainder of the aggregate is to be spent for torpedoes, operating rooms and eighteen torpedo boats. This system so suggested and so estimated for, it is believed, will thoroughly protect the vast interests of San Francisco and its neighborhood, and secure to our navy and merchantmen a safe harbor. Again, it will be likely to forestall any naval attacks, as thorough preparation is the best possible prevention. But could there not be a more economic defense? Some writers, even now, so believe and advocate.

Suppose for a moment the coast defense should be wholly committed to the navy. The enemy's attack would, of course, be against our commerce, for which he uses his fast cruisers; and also against our larger cities. The enemy's harbors and cities are securely defended

by fortifications, so that his fleet is free to strike. He knows our weakest point, say San Francisco, and could concentrate against it all his effective ships. By way of preparation, hostile vessels could be sent via the Mediterranean and Red Sea, ostensibly to visit China. Then a month after the declaration of war, these vessels could be massed, if English or allied to the English, at Victoria, where they would re-fit, re-supply and in three days thereafter be in the neighborhood of San Francisco. This fleet would probably contain more ships than we could muster in this harbor. After the declaration of war, even if the enemy's plan became known to us, there certainly would not be time to reinforce from the Atlantic coast, and even should reinforcements be sent, that coast would be stripped of its defense.

It is evident, then, that for purposes of safety it would be necessary to have at each exposed point, a number of ships equal or superior to what the enemy might bring against that point.

To build and arm such a fleet would require enormous expenditure and considerable time, to say nothing of the immense sums that would be required to maintain it after it was afloat. Should this fleet be beaten, the disaster would be irreparable, for with San Francisco the fleet itself would be sacrificed, and all the other functions which the navy should perform upon the high seas be nullified.

To give a slight conception of the cost of such an enlarged navy as would be required for complete coast-defense, it should be noticed that modern war-ships cost from one to five millions of dollars each. It is within bounds to say the average cost in ships or floating batteries, for floating and protecting each gun (including cost of the gun itself), would be upwards of half a million of dollars. It will require but a little comparative estimate to show that the defensive work can be much better done and at a much less cost by guns located and protected upon the shore.

At present our navy is not deemed adequate, even by theorists, to the defense of the coast. Guns on foreign vessels can send their shot from stem to stern through the largest vessels we have; while the projectiles from our own

guns now mounted on them, judging by their penetrating power, would have little sensible effect upon the armor of their adversary. This is emphasized in a report of Commanders Sampson and Goodrich, U. S. Navy, dated July 13th, 1885, as follows:

"In its present condition, the navy of the United States possesses practically no vessels which could render efficient aid in the defense of our coast. When completed, the monitors *Miantonomoh*, *Puritan*, *Monadnock*, etc., now in process of rebuilding, will be armed with high-powered 10 and 10½ inch breech-loading rifles, and will be able to give a fairly good account of themselves as against many foreign iron-clads, but their speed and other characteristics will, doubtless, restrict them to inside lines of operation, and they cannot be expected to prove of value through their offensive powers against larger vessels."

Considering the importance of our good navy in performing its true and appropriate work, no one will begrudge the money expended in the construction of naval vessels and armament; and, of course, it is wise to have them equal or superior to anything they may encounter.

It is, perhaps, after all that has been said, well to plan wherever practicable, for substantially three lines of defense for a harbor like that of San Francisco: an outer one of war ships, a second of torpedo boats, and a third of fortifications, including, when necessary, floating batteries.

To resist an enemy approaching the Golden Gate or its vicinage from the sea, it would afford great satisfaction to the defenders, and probably more to the defended, to have, as we did in our great battles, a good observing force and abundant reserves; yet with our present naval strength, San Francisco should not depend on the outward line; but rather upon the proposed torpedo boats well equipped and manned, the essential floating batteries, and most of all upon the several permanent fortifications, to be well located and well constructed, and kept in good working order. Upon these San Francisco may rely, as she does upon her good police, her superb fire department, and upon her arrangements for water, sewerage and light.

Now, foreigners laugh at our defenses; and our engineers are ashamed. But we keep asserting that the grand Board of Fortifications, consisting of able army and navy officers, and eminent civilians of skill and experience, have given to the people a good practicable plan of coast defense; and all that is now necessary is that the people shall give the money re-

quired and the time to do the work. The walls of Jerusalem were not built or rebuilt by theorizing about them, but by vigorous and long continued work.

So it is with the coast defenses. According to the army view, there is need of immediate, thorough and persistent labor; and so the means to this end are constantly besought.



FIRST COURSE.*

THE year was 1779; the month was August; the hour the meridian. Madame la Marquise de Lamerlière was returning to Paris from her country seat. She was oppressed with hunger, with sleepiness and with heat. Her maid yawned and yawned, and there certainly is nothing more contagious. The roads were poor, the horses lame with travel, and the coach was cumbersome owing to its elegance.

The sight of an inn, with its clean-swept stable-yard, its wide porch and expansive landlord, was therefore most welcome.

Madame replaced her hat and felt her puffs, the lackeys flicked the dust from their shoulders, the maid surreptitiously interviewed the rouge-box; the inn was in a great flurry, there was a scare among the fowls, and Madame la Marquise was assisted to alight.

It was plain that the innkeeper was alternating between rapture and despair. He held a conference with the chief lackey; the chief lackey conversed with the maid; the maid whispered to her mistress.

"What!" exclaimed Madame la Marquise, "no room! And I as dusty as a Savoyard!"

The innkeeper bowed to the ground. If madame had only been an hour earlier! There was a beautiful room which should have been placed at the disposal of madame, but—so miserably unfortunate was he—it was taken.

Madame sank into a chair and rolled back a pair of limpid eyes; the innkeeper offered to kill himself; the maid found madame's *vinaigrette*.

Just then a gentleman entered. He was handsome and in his prime—facts which madame was not too fatigued to gather. His costume was of green cloth, his three-cornered hat of the same color; his short sword had a hilt of chased gold. The Marquise rose and returned his salutation.

"I have had the honor, madame," said the young man, with some embarrassment, "to hear your remarks. I leave immediately after dinner. I have already refreshed myself with a bath. Permit me to resign my room to you."

* This story is founded upon an incident in the life of Charles Henri Sanson, as related in the celebrated Sanson memoirs. The writer has taken the liberty of paraphrasing his defense offered in the court.



"THE YOUNG MAN SPRANG TO HIS FEET."

Madame courtesied lower than before.

"You have my thanks, monsieur. Permit me to inquire whom I thank."

"An officer of parliament, madame."

"We will dine together, if you please, monsieur. A solitary meal is apt to be an indigestible one. I am the Marquise de Lamerlière.

The young man bowed again.

The Marquise withdrew with ceremony. It was an hour before she reappeared. When she did, it was clear from the savor in the room that the fowls had not been scared for nothing. The red-tiled floor had been freshly swept, the fire-place filled with green branches, the casements thrown open, allowing the honeysuckle to peep through. The table was laid with massive silver and some unmatched pieces of china. The gentleman in green escorted madame to her seat—a leathern chair—over which the innkeeper's wife, careful of madame's embroideries, had thrown an ancient shawl of silk, much beflowered.

"Madame," said the gentleman, "I have taken the liberty of overseeing the dinner myself. I trust you will be kind enough to bear in mind, if anything about it displeases you, that it is my first experience of the sort."

Madame blushed and smiled. But the blush was not from timidity; it was a pretty tribute to the compliment. She furled her fan, and drew off one long mitt.

"I have seen enough already, monsieur, to prove to me that you have an aptitude for the art of ordering a dinner. But victuals are the least part of a meal, I assure you."

"Say you so, madame?" cried the young man. "Then I can only hope that the superior and unknown quality, whatever it may be, will not be lacking in the present repast."

The Marquise allowed those limpid eyes to droop.

"I cannot imagine," said she, "that there will be a lack of any sort."

The gentleman in green decided that the Marquise must be under twenty-five. Had she been older, her face could not have been so absolutely joyous. When the unctuous landlord had puffed out of the room for a moment, the gentleman ventured to remark:

"Your husband has already preceded you to Paris, Marquise?"

"My husband, monsieur, has preceded me yet further. He is in Paradise."

"I beg a million pardons! I have been stupid, Marquise. How can you overlook it?"

The face of the Marquise lit up suddenly with a most mischievous smile.

"You have not been stupid," said she, with three dimples in full play. "You have been curious."

"I am guilty," cried he, filling her glass again with amber liquid, "but any one would say there were extenuating circumstances."

"Ah, monsieur, doubtless you have discovered that there are crimes of which one can be guilty without being a culprit!" The remark came to a sudden close, for the heavy oak door swung open and the host entered with a lordly dish draped with a napkin.

"Great heavens!" cried madame when she saw it. "Is the headsman here? Does he think I am Herodias! Is he serving me the head of John the Baptist on a charger!"

The young man sprang to his feet.

"What is it?" cried madame.

"I wish to make room for the dish, Marquise. I should be filled with remorse if I jogged the elbow of our host. Permit me." He lifted the napkin. It was the head of a young pig, wreathed with parsley.

"I was right, monsieur; it *has* been a case of the headsman."

"I trust you perceive, Madame la Marquise, that a headsman is a valuable member of society."

Madame put her jeweled fingers over her eyes and gave a shrug to her shoulder.

"I had the misfortune once, monsieur, to behold the executioner—Monsieur de Paris. Fortunately I saw him only from a distance. He was hideous!"

"Is it possible, madame! I have always supposed that he was rather a handsome fellow. He has certainly set the fashion for us. He wore blue, to the disgust of the nobles, and he wore it, I have heard, with some grace."

"Bah!" ejaculated madame.

"So, indeed, they say, madame. Indeed, they even go so far as to say that some of the nobles who were insignificant

of stature grew envious of him; and it is certainly true that parliament prohibited him from wearing the color of the court.—Allow me to give you some of this jelly. Shall I give you leaner meat?—But the executioner took a revenge which was worthy of a Frenchman.”

“Monsieur, you should not call an executioner a Frenchman!”

“Madame, wait till you hear the revenge. Since Sanson—his name is Sanson, you know—could not wear blue, he took to green. The court objected to his wearing velvet; he therefore wore cloth. And the consequence is, Marquise—forgive me, your glass is empty—the consequence is, that all the beaux of the court, with the brilliant Marquis de Létorières at their head, adopted the cut and color of his garment and wear their coats à la Sanson—as I do, Marquise.”

“There is no denying that your costume is an elegant one, monsieur, and yet I think I shall hereafter look with apprehension on others of its kind, lest I encounter him who makes a living out of murder. I hear he has a garden of the finest roses in France, and he sprinkles them with blood to give them the deep crimson which makes them so famous.”

“I have no doubt, madame,” said her companion gravely, “that he dines on maidens’ hearts.” Madame looked up. It was evident from his tone that he was bored. The Marquise rallied immediately. She broke out into a laugh as musical as the song of a bird.

“It is very certain,” said she, shaking one finger at him, “that you are thinking me childish because I chatter so. But you are mistaken. I am quite learned. I read Voltaire, if you please. I am interested in journalism. I can criticize the drama, and I know the history of France by heart.”

“I shall be afraid to speak before you,” protested the gentleman, rather flattered by her coquetry.

“Never fear,” said madame, with a magnanimous air. “I will overlook your deficiencies. I will overlook everything if you will confess that you adore the theatre.”

“Marquise, no one is present oftener than I.”

“Then we shall meet there. I am hastening home now to see Mlle. Clairon.

I never miss a chance. For one thing, I am watching to see if she will ever grow old.”

The landlord came in with the dessert. The young man no longer felt any embarrassment. It was evident that the wine was of good quality.

“I shall never fail to see her, Marquise, if by seeing her I can see you.” Though the Marquise was ready of tongue she made no reply. She was not displeased, however, but she had the discretion to devote all her attention to her sweetmeats.

“I find this dessert abominable,” sighed the young man.

“It is delicious,” protested madame.

“It cannot be,” sighed he, “for it terminates one of the most delightful dinners of my life.”

There was a stir in the yard.

“Another arrival,” murmured madame, with some vexation.

“I shall hasten my departure,” said the young man. “Let me make apologies for its abruptness. I am very grateful to you, Marquise,” he continued in a low voice, raising her soft hand to his lips, “for the pleasure you have conferred upon me. It will be a treasured memory with me. In the many dark days which are before me, I shall cherish this bright hour—” The Marquise arose and lifted a scarlet face.

“Really,” she said gently, “I see no need for this tone of pathos,” and she ventured to smile saucily. “You are doubtless acquainted with many of my friends. They will present you.”

The officer bowed over her hand again, and hurried from the room just as the new-comer entered it.

“Tontel,” cried the Marquise, “is it you?” It was hard to get her face back to its usual expression, and she put up her painted fan to hide it. The new-comer looked first at the Marquise, and then after the departing officer. He gasped and blushed, and stared again.

“Mon Dieu,” cried the Marquise impatiently, “what ails you?”

A post-chaise rattled into the yard. The handsome officer took his seat, he doffed his green hat to madame with melancholy stateliness, and was driven away.

“Speak, Tontel!” said the Marquise, stamping her pointed shoes.

"May I ask you, Marquise, if you know the occupation of the man who has just left you?"

"He said he was an officer of parliament," said the lady, clasping her heart with apprehension.

The gentleman burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, so he is," said he. "He is Sanson, the executioner of Paris. He has just been down in the country to help three good fellows to a night's lodging."

"You mean—" screamed the lady, holding up her hands as if blood were dripping off her fingers.

"I mean that yesterday was a busy day with him."

"For the love of heaven, bring me water! A basin of water, Nicole! Quick. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

The maid rushed in breathlessly, and madame, as she bathed and rebathed her dimpled hands, sobbed:

"I'll have him hanged!"

SECOND COURSE.

Madame la Marquise Lamerlière sat in parliament. She had petitioned that one Charles Henri Sanson, commonly known as Monsieur de Paris, Executioner of Paris, be sentenced to beg her pardon with a rope around his neck, for the insult he had been guilty of in dining with her and meeting her on terms of equality; and that for the safety of the public, the executioner should thenceforth wear a distinctive sign, so that all would know him.

About the Marquise sat a sympathizing company of friends from the court, among them Colonel Tontel, who had encountered her at the inn.

Charles Henri Sanson had not been able to procure an advocate. No barrister cared to appear as counsel of the executioner.

The advocate of the plaintiff forgot nothing. He laid stress on the flagrant insult Madame la Marquise complained of. He described with much eloquence the sad situation of the poor lady, after she had been informed of the profession of the man with whom she had dined. He said that the infamous calling of Charles Henri Sanson did not allow him to eat

even in the company of a mere bourgeois; much less could he do so with a person of madame's rank.

Charles Henri Sanson appeared to be wrapt in thought. When he lifted his eyes, it was to fix them on the face of Madame la Marquise—a face which was paler than when he had seen it first. When the time came for his defense, he arose with a severe air, and addressed the Court with much hauteur.

"It is fortunate for me, gentlemen," said he, "that, being charged before you as a criminal, nothing is alleged against my honesty. Why, then, am I a culprit? Because I have performed functions which are said to be infamous. I ask you, gentlemen, if there are infamous functions in the State!"

"Infamy is the appanage of crime, and where there is no crime there can be no infamy. The discharge of my functions is not criminal, sirs; it is an act of justice, and the same principle of equity which leads you to pass a sentence, actuates me when I inflict the penalty upon the culprit. The fact is that our functions are associated to such a degree that mine cannot be stigmatized without mortal imputation on yours. I act merely in obedience to your orders, and should aught be found reprehensible in my vocation, it would redound to your discredit; since, by the essence of the laws, the one who orders a crime is more guilty than he who commits it.

"I am aware that all public offices are not equally honorable; they are creditable in proportion to their usefulness to society. According to this principle, sirs, mine stands first! What would the State do if my office were suppressed for a single day?"

"The kingdom would be given up to brigandage. Impunity would kill the laws; virtue would be despised; vice would prevail. There would be one law—that of the strongest. They would laugh at your sentences, gentlemen. It is in the shadow of my sword that innocence breathes freely, that the police are powerful, and that public order prevails.

"The God of armies has placed the sword in the hands of the King to punish crime and protect innocence. The King, being unwilling to wield it himself, has done me the honor to entrust it to my

hands. I am the guardian of the finest appanage of his royalty, the distinctive emblem of his sovereignty. It is not to you, properly speaking, that he has given it in trust; the culprit deserves punishment because of his crime, not because of your sentence. I punish crime and avenge outraged virtue; this gives to my employment a pre-eminence which brings it closer to the throne.

"My office is considered dishonorable because I slay men. Ask a soldier what his profession is; he will tell you that, like me, he is a slayer of men. Yet his company is never shunned, and no one thinks he is disgraced by eating in his company. If there be any difference between us, surely it is in my favor. For whom does a soldier slay? Innocents, very honorable men, whose only crime is that they do their duty. I respect innocence. I kill only culprits. I purge society of the monsters who disturb its repose.

"Soldiers repress only external raids; they have to fight but rarely; lapses of twenty years have passed without the army being called into action. I preserve peace at home; I continually restrain the insolence of bad citizens; not a week passes in which I do not punish crime and avenge the wrongs of the injured.

"Then, too, each solitary soldier, each officer, contributes in but a small degree to the tranquillity of the State; the glory of preserving public tranquillity is divided among so many thousand men that each individual has only a small share of the privilege. On the other hand, in my profession lies the advantage of alone ensuring public peace, and I can say without exaggeration that I alone in my vast department secure quiet more effectually on behalf of the State than a hundred thousand men can do.

"Do not believe, gentlemen, that in defending the unjustly attacked prerogatives of my office I claim any personal merit; I know that an office, however brilliant, is always distinct from the individual who holds it. As I lay no claim to the glory of my functions, it would be unjust to cast upon me the opprobrium which the thoughtless have seen fit to attach to them, and to call me infamous because it is alleged that my office deserves the epithet. Permit me to add that

I have the honor to be the fourth of my family to whom the office of public executioner of Paris has descended from father to son; and if hereditary nobility were attached to it, as it should be. I might stand on even ground with *Mdme. la Marquise*.

"You laugh, gentlemen, at the word 'hereditary.' I can not find anything extraordinary or preposterous in it. Military offices, which have the same functions as mine, and which, as I have observed, are inferior to it, enjoy the same advantages. Yours, gentlemen—allow me to say so—yours, which only contribute to the public weal in an indirect way, have the same privilege. Why is the concession denied to my office? None among you, gentlemen, can, individually, insure public happiness effectually; none can pronounce a sentence except in conjunction with all the other members of the body. Thus you never act otherwise than as members, whereas I alone procure peace, and I act as chief.

"Now every chief is respectable, and to whatever category he may belong, he should enjoy the privilege of nobility. The general prosecutor, who is the chief of his department, has it; so does the chief clerk of the Court. Why should I be deprived of it by an unrighteous exception.

"I will press no further the sovereign reasons suggested by the justice of my case; I merely point them out, as you may see. Men of my profession can act better than they can speak, can handle the sword better than make an address; I believe, nevertheless, that I have said enough to urge confidently that *Mdme. la Marquise* should be nonsuited. I therefore ask, not that the alleged infamy of my office be removed, for no infamy is attached to it, but that it be declared not only that I am a member of the Sovereign Court, but that I am the head of my department; that my office has particular resemblance to the profession of arms; that, in consequence, I have a right to the prerogative of gown and sword; and I further ask, that, in virtue of this twofold title, nobility be conferred upon me as well as upon my posterity; and I am confident that you cannot but grant my request. I ask no favor, but I expect everything of your equity."

The Court retired to confer, and decided that the case should be indefinitely postponed. When the Marquise de Lamerlière left, she returned once to look at Charles Henri Sanson. He bowed low. Madame first cast on him a look of withering scorn, and then, oddly enough, she returned the salutation.

THIRD COURSE

It was the reign of the guillotine—that fatal and reliable instrument which Louis XVI. himself perfected. Poor Louis, who would have made an excellent locksmith! It was that delirious carnival of anarchy when all the passions went *en masque*; when tyranny wore the guise of humanity, and humanity arrayed itself in terrorism; and conspiracy, patriotism, grief and laughter went arm in arm wearing the red cap of liberty. Death was made jocular. The very execrations of the mob were sinister witticisms.

"Hah," said Ducos, the youngest of the condemned Girondins, as he climbed the scaffold, "what a pity they did not decree the unity and indivisibility of our persons!"

So they laughed and died—for liberty! King and queen, peasant and beggar, Camille Desmoulins and Corday and Danton, the little mantua-maker, the old mender of roads, the much tried baker! They died by the thousand.

"It seems," cried Charles Henri Sanson, "as if they had made a revolution only to give me work."

"They are disgracing the guillotine," complained his assistants with grotesque pride. There was a time when Citizen Fouquier-Tinville ordered that Sanson should have fourteen of these assistants.

At last the supremacy of the executioner was acknowledged. The cracked bell upon the panels of his carriage was the only coat-of-arms left in France.

But the vehicles on which the attention of Paris was centered were the carts that rolled from the prisons to the Place de la Révolution.

"Not many to-day," said a citizenne, discontentedly, as these carts lumbered by her.

"No," said her companion; "Sanson won't earn his wages."

The crowd about the scaffold seemed to be interested, however. They were

apparently anticipating some especially well-seasoned dish in their diet of tragedy.

When the carts stopped, the executioner assisted a lady to alight. It was the Marquise de Lamerlière.

"I will wait upon you first, Marquise," he said, uncovering his head.

"You are very kind, monsieur l' exécuteur; but there is a poor youth here whom I would save from the unpleasant sight."

"It is against orders, madame."

"The revolution gives ladies the precedence, does it? Thank it, in my name. But, I am sure, you will not refuse the last request of a lady. Kindly execute this trembling youth first."

The executioner bowed. The lady returned it with as much grace as she had shown fourteen years before.

Then she turned to the youth by her: "Courage! courage!" she whispered.

The youth flung his arms around her neck. "What do I die for?" he sobbed.

The assistants took him away. They forced him down to the weigh-plank.

The executioner approached the Marquise. She accepted his hand, and ascended the steps of the scaffold with vivacity.

"You no longer wear green, I see, monsieur," said she archly.

"Madame," said Sanson, "say you forgive me for what I am about to do."

"Monsieur," replied the lady, "you affronted me once. You are doing me a favor now. I shall join a brilliant company, for all who were worthy to live are now dead."

"Have you any request to make?"

"I have one—a foolish one. Be good enough to discharge your assistant for a moment. I should like to feel that I had been executed by a gentleman."

"It shall be as you say. Farewell."

"Farewell, monsieur. By the way, how well that pig's head looked in the parsley!" She kept on laughing till she was bound.

"Say a prayer," whispered Sanson.

"I have prayed. I have no fear. It is the fashion to die now, Sanson, and I have always followed the fashion."

* * * * *

"How many to-day," queried the wife of Charles Henri Sanson that night.

"Only five," said he; "the day has been quiet."

Elia W. Peattie.

AMERICAN AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

BY REV. HENRY LOOMIS.



THE so-called "College Question" has thus far been discussed along three principal lines, and the advocates of change have formulated three principal demands upon the prevalent college curricula. These include the substitution, to a large extent, of the modern in the place of the classical languages; of the sciences which are concerned with the facts and phenomena of nature, for these which depend upon the facts and phenomena of mind; and of a considerable range of optional studies, in the place of a prescribed course. It is not proposed to discuss in this paper any one of these demands. The rapid growth of the natural sciences and the wider use of the modern languages both as literature and in science have compelled their larger recognition, not by way of substitution but upon their own merits, in every scheme of a completed education.

Certain assumptions, however, have been so quietly made and so little opposed in the course of the discussion, that they have almost taken the place of the accepted data and presuppositions of the subject. It has been widely assumed that a revolution is taking place in a utilitarian sense in the whole conception of education, and in what is called a practical direction; that the college idea is in its nature inferior to that which underlies the university; and that the German methods of education are, on the whole, superior to our own. I believe that these assumptions are each and all false in fact and mischievous in tendency; that a restatement of the conception of education upon which the American colleges were founded will show it to be broad enough for all possible expansion in the future; and that a brief comparison of the German methods with our own, will sufficiently prove that neither revolution in our methods nor the importation of foreign models is needed, but simply a natural

and healthy development of the original idea.

The final value of education can find expression only in terms of character. This, indeed, is a form of expression, for which no adequate statistical tabulation has yet been invented. Some attempts have been made—notably by enumeration of governors, professors, college presidents, senators, and the like, produced within a given time and from a given clientage. There are, however, brain products too elusive to be caught in any of our estimates by number, weight or volume, which, when once fairly accounted for, may reverse our calculations. The differential in all such problems is, in a great majority of cases, after all, mainly a personal one. Whether a better education is to be obtained on horseback from the older preachers while riding a Cumberland Presbyterian circuit; beneath the stars which hung over the plain of Manire; at the feet of Gamaliel, of Thomas Aquinas or Thomas Arnold; behind a blacksmith's forge; at Cambridge or at New Haven, is mainly and at the bottom a question not of tools, but of men and of purpose.

Such is the infinite diversity and completeness of the divine manifestation in nature that there is not a single natural science for each of whose subdivisions, enthusiastic explorers of its boundless realms would not soon exhaust the endowments of the most munificent of college benefactors in storing a tithe of the ever-expanding collections of its illustrative apparatus, materials and specimens. The process of analysis in taking account of the works, whether of nature or of man, is endless, but the attempt to include all the objects of human enquiry or of human knowledge, or even such of them as might be pursued with interest and with profit in a college course is simply absurd. The attainment of the college ideal will never be reached by any mere aggregation of subjects, departments, or materials. These, without the informing and unifying idea, will

only obscure and obstruct it. There is no direction which human thought can pursue and no line of study from any point of departure which, if persistently and honestly followed with simple mental integrity of purpose, will not soon bring us to that circumference beyond which lies the infinite and the eternal.

In the course of the discussions which have taken place, a good deal of effort has been made to give to the expression "University education" a higher quality and dignity of meaning than that which English usage for centuries has given the term "College education." But whether determined by usage, by the historical facts, or by a careful analysis of their relative aims, methods or results, may not precisely the opposite be maintained? If the two are to be distinguished by the actual separation from each other of their own work, then the college outranks the university, as theory outranks practice, as a science outranks an art, or as the philosophy of history or of jurisprudence, of morals or of medicine outranks the technical unfolding and application of their principles in the schools of theology and law, of statesmanship and medicine.

The German university is simply an organized collection of such technical schools, with the addition of the Faculties of Philosophy and Science. There would certainly be no gain; rather would there be positive loss, if in our American system we were now to confound what we have thus far been fortunate enough, both in language and in fact, to hold so clearly distinct from each other. German civilization has no term by which to distinguish what in fact it does not possess, simply because its educational system, as such, does not produce him—a liberally-educated man, who is neither a clergyman, a lawyer, a doctor, nor a pedagogue. It is the noblest distinction of American education and of the American college, that it sends out no man, even with its first or lowest degree, who has not been introduced by the study of their rudiments and of their philosophy and at least a general acquaintance with their fundamental principles, to every department of human thought and life.

The men who, in Germany, enter any one of these professions are, to a much

greater extent than with us, themselves the sons of professional men; but it was, at least a few years ago, quite customary for sons from wealthy and noble families to spend some time at one of the universities, and simply because it was fashionable to do so. A considerable part of the student population at Heidelberg, outside those in theology, has often been composed of this class. Members of some one of the different Burschen-corps, attended by a retinue of enormous dogs, punctual at the semi-weekly duelling, regular in their attendance upon the beer taverns, and but seldom troubling a lecture-room with their presence, they formed a picturesque object for the admiration of "the American girl abroad;" but far too often with their arbitrary and quarrelsome, when not drunken and brutal, habits, they became objects of terror to their mothers, sisters, and wives, until their employment in the army was looked forward to and hailed as affording the only hope of relief.

By separating the college course so sharply from the study of the professional school, and by its aim to develop that course into a larger degree of independent completeness, even when it is to be followed by the technical studies of a profession, the American college has done more to give the world a thoroughly accomplished and educated Christian gentleman than any other institution that has ever been known.

There is still another claim which has been so constantly and persistently reiterated in this whole discussion, as at least to have almost secured for itself acceptance as one of its permanent data; but in regard to which an impartial judgment from any reasonable point of view would do more to clear the whole atmosphere of what is called the College Question than any other contribution which could now easily be made toward its solution. I refer to the impression so widely prevalent, that judged by the general-standard purposes or results of a liberal education, the German institutions and the German methods are, as a whole, in every sense superior to our own.

The average age of the American college student at graduation is certainly not greater than that of the German student at leaving his university. The

American student is, however, not only a better educated man, in the best sense of that word, than the German student at a corresponding age, but the average American college graduate, who has not yet entered upon any professional study whatever, either in law, medicine, theology, or science, but who has spent three years at an academy of the grade of Andover, Exeter, or Easthampton, and four years at any one of the leading colleges of New England, is, by any fair test to be instituted by a committee of British or European educational experts, a better educated man than the average German student who has completed both his gymnasium and his university studies.

What can have created any other impression it is difficult to understand. The few American students who have, themselves, taken post-graduate courses in Germany can hardly be imagined, certainly, to have formed a syndicate for deceiving the public, for mutual admiration or for booming the market for their own educational wares.

The German student who takes a degree as Doctor of Philosophy, of Theology, or of Law, must have made special studies for this particular purpose, far beyond the usual university lectures, and often continued for an additional series of years. Not one in a hundred—to speak without precise data—of German university men ever takes any degree whatever. For admission to a parish or to the practice of law, medicine, or pedagogy, he must show the receipt of professors in certain specified universities, that he has paid for and, presumably, has heard, a certain number of lectures in officially prescribed courses. He must also be prepared to exhibit transcripts, easily obtained through fellow-students of the same or of previous years, of the dictated parts of those lectures. Will any one claim that the dictation clerk of a lawyer, or even of a professor of law, receives, in the discharge of that duty, a legal education? Did the one or two hundred slaves in old Rome, by whose transcription from the reading of another slave, manuscript publication was secured for the Latin authors of the empire, become, by that process, accomplished classical scholars? If there be any one human performance more purely mechanical and automatic than

another, or which can be perfectly done while all the other faculties are asleep, it is that combined action of ear and eye and fingers required in the work of a copyist. But this is the occupation during nearly nine-tenths of the time given to university work by the average German student.

German civilization as compared with English, is nearly a thousand years younger. In the prevalent despotism, which was never practically more absolute and certainly never more universal, than under the present dictator, the universities have been permitted a certain amount of literary freedom inside the boundaries of the politics of the present day. Within this somewhat narrow range, as compared with the actual and manifold interests of modern European society, German intellectual life has largely concentrated itself at the universities. From these points are issued an immense number of narrowly technical publications, in a sub-division of literary and scientific departments, whose minuteness the world has nowhere else beheld. Of general literary life and discussion, however; of that wide range of intellectual activity which busies itself with the actual problems of human life and society, and fills the countless issues of our so-called periodical press, daily, weekly, or monthly, Germany presents nothing which can for a moment, either in volume or in value, be placed in comparison.

When, therefore, the German student leaves the universities for the practice, outside the larger cities, of any one of the professions, he goes into comparatively waste and barren places, and, as a rule, sinks rapidly into a professional drudge.

A vast amount of talk has been indulged in about the German students' greater freedom of choice among one or two hundred professors and the various studies which they represent; and the wider the range of optional studies in an American college, the more nearly it is supposed to approach the German university idea. It is true that where all the professional, technical and scientific schools are massed together in one great university organization, the entire list of instructors presents to us a very formidable array; but it is also true that each individual student is, virtually, compelled to take those special courses which

the government has made obligatory for admission to employment in some one of its practical careers; and it is equally true that for this purpose the actual selection is quite as much a matter of routine as in most American colleges. The principal optional feature in which the German university student usually exercises his much vaunted freedom of choice, is in getting any professor who is likely to be a member of the Examining Board for his own admission to his profession—or who is supposed to possess special influence in higher quarters—to inscribe his name in his students' "Anmeldung Buch" for a disproportionate number of "Stunden" in his own particular courses!

Let us not be deceived by the vast multitude of brochures, monographs, or even of books, published by the men who are concentrated and supported in such large numbers at the German universities; and whose laborious but too often unprofitable, because aimless, industry is deservedly the wonder, if not always the admiration, of scholars. The supply of chips from the German workshops is vast and apparently exhaustless, but is there to-day, apart from this ceaseless supply of scholastic apparatus, a current German literature that can for a moment be compared in volume, in richness, in spiritual, or even in intellectual elevation with that which is pouring forth from the presses of England and America? The German learns and reads English, both as an element in his intellectual culture and as a necessity of his practical life, and hundreds of editions of English books are found on every book-stall of the empire; while one can count almost on the fingers of a single hand the attempts at a like supply of German books for English readers. A few American technical students buy and read a few German books in their own special departments of study, but the principal market for German literature with us is furnished by the boarding schools and by the optional courses of college students.

In this consideration of the College Question, the endeavor has been, not to minimize the difference, but to emphasize the antagonism which has been developed by the discussion. That antagonism is one which overrides the question

between the classical and the modern languages. It is the question between the great Science and the little sciences. It is the question whether it is the fundamental purpose of the college to fit its student to fill the highest place, as an intelligent responsible actor, in advancing that kingdom of light and of love in which all knowledge is valuable in proportion to its practical use for the highest intellectual and spiritual ends; or, whether its purpose be merely to give him that exquisite refinement of culture and taste with which he will be able for himself and for his friends, to extract the largest possible amount of personal satisfaction from out the planetary oyster, which his university course enables him the more deftly to crack and to open.

It is the question, whether there is any thing settled and which parents and these who stand *in loco parentis* are authorized to teach; whether anything has been gained in the intellectual contests of the ages; whether there is any great "consensus" of truth the body of whose results we can give to those who are coming after us, as the capital on which to set up the business of thinking for themselves. If there is not, then whether on the Isis or on the Charles, we are only Athenians still, setting up and pulling down unknown divinities and asking ever who will show us some yet newer thing.

But is not the college then to feel and to represent the spirit of the age? Yes! and no! according to the spirit and intention with which the question is asked. The highest office of the college is to lift up for each generation of students as it comes upon the stage, every burning question of its own passing life, whether in theology, statesmanship, literature, art or science, into the light of that flame which shines high above all the ages. In this view, the studies for which the college really exists are only fairly reached, when the student is prepared to enter upon the high debates of ethics and philosophy and history. For these, all the rest have been but the preparation.

It is development in this part of their curricula by which the Christian colleges of America will fulfil their inherent and their historic idea. For this, not revolution but consistent, logical evolu-

tion alone is needed. And the college which will do most to mold the present and to determine the future thought of America, will not be that one which shall give its students, to stimulate their appetites, the largest or the most versatile acquaintance with the widest range of things in the almost infinite diversity which is beginning to characterize our modern life; but that other, which, through whatever popularity or unpopu-

larity it may temporarily bring, shall most steadily, effectively and nobly, hold the best minds entrusted to its care, to those themes in which statesmen, poets, historians, philosophers and divines, have always found their most satisfying as well as their most stimulating food, the themes which occupied Socrates and Plato, Paul and Aquinas, Milton and Elizabeth Browning, and in which rest alike the destinies of nations and of men.

SOME OF COLERIDGE'S VERSES.



N examination of the various editions of Coleridge's poetry shows a certain incompleteness and irregularity in the contents, so that one never knows in buy-

ing a so-called complete edition whether it is reasonably full or not. I have looked in vain through sundry issues to find a pretty bit of verse of his which I lately discovered in "The Keepsake," printed in London in 1830. Only some very recent editions contain it. The first issue of "Sibylline Leaves" and the earlier poems published by Joseph Cottle include many pieces which were afterward rejected and are now mostly restored in editions put forth within a few years. The one I give here is from "The Keepsake"; it will, I imagine, be new to many who know Coleridge's poetry, in the main, quite thoroughly.

SONG,

EX IMPROVISO, ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE OF A
LADY'S BEAUTY:

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,—
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand-fold more dear to me
The gentle look that love discloses,
The look that love alone can see!

The poem entitled, "Love, Hope and Patience in Education," said to be the last one which Coleridge wrote, is a contribution to "The Keepsake" with that just quoted; but its first title was "The Poet's Answer to a Lady's Question Respecting the Accomplishments most desirable in an Instructress of Children."

In the "Sibylline Leaves" there is a

piece entitled "Mutual Passion," that is alleged to be altered and modernized from an old poet, a claim which very likely is chiefly pretence. A competent literary friend who has run through the first edition of that book for me and verified some of my searching, says of this piece: "It is a very pretty love poem, and never ought to have been dropped. Whoever the old poet was, I will guarantee that nine-tenths of the work is S. T. C.'s, with a good dash of the same initials in the remaining part." But the poem is now among those restored.

The editors of Coleridge's poetry as well as his family exercised some just discretion, with no little caprice, in making up the pieces which should be used. "The Foster-mother's Tale: a Dramatic Fragment," that was issued in the "Lyrical Ballads" in which Wordsworth had a partnership, has had its vicissitudes of appearance and suppression. Neither this nor "Mutual Passion," I believe, is to be found in the old Pickering three-volume edition of Coleridge's Poetical and Dramatic Works, published in 1834, the year of the author's death. Nor are they in the same publisher's one-volume edition issued in 1848, fourteen years after that date. The "Mutual Passion" consists of five stanzas, alike in form, of which I give the first, to show the quality of the piece:

I love and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who.
For if the nymphs should know my swain
I fear they'd love him too.
Yet while my love's unknown
Its rosy buds are but half-blown,
What no one with me shares seems scarce my own.

These verses are now properly restored.

Among the poems in Joseph Cottle's volume of 1797, not so often found now, is one addressed to Cottle and a sonnet addressed to Lloyd. Main's "Treasury of Sonnets" gives that by Coleridge on Nature.

"Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner" experienced several modifications by the hand of the author. My friend whom I have quoted already, calls my attention to a stanza from the latter poem, as published in 1817, which I, myself, had observed, and which Coleridge dropped along with other lines. It reads as follows; and, except in Linton and Stoddard's fine collection of poetry, will rarely be found:

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistle through his bones;
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half whistles and half groans.

A good deal might be said concerning Coleridge's verse and its various fortunes, for which fuller space than I can command would be needed. His productive poetical period was brief, for devotion to philosophy shoved the muse aside; while its fruits were often cared for by other hands, as they might chance to be put forth. However, I cannot close my brief reference to this author without reproducing two short pieces of his which I think are very slightly known. They show good internal evidence of the hand that wrote them; but, either for lack of perfect authenticity, or for some other reason, I believe the first appears in no

collection of Coleridge's poetry, and the second in only one, not generally familiar:

CHORAL SONG OF ILLYRIAN PEASANTS.

Up! up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away,
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay;
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth, and leave the house,
To the cricket and the mouse!
Find grannam a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay;
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day!

WATER BALLAD.

"Come hither, gently rowing,
Come, bear me quickly o'er
This stream so brightly flowing,
To yonder woodland shore.
But vain were my endeavor
To pay thee, courteous guide;
Row on, row on, forever
I'd have thee by my side.

"Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek our fatherland!"
"Say, when I there have placed thee,
Dare I demand thy hand?"
"A maiden's head can never
So hard a point decide;
Row on, row on, forever
I'd have thee by my side!"

The happy bridal over,
The wanderer ceased to roam,
For, seated by her lover,
The boat became her home;
And still they sang together,
As steering o'er the tide:
"Row on through wind and weather,
Forever by my side."

Joel Benton.

EVENING.

THE softening sunset's last faint ray
Has faded from the heavens away;
The raven shades of Evening drape
The mourning earth with filmy crape.
In memory of the dying Day.

Eve for awhile asserts her sway,
And 'round the chilly form of Day
She wraps her veil of downy hair;
Night stealthy takes the mask to wear,
Till Morning tears it swift away

Clarence H. Urner.



"IN HIS OWN COUNTRY."

BY MARAE ELLIS RYAN.

"KNOW Karl Denny o' these parts ? Well, I should say I did—an' his daddy afore him. His gran'father an' my daddy cleared the first bit o' lan' in the town-ship—young chaps, both of 'em, then. Lor'! lor'! them was times worth hearin' tell of—wolves an' bears all through this country then, an' a right smart sprinklin' o' wild cats; an' the folks a havin' to go on creetur' back over the mountains for their salt, an' a havin' to burn up timber to get potash to pay for it—'bout the only thing they had to trade in them days, 'cept hides. Yes, sir; this was pretty much all wilderness; an' I've heard my daddy tell us how—Oh, yes, Karl Denny. Well, just pull your chair back under the porch where it's shady. Ben 'll have the buckboard ready fer yeh in half-an-hour. Traveler are yeh? Jest to see the country. Lor'! lor'! I'd reckon that folks as had money to spend gaddin' round in strange parts, would a heap ruther settle down comfortable at home an' enjoy it; but there's no countin' on tastes. What might your business be ? Newspaper work; shoo ! yeh don't say so! I never saw one to know him but once afore; that was when we had the first hangin' scrape in our neighborhood, an' they sent a reporter chap out to the courthouse from one them big Pittsburg papers; must 'a cost 'em a sight, for he boarded at the tavern all the time—a dollar slap out o' his pocket fer every day that trial lasted. I reckon it was worth it—a heap o' hard swearin' wa' done in that case. Yes, sirree! yeh see it was Mose Henderson's boy, Jim, as—

"Denny. Yes, yes, that was what we started on. Well, talkin' o' curious people, he was one vergin' on loony we all reckoned. Good enough stock he come of too. Zeb Denny, his daddy, was sheriff of the county once—an uncommon, hard-headed man. The softest thing he ever done was when he got married. Mighty curious that was. He was nigh forty—an old bach'. He courted an' married the girl in less than a week. Dutch, she was—had come over to live with some kinsfolk, an' when she got here they had

moved out West in wagons, not knowin' jest where they'd stop; so she did n't know how to follow them, an' here she was all alone an' without any money—a thin, scared-to-death lookin' creetur', with eyes as always looked at yeh like a dumb man's kind o' tryin' to speak and could n't. A right smart of learnin' she had—could talk several lingos—and had come from some high-faluten family as had trouble in politics and lost all their money. It beats time how them kingdoms an' monarchies is always a janglin' in furren parts. Well, Zeb, he up and asks her to have him, as he needed a housekeeper pretty bad; an' she did. Lor'! lor'! how folks did open their eyes; but Zeb Denny wasn't a carin', though he soon found he hadn't got much of a bargain, for she'd never done real work in her life; but she buckled down to it like a soldier, and soon learned how to cook an' bake an' sich: and fixed over her queer clothes to try an' look more like our women-folk. But it wa' no use; she never did—not a bit more than if a trembly, skittish, fancy breed of a mare wa' let loose in the same field with our farm stock an' tried to do the same work.

"By an' by their boy, young Zeb, was borned red-headed; he was like his daddy. Then three years after come the twins, Frank an' Hank, an' a fine pair they wa'—stout as young oxen. Zeb was tickled to death, but Retta—that wa' his wife's name—did n't seem to want 'em. When they told her they was both boys, she just covered up her face an' cried quiet like. My woman was there at the time. Some o' them tried to chirk her up a tellen' her any woman 'd be proud o' such boys, an' a tellen' how Zeb was pleased; but all she said was: "The husband is good to be glad, but it is the daughters who bring ease to the mother's heart;" that was her queer Dutch way o' speakin'.

"Well, them boys jest growed like bad weeds, an' was too rough fer her low, soft sort o' words to keep 'em straight. A while afore the next baby came, Retta was real delicate like, an' so nervous and

shaky that Zeb had to get a girl to do the work. Jim Hazen's girl they got, married to my boy Ben since. She said all Retta 'peared to wish for was that the baby might be a girl, but it was n't. No, sir, it were a boy, but different, a heap different from the others. It had yellow hair an' blue eyes like the mother's, an' jest the same kind of a look in them. That, sir, was Karl Denny.

"He was the last, an' by degrees she got over wantin' a girl so bad, fer the baby was a'most like one—a toddlin' close to her, an' never getten' rough like the rest. The twins never took any stock in him; he seemed made o' different stuff. He growed tall an' slim an' gentle, like Retta, an' the more Zeb an' the boys plagued him fer his soft ways, jest that much more he stuck around the house. He was a reg'lar 'mother's boy,' an' Zeb did n't often see one without t' other. She taught him out o' some furren books she had brought along; though he was n't much in the 'rithmetic class at school, he seemed to study an' learn anything from her. At school the boys called him Miss Denny, an' sometimes they'd get into his desk and steal the poetry stuff he was always a writen', until at last he quit school altogether and studied his lessons to home. He'd scribble rhymes over every bit o' paper he could get, an' his mother put tunes to some o' them. Yeh know the Dutch have great heads fer music, an' at sundown, as Karl would be a goin' fer the cows, Zeb could hear him a singin' o' his queer songs; an' lor'! lor'! how them cattle did know him; one call from him 'd bring them a troopin' from the furthest corner o' the field—a wonderful way he had with dumb things.

"Well, Zeb kind o' let him alone, an' not sayin' much, though he was shiftless considerin' the work the rest o' the boys done. But when Karl was nineteen, an' had n't done much but help around the house an' lay out in the woods a writin' o' poetry an' stories for Retta to read, then Zeb put his foot down, as was natural he should. He wanted Karl to learn the blacksmith's trade. Well, I guess there was quite a time among them, 'cordin to Hank, who told us all about it, fer Karl told Zeb he wanted to go to school an' get more

learnin' fer he intended to be a writer—a writer, mind yeh—fer the papers; him as had never been in a real town in his life, an did n't know nothen' 'cept what Retta had taught him. Zeb thought he was clean crazy, an' then it came out as he had sent some o' his rhymes an' a story to some paper in the East, an' they promised to print 'em an' pay fer 'em; an' Karl, proud as Punch, brought out the letter the editor had writ him, an' a story he was goin' to finish fer the same man.

"Yeh see, Zeb had a hot temper, an' thought it were all tomfoolery in him thinkin' o' maken' his liven' that way, 'stid o' tacklin' honest work; fer o' course them stories were all lies. He swore he would n't have no such excuse fer laziness on his place, an' the first thing they knew he had pitched the letter an' story right into the fireplace. It was winter, an' a blazin' big fire they had. Karl tried to reach the papers, but they'd dropped right down against the back log where the coals were hottest, an' there was no use o' tryin'. Well, it seemed as if Karl was crazy; he just stood there a lookin' at the paper a curlin' up an' gettin' black; the tears was a rollin' down his face, an' him a big fellow o' nineteen! But he did n't say a word. Retta she tried to comfort him a tellin' him he could write it over again, an' then he jest dropped down aside of her a sobbin' an' a cryin' as if it was a death-blow he'd got, an' he kept a sayin' 'he never could, he never could.'

"Somehow he seemed to think that one story was somethin' better than he ever had done before, or ever could do again, an' that he could n't a done it of his own accord, but that it was what ye'd call a sort o' inspiration thing, and that it would never come to him again. That, o' course was a lie. There was n't never nothin' inspired 'cept the Bible.

"Howsomever, that's the way he talked of it, an' spoke as if the people in it were real people—his children—an' that they had died; an' he never could speak o' them without the tears a showin' in his eyes. So o' course that give folks reason to think him loony. And Zeb, he 'lowed it was all the poetry writin' as made him so, an' he should n't write another line. Retta she tried to persuade

Zeb to let him go on awhile longer jest as he had been—a tryin' to write again or do as he liked till he kinder got over his grievin'. But Zeb was hard-headed, and sort o' disgusted to think a boy o' his'd ever be such a fool, an' he said no; the boy was n't of age, an' until he was he'd got to mind what he was told, an' work on the farm 'stid o' scribblin' lies.

"Well, Retta had always taught her boys that what Zeb said was law. Them Dutch always look to the man o' the house as if he was a lord; anyway that's the way she had been raised. So she could n't give Karl no encouragement to go agin his duty, an' Karl jest went to work like the rest. But no one ever heard him singin' his songs through the fields after that; it seemed as if all the life had gone out o' him, for he went around sulky like, an' not talkin' to any one 'cept Retta. At last the other boys would n't sleep with him; they said he jabbered so in his dreams, an' talked an' went on about the writin's that come into his head that he dare n't write down, an' he knew they'd be gone before the time come that he would be of age; so it was n't much wonder the boys wanted to get away from him.

"The first that I judged fer sure that he was loony was in the spring. I'd gone over to Denny's place with an axe I wanted ground. Retta told me to sit down while she called Frank to turn fer me.

"I saw Karl a comin' up the path with some posies in his hand—some o' them creepin' pink things that grow among the pine woods. He looked pale, an' his eyes hollow like an' bigger 'n ever, an' his legs were dragged along slow like an old man's. Retta went out to meet him, a takin' hold o' his hands lovin' like, and a kissin' him as if she had n't seen him fer a year.

"Ah, you truant,' she said, a tryin' to kind o' laugh. 'What shall I do with yeh?—away until the noon without your breakfast; that was very wrong; yeh will be ill, an' then—then what'd yer mother do? Where have ye been?'

"I was over to Silver Lake,' he said.

"Why, Karl!' said Retta, kind o' scoldin' like.

"Yeh see, this Silver Lake, as they call it, is about six miles as the crow flies

towards the north—Kitteries Pond, they used to call it; has no signs of inlet nor outlet, yet the water is always fresh, and of a different sort from our spring an' creek water—kind o' queer where it comes from—an' I was taken aback as well as Retta to think he'd done that tramp with nothin' to eat. He dropped down tired like in a chair, not 'pearin' to see me, an' then I heard him a talkin' loony fer sure. An' queer as it sounded, the words stuck in my mind, till I can almost hear his voice as he was a sayin' 'em; 't wa' curious, but Karl always had a way o' speakin' that people were bound to remember in spite o' themselves. He held out the posies to her.

"Take 'em, mother,' he said; 'it seemed a pity to bring 'em from their home under the pines; but I knowed you loved 'em so; they looked like little pink stars in the brown leaves, an' it was so restful and quiet where they lived, with the scent o' the pines about 'em, and the washin' o' the little waves a makin' such music, an' the birds a chatterin' an' tellin' each other that spring has come.'

"Yes, yes, my Karl, a great pleasure it must 'a been out there in the early morning,' Retta said, kind a chimin' in with his vagaries.

"A pleasure an' a sadness both, mother,' he said, a holdin' to her hands. 'They should n't call it Silver Lake; there is no brightness about it. The dark pines gather too close around, an' their shadows are too deep for any silvery gleams to fall across it. So beautiful it is, but so lonely away up there on the hills, with only the hills, not even a little brook, to bring joy or laughter to it. In comin' away I felt as if it was a human thing I was a leavin' alone there, with no hope of ever knowin' the happiness of its kind.'

"You must not feel things so deeply, my Karl,' said Retta, a tryin' to turn his mind a little. 'Souls like yours suffer so much it is not well for them to dwell on sad thoughts, and the little lake may after all be very happy.'

"Right, my mother,' said he; 'it may be so; it is with the lake as, perhaps, with people. We are sad when we see those who are silent and alone, an' we pity them because they are not like others, and yet them people may have hidden in their

hearts treasures o' thought an' memory more to them than a century o' days bright with the pleasures o' the world; an' that secret inlet may bear with it more peace an' cool content than the bright brooks that wash by the hot stones in the sun. I am glad you gave me that thought, mother; it is better than the sadness.'

"An' then I slipped out o' the side door quiet like, an' left them two alone there. I felt as if I was comin' out o' a church an' did n't breathe free till I was off the porch. O' course it was all moonshine—a thinkin' that Kitteries Pond was a livin' bein', but I could n't help hearin' an' I could n't help rememberin' every word of it, and that was the last time I ever saw Karl Denny till he was on his death-bed. Quick consumption it was, the doctor said. He never had complained much, an' no one knowed how bad he was till he overstrained himself a liftin' a piece o' timber for a cow-shed Zeb was puttin' up. Some way it started him to coughin' till they had to carry him to the house, an' two weeks later he was dead.

"Lots o' people 'lowed it was a good thing, for he was n't fore-handed enough to make his own livin', an' it's a right smart expense a keepin' up a growed man that aint no use on a farm. Well, for all Karl's shiftless ways, Zeb was kind o' cut up. It was the first in the family to go, yeh know, and naturally was a shock to him.

"But, Retta! Lor', lor'! she wa' like a wild woman. She seemed to forget all her quiet ways, an' right there afore every one she forbid Zeb to lay his hands on Karl or come near the bed! I was there, an' I hardly knowed her. She stood over that dead boy, an' told Zeb he had murdered him with his cruelty. O' course folks tried to hush her up, but she turned on them jest as bitter:

"'Be silent,' said she, in her broken Dutch way. 'Be silent. You shall not touch him—not any one of you; least of all shall the father—the father who had a child of God given to him an' who would bring it down to the level of his cattle; who would crush the soul and the genius out o' the young life till he lays here cold-dead from the breakin' of his heart. Swine—all of ye—who looked on him as mad, and did not know it was the madness o' God-given genius.'

"An' then she dropped across the dead boy in a faint, an' it was weeks afore she was able to be about. But she's never been like the same woman since—mortally changed she is. Folks say she's colder than stone to Zeb an' never speaks only to answer a question. An' as soon as she was able to be about she gathered up all the writin's she could find o' Karl's an' sent them away with a letter to that editor Karl had told her about; an' some months after there came a book to her with stories an' rhymes in it, an' it had Karl's name printed in it, an' they say the letter the editor wrote her was beautiful, to say nothin' o' the bank check he sent her. The first use she made out o' the money was to buy a metal box and put Karl's book that he never saw in it and had it put in the coffin. A mighty queer thing to do; but then I guess she was a little touched as well as Karl. But here comes the buckboard, mister. Lordy, how long we've been a talkin'! Had no idea it was so late. Yes, I know most everybody's history through here, but Denny's boy was about the queerest fish around.

"Heard o' him through the papers, did yeh say? Curious. Now, we take the *County Chronicle*—a live paper it is—an' we never saw his name in it, except the funeral notice. You newspaper chaps do beat time in findin' out about folks. Good day. You'll get to the station, time for supper. So long."

The buckboard rolled under the bending locust trees, and the traveler leaned back drinking in the beauty of the sloping fields in their midsummer holiday dress, while memory brought to him stanzas written among these hills—poems with the freshness of the wind in their tender fancies, written by a soul to whom the scent of the flowers was as incense; to whom the rustling of the leaves and grasses were messengers bringing secrets of the wood—secrets never divulged save to the lover, the enthusiast, of nature. One short volume had been given to the world; only that! But it was enough to tell that a prophet had sent it—one whose young eyes saw clearer and deeper than the wise men about him. Odd and visionary were some of the compositions, with the mysticism of past ages filtering through his German blood and giving glimpses of a soul too subtle and delicate

to be measured by the standards about him.

"There is the buryin' ground." It was the driver who spoke, and pointed to the left where a few gleams of marble could be seen through the trees, "An' ther's Miss' Denny, a neighbor of ourn. How-de-do, Miss' Denny?"

The woman bowed without speaking, and turned into the little gate, showing only a glimpse of a sad brown face and snow-white hair.

"Yes, that's a neighbor of ourn. Had a boy died 'bout a year ago, an' I don't think a day passes that she aint out here at the grave. She thought a heap o' him, but folks 'round here thinks its flyin' in

the face o' Providence not to get reconciled by this time. But there's no use arguin' with her; she's Dutch, and they're always a pig-headed lot. Got two other boys too, but she don't seem to take no 'count o' them, but any one of them 'd make two o' Karl. He was kind o' queer in the head an' wrote somestuff in a book with verses 'bout the creeks an' the clearin's an' the pastures an' the woods—jest common sort o' things; never 'mounted to much, an' nobody 'round here took any stock in 'em."

The traveler made no reply, but across the rhythm of the dead boy's remembered songs there came to him the words of that other clear-visioned one—"A prophet hath no honor in his own country."

DICKENS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

I.



ONLY a few weeks ago I read in a leading journal the following paragraph, which prefaced an interesting account of Mr. Henry Irving's notable performance of *Alfred Jingle*:

Mr. Pickwick and his companion have never enjoyed on the stage anything like their popularity in the pages of Dickens. This is true of all the creations of the great novelist which have been transferred to the footlights, though some of them have been more fortunate than their kindred whose sufferings caused Dickens to spend one evening at the theatre groaning on the floor of his box. The truth is that these characters are often more descriptive than dramatic, and that when they are withdrawn from the countless sidelights of witty comment and whimsical suggestion which play upon them in the text, they are apt to lose much of their vitality. This may explain the disappointment which has attended most of the attempts to dramatize Dickens.

Statements similar to this have been printed so often that they have become commonplaces. Yet they are, perhaps, literally exact. Dickens, on the stage, is far different from the great novelist in his books. The plays suggested by his books give but a faint idea of the strength and genius of that fluent and delightful author—not less delightful to-day than he was thirty years ago, even if certain eminent writers of our time seem disposed to think otherwise. Nevertheless,

it should be remembered that what is a fact with Dickens is a fact with nearly all novelists. The best novels do not make the best plays; on the contrary, the best novels have, usually, made the worst plays. Even when the author of a thoroughly fine story happens to be his own dramatist, his own "adapter," he is almost certain to blunder and spoil his work. The rule is, however, that the adapter of the great novelist shall be decidedly not a great dramatist: and who but the great have right to adjust great work to new conditions of art? It is not, therefore, surprising that novels of fresh power and originality should lose much of these delightful qualities when transferred to the stage—should, indeed, prove to be mere carpenterings or travesties. We have seen "*Jane Eyre*," "*Guy Mannerling*," "*Vanity Fair*," "*Tom Jones*," "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and how many others I cannot count, on the stage: but we ought to be glad to forget that we have seen them there.

It is not, therefore, proper nor critical to speak of Dickens as an exception to a rule which is well-nigh general. And, after all has been said, who has fared better than Dickens, among the English novelists of the present or of the previous century, on the stage? Few of his novels have not been transferred, in one form or

another, to the theatre. Many of those which have been thus transferred lacked neither success nor a kind of distinction. For more than a quarter of a century Dickens has provided the playgoers of two countries—involuntarily, I admit—with some of their most agreeable and cordially relished entertainment. He may have been burlesqued, ill-used, misinterpreted, by dramatists, but a little of the true Dickens, the Dickens whom everyone might be expected to love, has surely found its way into the brightest plays drawn from his novels. Granting, then, that the stage has not been just to Dickens, that the pieces built upon his novels are “disappointments,” that his novels were clearly prepared outside of stage restriction, and are descriptive rather than dramatic, the fact remains that no other novelist has been more popular or more interesting on the stage than he. And, by way of emphasizing the importance of his contributions to the stage, I may add that few novelists have offered as rare and extraordinary opportunities to the actor. Many of the famous actors of the last half-century are identified with at least one of his characters; scores of brilliant and beautiful performances are identified with his name. Finally, whatever may be thought or written of Dickens in relation to the stage, it is positive that the stage retains an affectionate and permanent regard for its Dickens.

In the circumstances—taking into consideration all these facts, together with the quality of his genius, his temperament, his tastes—it is not hazardous to assert that Dickens might have been a great dramatist. That is to say, he might have subjected his genius to the discipline of the stage. If he failed to do this, if he failed to make arduous effort to rank as a dramatist, the reason is, undoubtedly, that he was forced, in spite of himself, to follow the bent of his age, to pursue the smooth road to success. His age was that of the novel, not of the drama. But the potentiality of a dramatist was just as much a part of him as his over-flowing fancy. His stories were not, above all, dramatic: but there was a great deal of drama in them. He had the gift of characterization in the loftiest degree, and I can imagine readily that, writing as a

dramatist, he would have added some immortal figures to the stage. As it is, many of his characters, even though deprived of the humorous or explanatory commentary which is enjoyed with so much zest in his novels, are strikingly individual on the stage. There are persons, without doubt, whose acquaintance with *Bill Sikes*, *Nancy*, *Fagin*, *Jingle*, *Sam Weller*, *the Artful Dodger*, *Cap'n Cuttle*, *Bunsby*, and twenty others, has been acquired wholly in the theatre; and yet I am sure that their impressions of these personages are vital and lasting.

Although Dickens did not write much for the stage—the few pieces that he did write are hardly worthy of remembrance—he showed in other ways his practical sympathy with the theatre. He was devoted to the welfare of the stage; he was never happier than when watching a good play, and was an astute critic of the drama. His criticisms, though short, are marked by singular honesty and pungency; and their value has been attested repeatedly. Then he was a stage-manager of exceptional skill—patient, tactful, unerring. The amateur theatricals which were given under his management had, as everyone knows, an artistic significance that amateur theatricals seldom have. He was also an actor of talent, and it was felt by his contemporaries that he might have gained reputation on the boards. In many of his speeches he spoke of the stage with the tenderest respect and with frank ardor, and his letters are often filled with comments on plays and actors. In fact, here was a man who was apparently born to add dignity to the theatre—who had, unquestionably, a genius, a skill, a business sense, which should have made him a conspicuous figure of the drama; yet it was only against his own will and judgment that his work found a place on the stage.

Dickens' criticisms, as I have said, were marked by singular honesty and pungency. They were also marked by rare independence. Those tiresome conventionalisms which hamper most criticism, which make it perfunctory and absurdly cock-sure, were unknown to him. He spoke his thought straight from his mind and heart. Who has forgotten his bold and just tribute to Charles

Fechter—an actor, by the way, who gave a powerful impersonation of Dickens' *Oberreizer*? Here is what Dickens wrote of Fechter's *Hamlet*, and it is good reading at this late day: "Perhaps no innovation in art was ever accepted with so much favor by so many intelligent persons, pre-committed to, and pre-occupied by, another system, as Fechter's *Hamlet*. I take this to have been the case (as it unquestionably was in London), not because of its picturesqueness, not because of its novelty, not because of its many scattered beauties, but because of its perfect consistency with itself. Its great and satisfying originality was in its possessing the merit of a distinctly conceived and executed idea. Fechter's *Hamlet*, a pale, woe-begone Norseman, with long flaxen hair, wearing a strange garb, never associated with the part on the English stage (if ever seen there at all), and making a piratical swoop upon the whole fleet of little theatrical prescriptions without meaning, or like Dr. Johnson's celebrated friend, with only one idea in them, and that a wrong one, never could have achieved its extraordinary success but for its animation by one pervading purpose, to which all changes were made intelligently subservient."

Another little touch of Dickens, as a dramatic critic, demonstrating that knowledge of stage-sense which he is supposed to have lacked, is found in this note to John Forster: "I have been cautioning Fechter about the play whereof he gave the plot and scenes to B; and out of which I have struck some enormities, my account of which will (I think) amuse you. It has one of the best first acts I ever saw; but if he can do much with the last two, not to say three, there are resources in his art that I know nothing about. When I went over the play this day week, he was at least twenty minutes in a boat, in the last scene, discussing with another gentleman (also in the boat), whether he should kill him or not; after which the gentleman dived over and swam for it. Also, in the most important and dangerous parts of the play, there was a young person by the name of Pickles who was constantly being mentioned by name, in conjunction with the powers of light or

darkness; as, 'Great Heavens! Pickles?' 'By Hell, 't is Pickles!' 'Pickles? a thousand devils!' 'Distraction, Pickles?'"

So much for Dickens as a critic. As an actor, his favorite characters were *Captain Bobadil* in Ben Jonson's comedy "Every Man in His Humour," *Flexible* in Mr. Kenney's farce, "Love, Law and Physic," *Justice Shallow* in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," *Lord Wilmot* in "Not So Bad as We Seem," *Mr. Gablewig* in "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," *Richard Wardour* in Wilkie Collins' play, "The Frozen Deep," and *Sir Charles Coldstream* in "Used Up." That strong novel, "A Tale of Two Cities," was suggested to Dickens by Mr. Collins' drama, and he was eager to get a play out of it. He was even ambitious to perform the character of *Sydney Carton*. A dramatization of "A Tale of Two Cities" was made by Tom Taylor, but was unsuccessful. Other dramatizations of it have also been made; and it is well known that a recent and romantic drama, "All For Her," is based upon one of its main incidents.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke is warm in her praise of Dickens' acting. But I venture to quote from another critic who, if not so enthusiastic as Mrs. Clarke, is possibly more judicious: "To say that his acting was amateurish is to depreciate it in the view of a professional actor, but it is not necessarily to disparage it. No one who heard the public readings from his own books which Mr. Dickens subsequently gave with so much success, needs to be told what rare natural qualifications for the task he possessed. Fine features, and a striking presence, with a voice of great flexibility, were added to a perfect mastery over the sense of his author, because that author was himself. . . . If there were a certain ease and *handiness* which the practice of the art as a profession might have brought to him, he at least escaped the tyranny of those conventionalisms which the best actors (at least of our own time) have not been able to resist. Mr. Dickens's acting—certainly his *serious* acting—might have failed in a large theatre, just as a picture painted by Creswick or Cooke would have been ineffective if used as a scene

in that theatre. In both cases, broader effects and less carefulness in details would have been needed to produce the desired effect."

Dickens made his first appearance as a reader, in London, in 1838. Nine years later he was heard in this country. His

traveling through the United States, also as a reader of Dickens, and is meeting everywhere with a welcome hardly less cordial than that given to the author of "Pickwick." The younger Dickens inherits much of his father's interpretative talent, and his sympathetic work



IRVING AS "JINGLE."

success, both in England and here, was prodigious, but it was success commensurate with his charming and irresistible talent. The novels, it is true, are not so much in vogue to-day as they were twenty years ago; yet at this moment a second Charles Dickens—the son who bears so honorably his father's name—is

has undoubtedly revived public interest in writings which—as we have been told—are somewhat out of fashion.

II.

It was natural enough, when Dickens stood at the height of his fame, when people were greedy for his books, that the

stage should look to him for much of its most popular material. The slightest story written by him at that halcyon period was eagerly seized upon by dramatists, or would-be dramatists, and, when possible, was transformed into some kind of a play. Dickens' temper was grievously tried by certain ambitious bunglers who insisted upon their right to "adapt" him at their pleasure. His remonstrances were, usually, wasted, and he had to content himself with the situation. Occasionally, he gave his sanction to some special dramatization, and now and then he even condescended to assist or advise a playwright. He is supposed to have written, in collaboration with Wilkie Collins, the version of "No Thoroughfare" as done by Fechter; but Miss Kate Field, in her biography of Fechter, credits him with but a small part in that work. Dickens seldom offered a word of praise to even the most dexterous and honest of his adapters, although it is recorded that he admired Miss Fortescue's version of "Barnaby Rudge." He might have agreed with others, however, that in Andrew Halliday he had a sympathetic interpreter.

"Pickwick" was put upon the stage for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Strand, on July 10, 1837. The adaptation was called "Sam Weller," and it was made by William Moncrieff. Dickens protested vigorously against this piece, and the dramatist defended himself in a long and fiery advertisement, one of the oddest things of the sort that I have read. Other versions of "Pickwick" have been seen at intervals; but only two, and these meresketches, are now remembered, "Alfred Jingle" and "Bardwell vs. Pickwick." In the former, Mr. Henry Irving gives his humorous and quaint performance of *Jingle*; in the latter, Mr. Toole is extremely amusing as *Sergeant Buzfuz*. A more ambitious effort to dramatize "Pickwick" was attempted by Edward Stirling, whose piece was produced at a London theatre in 1837; but, in spite of the fact that Stirling had ample knowledge of stagecraft, his work was soon forgotten.

At least three noteworthy pieces have been made out of "Nicholas Nickleby," and produced in London; for "Nicholas Nickleby" lends itself to dramatic treatment much more naturally than "Pick-

wick," which is certainly one of the least dramatic of novels—although characters like *Weller*, *Buzfuz* and *Jingle* offer exquisite opportunities to skilful comedians. A version of "Nicholas Nickleby," prepared by Edward Stirling and given for the first time in London, Nov. 19, 1838, ran one hundred and sixty nights; in the cast were John Webster as *Nicholas*, O. Smith as *Newman Noggs*, Yates as *Mantolini*, Wilkinson as *Squeers*, and the famous Mrs. Keeley as *Smike*. Another play based on "Nicholas Nickleby" was written by Andrew Halliday, and presented in 1875; in this piece the character of *Mantolini* is omitted. Mr. Halliday enjoyed the good fortune of seeing his play smartly acted, for in the cast were John Clarke as *Squeers*, George Belmore as *Newman Noggs*, William Terriss as *Nicholas*, Samuel Emery as *John Browdie*, and Lydia Foote as *Smike*. The third version of this novel was a mere fragment, and was prepared for the distinguished American actor, John S. Clarke, who produced it in London about three years ago.

Edward Stirling, like Andrew Halliday, is identified with the stories of Charles Dickens, and it will not be denied that he showed considerable ability as an adapter of Dickens. I have mentioned his versions of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby"; he was also the author of plays taken from "Old Curiosity Shop," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and the "Christmas Carol." His "Chuzzlewit" was designed for Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and it was remarkably successful, running two hundred and eighty nights. The original cast included F. Vining as young *Chuzzlewit*, R. Younge as old *Chuzzlewit*, F. Mathews as *Pecksniff*, Mr. Meadows as *Tom Pinch*, Mr. Keeley as *Mrs. Gamp*, and Mrs. Keeley as *Bailey*. When the same play was revived later, John Clarke appeared as *Mrs. Gamp*, Lionel Brough as *Pecksniff*, and Thomas Thorne as *Tom Pinch*.

Among other dramatizations from Dickens which have enjoyed popularity on the British stage are "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Albert Smith, produced in 1846, with Mr. Keeley as *Caleb Plummer* and Mrs. Keeley as *Dot*; "Great Expectations," by that most original of recent English dramatists, W. S. Gilbert, with the late John Clayton as *Jaggers*;

"Little Em'ly" ("David Copperfield"), by Andrew Halliday, with George Fawcett Rowe as *Micawber*; "Heart's Delight" ("Dombey and Son"), also by Halliday; "Tom Pinch" (another version of "Chuzzlewit"), with Thomas Thorne as *Pinch* and William Farren as *Pecksniff*; "Poor Jo" ("Bleak House"), with Jenny Lee as *Jo*; "No Thoroughfare"—a French version of which is known as "L'Abîme"—written by Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens for Fechter; versions of the five Christmas books, and others which it is not easy nor profitable to recall.

Among those actors who have won renown in England for performances in the Dickens' plays are, in the first rank, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Miss Jennie Lee, Samuel Emery, Henry Irving, and, above all, J. L. Toole. I am speaking here of actors who belong, as it were, to the British stage. John S. Clarke and George Fawcett Rowe belong, on the other hand, to the American stage. Mrs. Keeley is said to have been an ideal *Dot* and *Smike*, and Miss Lee's *Jo* is known to American playgoers as a performance full of sweetness and pathos. Samuel Emery was an actor of original accomplishment, and no one was better fitted than he to express the peculiar Dickensian humor; he was famous, especially in characters like *Dan'l Peggotty*, *Jonas Chuzzlewit*, *John Peerybingle*, *Cap'n Cuttle*. His *Cuttle* was esteemed by English critics as a conception that was absolutely faithful to Dickens. When our clever American actor, Mr. Florence, undertook to act the same character in London, the English critics, with Emery's performance fresh in their memories, expressed their dissatisfaction in strong terms. They were unable to discover that Mr. Florence had proffered any serious study to Dickens, and they drew the rather general conclusion that Americans must regard Dickens from a queer standpoint. Mr. Florence's performance is, nevertheless, an excellent one, and it is in the line of traditions handed down by Burton.

Mr. Irving was seen once upon a time as *Bill Sikes*, a character that is not unlike *Dubosc* in "The Lyons Mail." A present there is but one Dickens character in his repertory, *Alfred Jingle*. American playgoers are familiar with his per-

formance of this, a performance which he gives, usually, as an afterpiece to his lurid and picturesque *Mathias*. Mr. Irving appeared first as *Jingle* in James Albery's dramatization of "Pickwick," which was produced by Mr. Bateman at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in 1870. The same play was cut down afterwards to two acts, and was finally reduced to its latest form, that of a one-act farce. It has been said that Mr. Irving's *Jingle* is not Dickens' *Jingle*—a criticism which, as I have pointed out, has been passed upon Mr. Florence's *Cuttle*. But Mr. Irving's *Jingle* is, at any rate, a highly amusing personage, with a distinct individuality and the jauntiest carriage imaginable. Mr. Irving carries the part with delicious drollery and audacity; and observed in contrast with his intense performance of *Mathias*, its effect is potent.

Mr. Toole, however, is the English actor who has been most successful with Dickens' characters. He has played *Bob Cratchit* in "Christmas Carol," *Caleb Plummer* in "The Cricket on the Hearth," *Toby Veck* in "The Chimes," *Ben Britain* in "The Battle of Life," *Fetherby* in "The Haunted Man," and the *Artful Dodger* in "Oliver Twist."

III.

Dickens has been quite as popular on the American stage as on that of Great Britain, and the list of American actors (including those English actors who have won their chief distinction here, like Burton) famous as exponents of the humor and pathos of Dickens, is brilliantly noteworthy. In this list are such names as Burton, Blake, J. W. Wallack, Jr., E. L. Davenport, Laura Keane, Lucille Western, Mathilda Heron, John Brougham, Dion Boucicault, George Holland, J. H. Stoddart, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, John E. Owens, Charlotte Cushman, Rose Eyttinge, G. F. Rowe, W. J. Florence, Mme. Janaushek, Miss Crabtree (Lotta), and Fanny Davenport.

One of the earliest dramatizations from Dickens made in this country was that of "Dombey and Son," by John Brougham, which was produced in 1847. Mr. Brougham then appeared as *Jack Bunsby*, W. E. Burton as *Cap'n Cuttle*, and Mrs. Hughes as *Mrs. Skewton*. Dur-



BURTON AS "CAPTAIN CUTTLE."

(From a Drawing by N. Harony.)

ing the following year another version of the same novel, called "*Edith*," was brought forward by Hamblin, who had become manager of the Park Theatre. The cast of "*Edith*" was a strong one, including Mr. Placide as *Cap'n Cuttle*, John Gilbert as *Mr. Dombey*, Mr. Walcott as *Toots*, James Scott as *Jack Bunsby*, and Mrs. Shaw as *Edith*. But Mr. Placide's *Cuttle* suffered in comparison with Burton's, and the Hamblin production was unsuccessful. Those who witnessed Mr. Gilbert's performance of *Mr. Dombey* praised it in the very highest terms. In fact, Mr. Gilbert was then becoming a prominent figure on the New York stage, a figure that grew more stately and lovable with the passage of time. Another performance of his which evoked applause and eulogy was that of *Phantom*, in a version of "*The Haunted Man*." At the new National Theatre, in 1849, a play taken from "*The Chimes*" was given for the first time, with the gifted Charles Burke as *Toby Veck*; and, at a somewhat earlier date, John Brougham prepared his "*Capture of Cap'n Cuttle*" ("additional extracts from *Dombey and Son*") at Burton's Theatre. In 1853, Brougham's version of "*Bleak House*" was acted at Wallack's Theatre, with Lester Wallack as *His Debilitated Cousin*, Brougham as *Turveydrop*, and Laura Keane as *Lady Dedlock*. Mr. Lester Wallack has, I believe, acted in only two of Dickens' characters—the *Cousin* in "*Bleak House*" and *Steerforth* in "*David Copperfield*."

The Winter Garden Theatre—known also as a Conservatory of the Arts—was opened by William Stuart and Dion Boucicault on the evening of Sept. 14, 1859. This was the theatre in which the young genius of Edwin Booth had its first great and triumphant manifestation. The opening performance at the Winter Garden was a memorable one, for the play was "*Dot*," dramatized by Mr. Boucicault from "*The Cricket on the Hearth*," and the *Caleb Plummer* was Joseph Jefferson—a character which this fine comedian continues to act at the present day. Mrs. John Wood appeared as *Tilly Slowboy*, but her performance was not commended for artistic discretion. "*Dot*" was repeated many times, and was followed by another of Mr.

Boucicault's dramatizations from Dickens, a neatly constructed version of "*Nicholas Nickleby*," entitled "*Smikey*." The cast of this presented Mr. Jefferson as *Newman Noggs*, Mr. Boucicault as *Mantalini*, T. Johnston as *Squeers*, Mrs. Blake as *Mrs. Squeers*, Mrs. J. H. Allen as *Mrs. Mantalini*, and Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Boucicault) as *Smikey*.

Mr. Jefferson himself turned adapter finally, and arranged a version of "*Oliver Twist*," in which George Jordan appeared as *Bill Sikes*, T. Johnston as the *Artful Dodger*, George Holland as *Bumble*, J. H. Stoddart as *Brownlow*, J. W. Wallack, Jr., as *Fagin*, and Mathilda Heron as *Nancy Sikes*. Of Mr. Wallack's performance in this play, the ablest critics have written with unbounded enthusiasm; the power and intensity of his acting as *Fagin* are as vivid in the memory now of those who witnessed it as if they saw it in the living flesh. "*Wallack's Fagin* was a masterpiece of art," declares Ireland, and this opinion has never aroused dissent. An ideal cast for "*Oliver Twist*" would have shown Mr. Wallack as *Fagin*, E. L. Davenport as *Bill Sikes*, and Lucille Western as *Nancy*. Mr. Davenport's *Sikes* was not less startling and impressive than Mr. Wallack's *Fagin*.

"*Oliver Twist*" was acted later at the same theatre, with William Davidge as *Bumble*, J. H. Stoddart as *Brownlow*, Wallack as *Fagin*, J. B. Studley as *Bill Sikes*, and Charlotte Cushman as *Nancy*.

Nancy Sikes has been a favorite character with many of our principal actresses. Miss Cushman, Miss Western, Miss Helen Western, Miss Fanny Davenport, Mathilda Heron, Rose Eytinge and several others, have been extremely effective in the part; and, at the present moment, it is one of Miss Fanny Davenport's strongest impersonations.

To make this record as brief as possible, I will simply call attention to a few Dickens performances that are still remembered, some of them still enjoyed by American playgoers. The late John E. Owens appeared as *Caleb Plummer*, at the theatre now known as Daly's, in 1865; in the following year, George Fawcett Rowe appeared as *Micawber*, in "*Little Em'ly*," at the Olympic

Theatre; and, although *Micawber* has been performed by many able actors, no one has yet equalled Mr. Rowe in this character; at the Olympic Theatre, in 1866, Mr. Rowe's version of "Our Mutual Friend" was given with assured success, in the cast being Rowe as *Silas Wegg*, J. H. Stoddart as *Boffin*, James Lewis as *Sampson*, and Mrs. John Wood as *Bella*; George Boniface offered an interesting performance of *Micawber*, in Andrew Halliday's "Little Em'ly," at Niblo's Garden, in 1869. During that year, Lotta appeared in "Little Nell and the Marchioness" (a version of "Old Curiosity Shop"), acting both parts; a dramatization of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Stephen Fiske, was done at the Olympic Theatre in 1864, and Florence produced "No Thoroughfare" at the Broadway Theatre in 1868; "Little Em'ly" and "Oliver Twist" were revived frequently between 1861 and 1880. Madame Janauschek, when she retired from the German stage and came permanently to our own, added to her repertory a version of "Bleak House" which introduces the French maid *Hortense*; Madame Janauschek—an actress of broad intellectuality and power—performs both the character of *Hortense* and that of *Lady Dedlock*, a dual impersonation of astonishing force. But the Dickens performance which, on the whole, has ranked highest in the American theatre, was Fechter's *Oberreiter*. All that glowing imagination, vibrant natural passion, the strength of the mind, and the strength of the body, could do for acting, entered into that wonderful realization of artistic truth!

IV.

A few desultory comments on certain well-remembered impersonations of Dickens characters may, as supplementary to what has just been written, be read with some interest here. There are many old playgoers whose recollection of Burton's *Cap'n Cuttle* is still vivid, and they enjoy the advantage of being able to compare that impersonation with Mr. Florence's adroit and facile performance of the same part. Mr. William L. Keese, in his valuable sketch of Burton's career on the stage, makes detailed mention of this actor's *Cuttle*. John Brougham was

Burton's stage manager (at the Chambers Street theatre) in 1848, and, as I have already said, Brougham dramatized "Dombey and Son" for Burton. It should be worth while pointing out that a lady known at present to all New Yorkers—by name if not by acquaintance—appeared as *Edith*, with Burton and Brougham, in 1849. Mrs. John Hoey was then Mrs. Russell, *née* Miss Shaw. Mr. Laurence Hutton writes in his graceful book, "Plays and Players": "Up to the time of her assumption of the rôle, *Edith*, in Brougham's version of the story, was comparatively a secondary part, and one to which but little attention had been paid either by performer or audience. Mrs. Russell, however, by her refined and elegant manner, brought *Edith* and herself into favor and prominence. She made of *Edith* more than Brougham himself ever imagined could be made; and *Edith* made her a reputation and a success on the New York stage which, until her honorable and much to be regretted retirement, she ever sustained."

Burton's Chambers-street company was one of exceptional strength and balance, and "Dombey and Son" was, therefore, acted in that spirit of harmonious expertness which is essential to perfect rendering. Yet Burton's *Cuttle* stood out with glowing distinctness amid its surroundings. Burton was seen in several typical personages borrowed from Dickens, notably in *Squeers*, *Sam Weller*, *Micawber*, and *Bumble*; but his *Cuttle* was far more popular than any of these, and it is one of the characters with which his genius seems to be most closely affiliated in reminiscence. Mr. Keese's account of the performance is better than that of a critic—it is that of a sympathetic and affectionate admirer: "What a memory it is to linger on! How the form comes back, clad in the white suit; the high collar, like a small sail, and the black silk handkerchief with flaring ends loosely encircling it; the head bald at top, a shining pathway between the bristling hair on each side; the bushy eyebrows arching the reverential eyes; the knob-environed nose; the waistcoat with buttons innumerable; the glazed hat under his left arm; the hook gravely extended at the end of his right. 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him! Over-

haul the proverbs of Solomon, and when found make a note of,' we hear him saying; and then we follow him through all those inimitable scenes which cannot be easily forgotten by those who witnessed them. The scene where he cheers up *Florence*, and makes such dexterous play with his hook, adjusting her bonnet and manipulating the tea—and yet exhibiting a simple and natural pathos with it all; and where he sits in admiring contemplation of *Bunsby*, while that oracular tar delivers his celebrated opinion in regard to the fate of the vessel, with the memorable addendum: 'The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it;' the scene with the *MacStingers*, and the *Captain's* despair; the timely intervention of *Bunsby*; the despair changed to wondering awe; and then all the suggestive by-play consequent upon his delivery by *Bunsby* from the impending *MacStinger* vengeance; all this, and much more than we can describe, passes by like a panorama in memory. Burton's *Captain Cuttle* occupies a conspicuous place in the gallery of famous dramatic pictures, and there it will long remain. As we think of it in all the details which made it so perfect an embodiment, it seems a pity that Dickens himself never saw it. We can fancy, that, had he chanced to be in New York when 'Dombey and Son' was the theatrical sensation, and had dropped in at Chambers Street, an auditor all unknown, he would have made his way behind the scenes, and to Burton's dressing-room,



JEFFERSON AS "CALEB PLUMMER."

and with hands would have grasped the comedian's hook and enthusiastically shaken it." In a reference to the same performance, Ireland says that Burton's "grief at the supposed death of Walter Gay, or poor Wally, as *Captain Cuttle* affectionately calls him, was one of the most touching bits of acting ever witnessed, and has wrung tears from many an unwilling eye."

Mr. Florence's *Cuttle*, while not, probably, equal to Burton's, has, I surmise, some of the qualities of pathos and humor which made Burton's performance so effective. Mr. Florence has long been very popular in the part, and he gives it that fine air of sincerity which marks nearly all his acting. His talent as an actor is,

by the way, unusually broad, for, if his *Cuttle* is a clearly outlined and droll bit of comedy, his *Obenreizer* is a performance approaching tragic power. Mr. Florence invests the character of *Obenreizer* with subtle passion and malignity, and there are moments in his acting which safely bear contrast with the greater acting of Fechter. A just idea of Mr. Florence's versatility is suggested by his performances of *Bob Brierly*, in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and of the *Hon. Bardwell Slote*, in "The Mighty Dollar." It is hard to conceive two individualities more veracious and human, yet in such different ways!

I am indebted to Mr. A. Seymour Fitch, a thoughtful observer of the stage, for the following description of the late E. L. Davenport and J. W. Wallack, Jr., in a revival of "Oliver Twist," which excited profound interest. Mr. Fitch has kindly furnished this narrative at my request: "One of the most remarkable dramatic embodiments of Dickens' creations ever seen upon our stage was a version of 'Oliver Twist' performed over twenty years ago at Wallack's (the present Star) theatre. James W. Wallack, Jr., was the *Fagin*, Edwin L. Davenport the *Sikes*, and Rose Eytinge the *Nancy*; and these players were supported by the great company which was then assembled at this house, including in its membership Gilbert, Brougham, Fisher, W. R. Floyd, Holland, Sr., A. W. Young, Miss Henriques, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Sefton, Miss Morant, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Floyd and Ione Burke. Seldom has so perfect and memorable a dramatic ensemble of any of the novelist's characters and scenes been viewed upon the New York stage. Every personation by these artists remains indelibly impressed upon the memory. But above and beyond all of the incomparable cast stood the pictures wrought by Wallack, Davenport and Eytinge. This generation has never seen, and will never see, a *Fagin* to equal Wallack's, nor a *Bill Sikes* to compare with Davenport's. More hideous and degraded *Nancys* than the portrayal by Miss Eytinge may have been given, but in none was the tenderness of the woman interwoven with the repulsiveness of untutored depravity.

"There were three scenes to which

were given a marvellous emphasis and potency by the principal players. These were the act which occurs in *Fagin's* den, the murder of *Nancy* at *Sikes'* lodgings, and the disclosure of *Fagin* in his cell in Newgate. In the first the delineation of the cowardly malignity, cruel ferocity and fawning craft of the *Jew* was tinged with a grim humor which, while it intensified the repulsiveness of the portrait, evoked laughter even as the audiences shuddered. Who that saw this *Fagin* will ever forget the picture as he stood at the fire frying sausages for breakfast, the red glare reflected from his horrible visage as he grinned at the *Dodger* and *Bates* skylarking with 'little *Oliver*'; or, when the quarrel occurred between *Sikes* and *Nancy*, the fiendish glee with which he watched *Nancy's* dogged defiance and *Sikes's* rage.

"In the Newgate cell, Wallack attained a climax of horror far more harrowing to the sensibilities of the audience than the 'situations' in our later plays, which theatre-goers of to-day consider too gruesome. Between the bars of the grated door of the cell could be seen a pair of piercing rat-like eyes set in an ashen face which was half concealed by the shaggy, disheveled hair and beard. Now, this figure would pace the cell, moaning in an agony of terror and despair; anon, it would clutch the bars, and, peering between them, would call in pleading tones for *Bill*, for *Nancy*, for 'little *Oliver*'; then, fiercely shaking the iron gates, it would bellow in maniacal fury, shrieking for mercy, and filling the gloom with imprecations. At last, fainting, gasping, it fell, a quivering heap of impotent rage and craven fear, as the curtain closed the scene. The entire personation was masterful in its fidelity to the traits which Dickens named, and it gave a picture of this demon which will always live in the memory of those who looked upon it.

"In murdering *Nancy*, Davenport seized Miss Eytinge by the hair and literally dragged her across the stage, she clinging to his feet and begging for her life. Pulling the prostrate woman through a doorway, so that only her skirts remained in view of the audience, the dull thuds of an axe were heard,

mingled with her cries and moans, as the murderer dashed out her brains. Then leaping upon the stage, flinging the blood from his hands, with his eyes fixed upon the woman he had stricken down, Davenport gave one of those depictions of inwrought terror which his intellectuality as an actor always rendered him pre-eminently able to portray. As he slunk and cowered to escape from the room, *Nancy* was seen to drag her mangled face and matted hair across the threshold of the door. With one wild, pleading look at the ruffian who had smitten her, and murmuring '*Bill*,' she died; and *Sikes*, with a yell, staggered away, his eyes still rivetted upon the woman's form."

There are few American playgoers who are not familiar with George Fawcett Rowe's *Micawber*. This is one of the salient personalities of our stage, an achievement of lucid purpose and genuine comic force. Burton's *Micawber* is said to have been not less amusing than his *Cuttle*; but Mr. Rowe is the only actor whose name appears to be inseparable from that of *Micawber*. In England his performance was cordially admired and praised, and he stepped easily there into a place which had been occupied by several accomplished comedians. The success of Mr. Halliday's version of "*David Copperfield*" in London, to be strictly just, was due chiefly to Mr. Rowe. An English critic, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, has expressed the accepted judgment on this subject: "Mr. Rowe's *Micawber* is a most enjoyable performance; the player seems to revel in the unctuous platitudes and stick-flourishings; the fitful changes from hopeless despondency, born of 'pecuniary embarrassment from his cradle upward,' to pleasant and eager spirits, on the mention of punch; his strange and original attitudes, and quaint gamut of tones, make up a very odd and racy picture. All these oddities of speech and attitude give the notion that they are the honest expression of what is within. Had Mr. Dickens' *Micawber* never been written, this stage character would have been a

very original performance, but it shows what a vast dramatic force lies in all Mr. Dickens' characters."

Two American actors of high rank—one of the highest rank—have been identified with that wonderfully pathetic picture of patient resignation, groping old age, gentle senility, *Caleb Plummer*. One was John E. Owens, a comedian of rare buoyancy and versatility; the other is Joseph Jefferson. In depth of homely



LOTTA AS "THE MARCHIONESS."

pathos, absolute sincerity, it has always seemed to me that Owens's *Caleb* was truer than Jefferson's. On the other hand, Mr. Jefferson applies to this character, as to every character that he impersonates, a delicacy of method which is unrivaled. His touches of humor are exquisite, his resources abundant, his style finely chiseled without being in the least formal. He is, probably, the most gifted actor of his class who now speaks the English language, and he is totally unlike any other actor.

Without resorting to broad treatment, he can be, with no apparent effort, broadly humorous; without resorting to the devices of the stage whimperer, he can be unaffectedly pathetic. The sparkle and dash of his singularly interesting *Acres*—a performance of great originality and justifiable fame—throw his winning old *Caleb* into the sharpest relief.

Miss Lotta certainly merits a pleasant word, at the end of this rather long list of popular names. For years she has been a favorite with our playgoers. And she has given them some of their

merriest hours. She is the hoyden of the theatre, the frolicsome mischief-maker whom everyone likes and whom none is disposed to take seriously. She is not, in an exact sense of the term, an actress; she is simply a lively little extravaganza, and all her acting is extravaganza. She comes as close to true acting, perhaps, in the blithesome character of the *Marchioness* as in anything she attempts, but she spoils the effect of this by making rapid changes from the *Marchioness* to *Little Nell*. As the *Marchioness*, however, she is a queerly-spirited creature.

JUNE.

O WHAT a magic touch is thine, fair June,
That dost set Nature in such perfect tune;
Match earth to sky in wedlock so complete,
Tame Ocean's savage roar to rhythm sweet;
Till murm'ring winds and waves make lulling symphony,
And even discord's self melts into harmony!

In those mysterious caverns where are wrought
The tender germs of Nature's inmost thought,
Thou dost but breathe,—and vital powers are blent
In sweet accord, like voice to instrument;
Floating upward, till that celestial siren hears
Who measures her glad song to music of the spheres.

The Year wears thee as brightest, proudest gen,
That doth encrust his royal diadem;
Flashing thine emerald light and opal hue
Through roseate amethyst and turquoise blue;
For Spring and Summer both endow thee with their best,
And what is fair in them, in thee seems loveliest.

Zitella Cocke.



ECUADOR AND HER CITIES.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

[FIRST PAPER.]

ON the west coast of South America is found the perfection of ocean travel—fine ships, fair weather, and a still sea. Although one floats over, or rather across, the equator, the atmosphere is cool, the breezes delicious, and the water as smooth as a duck-pond. The Pacific Navigation Company, a British institution, though founded by an American, Mr. William Wheelwright, has been sending vessels from Panama to Liverpool, through the Straits of Magellan, for more than forty years, and has not only a monopoly of transportation on the coast, but has subsidies from the British Government and the various South American States whose ports it enters. It charges enormous rates for freight and passengers, the tariff from Valparaiso to Panama being forty dollars a ton for the former and two hundred and ninety-seven dollars a head for the latter, while the distance is only about as great as from New York to Liverpool; but the company gives its patrons the best the country can afford, and until the recent ocean greyhounds were turned out to race across the Atlantic, it had the finest and largest ships afloat. One fleet of vessels run from Panama to Valparaiso, where a transfer is made to a stronger fleet, built for heavy seas, which go via the Straits of Magellan, and Rio de Janeiro, to Liverpool. Those which ply along the west coast from Panama southward, are built for fair weather and tropical seas, with open decks and airy state-rooms, through which the breezes bring refreshing coolness. Such boats would not live long in the Atlantic nor in the Caribbean Sea, but they find no heavy weather on the Pacific, where the wind is "never strong enough to ruffle the fur on a cat's back," as the sailors say, and the vessels sail in a perpetual calm.

From Panama to Callao, and in fact to the end of the continent, the western coast of South America presents an unbroken line of mountains, with a strip of desert between them and the sea. Occa-

sionally some stream from the mountains brings down the melted snow and opens an oasis. These oases have been utilized, and wherever the barren strip has been irrigated it produces enormous crops of sugar, coffee, and other tropical staples. The whole of it might be redeemed by the introduction of a little capital and industry. If the money that has been wasted in revolutions had been expended in the development of mines, and the soldiers had dug irrigating ditches with the energy they have expended in fighting, there would be no richer section on the globe. Wherever the ground was cultivated by the Incas, it produced in profusion, and the wealth of the nation was fabulous. Their empire extended three thousand miles north and south, and about four hundred miles east and west, from the Pacific to the great forests of the Amazon, which the people, with their simple tools, were unable to subdue.

In no part of the world does nature assume more imposing forms. Deserts as repulsive as Sahara alternate with valleys as rich and luxuriant as those of Italy. Perpetual summer smiles under the frown of eternal snow. The rainless region—this arid strip which lies between the Andes and the sea—is about forty miles in width, and the panorama presented to the voyager is a constant succession of bare and repulsive uninhabited wastes of sand and rocks, whose silence is broken only by the incessant surf, the bark of the sea-lions, and the screams of the water-birds which haunt its wave-worn and forbidding shore. The coast is dotted with small rocky islands, which have been the roost of myriads of birds for ages, and furnish the guano of commerce. The steamers seem to provide their only entertainment, and they surround every vessel that passes, soaring about and above the masts, and screaming defiance to the invaders of their resorts. The water, too, is full of animal life. Nowhere does the sea offer science so many curious forms of animate nature.

Monsters unknown to northern waters can be seen from the decks of the steamers, and at night their movements about the vessel are shown by a line of fire which always follows their fins. The water is so strongly impregnated with phosphorus that every wave is tipped with silver, and every fish that darts about leaves a brilliant trail like that of a comet. The larger fishes, the sharks and porpoises, find great sport in racing with the ships; and under the bowsprit a school of them were to be seen every evening, sailing beside our vessel, darting back and forth before it, leaping over and plunging under one another. Every motion was apparent, and the outlines of their bodies were as distinct as if they were drawn with a pencil of fire. Nowhere else is this phenomenon so conspicuous.

Near the mouth of the river Guayaquil is the island of Puna, where Pizarro first landed, and where he waited with a squad of thirteen men while the deserters from his expedition went back to Panama in his ships, promising to send reinforcements, which afterward came. Beside Puna is the famous *Isla del Muerto* (dead man's island), which looks like a corpse floating in the water. Just below, and the northernmost town of Peru, is Tum-

Yankee by the name of Larkin, from Western New York, went down there to sell kerosene, and recognized in the material which the Indians used for lubricating and coloring purposes the same article he was peddling. Attempts have been made to utilize the deposits, which are very extensive, but so far they have not been successful in producing a burning fluid that is either safe or agreeable.

At each of the little ports on the coast the steamer stops and takes on produce for shipment to Liverpool or Germany. These towns are usually collections of mud-huts, dreary, dusty, and dirty; and are inhabited by fishermen or the employes of the steamship company. Back in the country, along the streams which bring fertility and water from the mountains, are places of commercial importance, the residences of rich hacienda owners, and the scenes of historic events as well as of prehistoric civilization. The products of the country are sugar, coffee, cocoa, and cotton, while those of the towns are "Panama hats" and fleas. In each of the ports the natives are busy braiding hats from vegetable fibres, and the results of their labor find a market at Panama and in the cities of the coast, where, as in Mexico, a man's wealth is

judged by what he wears on his head. The hats are usually made of *toquilla*, or *pita*, an arborescent plant of the cactus family, the leaves of which are often several yards long. When cut, the leaf is dried, and then whipped into shreds almost as fine and tough as silk. Some hats are made of single fibres, without a splice or an end from the centre of the crown to the rim. It often requires two or three months to make them, and the best ones are braided under water, as the fibre is more pliable when immersed.

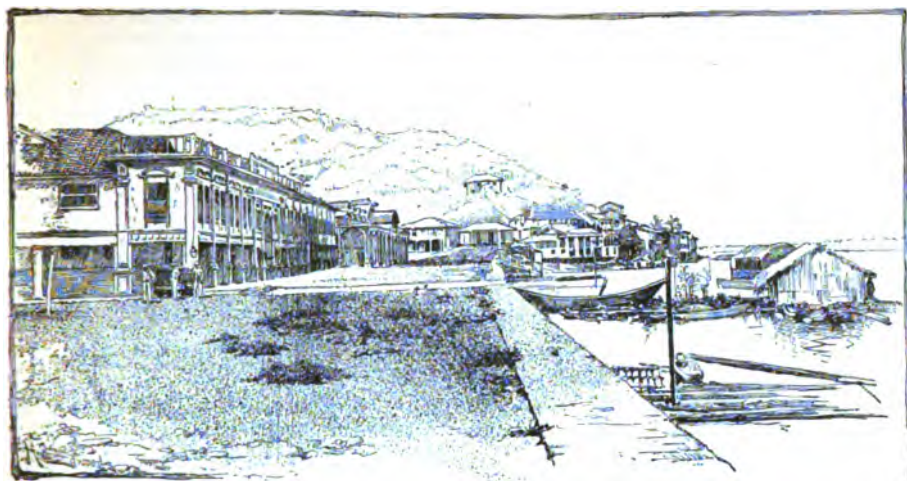
The cost of a single hat is sometimes two hundred and fifty dollars, but such last a lifetime, and can be packed in a vest-pocket, or worn inside out, each side being as smooth and well finished as the other. The natives make beautiful cigar-cases too; but it is difficult for a stranger to purchase either these or the hats, be-



NATIVES OF ECUADOR.

bez, where Pizarro met the messengers from Atahualpa's army, who came to ask the object of his visit.

Behind Tumbes are the petroleum deposits of Peru, which have been known to the natives ever since the times of the Incas, but they were ignorant of the character or the value of the oil. A



WHARF AND CUSTOM-HOUSE, GUAYAQUIL.

cause they have an idea that all travelers are rich, and will pay any price that is asked. One old lady produced a cigar-case, such as is sold in Japanese stores for one or two dollars, and politely offered to sell it for twenty dollars. When I told her I could get a silver one for that price, she came down to eighteen dollars, then to twelve dollars, and finally to one dollar. They have no idea of the value of money, and are habitually imposed upon by local traders, who exchange food for their work at merely nominal rates, and then sell the hats at enormous figures.

When the steamer stops, an army of officials come aboard at each port, to get a good dinner or breakfast, and a cocktail or two, at the expense of the steamship company. They wear swords and gay uniforms, and there is usually one inspector, or other official, for every ten packages of merchandise. First is the Captain of the Port, with his retinue; then the Governor of the District, with his staff; then the Collector of Customs, with a battalion of inspectors; and, finally, the *Comandante* of the military garrison and all his subordinates. The deck of the vessel fairly swarms with them, and as the steamer's arrival is the only event to give variety to the monotony of their lives, they celebrate it for all it is worth. There is little wonder that the governments of the South American countries are poor, with all

these tax-eaters at every little town of four or five hundred inhabitants.

There are many more railroads than is generally supposed. Nearly all of the coast towns have a line connecting them with the plantations of the interior; and as there are no harbors, but only open roadsteads, expensive iron piers have been constructed through the surf from which merchandise is lifted into barges or lighters and taken to the ships, which anchor a mile or so from the shore. Where there are no piers, the lighters are loaded at low water, run through the surf when the tide is high, and then floated off to buoys to await the arrival of vessels.

A system of "deck trading" is carried on by the people of the country all along the coast. Men and women come on board the steamer, with fruits, market produce and other articles, which are strewn about the deck, and sold to people who visit the vessel at each port. These traders are charged passage-money and freight by the steamship companies, and are a nuisance to the other passengers. Each female trader brings a mattress to sleep upon, a chair to use during the day, her own cooking and chamber utensils, and spends a great part of her life sailing from one port to another.

Guayaquil has the same longitude as Washington, and is only two degrees south of the equator. It is sixty miles from the sea, on a river which looks like

the Mississippi at New Orleans, and it stretches along the low banks for more than two miles. So brilliant are the terraces of gas-lamps, rising one above the other, as the town slopes upward toward the mountains, that one's first impression, if he arrives at night, is that the ship has anchored in front of a South American Paris. When morning dawns the deception is renewed, and a picture of Venice is presented, with long lines of white buildings, whose curtained balconies look down upon the gayly clad men and women that float upon the river in narrow, quaint-looking gondolas and broad-bosomed rafts. Unless he is forewarned, the traveler meets with a very unpleasant surprise upon disembarking; for the gondolas are nothing but "dug-outs" bringing pine-apples and bananas from up the river; the rafts are balsam-logs lashed together with vines; and the houses, which look as if they had been erected by an architectural lunatic, and would tumble into the river with the first gust of wind, are dilapidated skeletons of bamboo with a thin veneering of white-washed plaster. The streets are dirty and have a repulsive smell, and the half-naked Indians who

habitants say it is a healthy city, and that yellow-fever nor cholera never visits it.

A narrow-gauge street railway, or *tramvia*, as they call it, runs a couple of miles across the city; and upon its cars the products are brought from the plantations to be transferred by lighters to outgoing vessels.

When the steamer arrives, the passengers are immediately surrounded by a crowd of boatmen, who clamber up the sides of the vessel, screaming with all the strength of their lungs the merits of their craft. Their vociferousness and persistency would make the Niagara Falls hackmen blue with envy; and the fact that most of them are almost nude makes the scene picturesque, though somewhat alarming to a timid person. The costume of the Ecuador boatmen is equivalent to a pair of cotton bathing-trunks, and they are as much at home in the water as in their canoes.

With twenty-five or thirty of these naked black men pulling and pushing one another, screaming, gesticulating, and performing a war-dance of the most extraordinary description, a nervous man is apt to be deceived by appearances, and imagine that he has fallen into the hands

of a tribe of hungry cannibals, instead of a party of innocent Sambos who wish to promote his welfare. As soon as these maniacs discovered that our party were Americans they were smart enough to introduce into their bedlam as much of our mother tongue as they could command, which made the occasion all the more amusing. One big fellow, black as midnight, with only about half a yard of muslin and a dilapidated Panama hat to protect his person from the elements, jumped up and down, yelling at the top of his lungs, "Me Americano! me Americano! me been to Baltimore!" Becoming in-

terested in the fellow, we learned that he had been a sailor on a Spanish man-of-war which several years ago visited that city.

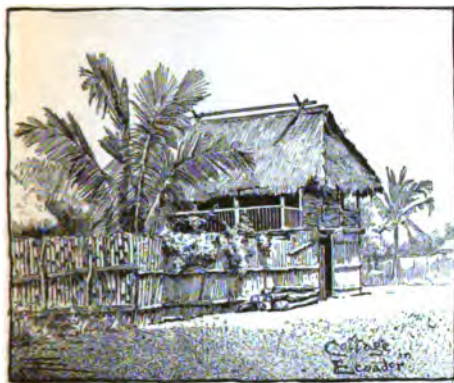
Among the crowd of howling dervises



FLOATING HOUSES AT GUAYAQUIL.

throng them are continually scratching their bodies and their heads. Half the filth that festers under the tropic sun in Guayaquil would breed a sudden pestilence in New York or Chicago, yet the in-

was a pleasant-looking fellow with a whole pair of pantaloons and a linen duster. He was not so noisy as the others, and could speak a little English. Taking him aside, I told him how large our party



COTTAGE IN ECUADOR.

was, and where we wanted to go. He agreed to take us and our luggage ashore for two dollars, and was at once engaged; whereupon, instead of going off and minding their own business, the crowd began to abuse Pepe and his patrons in the most violent manner. When the baggage was brought up they seized upon it, and each man attempted to carry a piece into his own boat; but the mate of the steamer was equal to the occasion, and laid about him with so much energy that the deck was soon cleared.

The street railway extends only to the limits of the city, but a short walk beyond it gives one a glimpse of the rural tropics. At one end of the main street, which runs along the river front, is a fortress-crowned hill, from the summit of which a charming view of the surrounding country can be obtained, but the better plan is to take a carriage and drive out a few miles. The road is rough and dusty, but passes pineapple plants and banana trees bending under the enormous loads of fruit they bear, among cocoa-nut groves and sugar plantations, through forests fairly blazing with the wondrous passion-flower, so scarlet as to make the trees look like living fire. The rickety old carriage we engaged rolled along until our senses were almost bewildered. Nowhere can one find a more beau-

tiful scene of tropical vegetation in its full glory, and no artist ever mixed colors that could convey an adequate idea of nature's gorgeousness there. The most beautiful thing in the tropics is a young palm-tree. The old ones are more graceful than any of our foliage plants, but they all show signs of decay. The young ones, so supple as to bend before the winds, are the perfection of grace and loveliness, as picturesque in repose as they are in motion. The long, spreading leaves, of a vivid green, bend and sway with the



STREET CORNER, GUAYAQUIL.

breeze, and nod in the sunlight with a beauty no other tree possesses.

Founded in 1535 by one of the lieutenants of Pizarro, Guayaquil has been the market for five hundred miles of coast ever since, but now it is almost destitute of native capital. Nearly all the merchants are foreigners, chiefly English and German, with one or two from the United States. It is the only place in Ecuador in which modern civilization exists. The rest of the country is a century behind the age. Since its foundation, Guayaquil has been burned several times, and often plundered by pirates. Now its commercial condition seems secure from all danger, except the revolutions, which are epidemic in this section. Earthquakes are frequent, but the elastic bamboos only tremble—they never fall. Touched by the

torch of the revolutionist, however, they burn like tinder, and the blocks that have been destroyed testify to the effectiveness of this weapon.

Over the entrances to the houses are tin signs, representing the flag of the country of which the dweller is a citizen; and upon these signs are painted warnings to revolutionary looters or incendiaries—"This is the property of a citizen of Great Britain," or, "This is the property of a citizen of Germany," or, "This is the property of a citizen of the United States"—and the robber and torch-bearer are expected to regard their rights as such, though they seldom do.

Bolívar freed Ecuador from the Spanish yoke, as he did Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, and Peru. It was one of the five states which formed the United States of Colombia under his presidency; but the priests had such a hold upon the people that liberty could not live in an atmosphere they polluted, and the country lapsed into the state of anarchy in which it has since continued. The struggle has been between the progressive element and the priests, and the latter have usually triumphed. It is the only land in America in which the Romish Church survives as it was in the colonial times.

One-fourth of all the property in Ecuador belongs to the bishop. There is a Catholic church for every one hundred and fifty inhabitants; of the population of the country, ten per cent. are priests, monks, or nuns; and two hundred and seventy-two of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year are observed as feast or fast days.

The priests control the government in all its branches; dictate, and enforce its laws, and rule the country as if the Pope were its king. There is not a penitentiary, house of correction, reformatory, nor benevolent institution outside of Quito and Guayaquil. Laborers get from two to ten dollars a month, and men are paid two dollars and a quarter for carrying



SEÑOR CAAMAÑO, PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR.

one hundred pounds of merchandise on their backs two hundred and eighty-five miles. There is not a wagon in the Republic outside of Guayaquil, and not a road over which a wagon could pass. The people know nothing but what the priests tell them; they have no other amusements than cock-fights and bull-fights; no literature; no mail routes, except from Guayaquil to the capital (Quito); and nothing is common among the masses that was not in use by them two hundred years ago.

There once was a steam railroad in Ecuador. During the time when Henry Meiggs was creating such excitement by the improvements he was making in the transportation facilities of Peru, the con-

tagion spread to Ecuador, and some ambitious English capitalists attempted to lay a road from Guayaquil to the interior. A track seventeen miles long was built, which represents the railway system of Ecuador in all the geographies, gazetteers, and books of statistics; but no wheels ever passed over the rails, and the tropical vegetation has grown so luxuriantly about the place where they lie that it would now be difficult to find them. Last year a telegraph line was built connecting Guayaquil with Quito, the highest city in the world, but there is only one wire, and that is practically useless, as not more than seven days out of the month can a message be sent over it. The people chop down the poles for firewood, and cut out pieces of wire to repair broken harness whenever they feel so disposed. Then it often takes a week for the line-man to find the break, and another week to repair it. In the Government telegraph office I saw an operator with a ball and chain attached to his leg—a convict who had been sent back to his post because no one else could be found to work the instrument. A female clerk took the message and the money. There is a cable, belonging to a New York company, connecting Guayaquil with the outside world, but rates are extremely high, the tariff to the United States being three dollars a word, and to other places in proportion.

Although nearly under the equator, the temperature of Guayaquil seldom rises above ninety, and after two o'clock in the day it is always as cool as a pleasant summer morning in New England. A fresh breeze called the *chandny* blows over the ice-capped mountains, and brings health to a city which would otherwise be uninhabitable. On clear afternoons, Mount Chimborazo, or "Chimbo," as they call it for short, until recently supposed to be the highest in the hemisphere, can be seen, white, jagged, and silently impressive against the clear sky.

The road to Quito is a mountain path around the base of Chimbo, traversed on foot or mule-back, and then only six months of the year, for in bad weather it is impassable, except to experienced mountaineers.

During the rainy season the President, Señor Don José María Caamaño, resides

in Guayaquil, in a barracks surrounded by soldiers, where he can watch the collection of customs, and see to the suppression of revolutions. He is the representative of the Church party, and the people of the interior are loyal to him; but the liberal element which mostly exists on the coast, where a knowledge of the world has come, is in a perpetual state of revolt, and requires constant attention. A fortress overlooking the town of Guayaquil, and a gun-boat in the harbor, keep the people in subjection. We called upon the President at his headquarters, and found him swinging in a hammock and smoking a cigarette. He is a man of slight frame, with noticeably small hands and feet, which he appeared quite anxious should not escape our observation. He has a pleasant, intelligent face, but seemed to be bewildered when we drew him into conversation about the commerce of his country. He was educated in Europe, and has the reputation of being a man of culture.

Although the rest of the country is still in the middle ages, Guayaquil shows symptoms of becoming a modern town. It has gas, street-cars, ice-factories, and other improvements, all introduced by citizens of the United States. The custom-house is built of pine from Maine and corrugated iron from Pennsylvania, and a citizen of New York erected it. An American company has on the river a line of paddle-wheel steamers, constructed in Baltimore; and the only gun-boat the Government owns is a discarded merchant-ship which plied between New York and Norfolk. Some of the houses, although built of split bamboo and plaster, are very elegantly furnished, and the stores show fine stocks of goods. But the poorer part of the city is so filthy that one has to hold his nose as he passes through it. The people live in miserable dirt-hovels, and the buzzard is the only industrious biped to be seen.

There is no fresh-water supply in town; what the people use is brought on rafts from twenty miles up the river, and peddled about the place in casks carried upon the backs of donkeys or men. It looks very funny to see the donkeys all wearing pantalettes—not, however, from motives of modesty, as the native children go entirely naked,

and the men and women nearly so—but to protect their legs and bellies from the fierce bites of the gadfly. Bread is sold about the town in the same way; and vegetables are brought down the river on rafts and in dug-outs, which are hauled upon the beach in long rows, and present a busy and interesting scene. Guayaquil is famous for the finest pineapples in the world—great juicy fruits, as white as snow and as sweet as honey.

One afternoon, at Guayaquil, I witnessed a singular ceremony which is, however, very common there. One of the churches had been destroyed by earthquake, and funds were needed to repair it. So the priest clad in his sacerdotal vestments, took the image of the Virgin from the altar, and the holy sacrament, and carried them about the city under a canopy. He was preceded by a brass band, a number of boys carrying lighted candles and swinging incense urns, and followed by a long procession of men, women, and children. The assemblage passed up and down the principal street, stopping in front of each house. While the band played, priests with contribution plates entered the houses, soliciting subscriptions, and the people in the procession knelt in the dust and prayed that the same might be given with liberality. Where money was obtained, a blessing was bestowed; where none was offered a curse was pronounced, with a notice that a contribution was expected at once, or the curse would be daily repeated.

All imported goods are first brought to Guayaquil, and from that point distributed. Those destined for Quito are conveyed by a steamboat up the river for a distance of sixty miles. From the termination of the steamboat route to Quito is two hundred and sixty more, making the total distance from Guayaquil three hundred and twenty miles. Between the upper end of the steamboat route and Quito all packages of merchandise that do not weigh more than two hundred pounds are conveyed on the backs of horses, mules, or donkeys. The average cost in United States currency—in which all values are stated—is four dollars per one hundred pounds between Guayaquil and Quito. Pianos,

organs, safes, carriage-bodies, large mirrors, and some other articles too heavy or too bulky to be carried on a single horse are placed on a frame of bamboo poles and borne on the shoulders of men the entire land portion of the journey. A piano weighing about six hundred pounds can be carried by twenty-four men, one half serving as a relay to the other. Although labor is very low-priced, this man-carriage is quite expensive. A cartroad, or railroad, both of which are feasible and practicable, would greatly reduce the expense of transportation, and would materially influence domestic manufactures, as well as the introduction of foreign manufactured products. It seems almost impossible that any American goods could, after undergoing such a very costly carriage, compete with native manufactures, however crude, in Quito; and yet they do. Nearly all the furniture in use in that city is brought in separate parts from the United States, and put together on arrival; and in that, the highest city in America, many people sleep on Grand Rapids beds. The twelve breweries running in Quito import their hops from the United States and Europe, and with railroad facilities American beer, as well as hops, could be liberally sold in Quito. American refined sugars are largely consumed, although the native products are good.

Ecuador, with about one million inhabitants, has only forty-seven post-offices, but they are so widely distributed that it requires a mail carriage of 5,389 miles to reach them all; seventy-two miles by canoes, and 5,317 by horses and mules. About five hundred miles of the seaboard is also covered by foreign steamship mail service. Between Quito and Guayaquil there are two mails each way weekly by couriers—the usual time one way, traveling day and night, being six days. Other sections of the country are less favored, the receipt and departure of mails ranging from once a week to once a month, as people happen to be going.

During the year 1885 there were carried within the country 2,989,885 letters, eighty per cent. of them being between Guayaquil and the neighboring towns, and 50,000 letters were sent to foreign countries. No interior postage is charged

on newspapers, whether of domestic or foreign publication. Interior letter postage is five cents each one-fourth of an ounce. The postage to foreign countries is twelve cents each half ounce on letters, and one cent an ounce on newspapers.

The social and political condition of Ecuador presents a picture of the dark ages. There is not a newspaper printed outside the city of Guayaquil, and the only information the people have of what is going on in the world is gained from the strangers who now and then visit the country, and from a class of peddlers who make periodical trips, traversing the whole hemisphere from Guatemala to Patagonia. These peddlers are curious fellows, and there seems to be a regular

organization of them. They are like the old minstrels that we read of in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. They practice medicine, sing songs, cure diseased cattle, mend clocks, carry letters and messages from place to place, and peddle such little articles as are used in the households of the natives. Going invariably on foot, and carrying packs upon their backs, it often takes them three or four years to make a round trip. When their stock is exhausted they replenish it at the nearest source of supply. They are welcome visitors at the homes of the natives. This internal trade does not amount to much in dollars and cents, but it supplies the lack of retail establishments and newspapers.

MY DREAM OF ANARCHY AND DYNAMITE.*

[CONCLUDED.]

III.

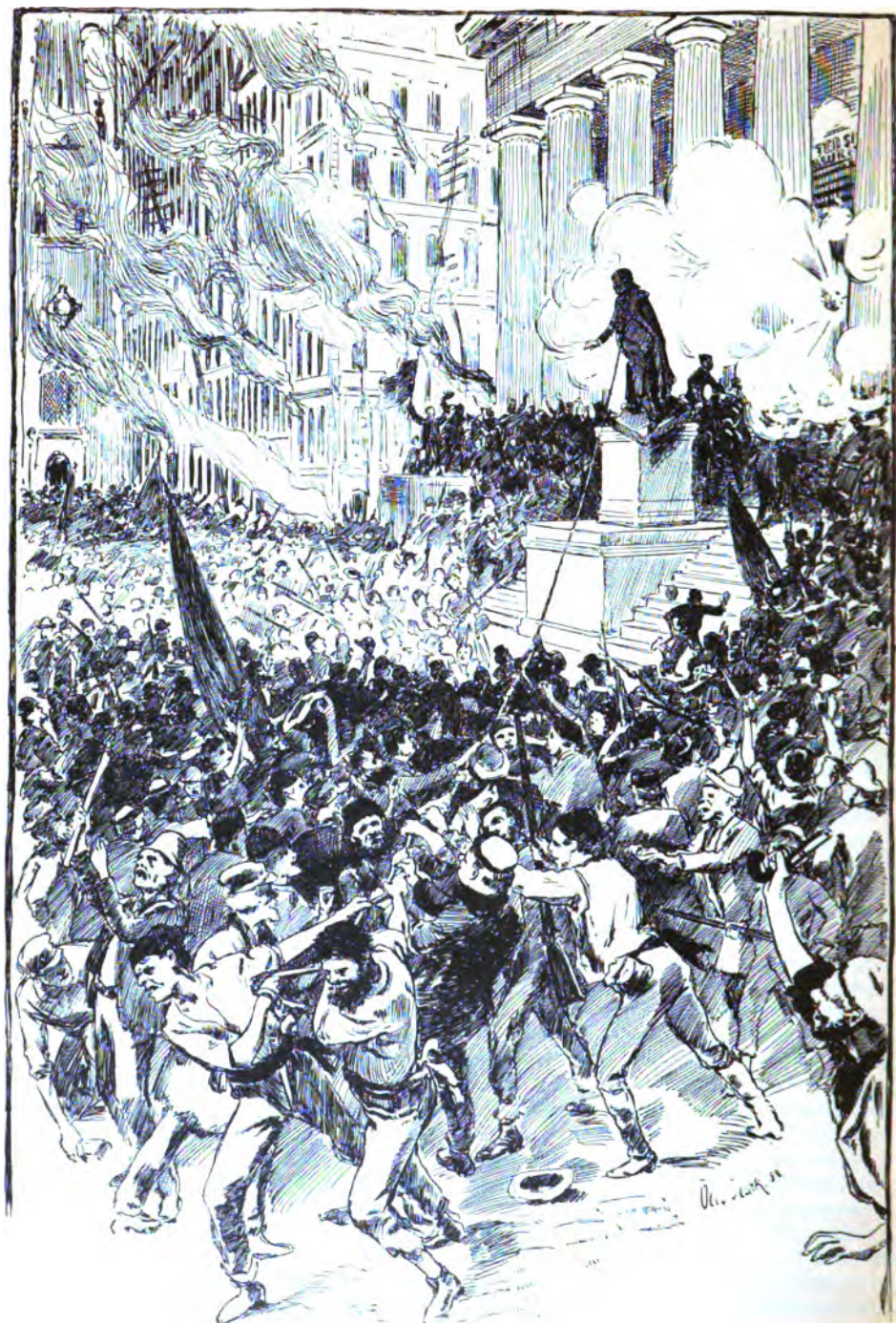
It is three hours since we left the great mob in the Bowery, and half an hour since that in Union Square received so terrible a chastisement, now so terribly avenged. The first move of the Bowery mob was to attack the nearby savings banks. The Dry Dock bank which had not opened its doors that morning, except to admit anxious officers, frightened clerks and a number of special watchmen, heavily armed, was first visited. Stones were hurled through the windows, and, with loud yells and threats, the surrender of the bank was demanded. The cool-headed Anarchists, however, knew better than to waste precious time in parleying. The mob was ordered back into the middle of the street, and in a moment a solitary bomb had blown in the doors and brought down a great mass of masonry, leaving space large enough for a score of men to enter abreast. With an exultant yell the surging crowd pressed forward for the plunder; quickly bore down the feeble, because hopeless opposition within, and in a few moments more had beaten and trampled to death all the guardians of the bank's

treasure. But the great vaults were closed. There was no time now to hunt for milder means! "Clear the building!" and again a bomb was thrown from the middle of the street into the counting-room. Examination showed that the treasure was not yet exposed, and a second attempt brought the money within reach, though under a heap of *débris*. Here the mob elbowed and fought for hours, swarming, like ants, upon the ruins. It was night before all the spoil had been dug from beneath the wreck.

The leaders learned a lesson. A number then went to the Bleeker Street bank, blew in its doors, massacred its defenders, and with smaller quantities of explosives blew open the iron doors of vaults and safes, and without loss of time appropriated the contents. The Bowery Savings Bank came next; and as the great mass of now crazed men moved down town, those who were not early enough at one bank to see promise of liberal rewards, moved rapidly on to the next.

The Anarchist managers left the banks for the thoughtless rabble, and bent their steps eagerly towards the Sub-Treasury. Here, in one building, was over two

* The author is a well-known writer who stands very high in military, social and political circles, but whose name is withheld at his request.—[The Editor.]



ATTACK ON THE SUB-TREASURY.

hundred millions of gold, silver and treasury notes, according to the balances published the night before; an amount twice as large as the coin and legal tenders held by all the banks of deposit. If the Bowery and Broadway were rich prizes what would be the Sub-Treasury?

A few armed men were gathered and hastily thrown into the building, and the doors were barricaded with desks and furniture, but a wind-break of bulrushes might as well have been set up against a cyclone!

The long-headed Anarchists knew that this was their greatest and grandest opportunity. Several covered wagons were brought to the vicinity of the building, with orders to drive to the Pine Street entrance as soon as the Wall Street door had been forced. The mob was not large when it first appeared in Wall Street, but among the foremost *this* time were the orators, writers and principal agitators, bent on receiving, as their due, the lion's share of the day's spoils; the jackal's share was enough for the hordes whom they had at last succeeded in rousing to frenzy.

A little later a man was lifted upon the brawny shoulders of half-a-dozen whiskered patriots from Poland and Bohemia, until he could reach the shoulders of the heroic bronze statue of the First American, which stood in front of the structure, upon the spot where he had taken the oath of office as the first President of the United States. A rope was passed up and fastened about the statue's neck; a cheer of derisive triumph arose from the mob as the end of the long rope was passed down and out to them, and in another moment this memorial of Washington had plunged headlong to the pavement. The head was broken from the body, and the right hand that had been outstretched to take the oath, bounded away from the trunk, and was instantly appropriated by the editor of the Anarchistic organ to decorate his sanctum. It was almost as good as the key of the Bastile!

Then a bomb flew with perfect aim against the massive doors; a huge breach was made. The leaders again stepped aside and let the thoughtless crowd press in ahead of them to receive the first fire of the little garrison. Dozens of dead and dying choked the passage—but the

body of no orator nor agitator was among them. The fiery editor and the fiery orator rarely blaze upon the battle-field. America has had one Joseph Warren, and a thousand Johann Mosts.

The outcome was a foregone conclusion; the wives of the little garrison slept widows that night!

The great vaults were blown open; the wagons drove up to the side entrance, and thither the leaders, working with more industry than ever before in their beery lives, carried bag after bag of gold coin, and bale after bale of treasury notes, leaving the silver to their followers. Afraid to trust their drivers with such a precious freight, they themselves jumped into them and drove rapidly away. Men carried off the coin in bags, under whose weight they could scarcely stagger, often to be knocked down, robbed and trampled to death by the ravenous crowds outside, which had not been able to gain admittance. Here and there, little eddies in the packed masses of men showed where a plunderer was himself being plundered and torn asunder by his "brethren" with the ferocity of hungry wolves devouring a wounded comrade. One man had stripped off his overcoat, and converted it into a bag. Bending beneath nearly two hundred weight of silver he appeared upon the topmost of the long flight of steps descending to the street, only to become one more victim to the jealous fury of his outside compatriots. Hour after hour passed amid scenes like these, but still the Government hoard held out; for, finally, men who had fought their way inside learned wisdom, and contented themselves with carrying outside only such plunder as they could conceal upon their persons, trusting to future trips to make themselves rich.

The banking houses on Broad, Wall, Pine and the adjacent streets, and the great Safe Deposit Vaults shared a similar fate, while the rich stores of jewelry in Maiden Lane furnished their full quota to the saturnalia of the day. Ornaments, art, luxuries and treasure in a thousand forms were borne in an incessant stream upon the backs of men and boys towards the tenement-house districts!

Up-town, similar scenes were being enacted. Dry-goods stores did not lack for

customers, who destroyed more than they carried away. Trucks stood in front of carpet and furniture stores, loading up with goods, incongruous enough for Tompkins Square. In the tenement-house quarter, rich furniture, carpets, clothing, dry goods, vases, pictures, furnishings and bric-à-brac were piled so thick in their rooms that the people themselves had no space. The streets were filled with the plain furniture and cheap adornments, which had been cast out to make room for the new.

A thousand wholesale liquor stores had been rifled, and those who never before drank to excess were rapidly transforming themselves into madmen.

As the afternoon wore away, groups of men and half-grown boys appeared in the up-town streets terrorizing alike those who rode and those who walked, behaving at first with great rudeness to girls and ladies, and soon descending to the grossest indecencies. Here and there a more reckless spirit sent a stone flying through the window of some brown-stone front. Immunity from punishment seemed so unnatural at first that others were restrained for a time from following the pernicious example, but soon the consciousness that there was no accountability to any one or for anything gradually took hold of the masses, and then the atrocities grew and multiplied at a fearful rate. It seemed as though the evil tendencies of whole masses of men had suddenly beaten down their better natures and transformed them into demons. The grossest outrages were perpetrated with a bravado worthy of a Digger Indian. Nothing was sacred enough to command their respect; nothing helpless enough to invoke their pity.

A mob gathered in front of the mansion of a well-known millionaire on Fifth Avenue, and for a time amused itself with calls for wine and fine refreshments. The only response made by the frightened inmates was to barricade the doors and pile up furniture against the windows to shield the interior from missiles, and then retire to the rear of the house. The mob grew more and more demonstrative, and soon a paving-stone crashed through a plate-glass window, tore its way through the rich curtains, and revealed to the gaze of the outsiders the piles of furniture

which indicated that the inmates had expected violence and had, in a measure at least, prepared to defend themselves and the house. This evident spirit of opposition to their will served but to kindle their fury and incite them to go beyond their original purpose of merely tasting some of the luxuries which riches alone could provide, and to awaken a desire for violence which had not animated them at the beginning. Stone after stone crashed into the heavy front-door until at last it gave way; the furniture which had been piled against it was overthrown; one or two rioters crawled over the heap and removed enough to permit easy access to the hall, and in a moment more the yelling horde streamed in, bent on plunder less than upon destruction.

Some descended to the wine cellar and ravenously attacked the rich stores of tempting wines, pouring down their own throats as much as stomachs could contain, and then making way for others to do the same. Next, the work of destruction began. Furniture was smashed, pictures were torn from the walls and thrown from the windows into the street below, there to be broken to fragments by the outside mob. Laces and hangings were consigned remorselessly to ruin, books and bric-à-brac were pitched upon the floor and trampled under foot; the top of a piano was removed and a man jumped into the case and danced with drunken glee upon the strings. The family and servants had retired to the rear second-story rooms, locked the doors and barricaded them inside, and there they tremblingly awaited the fearful crisis of their fate. A man, tall, pale and thin, whom wine had only made the paler, tried the door, and blasphemously demanded admission. Meeting with no response, he returned to the head of the staircase and called out to the demons in the lower rooms and halls: "Here are the cursed aristocratic rats caged in their own trap. Come, let us take them out. They are resisting us. Down with the bloated robber barons!"

A dozen brawny fellows came up the padded stairs three steps at a bound, and threw their shoulders against the well-made doors, which did not yield. "Bring up an axe. That will let us at them." One was brought from the cellar

and the door was soon hewed down. Behind it stood formidable piles of furniture, still barring ingress. The tall pale man climbed to the top of the pile and was endeavoring to overturn the topmost articles, when an old man's voice called out from within: "What do you want here? There are no valuables here; only an old man who never injured you, and some harmless women and children. Take what there is in the house and welcome, but do not disturb or harm us." But the pale man still kept shoving his way inward, and replied with an oath: "No, it is you that we want. You rich men have made us feel your power pitilessly, and now we are going to show you what our power is. This is the day of the proletariat's vengeance. Come out, you rats, you pampered thieves. I have good use for you outside there in the street."

Again the voice of the old man replied: "My friend, I have done you no wrong, nor have these ladies. I warn you, do not attempt any wrong to us. I am armed, and if you persist you will do it at your peril."

"Ha! You will fight? Good! Citizens, citizens! Here is an old villain who wants to fight us. Now let us give him his fill! Come on. Follow me. Down with the aristocrats!"

In another moment he had overturned a sofa from the top of the barricade, and as it fell to the floor with a shock that brought screams from all the females, he jumped through the aperture after it and stood within the apartment occupied by the household. The ladies, children and servants retreated to the farthest corner of the room; and the old man retired a few steps and stood resolutely between them and the intruder. He was below the medium height, his form was well filled out, his face exceedingly wan; his blue eyes wore an intense, strained look, his nostrils were distended, his white lips apart and the breath coming between them was short and heavily labored. His left hand clutched nervously at the lapel of his coat; and his right, hanging at his side, trembled painfully as it held a cocked revolver. He was loath to take a human life; he doubted the utility of resistance against such odds, and yet he had little faith in the mercy of a mob; he hoped that the police would soon be-

come aware of the attack upon his residence and come to his rescue. Poor old man! Little did he dream that the day of police intervention was yesterday—not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor, so far as he was concerned, ever, and that no human arm could avail for himself or those whose lives and honor were dearer far than his own!

The pale, thin man was unarmed, but he was not lacking in physical courage, and he knew the overwhelming odds upon his side so well that he doubted the old man's willingness to resort to extremities.

"Surrender, you old robber!" he cried.

"What do you want with these ladies and myself?" responded the old man; "take everything and do not molest us. We are of no use to you, and certainly we shall not harm you or your followers."

The pale man fixed his eyes upon the graceful forms cowering behind the old man, and replied with a laugh: "You are of no use to us, but *I don't agree with you about the others!*"

"Miserable devil!" gasped out the old man; "not yet, so help me God!" The trembling, old right arm became as steady as a wrestler's, and as quick. It pointed for a brief second toward the pale man's breast. He jumped forward with both hands outstretched toward the old man's throat. There was a sharp, ringing report, a smell of powder, a little cloud of smoke; a man lying upon the thickly-carpeted floor, with contorted features and rolling eyes, clutching convulsively at his breast, from which a thin crimson stream was oozing; a cluster of fainting females in the corner of the room, and an old man's voice tremulously and reverently saying: "God have mercy upon his wicked soul—and upon me!"

A form was already following over the pile of furniture. The old man now comprehended the nature of the men with whom he had to deal; and before the fellow could withdraw, the deadly tube was pointed to the top of the barricade, and the man fell backward into the hall with half an ounce of lead in his brain.

The blood of the old man was now thoroughly kindled. His ways had been

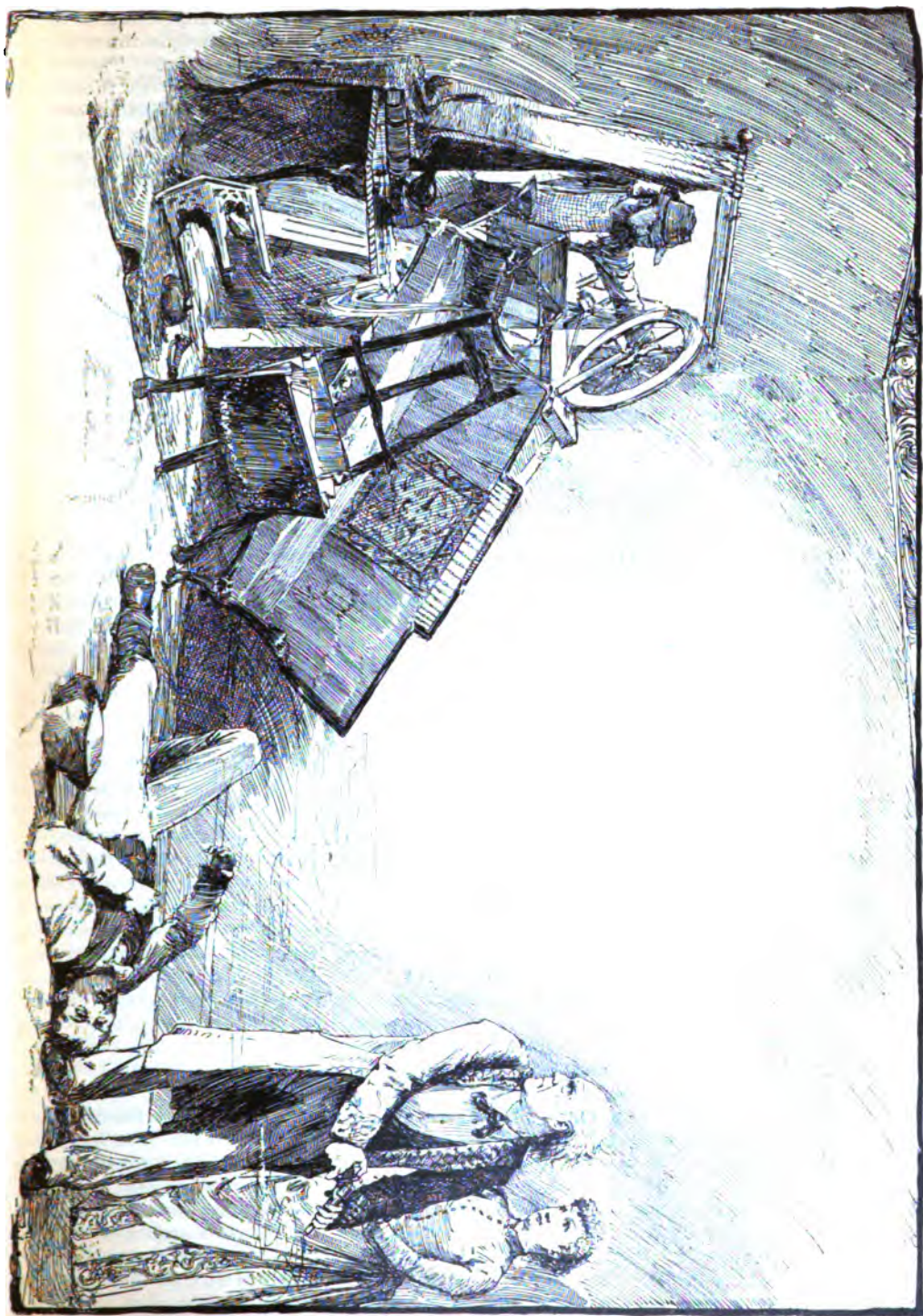
those of peace; the sacredness of human life had been a favorite theme, and he had been widely known as an opponent of capital punishment. He had been surprised at himself for yielding to the advice of one of his grown sons to purchase a revolver when several daring burglaries had been committed among his neighbors some months before. But now, in his old age, he had taken two human lives with his own hand; taken them, too, most righteously, in defense, not of mere property, nor even of his own life, but of that which was dearer to him, as a father, than even his children's lives. Terrible as was such a deed, surely the good God would not in such a case as this frown upon it. He awakened, also, to a comprehension of the monstrosities to which human nature could descend when unrestrained by fear. He saw that there are creatures against whom no barrier is effectual except death itself.

There was aroused in him, too, something of that madness which possesses man and beast alike at the sight of blood freshly shed: *he almost wished for more!* He advanced close to the barricade, and his voice grew loud and clear as he called out to those who were already at work again trying to push away the furniture from the door: "You vile wretches, understand me now! The first who shows his head in this room is a dead man. I'll shoot him like a dog—like a vile dog, such as you all are! Oh! I'd like to meet you on fair grounds and equal terms! I'd teach you a lesson, you miscreants, you hounds, you cowards, to come a thousand strong against an old gray-headed man and half a dozen defenseless women! The curse of a righteous God be upon you all, you scoundrels, you devils!" The old man's voice rose to a scream as he proceeded, and his rage kindled with every word. The men in his hall listened, and knew that they had a dangerous foe to deal with. For a few moments they stood urging one another to lead the forlorn hope across the barricade, but none seemed to crave the honor of such leadership. Finally they retired, and the old man began to breathe more freely. With the aid of the stronger females he replaced the sofa upon the

barricade, and they fearfully awaited developments.

They had not long to wait. The smell of burning wood crept slowly up the noble staircase, filled the halls, found its way between the articles piled against the doorway, and struck the senses of this devoted family, like a vapor from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. *The house was on fire below them.* They raised a rear window. Smoke was pouring in black masses out of the basement windows. Should they leave their retreat and venture forth into the street among those demons of lust and hate, or should they save their honor and terminate their lives by yielding themselves to the more pitiful flames?

"Good God! teach us what to do!" The old man sank upon his knees, and as his voice was lifted up to the Great Being to whom he had looked for guidance all his long life, the entire family knelt beside him and followed his petition with hysterical moans and sobs. "If death impend, O merciful Father, we ask not to be delivered from it, for Thou hast taught us that whenever it comes to those who believe in Thee, it is a blessing and not an evil; it is but the entrance into bliss which has no alloy of sorrow, disappointment nor sin. But we beseech Thee, O Father, spare these Thy servants from a fate harder to bear than death, and give us all grace and strength to bear Thy will unto the end." They crept closer and closer together, upon their bended knees; the intervals between the old man's sentences grew longer and longer; they passed their arms around each other, and their hearts grew calm as the earthly love and the heavenly seemed to blend into one. The flames crept on until retreat over the staircase became no longer possible; the smoke became thicker and more stifling and stupefying; they knew that the portals of the other world were opening to receive them, and the shadow of the Eternal Peace had begun already to settle upon them. The awfulness of death even by fire was swallowed up in that great peace, when a merciful bomb, thrown by a merciless human hand, came through the window from the courtyard, exploded in the room, and spared them alike the slower tort-



ures of the flame and the more hideous cruelties of those beings who had once been created in the likeness and image of God. For, once, a dynamite bomb had done a good deed.

Alas! this was but one of hundreds of the sickening scenes of that day and the black and gloomy weeks which followed. There were not wanting in those bellowing crowds, scores of evil beings whose crimes during the reign of the Commune of Paris nearly twenty years before, gave them a hideous but now coveted distinction among the throngs with whom they mingled. My pen refuses the attempt to paint the horrors to which their hellish ingenuity and malignity gave birth upon this our free, American soil.

Before night fell, it became known that the leaders had appropriated to themselves the elegant mansions of the leading millionaires, and thither, it was presumed, they had taken their wagon-loads of plunder from the Sub-Treasury. "Let us do the same. Tenement houses are not fit for human beings. Let us move out, and burn them down!" So ran the quick reasoning of the exciting hour; and, before midnight, the wintry sky reflected back the glow of acres of tenements, whose denizens had gone to take up their abode in the aristocratic quarters of the city. Thousands of families forced out by flame had no alternative but to displace "the aristocrats."

Morning came, and with it a proclamation from a self-appointed "Congress of Citizens," announcing that the hour of emancipation having come, and the glories of an Anarchistic State having been realized, it now remained to make their new-born liberties secure. The minions of bloodthirsty capital would soon be arrayed in actual war against them. They must organize to defend their new-found property, their liberty and their lives. Troops must be enrolled and armed without delay. The "Congress of Citizens" would pay liberally to its valiant soldiers for the preservation of their liberties. Above all, dynamite battalions must be formed, to take possession of all avenues of ingress to the city, and destroy every armed invader. The world must know that they were brave men, able to defend what their valor had won. That once

accomplished, their next great step was to secure their prosperity, commercially. The fundamental principle must be the *abolition of competition*. This leads logically and necessarily to the Commune, where alone competition can be shut out, by all men turning their labor into a common pool, out of which the wants of all shall be equally supplied. Thus no man shall be richer nor poorer than his neighbor. On these terms they would take the commerce of the world, as capitalistic New York did before; would do the manufacturing for all America, instead of half as formerly, because the rest would be subject to competition. All the untold millions of profit from this enormous business would be divided equally among the faithful workers, instead of unequally as formerly. Was it not plain to the dullest mind that this glorious future was worth fighting for to the very death, if necessary?

No more artful or stirring appeal to arms could be devised. He was both dullard and poltroon who failed to respond. Soldier-life was easy where little fighting was to be expected; and full of glory—and sweet revenge—if fighting there should be.

Arms, artillery and ammunition in abundance were in the city.

Women enthusiastically called upon their husbands to enlist; girls gleefully sent forth their brothers and lovers to wear a gorgeous uniform, receive rich pay, and perhaps get a chance to revenge their many wrongs upon the capitalistic class. Fifty thousand men were enrolled in the first few hours; as many more offered, but could not at once be taken. The dynamite battalions received the first attention of the recruiting officers, and they, with a few regiments of troops, were at once sent to watch the ferries and railroads.

IV.

The news of the day's fearful work had gone out to the world. Officials who had refused to look such a possibility in the face and make reasonable preparation for it, now were paralyzed. It seemed the height of folly to march more troops into the city until some comprehensive plan could be devised for preventing their destruction by wholesale.

The Governor of New York summoned his military advisers and spent hours in anxious conference, meanwhile ordering all the State troops to assemble under arms. The Governors of adjoining States telegraphed offers of assistance subject to the call of the President, and held their troops in readiness for service. The President called together his counselors, and all stood for a while aghast at the terrible emergency, of which all had received ample warning, but which none had made the slightest preparation to meet. Mental paralysis was the characteristic everywhere.

The calling out of large bodies of troops would be only a bull against a comet, unless some one should devise a method of making troops available against a city of dynamiters. None of the maxims of military science were founded upon any consideration of so destructive an agent as dynamite. The oldest and most experienced generals could suggest no strategy equal to such an emergency. Some favored cutting the Croton Aqueduct and stopping all supplies, till the rioters were starved into submission. But this would be work of time, and, long before the end, would bring misery and death to hundreds of thousands of human beings, many of whom were innocent of wrong; and no one could doubt that ere the last hour came the whole city would be consigned to the torch. Such a holocaust must not be invited. Some favored a bombardment, but this was dismissed on similar grounds.

Meanwhile, the Anarchists had notified the President that if he interfered it would be at the risk of his own life, and similar word had gone to the various governors.

Daylight, however, brought from the President a proclamation calling into the service of the United States all the National Guard of New York and the adjacent States, and placing them under the command of General Sheridan. All the available troops of the regular army, and the war vessels, were ordered to New York harbor. The country was at last awake to the meaning of Anarchism when combined with Dynamite!

Guards were ordered to the White House grounds under competent officers as soon as the proclamation was sent out, but before they had reached their

posts of duty the word of the Anarchist had been again fulfilled, and the cable announced to the world for the third time that the President of the United States had been assassinated.

The next bulletin told of the partial wrecking of the Capitol by dynamite; others announced the death of governors who had called out their troops; yet another told of the destruction of police and troops in Chicago, and the sacking of that city; still another recited the prompt announcement of martial law in Cincinnati, the searching of every house for dynamite, the arrest of every known Anarchist, and a call from the Governor convening the Legislature, and demanding, in the name of the public safety, the immediate enactment of a law making the possession of a dynamite bomb *prima facie* evidence of an intent to commit murder, and visiting upon it an irrevocable sentence of death; also requesting that the Legislature call upon Congress to expel from the country every person avowing Anarchistic sentiments.

This was the one ray of light and hope which broke upon that terrible morning.

Several days were consumed in preparation for military movements, and meanwhile the city was invaded by an army of spies who carried accurate intelligence of the plans and means of defense adopted by the Commune. The "Congress of Citizens" had sent out its invitation to the world to do business with New York, and promised ample protection to life and property; transportation lines were requested to proceed as formerly, but cautioned against bringing in any enemies. The Commune pledged itself to repay all losses by violence that might occur in the future, and proposed to deal in good faith with the whole world; "respect our newly-acquired rights and we will respect yours," was the substance of the manifesto.

Meanwhile the plundering of the well-to-do went on remorselessly within the city, accompanied with indescribable atrocities. The special hostility of the Anarchists was directed against the churches. In forty-eight hours after the police first faced the red flag on the Bowery, not a church spire rose above the

city's outlines from Wall Street to the Harlem.*

One week passed, and the day for action by the Government came. The city was to be invaded from four directions. A column of troops was to be landed at the Battery; another to cross Third Avenue bridge at Harlem; a third to cross the Harlem at McComb's Dam bridge, and a fourth to be landed at Riverside Park. War ships were stationed in the North and East Rivers where they could rake the streets. The troops were to penetrate the city with the greatest caution, and at first only in skirmish lines. Thousands of detectives were employed to accompany the skirmishers, enter every house and every room and closet, and remove every person, either driving them ahead or sending them to the rear. It was a herculean task, and the bodies of troops could advance only at a snail's pace, taking with them ample supplies of provisions and ammunition. Thus, if all communications should be closed behind them with dynamiters, they could be sustained while reopening them. A depot of supplies was to be established in Central Park, which should also be a basis of operations for the three upper columns. It was conceded that if good generalship were displayed by the Commune their line of defenses would be very difficult to carry at the upper end of the island, but it was not known that they had any officers of special ability, and it was therefore believed that the seizure of Central Park could be accomplished by the convergence of those columns without any extraordinary difficulty.

Plans were laid accordingly.

The army was composed of 30,000 troops of the National Guard and nearly 4,000 regulars, marines and blue-jackets. Of the National Guard, New York furnished 6,000 men, Pennsylvania 6,000, New Jersey 3,000, Maryland 1,000, Massachusetts 4,000, Connecticut 2,000, New Hampshire 2,000, Maine 1,000, Rhode Island 1,000, Virginia 2,000 and South Carolina 2,000.

The great encampment in New Jersey where the troops from the south and

west of New York were rendezvoused was indeed an inspiring sight. The Marylander was standing guard beside the Jerseyman; the Virginian and the Carolinian were drilling in the same field with the Pennsylvanian, and marching in review beneath the same starry folds which had waved over their common ancestry at Brandywine and Monmouth, at Cowpens and Moultrie, behind the weak breastworks at New Orleans, up the steepes at Cerro Gordo and Cherubusco, and upon the hills of Buena Vista. Forgotten now was the hatred of five short years a quarter-century ago; remembered were the glories of their heroic fathers' days, and their mutual hopes and aspirations for the common country. Forgotten not, indeed, the undying laurels won on a hundred fields by the leaders who wore the gray, but remembered most justly and loyally by those who had marched into battle under a Lee, a Johnston and a Stonewall Jackson. Base indeed would be the son of the North who, having learned what it was to face American bullets and American bayonets, should grudge the men who had once worn the butternut and gray the right of paying honest tribute to those who once had led them into battle! Yes, it was a glorious sight to him whose pulses beat higher whenever he thought of his birthright as an American. The ex-Confederate thanked God that the issues of that mighty conflict had not dismembered this glorious union of the whole American people, as he saw the South rising into a prosperity never dreamed of in the days of the old *régime*. Defeat for one side had been splendid victory for both; and here they stood in arms again, as they had promised—as brethren—keeping glad step to the music of the Union! Here stood the Northerner who had madly charged the Southern battery; there the Southerner who had plunged gallantly into Northern powder-smoke in the hot strife for victory. Here, fraternally commingled, were men who, in the lurid glare of battle, with fierce shouts and scorn of death, had flung themselves with equal bravery each against the other—showing the world *then* how Americans can fight; teaching the world *now* how Americans

* Among the writings of Johann Most, which were alluded to at his trial in November, 1887, was a description of the methods of using dynamite, and the amount required to destroy a church.

can forgive; and each too manly to ask that the other should forget—*anything*!

A common foe confronted them as well as civilization. A hateful, hideous thing; the enemy of all freedom, yet mouthing its false pretences of being freedom's friend, as tyranny always does; and in the coming conflict with this foe, the old Union veteran was resolved to buckle tighter his belt and show the Virginian and Carolinian that he had not forgotten how to fight since Gettysburg and Winchester; while the worn features of the ancient "Johnny Reb" relaxed into a grim smile as he resolved that it would be a cold day when a "Yank" should show off better under fire than the men who had stormed Malvern Hill and defended Marye's Heights. Ah, yes! The war was still bearing good fruits.

The column operating by the way of the Third Avenue bridge was to be 10,000 strong; that moving by McComb's Dam bridge, 5,000; that by Riverside Park, 9,000; and the Battery column, 10,000.

The Commune troops had fortified the strong position which overlooked the North River, west of Central Park, and run the line thence northward through Riverside Park, facing west; from that across to Morningside Park, and thence southerly and facing east to Central Park; thence along the north line of the great park, with a connecting line near the eastern boundary, running nearly the whole length of the park. Thus they commanded all the low ground across which their assailants could advance, held possession of one elevated railroad almost the whole length of the island, and could with facility strengthen their lines at weak points both laterally and transversely.

The Third Avenue column reached Harlem flats without serious opposition, and with spirit engaged the north-eastern lines of the Park defenses. An ill-timed assault brought a bloody and disheartening repulse; and the commander, reporting the result to General Sheridan, sat down in front of the works to wait further orders. Meantime the defenses were being momentarily strengthened, and the news of the first successful encounter spread with vast exaggerations

throughout the city, and brought thousands of eager recruits to the front.

The McComb's Dam bridge column failed similarly in an attempt to storm the slopes of Morningside Park, and its commander sent to the rear for artillery to place on Manhattanville heights and enflade the enemy's position. Meantime heavy traverses were thrown up by the Communist troops in anticipation of such a course.

The Riverside column met with opposition in landing, and the gunboats dislodged the forces at the river bank only after a prolonged shelling. Much annoyance and demoralization to the troops was caused by the explosion of torpedoes which had been placed under the docks and at various points on the hillside.

The heights above were well supplied with artillery, most of it being out of sight from the river, so that the shelling by the gunboats was not effective. As the National troops effected their final lodgment, it became apparent that this was their most formidable body, and the Commune lines at this point were heavily reinforced. Appeals were sent into the city for more volunteers, and these brought thousands carrying such weapons as could be hastily secured. They swarmed upon the heights as the National troops formed under the fire of their artillery for a grand assault. Orders were sent to the two other columns to make heavy feints, and change them into determined assaults, if circumstances seemed to warrant.

After the sounds of battle to the north and east became heavy, the commander of the Riverside force ordered his line to advance to the attack. The fire of the navy, which had never been effectual, except against the slopes immediately at the river-bank, now ceased; and the troops advanced, supported at first by their field artillery, which presently ceased firing as the assaulting line drew nearer the entrenchments. Gallantly went forward the Stars and Stripes, straight at the Red. Across the brown parapets the puffs of smoke shot thicker and faster towards the blue lines coming at a right-shoulder, upon a quick-step. Thicker and faster appeared the gaps amongst them; more and more the ranks bowed in and out. Not a shot came from the advancing

troops. The line was broken at frequent intervals by dwellings. The fire from the entrenched Communists grew hotter, until the earthworks were hidden by a thick bank of smoke, except here and there, where it was lifted by the November gusts. The supreme moment was at hand. "Charge!" rang out in quick repetitions along the line, and with a wild cheer away dashed the gallant citizen-soldiers to meet their foes in close embrace. Every man bent to the race with his best speed; the most were new to the business, and had not learned to husband their powers for the sterner struggle at the crest. Those who had smelt battle smoke before were carried away by the mad excitement to which their hearts had been strangers now for a quarter-century, and as the lines drew closer together it became apparent to the veteran generals at the rear that, if the Commune were good at a fight, the close-quarter contest would result in a terrible repulse and punishment of the breathless and exhausted Nationals when they had torn away the *abattis*, cleared the ditch and leaped upon the parapet. All depended upon the presumed lack of fighting quality in the Commune. Not yet! The line of entrenchments lay fifty yards beyond an avenue—with here and there a house. Each house was garrisoned with dynamiters, and no sooner had the line struck the pavement, than right and left from window and housetop hurled the deadly bomb down upon the charging battalions. Regiments were annihilated at a breath; the line hopelessly broken, shattered, ruined; and, before any order could be passed along, the wild yells of the Commune struck upon the breeze as its troops swarmed across the parapet in a triumphant counter-charge. They outnumbered the survivors of the Nationals ten to one; order was lost, control was gone; bombs still rained out from the houses as far as brawny arms could make them reach, and in another minute the remainder of the National force was in full rout, fleeing panic-stricken to the slopes, where the guns of the navy could protect them. Field batteries, left in an exposed position, were captured and added to the strength of the Commune line.

In the meantime, upon the north and east, the commanders had been learning

how difficult it is to make a feint with unseasoned troops; and that it is far easier to advance brave and inexperienced men under fire, than to halt and withdraw them by a single word of command, before they have been actually repulsed. The fire from the entrenchments indicated no lack of defenders, and an order was sent by the general to recall the troops; but before it reached them they had dashed off under the mad enthusiasm of the moment into a headlong charge that nothing but the Angel Death could check. In many places they reached the parapet, crowned it with their colors, beat down their immediate foes, only to find that the enemy's reserves outnumbered them ten to one, and to die with face to the field and feet from the foe.

The Battery column made slow progress. The commander was ordered not to expose his men to dynamite, however slow his pace might be, and faithfully he obeyed his orders. It was noon before his skirmishers halted, at easy shot from a heavy barricade which had been thrown up across Broadway at Park Place, and waited the approach of the main column. It had not reached Courtlandt street when a shell came plunging down the street, doing tremendous execution among the packed masses of soldiers that filled between the curbs and extended far southward in solid column. The troops took shelter in the side streets, the buildings of which had not been cleared by the skirmishers and detectives, only to find that such a precaution should not have been neglected, for almost every street had its little corps of bomb-throwers on the housetops and in the upper windows, who, before they could be dislodged, wrought fearful destruction among the dense bodies of military.

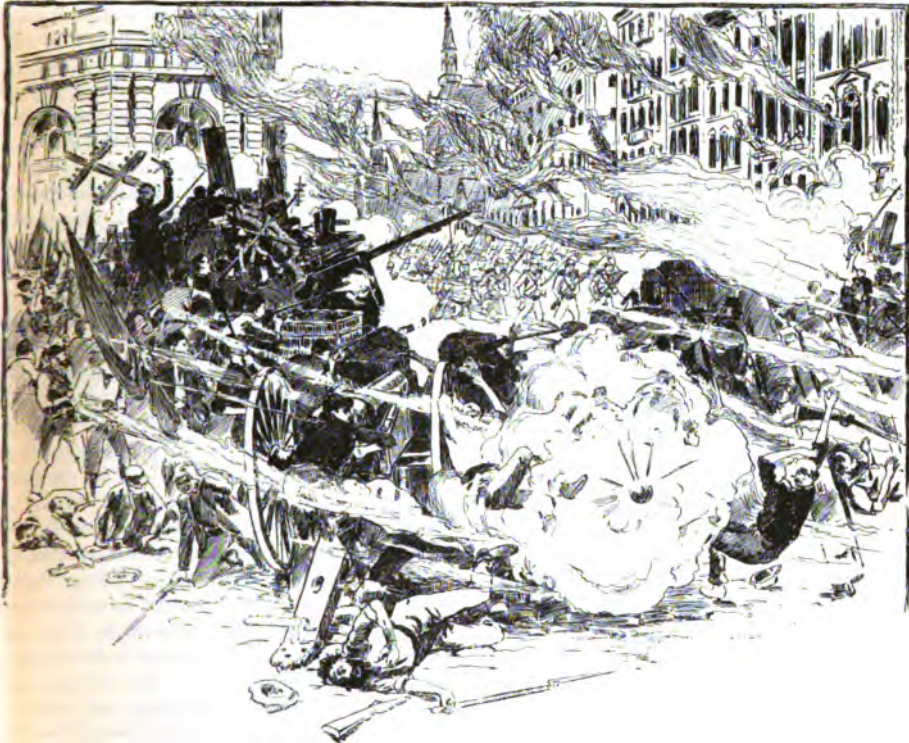
Artillery was brought up to engage the barricade, and a long duel ensued, with heavy losses among the cannon-eers, and without visibly affecting the vigor of the fire from the barricade. The National artillery had no protection, while the heavy barricade afforded efficient shelter to the Commune troops who served the guns. Their infantry was massed heavily in the large open space behind the grateful shelter of the Post Office.

The commander of the National column finally resolved to place his force in

Broadway again and storm the barricade. While dispositions for the assault were being made, still more artillery was brought up and instructed to demolish the barricade with a heavy and rapid fire of solid shot. The fire of the Commune cannon slackened under this furious bombardment, and the column was quickly thrown into the street and set in motion. The barricade artillery had been so severely punished that it did not get effectively at work again upon the advance-

position, if its defenders proved to be fighters.

The head of the charging column had not quite cleared St. Paul's when it unmasked a powerful barricade across Park Row at the upper end of the Post Office, of which the mobs swarming on his flanks and through the side streets had prevented the National commander from obtaining any information. Had he credited his enemy with skill he would have foreseen these valuable auxil-



FIGHT ON BROADWAY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

ing column, and the Nationals reached St. Paul's Church without serious losses. Here the charge was sounded, and away went the column in fine style. The Commune troops had been poured by thousands into the street behind the barricade, and a heavy body lay back of the Post Office, to fall upon the right flank of the Nationals if they should succeed in carrying the defenses. Another barricade was erected across Park Place looking west, and others on Murray, Warren and Chambers Streets. It was indeed a formidable

barrier to his defense; but it would probably have made no change in the plans of attack, if, indeed, any were practicable, with the force in hand. Over-confidence in himself and over-contempt for his foe, those splendid vices of a brave soldier which have wrung more victories from adverse circumstances than they have ever lost, were characteristic of the hour, from Harlem River to the Battery.

This barricade now poured a galling fire of canister and musketry upon the troops. The head of the column wavered

under the heavy shock, but the weight of the cheering masses behind drove them forward again, and once more the charge proceeded at a rapid pace. Another moment unmasked another barricade on Ann Street which opened a fearful flank-fire. From the nature of its situation it was plain that a few rapid strides would carry the troops beyond its range; and still onward the brave men pressed to grapple with their original foes behind the Broadway defense. The cross fire of the Ann Street and Park Row barricades piled up great heaps of slain and wounded opposite the angle formed by those streets, but these were cleared at a few bounds by the infuriated National Guardsmen who dashed forward madly to avenge their losses.

The head of the charging column had almost reached that barricade, and the street was densely packed with cheering men, when a signal was given from an upper window of the Astor House, and instantly with yells of delight a shower of bombs descended from the Post Office, the *Herald* building, and others down Broadway almost to John Street. The sickening scenes of the uptown streets were renewed on a scale larger than ever; the Communists swarmed over the barricades, shooting, bayoneting and braining as they went, taking no prisoners and wreaking a vengeance that more than fulfilled the bloody threats of their orators in the most bombastic flights. The poor remnants of the shattered battalions fled down Broadway, fighting sullenly as they went. Fresh artillery was run out and tore them asunder again; the National artillery, now on even terms, replied, and covered the retreat to the Battery, where the guns of the Navy afforded shelter.

The day, indeed, had been one of unmitigated disaster. The nation had just awakened to the full meaning of Dynamite.

By night the country and the world knew that Anarchism and Dynamite were not to be blown away like a puff of cigar smoke; that optimistic indifference was the food these monsters fattened on; and the fools of society were, not those who thought out and sought to apply the only effective measures of prevention, but those who first despised prevention, next

ignorantly attempted obvious impossibilities, and finally sat down in despair, and discouraged all effort at retrieving the imbecility of the past.

General Sheridan, as a military man, had expressed the opinion that the force of men called out was inadequate to cope with the army of the Commune, which he estimated would number not less than 100,000 able-bodied men. They would have interior lines of communication; could easily reinforce threatened points; had the enormous advantage of defense offered by the possession of a city which public sentiment would not allow to be bombarded or starved, and, in his belief, *would fight*. He urged the calling out of a force of 100,000 men for three months; the gaining of a street at a time, and its being efficiently and permanently garrisoned, so that as the commercial parts of the city were recaptured, business could be resumed in such sections with perfect confidence in the ability of the government to protect them. As the footholds were gradually increased, inducements should be held out to the rioters to abandon their leaders, and enormous rewards and immunity should be offered to those who would bring in certain ones, dead or alive. As the cordon closed about them, this would be a constant firebrand in their midst; and the moment that some dissatisfied Anarchist should destroy a leader and claim the reward, that would be the beginning of the end. Such a course would involve less bloodshed, lessen the probability that the city might at the last moment be destroyed by fire, and insure that the Commune should not gain the prestige of victory over the Government which would result from underestimating it as an adversary.

But General Sheridan's views were not accepted; and, in trying to do impossibilities, the Commune gained the prestige of four complete victories in one day, and increased beyond computation its hold upon its devoted followers. The Government now found itself driven by sheer necessity to the extended plans of the general, and sat down to wait nearly a month before all the preparations could be completed.

The Commune improved its victories and the immunity from immediate assaults which they secured, by issuing

renewed proclamations to commerce and trade. It re-opened manufactures, carried on more or less exchanges with the outer world; encouraged unrestricted communication, though it watched railroad, steamship and ferry lines with an corps of detectives; strengthened the defenses of the city; laid in stores of war munitions; perfected the organization of an immense army, and established the pooling system of the Commune in every department of business and trade. Its leaders labored hard to so regain the confidence of the world, that before the Government could again bring on its armies, the progressive sentiment of the world would forbid the subjugation of a people who had so vindicated their pet theories of government.

Indeed, there was not wanting a large class of citizens throughout the country who, with more or less of reservation, adopted that view. The population of the city was recruited from all parts of the country by those in sympathy with the principles of the Commune, no less than those who held the same views concerning work which are characteristic of the true Anarchist. New York became the paradise of the vicious and lazy, who more than filled the places vacated by the better classes.

The Commune began to see how extensive an undertaking it had on hand to bring these indolent, ignorant and naturally turbulent masses into harmonious relations with any state of society, when the liberties and rights of others were to be considered or maintained. Discontent soon began to manifest itself, as men themselves too lazy and too vile to work claimed an equal share with those who were industrious in the proceeds of the common endeavor. Again, those who had wasted their share in riotous or profligate living, grew envious of the comforts and luxuries enjoyed by those who had spent their money to better purpose. The absence of compulsion and force in internal affairs left the naturally vicious and tyrannical to work their will, unrestrainedly, upon the rights of their less combative or weaker neighbors; and the latter class became dissatisfied with a state of society which left the feeble, sickly

and non-combative to be the unprotected prey of everybody who chose to impose upon them. In short, the new theory of society was not a success, and the dissatisfaction of thoughtful workingmen increased every day.

The Government at last was ready to move. It put an army of 100,000 men upon Manhattan Island. Every block of buildings, as it was captured, was turned over to its original owners with pledge of future protection for its occupants. The fighting was carefully adapted to the new conditions of warfare, and nothing was left at hap-hazard. Business crept again, street by street, into the hands of those who originally conducted it. The space occupied by the Commune grew more and more restricted. Dissatisfaction rapidly increased in its ranks as disasters multiplied, and finally, after two weeks of house-to-house fighting, most of the section that still remained to the mob was consigned to the torch. Then it was found that the leaders, orators and writers were missing, with, of course, enough "portable property" to make them thereafter silent upon the subject of an "unjust distribution."

By this time the element of war had been entirely eliminated from the conflict. The rage of the American people had been so kindled by the appalling dangers of the situation, that the rights of belligerency were denied, and an infuriated demand arose from all quarters for meting out the utmost rigors of an outraged law upon all who had partaken in the horrible atrocities at which organized society, in general, had been shuddering. All males who surrendered or were captured were treated as felons. Great prison camps were established upon the islands of New York harbor and at the various military posts, and preparations were made upon a grand scale for the trial of every man taken in arms against the law. Every other public interest was subordinated to the one great thought of executing summary but legal vengeance upon all who had been engaged in acts of armed treason. Society the world over united in the demand for a lesson to these dangerous classes, which should be remembered as long as civilization should preserve history.

The crimes of many years, now culminating in so fearful a tragedy, must be expiated in a penalty so condign that as long as men could read they would be deterred from similar atrocities. It was universally felt that all the blood which flowed in the veins of the criminal classes that had engaged in this horrible crusade against civilization would but poorly atone for the terrible loss of life and property which they had caused, or for the shock which society had suffered everywhere. It was in vain that a handful of maudlin sentimentalists voiced their protests, and repeated their platitudes about the sanctity of human life. Society replied that the life of one man, loyally endeavoring to maintain law, order and civilization, was of more account than the lives of a hundred who stood arrayed against them. This, a truism in any land, was doubly so in this country, where the power to redress grievances and the enjoyment of personal liberty surpassed anything ever before known in the world's history. If Germany, France and Russia were justified in crushing out, with a mailed and bloody hand, organized resistance to law and order, how much more should free, populace-governed America teach these outcasts of Europe that whoever attempted to overturn the government of the majority by force of arms and murder need look for no mercy.

Thousands of men who could not read nor understand a line of any American law were arraigned for attempting by murder and torch to overturn those laws. All the machinery of Government was devoted to their speedy trial. Every man taken in arms or wearing the uniform of the Commune was placed on trial for high treason and murder; the uniform or weapon was considered *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and the death sentence followed. For once, justice made no miscarriage. Every man found with dynamite bombs was tried for murder. The possession of the bomb was held to be conclusive proof of murderous intent, and no jury hesitated to connect this intent with the thousands of murders actually committed by the agency of bombs. Conviction and the death sentence were the results. All who had held any office under the Commune,

or voluntarily contributed to its support, were tried for treason, and condemned to banishment or imprisonment for life. The death sentences were executed by the military, and society began to breathe more freely.

Enormous rewards were offered for the apprehension, dead or alive, of the escaped leaders, editors and orators, and every government entered into immediate treaty for the extradition of such as should be found within its borders. Hundreds of detectives, amateur and professional, started in their pursuit: some stimulated by hope of reward, but many by a burning desire to avenge the murder of friends and relatives. The whole civilized world was scoured by the remorseless sleuth-hounds of tardily-awakened justice. The fugitives were tracked from cover to cover, and hunted from land to land. They found no hiding place secure from betrayal or search. Many were treacherously given up by their supposed friends for the sake of reward. The very money which they possessed often proved their ruin: If they spent it, it betrayed them; if they sought to conceal and guard it, their betrayal was just as certain. Many ended their lives of misery and apprehension by their own hands; others died, like hunted beasts, at the hands of their pursuers; and a few were brought back to the scene of their crimes to pay the penalty of the law.

There was no trouble now in securing the passage of stringent laws against Anarchists. Acts of banishment were passed, and citizens freely gave the necessary information to bring criminals to the notice of the proper officials. Every State made the possession of a dynamite bomb, except by license for blasting purposes (and then under heavy bonds and ample restrictions and supervision) *prima facie* evidence of an intent to commit murder, and gave to police authorities unlimited rights of search.

Every precaution which legal ingenuity could devise was employed to prevent a miscarriage of justice in the jury-box, on the bench or through the pardoning power.

* * * * *

Such was my Dream of Anarchy and Dynamite. Is any reader so blindly

optimistic as to think that it may not be realized during the next few years? It has not been written as a mere idle piece of sensationalism, but in the hope that it may to some extent at least bear the fruit of directing pub-

lic sentiment and action toward the enforcement of laws that will render the unlicensed possession of dynamite a capital offence, and convert Anarchism into a harmless foe of American liberty.

FROM OUT THE PINES.

BY B. WERDAN.

THE doctors have just said that there is no hope for me; that I may die to-morrow, perhaps, indeed, to-night. But they did not tell me that. Had they done so I could have told them better, but they did not. They went out softly to the other room, shutting the door, lest I should hear them whisper it to Minnie—my niece Minnie—who takes care of me, and who cried, yes, absolutely *cried*, when they had gone away.

They shut the door, I say, but ah, I laughed at that! Little do these doctors know how keen grows the eye, how sharp the ear, how eager the dull mind and clear the brain, as one draws near the shore and feels the breeze from off the Lake of Death fanning the sunken cheeks. Sometimes, while lying here, I have heard the neighbors in the room beyond talking about my chances in the battle with the "shadow grim," and wondering and planning what had best be done after all was over with me; and I have been tempted to call out that I heard them, and tell them to be gone, but then, why should I? They are good neighbors, as neighbors go, and they have been very kind to Minnie; so I let them alone, nor did I speak to them at all, only, it used to worry me a little—but that is over now.

But so I heard the doctors, as they told Minnie this morning; and afterward, when she came into my room, I pretended not to see the pretty eyes all red and weighed with tears, or hear the tremor in the sweet, young voice. I merely asked for pen and paper, and to be alone awhile. She brought me these, drew up the little table within reach, and went out. I was left alone—yet not alone, for the spirit of the dead woman is here beside me now, giving me feverish strength

to write the words that may at last bring peace to her soul and to mine.

I am an old man now, yet, how clear it seems before my eyes—clearer than is the memory of yesterday—that bright sunshiny morning long years ago, when I joined hands and fortune with three other men (all now are dead but me, and I am dying). But *then*, ah, then, we were so young, and brave, and strong, and full of boyish dreams of wealth, and love, and manhood's happiness!

We were out locating mining claims among the Rocky Mountains, and for two wild weeks we worked on side by side, scanning anxiously the sands that ran beneath our feet for signs of the gleaming yellow dust. But, so far, all in vain.

One day it came my turn to hunt the game for camp, and in the clear, bright morning I started off, whistling light ballad snatches as I went; for, ah, how could I see, with my duller eyes, the "wee, small cloud" then gathering in the west.

The game was hard to track and led me farther and farther up hills and down glens, so that when I turned my face toward camp the night was falling around me, and with it came the conviction that I had lost my way. But what of that? I was young and fearless, and a night spent in that far canyon, with the white stars for my candles and the wind southing through the dark rock-pines above me, would be filled with pleasant dreams, not idle fears. So I stood still, and looking about me for the safest spot on which to set stakes, I saw just a little before me, in the glen below, a small clearing, and beyond, a clump of trees. I made up my mind to go to this clearing, and had just started, when

suddenly a shrill, piercing scream rang out on the quiet air, seeming to come from the shadow of the trees beyond, and echoing down the long ravine, like the cry of a lost soul. Again it came, as I stood there, for at first I hesitated at going toward it, fearing a panther-trap. Then once again it rose, shivering through the darkness, "Oh, help, help, for the pity of God!"

Then I knew what it meant: No panther cries like that. Swinging myself down from ledge to ledge, I was soon on the little clearing, then on into the gloom of the pine-tree cluster, led by the cries that had now sunk into pitiful sobs and moans.

Just beyond the edge of the woods, through the trees, I saw a ray of light, and tracking it, soon came up to a miserable old shanty, a miner's hut. Within this shanty were the sobs, as of a young girl; and every sob was accompanied by a curse, and the dull *swish* of some heavy lash as it flew through the air and fell upon the quivering flesh! One moment I paused, the next I had burst open the miserable door, and stood gazing on a picture that has haunted me through all my life. Here, in the low, unfinished room, lit by an old lantern that hung suspended from a beam across the centre of the roof, stood an old, gray-haired, gray-bearded man. *Man*, did I say? Nay, rather devil, fiend in flesh and blood! There he stood with a long cattle-whip uplifted for another blow, and at his feet lay a young girl, scarcely more than a child, with her long black hair all tangled about her face and matted with blood upon her breast. Blood was upon her face, her dress, her feet, and on the floor. Ah, what a sight it was!

One glance, and I had caught the old fiend by the throat, and flung him senseless on the floor beyond. Then I took the poor little lassie in my arms, brushed back the matted curls from her white face, and gave her whiskey from my hunting flask. She soon revived and stood up before me. Drawing the tattered frock across her bruised and bleeding breast, she looked at me with a sort of dazed, childish wonder, but with no sign of fear. Ah, I can see her now; just as she stood there, tall and lithe, and graceful as the young fir-trees growing by the door,

with her long black hair, black as a dream of darkness, and her eyes, eyes with the changing mystery of the night, the passion of the storm winds in their depths.

"Who is he?" I asked her, pointing to the man who lay there, stirring faintly.

"He? Oh, he says he is my father, but he lies, he always lies!" came the answer, in hot, passionate sobs, while her dark eyes glowed with the memory of hate and pain.

"And you?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, I am Carma, and I have always lived here, only to be beaten and beaten by that man—he will kill me sometime, I suppose!" she said in a dreary little voice, where pitiful despair seemed giving way before the hope of death.

I stayed there all that night. About day-break the old man pulled himself together, looked at us for a moment, and muttering curses, turned and went off down among the trees. But when I too would have left, the poor child clung to me, and begged and prayed that I should not leave her there alone.

"He is only hiding down there, till he sees you go; then he will come back and kill me!" she whispered, trembling and fearful even at the thought.

So I stayed, won by the glorious beauty of those eyes.

And that day, and the next, and yet the next, went by, and found me there, content. Carma soon forgot her terror, and laughed in happy glee, as she sat beside me, under the stilly trees. And I forgot my comrades up the long ravine; and all my gold dreams faded from my mind, for ah, I loved the wild-wood flower I had found beneath the pines, and she—Oh, the memory of her love for me!

She told me of herself in those sweet days, how she had always lived there, with that fiend, seeing no other face but his; hearing no sound, but the shrill cry of the panther, through the dark. She wore a little locket in her breast, with the face of a woman in it—a face, beautiful as the angels, with eyes like Carma's own. Her father, she said, had told her once it was the face of her mother, who had died at Carma's birth. "And then he struck me, and went off, and staid for many days," she said, shivering with the memory of his brutal

blows. I comforted her as best I could, and lingered on.

One morning, our stock of venison getting low, I started off again in search of game. Carma stood in the doorway, and watched me out of sight. I had good luck that day, and went hurrying homeward in the twilight, listening to catch the first notes of greeting song, but all was still—too still, I thought. Then, suddenly, there was one long wild scream, one such as called me to her side before, and I knew that the fiend had come back. Rushing madly forward, I reached the door in time to see the villain seize my darling by the throat, and plunge a long, dirk-knife into her breast; to see her totter, fall heavily, and then—then my senses left me, and I knew nothing of what I was doing for some time.

When I recovered I was kneeling beside the dead body of the girl I loved, while close to us lay her murderer, with the long knife in his blackened heart—for I, too, bore the mark of Cain.

Somehow—I know not how—I staggered to my feet, and, seizing my gun, went out, leaving the dead together in the accursed hut.

The next few weeks are a blank to me, but my old friend, Totten, told me that one day I was found by some hunters more dead than alive, in a glen, far off from the bloody scene. They said I had lost my way, and had fainted from starvation, where they found me. I never told them otherwise.

Three years after that, I was in San Francisco, living with a friend, a great criminal lawyer there. He told me of many things, and in his conversation spoke of a case he had tried, two years before, of a young girl, accused of murdering her father. Then the tale came out.

My darling was not dead, as I supposed, when I left her, but rather in that awful swoon which is twin-sister to death. A party of miners, passing down the canyon some days after the tragedy, saw the cabin, hid among the pines; and going in, found the old man lying dead on the floor, with the girl crouching beside him. When questioned, she would answer nothing, but that the crime was hers. "I killed him. Yes, I killed him; don't you see?" was all she said when they spoke to her; so she was taken to San

Francisco, tried, and sentenced—yes, sentenced to a prison cell for life, for the cold murder of her father! Such is the usual justice of our land. She never faltered, never wavered through all the slow tortures of those terrible days, shielding the man she loved at the price of her own soul, bowing her glorious head to the accursed blow, bearing the ignominy and deathless shame of crime, simply, that the one she loved—and who deserted her—might live on in honor, and escape the storm; for she saw me, saw her lover, strike the fatal blow.

"And she, does she still live?" I gasped out, as the lawyer paused a moment to pour out a glass of wine.

"Ah, no," he said; "she fainted when the sentence was pronounced, and was carried across the street to the hospital, where she died the next night. I went over to see her there, and, just as the sun went down she half rose up, put out her hand, as if reaching towards some one in the dark, murmured a name, and then fell back, asleep!"

"A name! What name?" I whispered, for my voice had deserted me, and he was watching me, quizzically, if not suspiciously.

"What name? Why, strangely enough, it was your own," he said, and then "Good God, Jasper, what's the matter, man! Here, drink this and come out into the air!"

I drank the brandy he poured out for me; followed him out into the sunshine that has ever since been to my soul but a shadow: out among the jangling bells of the songs and merry laughter of this great, busy world, only to hear ever, amidst it all, the dying moanings of the woman that I loved.

So have I lived, doing what little I could in my own strange way, to drag out a life, burdened with this double curse of Cain, without drawing any other human heart within the awful shadow of my sin. And so, to-night, as the great sun goes down behind the purple hill-tops, I stretch out my hands into the darkness, and, touching hers, made clean, by this, my true confession, of any shade of guilt, or shame, I turn my tired face toward the waiting stars, and with her own sweet name upon my dying breath, I go to meet her in that "Land Beyond."



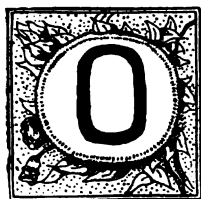
IN REVERIE.

BESIDE a silent grave I sat one day.
The grassy glebe around grew rank and free,
The kiss of autumn sweet was on my cheek.
I silent sat, when lo! beside me stood
One strange and fair: Had I him ever known?
So still he came, so deep my reverie,
I knew not he was there. "And who am I?"
In questioning words he to me speaks at last—
"Hast thou no place in memory for me?"
He at my side did now so closely stand,
I fain would grasp his hand in greeting free,
But, gesturing away, he unto me:
"One day I thought thou didst me deadly wrong—
Nay, start not so; hear patiently nor fill
Afresh the cup both drained in days now dead.
Each long loved one, and she—she loved but one!
He, knowest thou or shouldst know now, I was.
Thou won her from me; won her, then I thought,
By arts most base. Long since I learned the truth;
Found then how wrong I was, how true thou wert!
I come to ask forgiveness: Canst thou give?"
Remembered all. She whom I laid away
These many years ago ere white my hair,
Late learned I—oh, so late!—loved me, but less
Than him who stood beside. Then I to him:
"Where learned thou this? Methought thou, too, hadst gone
Unto thy narrow home. Forgive I all."
Then reached me frank his hand, and strangely said:
"This long I've known; I learned it since—of her."
I, rising, fain would flee as from one mad,
But when once more he, smiling, to me turned,
I, re-assured, took in my hand his palm—
When, lo! it softly melted in my grasp;
His face, still smiling sweet, blent into air:
I stood alone: Together were the dead.

W. S. Harwood.



MY PET CAGE-BIRD.



ONE who has only dwelt within the bricks and mortar of a crowded city and whose ear has become deaf to the hum and din of the street, knows merely the driest pages of nature's prose. But the gilded cage and the sweet tropic flowers that adorn his library or parlor show the longing for the poetry of nature that still survives in human breast. The bird of the wild-wood and the flower of the Nile have come to live with man, so long as he remains on the earth.

In the estimation of the public, perhaps, the three greatest of the bird musicians, in the order of their excellence, are the American Mocking-bird, the English Nightingale and the Song Canary.

But, if you have listened, as I have, to the most gifted of nature's songsters, the mocking-bird, in his own Southern home, perched in early spring upon the topmost bough of some budding tree; if you have heard his morning carols from an almost bursting throat, and have seen the ecstatic joy of the bird as he suddenly bounds into the air a few yards, only to return with quivering wings and vibrating tail to his perch again, all the while sending forth unceasingly his varied notes, you can never fully enjoy the song of this bird in captivity. A pity would fill your heart as you heard the plaintive melody broken by a wild-wood note that would bring from memory's treasures the image of the glad singer in his native freedom, and you would be unable to bear the sight of the restless captive, that is singing because nature made him to sing; singing, ever singing, for a mate that never can come.

The same objection, too, holds against the nightingale as a cage-bird. Philomel is more chary of his sweet and mellow song than either the mocking-bird or the canary. Nor does cage-life agree so well with him as with the latter. He cannot forget the hedge where he was reared, nor the wild life of his parents; and when winter comes he is restless to join his kindred across the Southern sea.

I, therefore, prefer the canary as a cage-bird, both to our wonderful mocking-bird and to the sweetest of the singers of the Old World. Having long ago forgotten the traditions that told of the leafy homes of his ancestors and the wild free life they used to lead, he knows no home but a cage, and no care nor trouble, save that now and then a rival singer will taunt him from a neighboring cage—then his little eyes will flash angrily as he tries in vain to reach and silence his enemy; or when a cruel owner neglects the little bird whose life is in his hands and who depends upon at least ten minutes' daily care.

Canaries are classed according as they are bred for song, for form or for color. Crosses from one class to another are not uncommon; but the highest prized are those that come under one of those heads.

The Scotch, the French and the Belgians breed chiefly for form. First-class Belgian birds are worth small fortunes to their owners; they have poor voices, and ordinary canary colors only: pale yellow and mottled; but the long and slender form, tapering evenly from the shoulder to the tip of the tail, with a head almost at right angles to the body, is considered the acme of grace in figure. The French breed is a less exaggerated type of the long canary, and has a ruffed or frilled breast. A perfect Scotch bird is crescent-shaped.

In color-breeding the English lead. Their birds, moreover, are far better musicians than the long variety. The Manchester Copy is the "giant of the canary race," and looks more like a yellow pigeon. The Norwich bird, with its deep gold and green and black, and the gold and silver-spangled lizards in their beautiful coats throw the modestly-clad German canary in the shade; and with their loud, clear voices drown the sweeter melody of the Hartz Mountain birds. Then, if you wish to hear the real song-canary, you must go to Andreasberg, a village in Germany nestling among the Hartz Mountains. There only will you find the highest type of this songster, which a bird importer has

not inaptly named "the Campanini." These are modest little fellows, clad in simple suits of almost every color worn by canaries, but always rather pale; sometimes wearing a crest.

To be appreciated, these Campanini canaries must be heard. If you are a lover of bird-music and have not heard him, you have yet to know the sweetest of bird-songs. The low ripple of the well-trained St. Andreasberg's song, swelling gradually into a burst of melody that never hurts the most sensitive ear, and drawing gradually to a perfect close, always strikes the new listener with wonder and delight. Not long ago an old gentleman who had traveled all over the United States heard my Campanini for the first time. The other canaries had been giving us a concert, apparently unnoticed by my venerable friend, when, suddenly, as if by common consent, all were silent listening to one of Campanini's best efforts. The old gentleman ceased talking, and turned and gazed on the little musician until the song was over; then he said: "I have heard birds sing in the North and South, in the East and West, but I never heard one equal to that. There is not a harsh note nor break in his song—perfect continuity of sweetness."

While the canary is not so docile as some other cage-birds, yet he is far more tractable and lovable than most persons think. It is an easy matter to win the confidence of this little pet, so that he will take seed from your lips and trill his sweetest when perched upon your shoulder. But you must be very gentle and kind, and, above all, you must love him.

As has been said of a higher order of animals, so it can be said of birds, that the shortest route to the heart is down the throat. Teach your bird to look to you for his food. If he is timid and flutters in terror about the cage whenever you put your hand in, withhold his seed for two hours, and then stand close to his little prison until he has eaten all he wishes. Take the seed-cup away for another two hours, and do not allow him to eat until he will take his food from the cup while you hold it toward him. Follow this plan and you will soon be delighted with having your pet take his breakfast from your hand, and sing his

thanks from your finger! You must, however, continue to notice and to pet him, or else he will soon grow wild again.

Whenever my wife enters the room in which she keeps her pair of breeding canaries, with their food, she seats herself on the rug before the hearth; and without invitation sixteen canaries fly to her, alight on her shoulders, head, lap, everywhere, and tug and quarrel over the chickweed until they can eat no more, when they go about their business, trying to unravel the carpet, or tear the paper from the wall, while Jinks, the paterfamilias, perched on his mistress' knee, sings a sweet song of thanks.

I must relate here some things about this Jinks, as they illustrate the intelligence of the canary. At the time I bought him he was extremely wild, but now he can almost talk. One day I received a beautiful game-hen. As she was ill, I took her to my room to be doctored. Jinks had the liberty of the room then, and soon spied the wheat in the hen's box, and no sooner was she out than he was in testing the contents. When he had made a full meal, I closed the box and left the room. On my return after three hours, Jinks met me at the door and began to scold and to beg. At first I would not notice him. But as he flew to the back of my chair, and prevented me from reading, I turned and looked at him to discover, if I could, what the trouble was. No sooner did he see that he had my attention than he flew to the box containing the wheat and began to beg anew. I returned to my book, and he to my chair. This was repeated several times, and whenever he saw that I was looking, he would fly to the wheat; so, convinced that he was begging for some of that, I went to the box and opened it. As I approached, he hopped aside and watched in silence; but before I regained my chair, he was busily eating.

We sometimes find it convenient to confine Jinks to his cage, and while behind the bars, he often asks my wife for a bath by dipping his head in his cup and scolding whenever she would not notice him. As soon as supplied with his tub of water, he bathes and is contented again.

He is, moreover, the only canary I ever knew that could be trusted out of the house. When his mate was sitting, I have known him to fly far into the woods out of sight of home, always, however, returning voluntarily, and never attempting to enter the house by any way except through the window of the room in which his cage was hung. One rainy day his mate escaped from the house, and left a newly-hatched brood. When an hour passed and she did not return, I opened the window and Jinks immediately went to search for his spouse. He flew about in the trees and sang at the top of his voice, and it was not long before she answered and joined him. In a short time he had led her slowly back to their young. She could never find her way back from an outdoor excursion, alone; and finally when Jinks became tired of her and married another, he permitted her one day, when he was escort to some half dozen others, to wander off and get lost.

While breeding for form or for color requires knowledge and skill on the part of the breeder, it is perhaps easier to obtain the desired form or color than it is to produce the highest quality of song. The forms or colors of the offspring are pretty accurately determined by those of the immediate ancestors; but the song is only partly inherited. The best songsters, however, come from a line of fine singers; but they must not only be prevented from hearing any harsh-singing bird, but must hear first-class singers of their own species, and also those of other species. Trained in this way the young canary will execute well his natural song, and is even likely to add to it some of the best notes of the nightingale or of any other sweet-singing bird he has had the opportunity of listening to.

That the canary will often mate with a bird of a different sort is another item in his favor. In such matings, however, the female should be the canary, as she makes a surer and safer mother than the wilder females of the finches. Sometimes these canary-finch hybrids are most excellent songsters, and often are very beautiful. Whoever succeeds in raising a white hybrid with a good voice has a prize well worth the care it took to gain

it. "Hybrid-breeding," says Holden, "is fascinating, and has great charms, as its results are so uncertain; the probabilities are, that all the males will be dark, ordinary-colored birds; the possibilities are, there may be among the nest of fledglings a single brilliant-colored bird—a bird whose wealth of white and gold is worth years of experiments to obtain."

There are, however, laws governing these combinations of blood, color and song well worth the seeking. Here is a rich field ready for the young investigator, where he may spend years of labor and not uncover Nature's secret, or she may yield to patient, thorough, systematic, scientific experiment, and crown the seeker with a wreath of immortelles.

Canary-keeping, however, is no exception to the truth in the old proverb: "No rose without its thorns"; for, even should our little pet be so lucky as to escape the cat or the rat, or accidental neglect of his owner, he will, after giving to us his ever-sweet song for twelve or fourteen years, yield to nature and pass away. Then, while some birds will sing every day of the year, others will remain silent during the moulting season—two months or more. Yet these latter will usually, when they do begin again, make up for lost time.

As intimated before, the cat and the rat are the canary's greatest enemies—always excepting a careless owner. A strong close cage will effectually protect the bird from rats. But cats will quickly thrust their paws through the wires of any ordinary cage, and in a few seconds wound its fluttering inmate past recovery. As these treacherous animals are incapable of being taught to restrain their natural appetites, you must, if possible, banish the whole feline race from your premises. But, as your neighbor may be a cat fancier, and as you wish to keep the peace, you may be compelled to act only on the defensive. In such a case, hang your cages where the cats cannot climb, and, if you give your bird a room, you may not only keep the enemy out, but effectually guard against the accidental escape of a bird by fitting each door and window on the outside with a frame of galvanized wire-netting. The wire-doors should be made to close tightly with a spring. In the heat of summer all

doors and windows, except those of wire, should remain open, as this will add much to the comfort of the birds. It is not, however, so much the heat of summer as the cold of winter that may harm our feathered pets. But, if they are free from currents of cold air, they will be happy and sing gaily in a well-lighted room in an atmosphere of from 50 to 60 degrees Fah. The aviary should be guarded against extremes of temperature. Hence, in the North, a steam pipe should run through the bird-room, lest the night be too cold for its inmates after a bright sunny winter's day. Yet I once forgot to take in at sunset a choice pair of canaries, and they passed a cold night in January on the porch, and the morning found them as bright as ever, though their water-cup was broken by the ice. Again, I have frequently seen Jinks, when at liberty in the room, bathe in freezing water, but

after such a cold plunge he would always fly to the hearth and there, before an old-fashioned wood-fire, lie on his side with tail and wings spread, enjoying the heat intensely as it penetrated his ruffled feathers.

After having arranged some evergreen trees tastefully in your aviary and placed therein a drinking-fountain or two, do not forget to cover the floor with clean sand. And, if you wish to make your birds love you and fly to you, keep always a box of lettuce, chickweed and rape growing in their room; but keep this treat covered with a wire-frame, so that the birds can enjoy it only when you remove the cover. This you should do two or three times a week. Soon the birds will know you, and will perch on the box or on your hand while they feast on the green dainties.

Jesse Talbot Littleton.

WINGS.

BEAUTIFUL birds have plumage,
 Beautiful thoughts have wings;
 Stars shine high above the sigh
 Of earth's vague whisperings.
 Under the earth's broad bosom
 Never a beauty lies
 But shall burn its way to the rim of day,
 And flash to our wondering eyes.

Beautiful gems lie hidden
 Under the fold of earth;
 Even the slime hides a thought sublime
 Till the time of the lily's birth.
 Even the birds went creeping
 Wingless and featherless,
 Till plume by plume, like the roses' bloom,
 They borrowed the singer's dress.

Beautiful birds have plumage,
 Beautiful thoughts fly high;
 The poet's song cannot slumber long,
 Its track is the boundless sky.
 Under the infinite heaven
 Never a wing unfurled
 But shall find its way to the verge of day,
 And flash on some wondering world.

Laura Bell.



EDITOR'S STUDY.

The Workingman and Dynamite.

THE large number of letters of approval from all classes of citizens, rich and poor, educated and uneducated; the free discussion of the question by the newspaper press; the great amount of abuse that has reached this office from optimists, fanatics, and those who in one form or another are in sympathy with a revolution in social institutions—all these are the very gratifying results of the publication of the first part of the forcible article on Anarchy and Dynamite Warfare, which appeared in the May issue of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. The letters are a study in themselves, particularly those evidently from honest, hard-working men, who appear especially solicitous that prompt and effective measures shall be immediately taken for the suppression of anarchy and dynamite.

The question is certainly one that requires immediate legislative attention. If the evils that are so graphically described in the article are merely imaginary; if the Anarchists are so cowed by the swift justice that overtook their Chicago brethren last year, that they will remain quiet for a time, there is no reason why laws should not be immediately enacted and enforced that will prevent any outbreaks in the future. He is a poor general who waits for an attack to be made before making preparation to resist it; and it is not only an obviously unwise, but it is a criminal policy for the lawmakers of any nation to allow a condition of affairs to exist that menaces the lives and property of a large number of citizens. Nearly every vessel that arrives brings from foreign shores a number of malcontents, to whom government in any form is a bugbear that must be overthrown; and these fresh recruits, filled to the brim with "wrongs of the workingmen," render it only a question of a short time when the country will be treated to a second and enlarged edition of the Chicago massacre in one of the Anarchists' strongholds—New York, Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis.

It is an encouraging sign of the times, however, that the honest workingman is showing less disposition to associate with movements that have in view the overturning of society by violence, or with movements that have only visionary objects. In a word, the laborer, having almost passed through one of the periodical cycles of discontent, is once more becoming practical. He is philosophically recognizing the fact that in every community there will necessarily be evils; that nothing can be perfect in this world; and that the best, the only way towards a betterment of his condition is by industry and economy. He is beginning to appreciate the fact that no system of strikes, boycotts nor similar agencies can improve the condition of the employé when the employer is not doing a prosperous business; and he is coming to the point of seeing that the labor market, like all other great markets is controlled by the inexorable law of supply and demand; that if the demand for labor is good and the supply light, the price must advance; and if the supply is large and there is little demand, wages must decline.

The spread of such a feeling among the laboring classes is perhaps one of the strongest barriers that can be interposed against the contagion of anarchy throughout the laboring classes; but as the sentiment and sympathies of the ignorant wage-earners can be so easily inflamed, it certainly is the part of wisdom for the Legislature to prevent the possibility of a Commune in America, by adopting the sage advice, "In time of peace prepare for war."

What is Thought ?

THE French materialism which taught that "Thought is a 'secretion' of the brain as bile is of the liver" would seem as sound philosophy as that essayed by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in the recent debate on "Toleration" before the Nineteenth Century Club. General Woodford, on the same occasion, said, truly, that Mr. Ingersoll's fatal error was in making thought the neces-

sary result of impressions made upon the senses. Mr. Ingersoll's argument was based upon an assumption which must be false if personal identity and consciousness are conceded, and there are few who will undertake to deny either. His first proposition may be said to contain the essence of his reasoning:

Thought is a necessary natural product—the result of what is called impressions made through the medium of the senses upon the brain, not forgetting heredity.

Now, this is not a clearly scientific statement of an old doctrine. Its form, as here given, conceals more than the usual amount of sophistry. But it will serve for our present purpose.

First, there are no *impressions* made upon the brain, if by this is meant the cerebral organ. *Impressions* stop with the organs of sense-perception, as the eye, the ear, the fingers, the tongue, the nose. Impressions of form, by the aid of light, are printed upon the retina of the eye, which is but an expansion of the optic nerve leading to the brain proper. Impressions of sound, vibrations of air, are received upon the drum of the ear, and are thence conveyed to the separate fibrous ends of the auditory nerve, and onward to the central brain. But there is no evidence that images of forms or vibrations of sound are transmitted and become permanent affections of the central tissues. Long ago, Sir Benjamin Brodie taught that thought consisted of an infinity of little images in the brain. But this theory was soon exploded. The nerves of sense do not, and cannot, repeat and transmit the *impressions* received by the external organs any more than does the telegraph wire throughout its length repeat the touch of the operator upon the keys of his instrument. A condition and an accompanying force are present to communicate the *fact* of impressions to the mind which interprets them. Impressions must be so interpreted.

Now, take any statement, say the one before us, and communicate it first through the ear; second, in printed form, through the eye; thus making physical impressions totally unlike upon the differently constructed organs. The "necessary" results should, therefore, be unlike if there is not some intelligent interpreter at hand to translate the "impressions."

Thought is a created product, not a natural result; and *consciousness* is the main factor in its formation. *Attention*, with comprehension, is requisite to intelligent perception; and, in proportion to its intensity, is the clearness of knowledge. Perception is an experience over and above sense-impressions; else, why are not all impressions made under the same material conditions equally recognized. We hear only when we listen. We see clearly only when we look.

Attention is an exercise of the mind over and above external causes. Consciousness is a *fact* undiscoverable by material instruments, and is not convertible with any physical condition or force. Thought arises out of consciousness. In the end, knowledge and consciousness are convertible. Knowledge is a store of summarized and classified thought.

Sense-impressions and knowledge differ and vary indefinitely, we may almost say infinitely. But there enters into these an informing, regulating, determining force, which gives to the product—"thought"—its unity and permanence. Without the stamp of such a force, knowledge, itself, would be as fleeting, transient, as the passing shadow upon brick walls. Consciousness, memory, personal identity, disclose in every human mind a living fact quite in harmony with nature and *necessary* laws, but superior to them.

The Magazine and Newspaper Press.

MUCH has been written within the past month in relation to the Magazine and Newspaper press, and efforts have been made to show that the Sunday and special Saturday editions of the large dailies are, practically, weekly magazines, and are actively appealing to and receiving the support of magazine readers.

A little reflection, however, will show that the two branches of literature are as far apart as ever. The newspaper press in America during the past ten years has, it is true, made vast progress in its literary composition; many of the best writers contribute signed articles to its columns; but the very nature of the daily newspaper prevents its becoming an active competitor in the field of the magazine. While there are some notable exceptions (which exceptions are not the most successful journals), the general tendency of the newspaper is to grasp anything that will make a "sensation," no matter how shallow may be the fabric nor, sometimes, how much disregard of truth there may be interwoven. That this is the case is no fault of the editor; it is the fault of the readers. While public opinion may be molded in many ways, experience has, in numerous instances, shown us that the journal which attempts to educate public taste to an unpopular form or policy, has a very unremunerative road to travel. What is demanded is, simply, that the news shall be given in an attractive manner. In these busy days of the nineteenth century, a man wishes to take the news in at a glance on his way to business, and after that he cares only to be amused until he reaches his destination. Papers that fill this want are usually the most prosperous, and it is not surprising, therefore, that to produce a journal of this character should be the general aim in newspaper offices.

The magazine, however, has a widely different mission, and appeals to a totally different class of readers. It is purchased for its finely selected literature, and is carefully read and often re-read. In its own way it has advanced to an extent far greater than the newspaper, as will be forcibly indicated by a comparison of the magazine of to-day and that

of ten years ago. The business man finds in it a means of rest and instruction after the day's toil; and, in fact, magazine readers, as a class, are those who seek education, combined with entertainment. The magazine and newspaper will, without doubt, maintain their respective fields for ages to come.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

"CURRENT" LITERATURE is in itself an illusive something which no words nor phrases can stereotype into a present and definite reality. Every daily and weekly newspaper, every monthly magazine and review offers to its readers the "best" that by its peculiar methods can be gathered from a limitless field.

What shall be included in "literature"? The answer to the question may not be one that shall flatter the conceit of every ready-writer. There is much that is printed and put between durable covers that is unworthy of the name book. And, unfortunately, there is much clear and searching thought of the wisest kind upon human life and affairs, upon the activities and transactions and associations of men, in business, in politics, in society, found in the daily press, that with perfect fitness may be named "literature," but which will not be preserved to mankind for future instruction. We do not say that such is profitable for the day and hour only, and then is wholly lost. For no real force is lost, the law of the "conservation of forces" being not less true of the intellectual than of the physical forces that move as powers in the universe of things.

When the mind of Roscoe Conkling ceases to labor in life, the intellectual world suddenly is made aware of an inestimable and irreparable personal loss. We have known and felt the influence of a strong and manly brain, with powers cultured and capable of the highest accomplishments in any field of thought, casting its forces and treasures abroad with a lavish generosity altogether unmindful of self in the memories of men. May we not trust that there will be found in the remains of this great American statesman and orator such records of his talents and works as may be formed into a fitting literary monument of his life and public services?

Quite naturally we are reminded of another and grievous loss to society and the world—this one more immediate and significant to literature. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that, in his time, Matthew Arnold was one of the greatest masters of English ex-

pression. His mind was not of the class called "original," but rather the finished product of a studied and exact system of training. The son and pupil of Dr. Thomas Arnold, Master of Rugby, he exemplified in his literary life and works the effects of unsurpassed skill and ability exerted for the culture of a mind by one of the world's great teachers. As a poet, Matthew Arnold was indebted quite as much to nature as to art, and to this is due the most enduring quality of his works. As an essayist, a critic and a social philosopher, in which respects he justly ranked among the most eminent, there is much credit to be given to the lessons afforded him at Rugby and Oxford. To these must be added his widely extended studies in mature life, especially in Celtic literature.

The student of literature seeking for examples of good prose, will find in the writings of Matthew Arnold, generally, a pure and clear style, a most accurate fidelity of word and sentence to idea and thought, and a "straightforwardness" of expression that never misleads. Mr. Arnold did a great service for public education and public schools that has not as yet been duly recognized in the United States.

The one thing in which he was wanting to be regarded a perfectly trained public man, the talent of public speaking, will be lost sight of in the memory of his eminent services to English literature.

Mr. Arnold's essays in political philosophy seem not to have produced any marked effects to his credit. In this respect he falls far below the rank he appeared so ambitious to attain—the rank of Macaulay, John Stuart Mill, Gladstone and a few others, alike illustrious in politics and literature.

We find nothing more worthy of mention in current literature than Mr. Gladstone's contribution to *The North American Review* for May. At an age beyond that permitted to men in general, in the midst of arduous and exacting political duties apparently borne with ease, Mr. Gladstone finds ready at his command the ability and time to write upon an issue pre-eminent in human thought, in

a manner that challenges the attention of the most thoughtful among men of letters, whether in literature, philosophy or science.

It is very strange that in nearly every case the attempts to question the authorship of Shakespeare have originated in this country. The recent attempt, so widely noticed in respectable quarters, of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly of St. Paul, meets its deserved fate and dies in its minority. But it was cruel and somewhat discreditable to the sound scholarship of Prof. Thomas Davidson, that he should publicly encourage the "entirely honest" Donnelly in the "literary enthusiasm" which inspired him to assassinate the "divine" Shakespeare, that he might enthrone the "meanest of mankind" in his stead. And it is a little amusing to see how alert is Professor Davidson in hastening to save ("with the utmost regret for Mr. Donnelly's sake," regardless of the fame of the "immortal bard of Avon") a reputation for Shakespearean scholarship that has hitherto stood very high. Prof. Davidson's second article on "The Great Cryptogram" is more instructive, as well as more assuring than his first. Yet the closing sentences of this last article leave us in doubt as to his faith in *our* Shakespeare.

The Shakespeare Society of New York, whose membership includes many students of the great dramatist living in other parts of the country, and of which society Mr. Appleton Morgan of this city is president, has published the first volume of their edition of "The Comedies, Histories and Tragedies of Mr. William Shakespeare, as presented at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, circa 1591-1623." The plan of this edition is to give the text furnished to the players in parallel pages with that of the revision, or first folio. In this plan seems to lie the chief value of this twenty-volume limited edition, now offered to the public. Mr. Morgan edits the work, and writes an introduction to the first volume which consists of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

It is but a short time since the Messrs. Estes & Lauriat began to issue their edition of Duruy's "History of Rome and the Roman People," edited by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy. This is an *édition de luxe*, consisting of 1,000 copies in sixteen imperial octavo volumes, and sold at \$160 a copy. The entire edition has been placed. About three hundred copies were furnished to the public and private libraries of this city. This is noteworthy evidence of the increasing interest in historical literature. Nor does the growing interest in Roman and Greek history take from the public appreciation for new books on American history and literature. "The Narrative and Critical History of America" continues to be received with favor as each

succeeding volume of the work appears. Vol. VI. is the last published. Some readers and good critics object to the plan of many writers of unequal abilities and diversities of style in the same work. This certainly is a fault, but one which is more than compensated by the great value of the work as an exhaustive compilation of the facts of American history critically reviewed and arranged.

It is a very encouraging sign of the times that American publishers meet with substantial sympathy in their most ambitious and liberal literary ventures. It is further most gratifying to be able to note the promise of a better day for American authorship in the more favorable attitude of the National Legislature to the rightful claims of "home" writers on the Government for protection. For as we write, the hope for a just copyright law seems to be well grounded.

There seems to be no good reason why "summer readers" should drift into indolent habits of merely absorbing without mental effort the lighter works of fiction. Of course every demand will be met, and the shallow brain will be supplied with what it calls for. But true recreation for the healthfully vigorous must have suitable play for its powers. Nothing can be more wearisome to such a mind, even in the heated days of summer, than the "light literature" found everywhere on news-stands, in railway cars, and places of resort for vacation pleasures. To such readers, a new and "popular edition" of George Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" (Roberts Bros.) will be especially welcome. Nor can we see why this, "one of the greatest works of fiction," should be the exclusive pleasure and possession of exceptionally strong minds. The masses are now reading Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot. They will enjoy and profit by an acquaintance with George Meredith's works, and particularly this one, which is not the less entertaining because profound in its study of human nature. The superficial reader may find at times a seemingly obscure sentence, a paragraph difficult to understand, but the intense earnestness of the author will finally fix his interest and engage his best thoughts.

Roberts Brothers give to the American public a rare treat in Katharine Prescott Wormely's fine translation of Balzac's beautiful creation "Modeste Mignon." One who reads it for the first time enjoys a delicious literary feast, the memory of which lingers in the mind and heightens intellectual desire. The description of "Modeste" is incomparable. There is nowhere in literature so perfect a portrait, so complete a picture in even the minutest details, so fine a specimen of pure art. We need go no farther to be

convinced that Balzac "surpasses all others in fiction by as much as Shakespeare surpasses all others in poetry."

A Teacher of the Violin and Other Tales, by J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan & Co.) "John Inglesant" has been described by the greatest of living Englishmen, an authority not less weighty in literature than in politics, as the "greatest work since *Romola*." We see no resemblance between this writer and "George Eliot," except the likeness of great intellectual power expressing its forces in quite different, not to say opposite, ways. George Eliot, in all her writings is subjective and analytic. She engages and surprises us with views of deep things in life and character. In the mysteries and labyrinths of these, led by her master-hand, we are prone to forget external nature.

The writer of the stories before us is objective in his method and leads us out of ourselves. He speaks to us in terms of nature rather than of mind. In a manner and style most attractive he appeals to our sense of the beautiful in nature and art. In "*A Teacher of the Violin*" the story is of a life instinct with passion for beauties that charm the soul through eye and ear and voice. The boy was "profoundly impressed by the sounds of nature: the rushing water, the rustling oaks, the sighing and moaning winds down the mountain-valleys spoke to me with distinct utterance and with a sense of meaning and of speech. These sounds were more even than this: they became a passion, a fascination, a haunting presence, and even a dread."

In the "*Marquis de St. Palaye*" we have a polished gentleman and courtier, "a man of the world" at thirty, "one of the handsomest and most distinguished of his day . . . His features were faultlessly cut, and the expression, though weary and perhaps almost insolent, bore slight marks of dissipation, and the glance of his eyes was serene and even kindly." The Marquis and the Mademoiselle de Fronténac are about to be married. On the day of the expected wedding a strange circumstance occurs: Mademoiselle does not love the Marquis, but the Chevalier de Grisolles, her playmate from youth. On the day named, these two lovers meet and walk together in the bypaths of the romantic neighborhood of the Chateau de Fronténac. "The lady was of supreme beauty even for a romance, and was dressed with a magnificence which at any other period would have been fantastic in a wood." . . . His face was very handsome, and the expression on the whole was good. . . . The girl came down the path clinging to his arm." The Marquis and they meet. What occurs? Nothing, except unspeakable embarrassment on the part of the lovers and apologies on the part of the Marquis, who assures them that it was

blundering, a "gaucherie" in him thus to interrupt their enjoyment. On the day appointed the Marquis and Mademoiselle are espoused. The lovers continue to meet. The Marquis admires his promised bride and suppresses all signs of distrustful feeling, and manifests no resentment towards her lover. Gradually Mademoiselle is estranged from the Chevalier, and finally refuses to see him. The mystery of the story lies in the character and action of the Marquis.

In this character we are reminded of "Grandcourt" in the "*Daniel Deronda*" of George Eliot. But here again the methods of the authors are in contrast. The searching analysis of George Eliot lays bare the very springs and motives to action in the life of Grandcourt. The character of the Marquis is better drawn, in that his subtlety is hidden in his mastery of himself, despite his passion. He acted with the forbearance of a true Christian; but we are quite sure he was not one, being made so to believe by the author, although the Marquis puts a climax to his self-possession by willing a large amount of property to his rival.

Len Gansett, by Opie P. Reed, editor of *The Arkansas Traveler*, is one of the best of Ticknor & Co.'s "Paper Series." It is a strong story of Southwestern life, the scene being laid in Arkansas. The plot is very simple, with not many striking diversities of character, yet some that impress the reader as distinct and positive individualities. The feeling of the reader is almost irresistible that the author of the story is but telling his own life and experiences in the character of his hero. To one who knows in his own person the early life of the West and South there is nothing improbable in the events, scenes and persons portrayed. As we read we believe the tale, and feel sure that we have known just such a hero and heroine as "Len Gansett" and "Ned Hobdy," just such an educated villain as "Col. Bently," just such an honest, uncultured, but strong-natured old pioneer as "Bob Gansett," just such a simple-hearted, trustful old "mother" as "Sarah Gansett," the wife, just such a fool of a Western editor and politician as "Dockery," just such a trifling but good-hearted incompetent as "Old Braley," and just such a repulsive, unbearable "natural cuss" as "Honeycutt."

The style of the author is clear, simple, strong, and throughout as true to nature as life itself, in the language he puts into the mouths of his characters; and there are not a few fine passages in the book, the more striking by reason of their simplicity and transparent truthfulness.

Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport, by John Boyle O'Reilly (Ticknor & Co.). This title strikes us as at once singular and interesting. Gymnastics and poetry were kindred

passions with the classic Greeks; but among moderns, in the light of a more humane civilization, some will question the view that may regard John L. Sullivan and "Charlie" Mitchell champions of a gospel of ethics. Nor is it plain how the genius of John Boyle O'Reilly can safely disport itself on a pegasus of the "Ring." And yet he rides the animal well, for this book is made to good purpose and is well written. It is a handsome octavo of 350 pages. Here and there are illustrations, some of which do not strongly appeal to the æsthetic sense.

The body and mind were made for each other. They live and grow together. The neglect to educate one will leave the other more susceptible to the causes of disease, decay, and death. The chances for healthful happiness and long life are greatest for "the sound mind in a sound body."

But the means of *ethical* culture for either body or mind must be chosen with great care. Physical exercise is indispensable to an approving stomach, pure blood, firm nerves, an erect form, and correct manners. Within such surroundings, with organs that respond readily to the command of the will, the mind may "play" at ease and the conscience have less excuse for vagrancy and self-deception.

The "manly art of self-defense," especially boxing, to become a means of true culture, must be quite separated from the demoralizing conditions that usually attend it. Happily Mr. O'Reilly's book treats the subject of physical exercise in an intelligent and large-minded way, and after the first few chapters on boxing we follow his pages with interest and pleasure. The chapters on the Greek games, their physical culture, etc., are excellent. "Play is the gymnastics of nature," says the author in his Introduction: "and that artificial exercise is best which comes nearest to it in interest and amusement." But the essential quality of *play* is that it brings pleasure, enjoyment, not harm nor suffering.

Considerable space is given to the artificial training of athletes. But considerations of proper food and drink, due alternations of rest with labor, perfect respiration in pure air, full complements of leisure and sleep, are just as important to every man, whatever his occupation, as to the professional gymnast. And, therefore, to every man who would make the most of his intellectual, as well as physical, powers the chapters on training will be found instructive and useful. There is much sound teaching in the chapters on "Exercise for City Dwellers and School Children," and the following portions on "Corpulence, Diet, and Sleep," "Hints for Training" and "Good Health" are full of practical and valuable suggestions. Then comes one of special interest to the

curious student, on "Ancient Irish Athletic Games and Weapons."

The last few chapters of Mr. O'Reilly's book will prove of special interest to the hard-worked denizen of the city who looks eagerly forward to his few weeks of vacation in the summer months and to such restful "play" as will bring renewed health and vigor. And what more fascinating and inspiring pleasure than canoeing on our own beautiful rivers that wind in graceful ways among scenes of ever-varying interest!

Morris's Atalanta, etc. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams and William J. Rolfe. (Ticknor & Co.) This little volume, designed for the use of schools, consists of selections of poems from William Morris's "Earthly Paradise."

The reader familiar with the plan of "The Earthly Paradise" will remember that it "consists in the relation at fortnightly feasts of certain mediæval and classical tales told alternately by wanderers and by men of the 'seed of the Ionian race,' whose guests they have become," and the stories are shaped to accord with the varying seasons of the year. The selections here presented are intended for the spring.

Skillful teachers whose minds are educated up to a fair standard in literary attainments and tastes will not fail to make good use of such admirable books for the culture of their pupils. Fortunately for the youth, the time has gone by when the proper work of the schoolroom was restricted to the "three R's."

The editors of this book of literature for schools have, by a carefully prepared "Introduction," well chosen illustrations, and a full appendix of "Notes," made it a very useful and profitable volume for the study of young scholars. A book designed to be a text-book in literary study for the youth should be perfect to the last degree. This one seems fairly to meet the requirement.

In *Queen Money*, by the author of the "Story of Margaret Kent," (Ticknor & Co.) we have a story excelling even that most interesting one. It deals with somewhat the same phase of New York life as the former story, and surpasses it in brightness and vigor. The sketches of newspaper and other writers, while they may not be actual portraits, yet, have so many of the characteristics of prominent literary people, that one can almost name them, especially "Clayton White." There is a chapter devoted to a dinner party, and one to an afternoon tea, that are as charming bits of writing as it has been our good fortune to read for a long time.

The character studies are admirable, and the conversations are bright, witty and enjoyable. Altogether, the author has written a most readable and interesting book, a worthy companion to "Margaret Kent," and whetted our appetites for more.

The D. Lothrop Company, publishers, have hit upon a plan of making us acquainted with the history of our own country, which, if continued as begun in *The Story of New York*, by Elbridge S. Brooks, will merit a generous patronage. The plan proposes histories of the several States of the Union by different writers, the series to be edited by Mr. Brooks.

The "Story" of the "Empire State," for many good reasons, is a fit beginning; for, although not the first colony settled, it would appear to furnish initial events of the most importance and interest to the whole country. The first decisive battle of the Revolution was won in the Empire State.

Most histories of cities and states are dry reading. Few read them for pastime or pleasure. Mr. Brooks has written an entertaining and very useful book, and one which will, doubtless, be read by young and old with appreciative interest. It should readily find a place in the school libraries everywhere. The hero of the "Story" is of the plain unromantic sort, but his character is one well worthy of study, and the real events and scenes through which his career leads will be found not less thrilling in interest, because actual.

Teunis Jansen, a youth of nineteen, who lands at New Amsterdam in 1657, forms, with his family and descendants, the central figures of the story, and they represent the average citizen, around whom gather the historic facts of the State.

The illustrations of the book, excepting portraits, are original designs by Bridgeman, and are particularly pleasing and suitable, though the one map given seems quite inferior to the general make-up of the book, which, indeed, deserves to be supplied with several good maps showing local changes in the history of the State.

There is added to the "Story," a synopsis of the Constitution of the State, a very full summary of events, chronologically arranged, a list of works that bear upon the history, and a good general index at the close.

A handsome "Library Edition" (cloth, gilt-top) of the novels of Walter Besant and James Rice, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The two volumes before us are *My Little Girl* and *The Golden Butterfly*, the former being already known to a large class

of readers and the latter having been first published in the *London World*. The "Golden Butterfly" is dedicated to Edmund Yates, editor of the *World*. There is a finely etched portrait of Mr. Walter Besant opposite the title-page. The merits of the associated writings of these two authors are so well known and appreciated by the literary public, that very little need be said here. They of course belong to high-class works of fiction, which afford to readers much more than mere pastime and momentary pleasure. A curious freak of nature furnishes the title, "The Golden Butterfly." This story impresses us as one of great power. Its descriptions of Western scenes and characters especially, are life-like, and serve as a strangely interesting introduction to a story whose chief personages with their parts are transferred to the Old World.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have issued two stories in paper covers, by E. P. Roe: *An Original Belle*, which is a new issue of one of Mr. Roe's best novels, and *Found yet Lost*, a short and entertaining story of the war. The sterling, wholesome character of Mr. Roe's writings, their large-hearted patriotism with a generous interest in the misguided South, are well-known to his thousands of readers.

His heroine Marian Vosburgh, in "An Original Belle," too easily perhaps for human nature, in general, relinquishes her coquetry and disposition to trifle with the feelings of her admirers, but the character on the whole is quite conceivable, and finely drawn.

To the mind of the writer, Hobart Martine, in "Found yet Lost," also shows a moral strength quite unusual under the influence of a pure passion that had fairly won a rightful claim to its most desirable object "Helen Kemble."

Quite remarkable, too, is the author's treatment of Captain Nicoll's case, the original lover in "Found yet Lost." He is wounded in "The Wilderness," not fatally, but loses all consciousness of a former life, which is not recovered, not even at sight of "Helen Kemble," until on the verge of death, when the passion of patriotism is made to appear stronger than that of love, and he dies with his last command, "Forward, Company A, Guide Right," on his lips.



THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for June.

THIS month and October ought to be the healthiest of the year in Northern latitudes, and they usually are. Of October I shall speak later, and am delighted that June has come to talk of now.

Winter and frigid spring have departed, and warm airs, so long detained by the way, have reached our waiting land. That everlasting hawking which is caused by nasal catarrh has lessened or is gone with other cold-air accompaniments, and heavy overcoats are packed away for a time.

Let us enjoy the delicious temperature while we have it, for its duration seems to grow shorter every year in our Northern homes; but the pleasure, to be rational and helpful, must be guided by laws of health. With heavy clothing, heavy food should be discontinued. The blood, laden all the winter with carbon that was shut up in our bodies by closed skins, needs thinning down. There is no longer call for great fires within, to keep up vital temperature to its standard; the beneficent sun has come north for that purpose, and carbon may be replaced with lighter fuel in the human laboratory. Fruits, fresh vegetables and the variety of sea food that summer brings to market are all of value, and should be freely eaten, especially in the morning. When stomachs are empty their lining membrane is covered with mucus that ought to be cleared away before food is introduced, and nothing does this better than subacid fruit juices. A couple of oranges eaten before breakfast, as is universally done in tropical climates, is a pick-me-up far more effective and thorough than any stimulant, and one that recommends itself to everybody.

Cherries, strawberries and bananas are equally useful if not equally well liked; and choice may extend to a much larger list. Perhaps there are not many who know that bananas are much better cooked than raw, and nobody who has eaten one baked like a potato will preferably take the fruit natural again. Put it in its skin upon a plate into a quick oven, and when thoroughly soft it is done, the operation requiring about ten minutes. When eaten thus with a little salt, it is delicious, very digestible and very nutritious. Try it.

I am convinced that three hearty meals are too many in warm weather. Absorbents cannot care for so much carbon, and it is not assimilated, remaining an irritative foreign substance until rejected. Breakfast and dinner alone should be complete in this respect; luncheon and supper ought to be very light.

It is essentially necessary to change clothing, but the difference should be in external garments only, at least in material. Neither in warm nor cool weather ought underclothing to be other than woollen, and that is supplied at present of such fineness of texture as to be as soft as silk. With skin well protected in this way, outer garments may conform to our sudden changes with considerable impunity.

I have recently been asked about the climate of the Pacific slope in summer, as a sanitarium, and do not hesitate to pronounce it bad. Dry harsh winds are common, and in larger towns there are constant clouds of dust. The journey thither for people who do not like sea travel is uninteresting and costly, with so little change from the average East that it scarcely pays for the trouble.

Delightful though a steady temperature is, climate is by no means all of travel, even from a health point. These June days, when every thrill of life within us answers to the call of Nature's holiday and longs for an outing, there are few who cannot take an opportunity, however small, to revel in sunshine, free air and the music that sounds from singing trees and brooks.

There is in change of place alone, and of environment, a subtle influence for good that is most potent; an influence felt as keenly by the bootblack coming back from a day at Canarsie as by his more fortunate brother whose longer holiday gives him a journey to historic lands. When drugs fail and doctors despair of cure, a trip away has often proved most effective. Dull eyes brighten in anticipation, and long-absent appetite comes again by thinking of something new to eat.

Maps and guide-books are ransacked for information; trunks and general outfit are hunted up, and I have said *bon voyage* more than once to departing invalids who had been, without this stimulus, on their way to the grave.

So the Calendar wishes that all its readers may have an outing, and holds its own wide experience of travel quite at their disposal to consult.

During warm weather, much attention must be paid to bathing. Pores that have been inactive during winter are thawed out again and at work.

To do their duty they must be kept clear, needing daily care. This matter of bathing cannot be made to fit any rigid rules; for it is rare to find two persons who are affected alike by contact with water in a bath. Some cannot bear cold, others are depressed by

heat, and each must consult his own likes in this important matter. Only, the skin must be completely cleansed once in twenty-four hours, or the neglect will make itself felt in disturbance somewhere in the system. Perhaps a plan that will come nearest to a general one is a warm shower or sponge bath at bedtime, followed by a brisk rubbing with a rough towel. It is essential that soap should be used. Our skins are plentifully supplied with oil, which forms a coating over sweat gland openings that can not readily be started with water alone. A little soap does it at once, and leaves the surface pure, flexible and velvet soft, besides being in its best condition for work.

Where a daily bath of water is not well borne or not obtainable, a good sharp rubbing with a dry towel is next best; but in modern houses there are not many that lack provision for ablution.

For several years I have marked a gradual, steady improvement in the physique of our women, due to a better understanding of physiology and observance of sanitary law. Comparatively few remain who compress vital organs into wasp waists by lacing; sanitary underclothing is more generally worn, and heavy boots with low heels have taken the place of the ridiculous French abominations that once deformed women's feet and ruined their natural gait. False modesty has given place to true with very great gain to female health and corresponding increase of promise for coming generations.

We are training physically the future children when we give their prospective mothers better, stronger bodies; and physicians rejoice with the advent of every plan for further gain in this regard. Systematic out-of-door exercise is the very best prescription that can be given to women during June, and a few hints as to its employment will answer many questions that have been asked me lately.

It is useless and worse, to persist in claiming that physical exercise for men and women should be alike either in degree or kind. In happy, sexless childhood, boys and girls may indeed be allowed the same diversions and muscle training; but when their lives begin to separate by development of sexual instincts (and it is marvellous how early those occasionally manifest themselves), it is no longer practicable nor right to insist upon a similarity of exercise for dissimilar structures. Neither by nature nor by training are men and women alike, and every attempt to make them so in physical capacity only acts injuriously upon the weaker sex. The question is, then:

What summer exercises are best for women; not only for those whose fortunate position gives them exemption from handiwork, but for all, workers and idlers alike?

This very day a lady came to my rooms suffering agony of pain with nervous headache. It had been a perfect specimen of a late spring morning, yet she drove the half mile from her house and came in as feebly as if long an invalid.

"Why, madam, what has tired you so?" I asked, noting her fatigue.

"House-cleaning, doctor. We have been delayed a month, and now everything is in an awful mess at home, and I have had far too much to do with strange people about."

"Have you had any exercise lately?"

"Exercise? What do you mean? Have n't I just told you that I am worn out with work?"

"Yes, I understand that, but exercise is by no means work; it is a sort of play."

"Then please don't mention it now, for I must go back and at it again. Give me something for this awful headache. I can get the prescription filled on my way home."

"Not this one, madam. Tell your driver to go half a mile further up the street, then get out and walk back, taking an hour for the trip. Stop here on your way back and I will have the medicine ready."

A delightful afternoon sun made one of those perfect days that chase away nervousness like smoke before a wind, and when my patient returned the headache had not come with her; it was gone.

"Well, are you ready for the medicine?" I asked.

"Perhaps I had better have it for another attack, doctor; but I am very much better now."

"Yes; you have been exercising, which means invigoration, versus work that is exhaustive. Do you see the difference?"

Women seem to think that house-work, the daily toil which reaches from sun to sun, is sufficient; whereas it is as apart from exercise as labor is from rest, as this incident will show. And yet to be at its best, our exercise must be so regular and systematic as to seem almost like toil. For a general rule, there is no form that does women so much good as walking. The best period is the forenoon, when natural forces are mounting up and carrying weakness upon their tide. After the morning bath and toilette, and one's time will permit the arrangement, an early breakfast of milk and a biscuit should be taken and a start made.

All garments should be loose and easy with double-soled walking boots. If one must go alone, a route should be chosen offering interesting points by the way, which, however, should not be tarried at, the object being to throw into vigorous continued action each muscle-fibre of trunk and legs, thus causing deeper inspiration and more rapid circulation.

Fatigue is necessary, cannot be avoided; but should never be carried to the verge of exhaustion.

A moderately strong woman should commence with a mile as minimum, to be gradually increased to four, and the latter distance should be taken in two hours.

Returning, a rest is necessary, but all clothing should be changed first if any perspiration has occurred.

After an hour, a hearty breakfast may be eaten and our lady is ready for the day's labor, responsibility or society duties, as the case may be.

Horseback riding is advantageous to young women only. After maternity has crowned them it is too violent to be safe, and indeed is rarely attractive. It can never be of equal value hygienically with walking, but may supplement it where circumstances seem to make it desirable.

But for youthful maidens who have learned to ride, there is, in a gallop over a country-road a wild exhilaration that has few equals—when cavaliers are of the chosen band—and it has the immense advantage over walking, that it is expensive. People are always more ready to adhere to costly advice than cheap, especially when they can ill afford it. Riding is as useful in afternoon as in the early day; should not, as a rule, be longer than the two hours allotted for the longest walk, and never should be indulged in with a full stomach. Violent attacks of dyspepsia have followed neglect of the last suggestion.

After watching results from cycling in several cases, I am satisfied that it is not fitted for women. The peculiar motion produces rhythmic contractions of abdominal and pelvic muscles that act unfavorably upon organs to which they are attached, resembling the effect of steady work upon a sewing machine. Much more might be said in this direction were it necessary; but American roads act as so potent a hindrance to widespread tandem riding that it is scarcely likely to demand much medical attention. Nor does the nervous temperament of our women favor its increase. It is too slow, demands too much labor, and lacks the stimulus of accessibility, besides needing a companion. It will not become general.

Lawn tennis is without doubt the best all-round exercise for women in vogue. It combines training of eye and muscle with steady, even, gentle and effective development of lungs and heart capacity, and demands open air. If our girls would only follow examples that have been set them in other countries, and leave off corsets altogether when preparing for the game, there would be but one thing lacking to make it the ideal of female exercise—that is, the equal use of both hands. Tennis has been objected to because it develops one side of the body and not the other; a fault hard to overcome, it is true, but not insurmountable. If the racket is held in each hand in turn for half an hour daily while practice serving is made, less than a month will be required to use both hands at will, an immense advantage in the game, and the body will develop symmetrically.

This objection obtains with far greater force in fencing, a play that is somewhat popular for women in certain cities. Here the right side is almost exclusively used, and only a cursory study of the figure of a swordsman will convince a medical man of the unwisdom of "*la fleurette*" for women. It has the additional disadvantage of being competitive to a degree that usually arouses temper, and of being carried on in close rooms. Like cycling, it is too unlikely to spread widely to need much attention here.

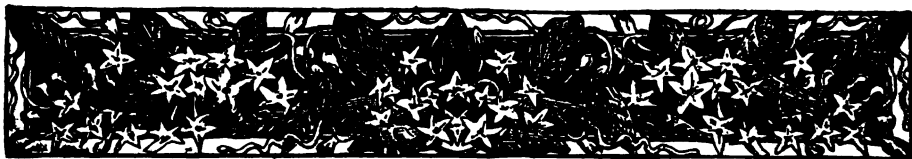
Rowing is undeniably good. Every muscle of the body is regularly and synchronously exercised, and development proceeds with symmetrical regularity, while over-fatigue is avoided by the many rests called for by lovely scenery or other interruptions.

Nothing can be pleasanter, "more fun," than a boating trip upon some pretty river, where the company is equally divided as to sex and the weather is auspicious.

In whatever form our women exercise, however, it should be said that perseverance is a main factor.

To walk a mile to-day and rest to-morrow because muscles are tired and ache a little, is unscientific. Better begin small, and steadily increase. It is absolute regularity that tells in this as in every other form of cure.

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.



TIMELY TOPICS.*

Country Home vs. Country Boarding.

SHALL we board, or shall we rent a small cottage? This is a question often asked just now by those contemplating spending the summer in the country. Some ladies look forward to the country as a playground, and think the cares of housekeeping are to be left with the cobble-stones. These are content to endure the discomforts of boarding for its attendant leisure. Under no circumstances can a family with children be absolutely comfortable at a boarding-house. No reflection, however, is intended on well-managed country boarding-houses; many of them are admirably kept, and are to an extent something like home. To an extent only; for there is a freedom, an enjoyment about a country home that the boarder can never experience. Then there are a great many people who advertise for summer boardings without the most remote idea of making their guests comfortable. In fact, they have not the means nor the advantages to do so, had they the best ideas in the world. They buy their groceries at a second-rate country store; have no chickens on the place, and therefore no eggs; and there is possibly an ill-kept garden which produces nothing. In this case the boarder eats vegetables and chickens from the market-house in the city; and drinks milk brought to him by the same milkman who furnished it to him there. He really profits naught by his exchange of comfort for discomfort, save in breathing pure air; and there is a very fair chance of that not being as pure as he breathed in the city.

The privations and discomforts endured by seekers after health and happiness in country boarding-houses are great. The house is often lonesome, the surroundings dirty, the host and hostess uncongenial; there are no books and few newspapers; from the porch you gaze on the one side at the barnyard, and on the other at a monotonous stubblefield; your children get mixed up with horned cattle; your room is in a garret—and where is there a hotter place than a country garret after the sun has glared a long summer's day on the shingles?

If you will board, you can always find somebody of reduced circumstances with a boarding house. Here you will be obliged to pay a large amount, but you will live, you will find pleasant people around you, and the table will remind you of your own.

If you wish to live retired, seek out a large farm where chickens and cows are

kept; where the hostess is clean and pleasant, and where the host has an idea about the laws of health in the arrangement of barn and cesspool. Do not be inveigled by advertisements; if you cannot find comfort in the country, keep the comfort you had in the town, and be thankful.

But why board at all? On the course of every railroad leading through our large cities, whole rows of suburban cottages are springing up. Cozy little cottages they are, with from one and a half to two acres of land attached, and renting for say three hundred dollars per annum.

Why not take one of these?

"Too expensive; can't possibly afford it; don't want a house for a year; don't want to pay a gardener twenty dollars a month, nor pay fifty dollars for a cow. No; out of the question!"

Notwithstanding your positive position, the question may be argued. The rent can be reduced, and you need not keep the house for a year. You take it for twelve months from the first of May, and you propose leaving the first of October. There will be seven months during which the house will be unoccupied. Now, about the middle of August offer to rent your house to some clever laboring man for seven dollars a month. Between that time and the first of October you will find several who will be glad to get such comfortable winter quarters for so little money. Rent your house to the clever laborer. He won't hurt it. Two days, a woman and a scrubbing brush will make it as clean as a new pin if you resolve to return next May; and you have reduced your rent to \$250.

Now as to the gardener: you don't want him, for you don't want a garden.

"A country-place without a garden is something like the play of 'Hamlet' minus *Hamlet*," you say.

It is, somewhat; a garden is a very pleasant thing, but, like many other things, it is expensive unless you do all the gardening yourself, which would be as likely to result in sunstroke as in any very remarkable vegetable productions. In your neighborhood there are a number of people who have gardens; and these people will be glad to sell you what vegetables you need, as cheap as you could possibly raise them, and with much less expenditure of worry and vexation. Besides, if you have only two acres you have no room for a garden; you need the grass as pasture for your cow.

"Keep a cow, and dispense with a garden?"

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

Certainly. It is astonishing the amount of happiness that can be drawn from a cow. A family may be able to do with two quarts of milk, but the same family will just as easily consume eight and be all the better for it. Besides, no matter from whom you buy your milk you cannot feel that sense of security which is felt by the owner of a cow.

"But a cow is a very expensive luxury for a few months!" Not if properly purchased. Go to a cow-dealer in the neighborhood and ask him for a fairly good animal, and he, for forty dollars, will supply you with as good a one as you require. Then tell him you will take the cow providing he will agree to buy her back at the end of the summer. There will be no difficulty in arranging such a bargain, and he will give you a guarantee to pay you twenty-five dollars for the cow at the close of the season. As you are very likely averse to milking the animal yourself, you must have help. For eight dollars a month you can secure the services of a half-grown boy who will be able to do all the chores about the place. During the summer the cost of keeping a cow is very little. Having no garden, you have ample pasturage for her, and a dollar a week will buy her other feed.

Then you want chickens. As these can be sold in the fall for what you paid for them in the spring, the cost will be practically nothing; and the comfort in the shape of eggs and young chickens will pay an enormous interest on the investment.

Now let us look at a few figures:

Dr. Rent of country place, a year,	\$300
Cost of half-grown boy, 5 months, at \$8,	40
Cost of cook, 5 10,	50
Cost of living, including only those provisions which a boarder would not be obliged to purchase, at \$10 per week,	200
Cost of cow,	50
Cost of feeding cow, at \$1 a week,	20
Gross cost,	\$660
Cr. Amount received for renting place 7 months, at \$7,	\$49
Returned for cow,	25
Net cost of renting country-place for 5 months,	\$586

This is a very fair calculation. Many such places may be rented for two hundred dollars a year, and all the other sums in the above table ought to exceed the requirements of an ordinary family.

Now, suppose you board. If you go to a first-class place where congenial company and good table and accommodations are a certainty, you will have to pay from \$18 to \$20 a week. Boarding-houses where you can be very uncomfortable can be found for as little as seven dollars a week; and so a very fair medium ought to be secured at \$10 for adults and half price for children and nurse. At this rate your board, with a few necessary extras, will amount to \$550 for five

months, which would show only a difference of \$36 in favor of boarding.

But the \$36 fades away when you add to the credit of your country-place account one hundred dollars worth of comfort—a small amount when you consider the inestimable advantage of the privacy of the grounds, the freedom of your children to romp and run about without getting into a general *melée* with other children, and, above all, the power of looking after the sanitary condition of cellar and surroundings.

At a hundred dollars increased expense, a country home for five months is cheap, compared with the discomforts of a boarding-house.

Jas. C. Plummer.

Public School Supervision.

THE schools of the country have been made what they are chiefly by the intelligent efforts of the teachers themselves.

Boards of Education and school officers, other than professional educators, such as superintendents, principals of primary, grammar, high and normal schools, have done very little towards the improvement in the methods of teaching, text-books, schoolroom helps, apparatus, etc.; indeed they do well if they duly appreciate the services of qualified teachers and properly second their endeavors to keep in advance of a rapidly developing civilization. For, the true teacher must, in an important sense, lead society. He must prepare the minds of a new generation for advance work in which there will be elements of thought, and science, and art, not yet given definitive expression. It may be doubted, indeed, whether there are many such prophets, gifted with power to see what may be the products of causes and tendencies at the present stirring in human affairs. The circumstances require that there should be some. These are the true "leading educators." They should be sought out, and set in high places.

Educational reforms, in many instances, have first found expression in professional meetings—teachers' conventions and institutes, state and national.

Of course, literature and art naturally spring up and thrive superficially where wealth accumulates, but they take deep root, flourish and abide permanently, only in communities where the masses of the people are so cultivated as to value and duly appreciate them.

The teachers in the public schools should be known as foremost in all pursuits that pertain to the culture and refinement of society.

The truth is, that here, in this great city of magnificent prospects and ambitious charities, the high art of teaching is but poorly appreciated, even by those who are especially

entrusted with its promotion. For a teacher's pay is measured, not by the skill with which she plies her art, but by the number of heads she can muster at roll-call.

There is no more important work to be done for the community than this one of education. There is none more difficult and delicate. From Socrates down, minds of the best quality have esteemed it a becoming vocation.

A capable, skillful teacher has, by virtue of these qualities, more than an ordinary mind. And this is equally true, from first to last, of those who teach the youngest members of the primary classes, as well as of those who put the finishing touches to the education of a graduate from the university curriculum. None but the best minds should be employed to do any part of the work of teaching. And their services should be more highly appreciated than those of any other class in the community.

But public instruction in the towns and cities of the country is becoming more and more an organized labor. It is not merely the work of a single instructor with an individual mind, guiding it through all the steps of its progressive course, but of many teachers suiting their efforts to many minds at the different stages of their intellectual advancement.

A well organized and classified school, complete in all its appointments, and manned with thoroughly qualified teachers is one of the finest products of a democratic civilization. A group of such schools under one management, or supervision, constitutes a city system of schools, and the work of directing and controlling such a system is the most difficult duty in the business of education. The function of supervision is comparatively new in the history of education, and its importance has developed very rapidly in the past few years.

New York.

C.

OPEN LETTERS.

Is Mr. Ingersoll an Atheist?

I HAVE often heard it stated that Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll, the orator, is not so much an atheist as he is a *professional* atheist, and the concluding paragraph of his recent eulogy of the departed Roscoe Conkling would seem decidedly to bear out this statement. The paragraph referred to is appended, the Italics, of course, being mine:

And as he (Mr. Conkling) lived, he died. Proudly he entered the darkness—or the dawn—that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the utmost reach of human harm or help—to that vast realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell; and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man, who bowed alone to death.

Evidently, Mr. Ingersoll believes in something beyond the grave.

New York.

E. D. A.

About Sensational Preaching.

I THINK that the department in the AMERICAN MAGAZINE called the "American Pulpit" is an exceedingly valuable feature. What is wanted now-a-days is a religion that will enter into our daily life and business, and yet not so obtrude itself as to become obnoxious. Still there seems to be rather a tendency to give preference to sensational religious matter in your columns; and, in regard to this, I desire to enter a protest.

It does to me appear a very open question whether the beneficial results of the efforts of sensational preachers are at all comparable with those of the pious, industrious, steady-going ministers of the Gospel. I will grant

that a sensational minister does "draw a crowd." I will further admit that many of the crowd he draws would not otherwise go to church. These are, however, I think, the only advantages that are usually claimed for sensational preaching. One of the many points against sensationalism in the pulpit is that it has a tendency to undermine your confidence in the minister's sincerity. When you perceive him going out of his way to make a point seemingly on the spur of the moment, for his congregation either to laugh at or applaud—and if the applause does not come readily, he will stand still and wait for it; and when you are informed that the same spontaneous (?) point has been studied out a week before and sent to newspapers to be published as a telegram on the Monday morning—such a man, to my mind, seems to be seeking an immediate result from his work, rather than in pursuing a doctrine of love of God and love of fellow-men, and waiting for his reward in another and better world. I have been to a church of a sensational minister when the sermon has been a secondary matter; when the advertisement of a summer excursion has almost taken more time than the sermon, and yet the congregation appeared to be perfectly satisfied.

Now, when I go to church I believe in going for the good of my soul; and when I see in my favorite magazine a department so valuable and so capable of producing good results, I do not, as I said before, believe in seeing its beneficial effects nullified without entering my protest.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. J. S.

"Mumps is, or Mumps Are."

WE were sitting in our pleasant breakfast room, at Ashburn on the Hudson, one balmy morning in the summer of 1881, when the morning newspaper was brought in, and immediately each member of the home circle was alert. The heart of the whole nation was aching, for the beloved President, James A. Garfield, was hanging between life and death, and news of his condition was the first inquiry on the arrival of the daily papers.

While we were discussing the case, the dear mother said, "I should judge from this that mumps is malarious."

"What!" we exclaimed, "mumps is; why, mother, we have caught you at last!"

Now, mother was an authority on the use of language, so we immediately began to discuss the pros and cons, and after careful deliberation the writer was the only one to adhere to the plural verb.

Later in the day some Vassar graduates happened in, and the question was submitted to them, and was again decided in favor of *is*. Now, the verdict of a Vassar graduate is deemed as all-sufficient as was Cæsar's decree, but the writer was nothing if not obstinate, and she determined to ascertain what scholars generally thought of the matter, trivial as it was, and so she wrote to several gentlemen whose authority is undeniable; and these are the answers she received, which show, in a humble way, that there are

"MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS."

Dear —As the mumps commonly or frequently at least affect both sides, I should, as I have here done, complete the word with a plural verb. I don't think you would say, "My scissors is used to cut out an autograph," but "My scissors are used for that purpose."—Yours very truly,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Beverly Farms, Mass., Sept. 23, 1881.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Sept. 14, 1881.

That *mumps* as the name of a disease is a singular noun hardly admits of question. You might as soon call *measles* or *molasses* plural because they terminate in *s*.

I suppose I am only asked my opinion, and not the reasons for it.

S. L. CALDWELL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1881.

Dear Madam—Both Webster and Worcester agree that the word "mumps" is plural, and it ought to be used with a verb of the same number.—Yours very truly,

J. G. HOLLAND.

WEST-NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.,

Oct. 17, 1881.

Dear Madam—Mumps is undoubtedly a noun in the singular number, like politics.

The singular verb in both cases is correct, although it sounds incorrectly.—Truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
Boston, Oct. 10, 1881.

My Dear Madam—I am the last person to be an authority in the question you put.

You have good quotations as authorities on either side. I remembered as I opened your note, Pope's lines in the Rape of the Lock—

"Let spades be trumps, she cried,
And trumps they were."

But, on the other hand, I find in Dr. Johnson's dictionary that he quotes Swift, who is a good authority—

"She scarce remembers what *is* trumps."

The modern use, I should suppose, would be given in the modern books.—Very truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

29 WAVERLY PLACE, NEW YORK,

October 30, 1881.

Dear Madam—Your card of inquiry came when I was out of town, and has been mislaid until now among my papers.

The question to which it relates is one of grammar, a subject to which I have given no special attention, in regard to which I do not feel competent to speak, and I am therefore unable to give myself the pleasure of rendering you even the slightest service.

I shall venture to say only that the point in dispute seems to me of no importance.

Regretting that the nature of the communication with which you have honored me necessitates such an unsatisfactory reply to a lady's inquiry, I am, dear madam, yours very truly and respectfully,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK,

October 5, 1881.

Dear Madam—Reaching home after a protracted absence, I find on my desk your note of Sept. 12th, asking my opinion as to the question whether or not it is correct to say—

"The mumps is a malarious disease."

The view which the translators of our English Bible took of a question entirely analogous may be inferred from their employing in Rom. vi. 23, the expression,

"The wages of sin is death."

We also say, with entire propriety—

"The most effectual means of grace is prayer."

If in cases like these we are to be fettered by the technical rules of grammar, sentences such as the foregoing are incorrect, since the nouns *wages*, *means* and *mumps* are plural in form.

But in these instances logic must overrule grammar. The ideas are logically singular. The expressions, in fact, define them to be so; and to say that—

"The wages of sin are death," or that

"The mumps are a malarious disease,"

is a logical solecism, and an offence to the understanding.

Whether this decision is in harmony with your anticipations, I am unable to conjecture; but if my opinion is at variance with yours, I shall be sorry.—I am, very respectfully, dear madam, your most obedient servant,

F. A. P. BARNARD.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.,

Sept. 15, 1881.

My Dear Madam—I should say "The mumps is, rather than are, an affection or disease." See in Webster, under *mathematics*, for examples, also *metaphysics*, although the cases are not entirely analogous.

Very truly,

N. PORTER.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 3, 1881.

Dear —I don't think any one can settle the class of perplexing questions to which you refer. The "mumps," like other diseases in plural form (as "hives" and "heaves") are called plural by Worcester and Webster, and I should rather use the plural than the singular verb; but I should not censure anyone for using the singular; and, indeed, I myself should avoid, if possible, doing either (as I often avoid it with "nouns of multitude"), by so constructing the sentence as to evade the problem. Thus: The disease called mumps is rarely fatal, but is in general pernicious, and has no merit except that it once brought me a note from —. Very truly yours,

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1881.

Dear Madam—I can decide that without any trouble; not upon my own authority, but upon a higher and a better than mine. For instance: Above our chiefest fireplace, at home, in Hartford, is this sentence, cut in enduring brass; and, mind you, it is from Emerson: "The Ornament of a house is the Friends who frequent it."

You perceive, now, that Mr. Emerson would say, "The curse of a house is the mumps who frequent it, especially if they is malarious.—Yours truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

This all-important discussion in time occasioned this item in the *New York Tribune*:

A fastidious girl has written to the presidents of the principal colleges in this country to inquire whether she should say "mumps is" or "mumps are." Some of the presidents spoke feelingly of "one mump," while others were tenacious of "one mumps." It is strange that authorities differ on such vital questions.

While the writer was trying to rally from so severe an attack as the above, she was handed a

SONNET ON THE MUMPS.

"Is" or "Are."

A young lady who lives near our city,
And considered both charming and witty;
Wants to know if the mumps
Is caught like the dums,
Or are they considered more "atty"?
To all the great wits this young lady has writ,
Asking "Is mumps, or are mumps, more proper?"
But none can be found in the colleges around
To settle the question and stop her.
So she's wasting away
And grows thin day by day
Puzzling over this question so grave;
So help if you can,
Be you woman or man,
This charming young lady to save.

A year later, when the subject in question had passed entirely from mind, the following letter was received from a daughter of that grand old man eloquent, whose voice was then hushed:

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 15, 1882.

My Dear Madam—I have found this letter among my father's papers.

I do not know what it contains, nor why it was never sent, but forward it to you, hoping it may reach you safely.—Truly yours,

AJICE M. LONGFELLOW.

Tenderly was the letter opened, and the words came to mind at once that "he being dead, yet speaketh."

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 14, 1881.

Dear Madam—As the word is plural, and has no singular, one must of necessity say *are*, and not *is*.—
Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Truly may we wonder what shall be done "when doctors disagree," and perhaps trivial as the matter in question was, it is illustrative of the wide diversity in men's thoughts.

Ignoramus.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Art of Entertaining.

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

SOCIAL entertainment in Washington differs from that in any other city in the country, on account of the cosmopolitan character of the people who reside in the Capitol City, and the interest that is shown in all they say and do. In no city are there so many elements that can be combined to make the social feature of life brilliant and pleasant. Every state sends her representative men and women; all nations send theirs. And while the title of Ambassador is not heard among the diplomats, it makes no difference in the personnel of the ministers, who must be men of the highest character to sustain the dignity of their countries. Ministers who have distinguished themselves in the diplomatic service in this country have been promoted to the title of Ambassador, and transferred to places less pleasing to them than the Republic of America. While the absurd idea that foreign ministers to this great republic represent the person of their sovereign obtains, great injustice will be done to them and also to our representatives abroad. The representative of the very smallest kingdom outranks an American minister in diplomatic courtesy at foreign courts, because this is a republic, while they must sustain royalty no matter how infinitesimal the kingdom.

Foreign ministers, however, after coming here are not long in recognizing the importance of our country and in no sense under-rate us either socially or politically. Their

duties are very light, and they really have little else to do but to enjoy the interchange of courtesies in society.

They demand the most scrupulous observance of the stereotyped rules of etiquette, and watch with scrutiny every attention and inattention to them. A failure to seat a member of the corps or his wife in the precise seat belonging to his or her rank at the table, would, probably, destroy the pleasure of the occasion. Not one inch further from the host or hostess than belonged to the country they represent would be tolerated. The placing of the diplomats in line to be presented on occasions of ceremony must be done in strict observance of rank and importance of each. Hence, persons dining or entertaining these dignitaries must first post themselves accurately on the status of every kingdom, province and principality, if they expect to give their guests pleasure and to avoid a scene, such as has characterized occasions where "second-class South America" has occupied positions a few paces above "first-class Europe," or where little European provinces have been given more conspicuous places than greater kingdoms.

On one occasion a dinner came near ending at the very beginning, because a lady of the corps had not been properly assigned. Hence comes the necessity for ambitious entertainers to study the whole question of official gradations—national and international.

The first absolute requisite for success in entertaining people and adding to the pleasures of life is to have a kind heart and to

desire really to make others happy, and not to be prompted by a wish to display our possessions for the unsatisfactory gratification of having them admired in our presence, and the source from which they were obtained and our taste criticised in our absence.

Money will buy elegant appointments and secure the services of professional caterers and servants. Your preparations and provisions may be bountiful and of the rarest quality, but if vulgarity and the arrogance of wealth are the host and hostess, little pleasure or profit will be given to the guests. Social intercourse or the exchange of civilities should be solely for the betterment and refinement of mankind, and if the status of such is not based upon a high sense of delicacy and cultivation, the results must be fruitless.

A knowledge of human nature is also important in the grouping of people. A wise entertainer knows the abilities of his friends and acquaintances, and would not invite Cassius-like friends, with aversion to music in their souls, to a musicale, even though a Rubenstein was to play and a Patti to sing. Neither would he invite the bigot in religion to meet a rival one of another school, nor an apostle of Voltaire expecting pleasure from the discussion sure to arise. Nor would he bid political antipodes to attend a "conversation" on government affairs, without expecting warm words and unpleasant clashing of opinions. Neither would such invite the brightest lights of the dramatic world to meet those whose religious scruples prompt them to look upon the drama as a satanic invention for the destruction of human souls. Nor would it do to invite the merry, light-hearted, youthful Terpsichorean to meet the sages of the Court and the Senate, knowing intuitively that there could be nothing congenial between the dignity and thoughtfulness of the one and the frivolity and merriment of the other. A correct regard for the taste and weaknesses of one's guests must be considered, to bring only congenial people together as far as it is possible to do so.

In official entertaining, hosts have no discretion, and are in no wise responsible for the juxtaposition of discordant elements. The rules of official etiquette fix the position of rank and privilege in the social world, and consequently the unavoidable and incongruous grouping, and unpleasant incidents that sometimes occur. On one occasion, while Mr. Fish was Secretary of State, in the observance of these laws two ladies were seated at table with a distinguished Senator between them. The ladies were not on speaking terms (a fact unknown to the host and hostess), and the Senator and the

husband of one of the ladies were the bitterest of foes. It was, however, known to many around the board that the lady shared her husband's antipathy to the Senator; and as she was not of a specially amiable disposition, it can be imagined that the torture of that dinner of three long hours was never forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish understood pre-eminently the art of entertaining; no other persons have ever surpassed them in Washington; by common consent they were the leaders of society as long as they remained in the city.

Recollections of their dinners, receptions and parties will be recalled many years hence as the most delightful ever given in the national capital; by their ample fortune, exquisite taste and genuine hospitality they did more to elevate society and harmonise factions than any others before or since. During the last years of their residence, dignitaries from the Old World and every part of the country spent much time in Washington; and President Grant felt sure that his Secretary of State and his queenly wife would dispense such hospitality and attentions as would keep America in the front rank of refined nations.

Mrs. Fish was most punctilious in making every call obligatory upon her as wife of the Secretary of State. This position since Jefferson's time has been considered that of the leading lady in official society, and upon whom has always devolved much of the responsibility of social matters in every administration. Mrs. Fish never hesitated to decide questions arising, and in more than one instance, displayed consummate tact and the fine qualities of her head and heart.

The host and hostess can do much by the exercise of a little skill in adjusting official affairs, so that the different elements thrown together may enjoy such occasions and forget to be annoyed by the presence of some "evil genius." They can provide something for each guest to do; some special person for them to see and talk to; and, if possible, opportunity should be given to display some talent or accomplishment they may possess in a marked degree, thereby giving pleasure to the company and gratifying the pardonable pride of the gifted. Care should be taken, however, not to allow guests to be bored by the overweening conceit of others.

Many persons feel that plenty of money is absolutely necessary to be able to entertain one's friends. That it is a great convenience there is no denying, but that because you have not the income of the millionaire, and cannot set before your guests priceless refreshments, served in sparkling crystal and shining silver, you must forego the pleasure of the rich feasts of reason and the delights of genial companionship is a mistake.

In Washington especially there is the most striking illustration of wealth of brains and poverty of purse. There are many persons here whose presence at companies is eagerly sought, because of their fascinating manners, entertaining accomplishments and engaging conversation. They are unable to return the compliment of a like courtesy, and yet are made to feel they have honored their hosts and canceled all obligations by accepting the invitation.

Many official and private houses are the scenes of beautiful and charming assemblages of the most gifted and cultured people. There the best talents are brought out for the pleasure and entertainment of the fortunate company. Wise statesmen, eminent judges, able writers, brilliant correspondents are made to forget the drudgery of their professions and to enjoy these intellectual feasts and delightful recreations. They are the simplest in appointment and character of refreshments, these being matters of secondary consideration. The former prevailing idea that the acme of hospitality was reached through the culinary department, and that to make men happy you must feed them abundantly is happily changing; the cordial and unaffected greeting of the host and hostess, their sincere desire to contribute to the happiness of their friends, making amends for any shortcomings in the decorations of the house or the brevity of the menu.

An ability to recognise people and recall something of their achievements or history, if they have one, is of incalculable value to the possessors, by enabling them to place guests at perfect ease, in assuring them they are not unknown and insignificant in the estimation of the host or hostess. No one is so dull as not to value being remembered

among the multitude that go to make up the catalogue of persons one meets in society. This is a gift, and cannot always be acquired, but much can be accomplished by an effort in that direction. General Grant had in a wonderful degree this power of memory, recalling instantly the time and place he first met persons, though many years may have elapsed. The suggestion of a name to him would at once recall the party's history and service, if there was anything connected with them that had been known or worth remembering.

Washington, like other cities, has its entertainers whose pathway to polite society is paved by ducats, and whose ostentatious displays, ridiculous mistakes, and absurd remarks have amused society and furnished rich material for caustic correspondents. There are always plenty of people ready to eat their delicious dinners, drink their luscious wines, admire their gorgeous surroundings; and, after, electrify their friends by telling the absurdities of mine host. In other respects these plutocrats have done good service by taking upon themselves the entertainment of the Matthew Arnolds and other captious foreigners who visit this country, accept attentions and go back to their homes and criticise American society, ignorant of the fact that our most accomplished people have given them no opportunity to accept their hospitality and repay it with ridicule.

Americans are ever generous, and guests are given hearty greeting and most perfect freedom in their homes. They are expected to accept these attentions in the spirit in which they are extended, and to enjoy them in the fullest sense of the word. But it is hardly anticipated that criticism will be offered in return for their generosity.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

The Need of Courtesy.

We will readily understand that society needs its law as well as the physical world. Law becomes necessary for mankind. Courtesy is a law by which the individual may regulate his conduct towards others.

Society is dependent on the law for its regulation, and as enlightenment and refinement advance, courtesy spreads her influence and is productive of much good. There are many rugged points in our character which must be smoothed, many unpolished expressions for which the polished must be given. One must pass through a school of etiquette, as he must pass through a school of elementary studies. No man is born a gentleman; he may have gentlemanly instincts absorbed from

his surroundings—but he must pass through this school. The result of religious teaching is to make its devotees courteous. Christ taught and acted out fully the spirit of courtesy. The Christian influence should make one gentle and kind, persuasive and considerate, hospitable and generous. It thus tones down the whole nature by purifying the thoughts and removing selfishness from the heart.

Courtesy is a Christian grace. Naturally men are uncouth as they are illiterate. There is a *fashion* courtesy which controls some, but is proud, deceitful, artificial. It raises its head above the poor man, although he may be ever so true and honest, and bows obsequiously to the proud creature displaying wealth in gaudy externals. Many are carried

away with it. It may belong to courts, or kings in their intercourse with their subjects, or even to sycophants. But that which is kingly or courtly is not always refinement. Parliamentary courtesy is often substituted by ruffianism; the courtly gentleman absorbed by the repulsive rowdy, and respect for authority is extorted by an appeal to the sheriff or a threat of the law. And a king, as he enjoys his ease, accompanied by agreeable courtiers, throws aside restraint and plays the part of the uncouth. Such courtesy is time-serving. It meets one with a smile, another with a cold bow. It extends the hand of fellowship to one of wealth or power, and disregards all others. It is selfish. All that tends to advance self it lays hold of. Cold and morose to all through whom it cannot display self, and also to those whom it cannot use as a pedestal to lift itself—it marches through the world with its many followers. It is sham to the heart and is seen where fashion rules; where the dupes of fashion are, there is this courtesy dressed in a most pleasing and fascinating garb, feigning virtue and assuming merit's power.

In our contact with the world—hurrying and bustling, with soiled hands and faces, worried minds and tired bodies—nothing is more refreshing and salutary than the sweet courtesy of the home and the kind attention of friends and relations. It is breathing another atmosphere, living upon another earth. We have then entered the sacred precincts where courtesy is the ruling goddess, her law supreme, her presence felt, and we have closed the doors of the store and office behind us and for a while have left the scrambling world.

A pleasant manner is very necessary to help us on in life, and to make it agreeable for those with whom we are thrown. "Virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner," says Bishop Middleton.

There is nothing which bars the doors of hearts so soon and so fast as rudeness and gruffness, and there is nothing that throws them so wide open as kindness and suavity of manner.

We must admire the man of whom it has been said "I cannot say whether he were truly magnanimous or less proud; he never disdained the meanest person, nor flattered the greatest; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the honest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest laborers."

Courtesy is the fruit of the character. It will not allow one to assume to be better or richer than his neighbor. It forbids prattling about self, talking shop or even religion at inopportune times. It will not impose on good-nature at the social or dinner party by a ring of changes on questions which are not agreeable to all.

There is nothing more acceptable to all classes than a kind, affable, courteous behavior, and it can be practiced by all, in the workshop or the home. And the one who is courteous will exercise a very good influence over those above him. We remember that it was said of Benjamin Franklin that he reformed the habits of an entire workshop.

Courteous men and women undoubtedly keep society in a healthy condition. They bear sunshine with them, and smiles greet them. And how revolutionary in its effects upon society is the discourteous one!

Railroad traveling discloses the true nature of persons about you. Gentleness and delicacy are then put to the test, and if they stand it you may rely upon them as genuine.

Some study uncouthness, like to be eccentric; others have rough manners, but warm, sympathetic, kind hearts. Among those we may mention John Knox and Martin Luther. They became impatient with the times, and were treated most roughly by men—Knox served nineteen months in the galleys as a punishment for his opinions, and Luther was maligned and threatened. They were bold, defiant, and determined men, and withal strong in faith and sincerity. Dr. Johnson, who lived 200 years later, was rude and gruff in his manners. His experience in life was a sad one, and he was given to spells of great melancholy. Poverty made him sour and bitter. It is said that he and Savage strolled the streets together, unable to raise money for a bed or a cracker. And the wounds he received at such a time were never healed. He was called the "Ursa Major," "but no man has a more tender heart, he has nothing of the bear about him but his skin" (Goldsmith). With all his harshness and dogmatic manner, when himself, he was courteous, and *always* tender-hearted. He asserted the principle, "A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than act one," and then to make it more forcible, added: "*No more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.*"

There are many complaints of our American representatives abroad, and it has been said that some of them had been wanting in the commonest courtesies of society. After making all allowances for the "youth of our country," we cannot understand why our statesmen and leaders should not be polished men, and adroit in parliamentary etiquette. It should be as carefully taught in our schools as any branch of culture. Roughness is inexcusable in any one but the very ignorant. Politeness and delicate expression should be studied and observed. We do not boast of pioneer life, and would not advise our young men to imitate it. We are proud of gentility and regard it as a mark of culture. We would rather punish a boy for a rude word or act

than for an imperfect lesson. Courtliness is becoming in the young man, and lady-like behavior in the young girl. We would frown down coarseness in any, and censure brusqueness as unbecoming. We do not know why the wild, ravenous eagle, should be our national emblem. The freeness and nonchalance of Young America is not commendable, and if not corrected will seriously debar the growth of courtesy. It may have been once praiseworthy to boast, in self-cultured men, but we hope that time has passed. With the number of colleges and universities in our land, and the excellent system of public

school instruction, homes should not only be marked with genial and polite manners, but also adorned by beauty and taste, with libraries of selected books, and objects of art. Education, being compulsory, will be diffused and thus prepare the way for the amenities of life. The true and beautiful, the elevated and delicate should be studied, and the practical will be sure to find its place. If courtesy were observed as a high art in the various departments of daily life, our people would be the happier, and our national character more commanding.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. Wm. Leacock.

THE PORTFOLIO.

Doctors Tuttle and Cox.



OMPOUS little Doctor Tuttle has argued that the first step toward securing a wealthy class of patients was—to use his words—“the external assumption of wealthy conditions.”

Dr. Cox was not practical, and so assumed those conditions unsparingly. When his partner arrived at the new house, he was shown into rather handsome apartments.

“Good, indeed!” exclaimed Dr. Tuttle approvingly.

“There is a stable close by,” said Dr. Cox in a gratified tone, “and I have purchased a horse and coupé.”

“Excellent, excellent,” cried the little man. “You have a driver, too, of course. I suppose you have about exhausted our resources.”

Dr. Cox blushed painfully.

“Certainly,” said he; “in fact, we are a little in debt for those chairs.”

“Ah, well!” said the little doctor cheerily.

“But it isn’t well,” burst out the big man impetuously. “I have no driver. I don’t see how I could, but I forgot him.”

The little doctor whistled softly. Here was a quandary. Dr. Cox paced up and down the room with long strides, glancing at every turn toward his partner with comical helplessness. Dr. Tuttle gazed through the window and the veins in his forehead began to swell with his intensity of thought.

They were an odd pair—these doctors. They had been playmates in childhood, desk-mates at school, room-mates at college, and now they were partners for life. The wonder was what knit them together so closely. Perhaps it was the attraction of opposites or simply the effect of time which had been dove-tailing their incongruities since the bond

was executed between them away back in the uncalculating age of childhood. In truth they were unlike. Dr. Cox was very tall, very nervous and very fair. Dr. Tuttle ridiculously small, self-composed and dark. When they walked on the street together people turned to look at them, and the ludicrous contrast between the big and the little man seemed to strike everybody except Tuttle and Cox.

Neither seemed to possess the supremacy that one of the people long in close intimacy usually obtains, and their mutual dependence was amusing. Apart, each was like the odd half of a pair of scissors. Together, they could solve the most vexed question, as uniquely sometimes as they settled this.

Presently Dr. Tuttle turned from the window and Dr. Cox read success in the little man's eye. A moment later the two partners were wringing each other by the hand.

Every morning thereafter the little physician was hurried from his house by a monster driver, and in the afternoon the big doctor was driven away by a pygmy jehu. That each had a different coachman and that each had selected his physical complement was considered a strikingly consistent eccentricity. As disguise was easy, no one ever suspected that they were driving each other into prosperity.

For prosperity came rapidly. Never were men more energetic, sympathetic and conscientious than these two. They were charitable, too, and fearless. Their many good deeds did not, however, become known until there occurred an incident which gave them publicity. One night so dark that the snow fell unseen to the ground, Dr. Tuttle was trudging along with a white bundle in his arms, when a policeman halted him under a gas-post.

"What have you got there?" asked the officer sharply.

The little doctor threw back the white shroud, and the gas-light fell across the dead face of a child. "Diphtheria," he said quietly.

The policeman turned hastily away, and the doctor went on with his burden. But the story was told at police head-quarters, and afterwards printed in the newspapers, with the added particulars that alone and uncompensated the little physician was attending a whole family that had been stricken down with diphtheria, and that he had borne the child away in the dead of the night to prevent further contagion. Other charitable work that the partners had performed jointly was also mentioned; and, thereafter, they received full credit for the possession of something more than personal eccentricities.

Within two or three years their liveries were laid away as mementoes of hard times;

and, indefatigable as they were, both were over-burdened with work. In fact, they were doing too much.

Dr. Cox had grown perceptibly paler and thinner, while a shade of weariness had crept over his small partner's dignity. At last, one morning in the office, Dr. Tuttle mentioned the matter in a weighty fashion, so natural with him that nobody who knew him ever thought it absurd. Each had just received and opened a letter. Dr. Tuttle sat before the fire, looking into it earnestly. Dr. Cox was at the table, resting his chin on one hand, and swinging one of his long, thin legs over the other like a pendulum.

"Tom," said Dr. Tuttle, "it is just about three years since we began work together as medical practitioners."

The leg pendulum stopped.

"Singular," said Dr. Cox, "I was thinking of that myself."

"During that time," continued Dr. Tuttle, slowly, "we have indulged in no recreation whatever. We have cut off all social pleasures as useless frivolities. I think the possibility of over-work an element in our daily lives that is worthy of consideration."

Dr. Cox granted a cordial assent.

Dr. Tuttle feared that he might be growing ascetic, to the neglect of the lighter and more cheerful qualities of mind and heart, that he deemed essential to the fully-rounded temperament.

Dr. Cox thought that not only possible but probable. In his own case the nervous strain was growing unbearable. Some relief, he felt, was undoubtedly necessary.

Both agreed with becoming modesty, that they had fairly earned the right to relaxation, and had now only to decide what it should be.

Dr. Tuttle had taken a card from his envelope, and, after looking at it a moment, handed it to Dr. Cox. "That came this morning," he said.

Dr. Cox drew forth a similar card and handed it to Dr. Tuttle. "So did that."

Both cards announced that Miss Marion Monroe, of Cambridge Place, would be at home on Tuesday evening. The partners had attended Mrs. Monroe during an illness; and, of course, had met the daughter, but only in the sick room.

"How fortunate," both said in surprise.

"How foolish," said Dr. Cox, a moment later. "Of course, if she invited one she would invite the other."

"Of course."

"I suppose we shall go?"

"Certainly."

Both hovered around Miss Monroe most of the evening. The change from their austere surroundings to the atmosphere of lights, music and flowers quickened emotions that had long been dormant. Marion's beauty—

for she was more than pretty—her vivacity and her cordial reception affected them like wine. Professional cares fell away. Dr. Cox became light of tongue and fairly shone in conversation. Dr. Tuttle was perceptibly affected, but still grave. However, he felt excessively gay, and he would have wondered to hear the young creature in pink, with whom he feared he had been almost frivolous, inelegantly epitomize him as “a stick.”

Dancing began at nine o'clock. Dr. Cox did not dance, he was too tall. No man is ever too small, and Dr. Tuttle was rather proud of his waltzing. At the first strains Marion got him a partner. She was very large, very stout and very young. Her face was round and chubby, and intensely serious in expression. She was dressed in pure white and fairly fluttering with flounces, so that the little doctor, when he took his position, looked like a swallow outlined against a white cloud. As they moved away, his head, with its high forehead from which the hair rose upright, bobbed up and down just over her plump shoulder. When they turned, the little man's coat-tails lifted slightly, and as the music waxed faster they rose until they stuck out around him horizontally. Marion's eyes twinkled with mischief, but her face sobered when Dr. Tuttle, vigorously mopping his brow, approached and gravely thanked her for the pleasure he had just endured.

Miss Monroe was said to have marvellous adaptability by her plain friends. Others who had the right of being not unenvious of her popularity claimed that she was wofully lacking in independence of character, or else she was a downright coquette. Whatever the truth, there were certainly half-a-dozen men radically different in character and in tastes each of whom would have sworn that she was the one woman who was absolutely congenial with him in every particular; and at the end of the evening Doctors Tuttle and Cox were among them.

Little was said as the two doctors drove home that night, and as they sat before the fire both were still silent and thoughtful.

“She is beautiful,” said Dr. Tuttle presently, almost as if talking to himself.

“Yes, she is,” the other answered absently. Neither seemed aware that nobody's name was mentioned.

“I like her,” said Dr. Tuttle fervently.

Dr. Cox was startled from his reverie. He looked up in surprise. “Good-night, Dan,” he said, abruptly.

“Good-night, Tom.”

Then they shook hands as they always did and went to bed.

Four nights later Dr. Cox was adjusting a tie with unusual care. “I am going to the Monroes', Dan,” said he.

“Are you?”—a pause—“Well, I guess I'll go too.”

Dr. Cox turned and stared at his little partner again. “All right,” he said.

They went together, and again and again they went together. They never spoke of the young lady, but the understanding between them was no less perfect because tacit. Once Dr. Cox happened to call alone. He deemed it his duty the next morning quietly to announce the fact to his partner. A few days later Dr. Tuttle called alone, and after that they never went together only once.

About ten o'clock at night of a day on which Dr. Tuttle returned from a visit some time earlier than he had been expected, there was a violent ring at the door-bell. It turned out to be a messenger with a summons for Dr. Cox to come in haste to Cambridge Place, Mrs. Monroe's number.

Both doctors sprang to their feet. Perhaps Marion was ill.

“They don't know you are here, Dan,” said Dr. Cox, seizing his hat and gloves. “Heavens!” he added. “I have just let the coachman go away. Will you step around to the stable?”

“We have n't time,” interrupted Dr. Tuttle quietly. “I'll drive you myself.”

“But—?”

“Never mind”—a little grimly—“it isn't the first time.” He had already gone to the closet and pulled out the long-disused livery. Perhaps Dr. Cox saw that his partner wanted to go; at any rate he objected no more, and in a few minutes they were clattering over the cobble-stones.

“If anything serious is the matter with *her*,” said Dr. Tuttle, as he drew up to let the big doctor out, “come at once and let me know.”

“All right.”

A few moments after Dr. Cox went into the house the door again opened and a servant appeared. “Come in here,” he called imperatively to Dr. Tuttle. “The doctor wants you. Hurry up; don't be so clumsy,” he added, as the little doctor scrambled from the box so hastily that he stumbled and fell.

Within he found Mrs. Monroe lying on a couch, pale and apparently lifeless.

“There's nobody at home,” said Dr. Cox hurriedly. “You won't be recognized. She has fallen and cut an artery; I want you to help me tie it.”

They had scarcely finished dressing the wound when there was a slight noise in the hall-way, and Marion's voice was heard almost in a wail. “Good Heavens!” exclaimed the little doctor in despair, looking wildly around for some avenue of escape. He threw back his coat with one hand, grasped his false beard with the other and apparently was about to drag them both off

when the door was thrown open and Marion appeared with a white, frightened face. She paid no attention to the two men, but with wraps tumbling from her shoulders in confusion, rushed to the couch where her mother lay and knelt beside it.

"O, mother, mother!" she moaned, kissing the unconscious face. "O, doctor, will she die?"

"Your mother is perfectly safe," said Dr. Cox, gently. She has simply fainted from the loss of blood."

Marion paid no attention to what he said, but kept on moaning incoherently.

Dr. Tuttle had taken advantage of the confusion and slipped into the hall-way. His hand was on the street-door knob, when he saw Marion rise and approach Dr. Cox. Some horrible foreboding held him.

"You see I am quite calm now," she said, tremblingly, trying to stop her tears with a handkerchief. "You must tell me. I can bear it, but oh, doctor, don't say that she will die."

"I assure you, Miss Marion," said Dr. Cox, "that your mother is in no danger at all. It might have been serious, but luckily we arrived just in time."

"Oh! I know," interrupted the girl impetuously. "You saved her—you are so modest—but I know. How can I ever thank you? Oh! I am so happy—to think that you, oh, doctor—" With eyes brimming with tears and arms almost uplifted the grateful girl started toward him. Then she stopped, her face crimsoned and she turned hastily through the door, almost brushing against the poor little Tuttle, who had heard and witnessed everything. The knob turned and with a groan he went down the steps and mounted the box.

In a few minutes Dr. Cox appeared. As they drove away, a momentary impulse to drive the coupé against the curb-stone, a gas-post, or do some other terrible thing, went through the little doctor's mind, but before they had gone three blocks, he was thinking the matter over calmly.

"We can't be together now," he said to himself. "I could n't stand it. The firm must dissolve. Tom will take another partner—not a medical practitioner—and both partners and names will become one." He smiled grimly as this joke forced itself into his mind, and then he fell to thinking of the only disagreement that he could remember between them. It was while they were at college, and it had lasted for two wretched days. He remembered how painfully polite

they were to each other, and how on the second day, as they sat in their room, which was darkened by twilight, his chum had come up behind him—he could feel the hand on his shoulder now—and said: "This won't do, Dan." Then they had grasped hands joyfully, and had gone out with their arms around each other like two school-girls. The little doctor brushed his eyes roughly.

When the two reached their rooms, Dr. Tuttle turned impulsively to his partner and thrust out his hand. "Tom," he said, slowly and bravely, "I congratulate you with all my heart. I saw it all."

The big doctor turned a fiery red, and took the proffered hand awkwardly.

"Why, Dan," he said, "thank you; but do you really think—I'm sorry, old fellow." He spoke so confusedly that he scarcely knew what he said. He hated himself for the thrill that went through him at this confirmation of his own hopes. "Dan," he continued, "I ought to have told you. I used to see her at church. I went every Sunday to see her. I did n't know her, but I could n't keep away. When we met her I meant to tell you, but—"

A crash interrupted him. In turning he had knocked a vase from the mantel, and two letters had fallen with it. Mechanically he picked them up.

"No, Tom," said Dr. Tuttle, "it would have done no good. I could n't have helped it."

"But, Dan, it is n't settled. I've never said a word."

"No, Tom; I yield. Why should she have blushed except at the involuntary betrayal of her feelings?"

Dr. Cox said nothing—he could say nothing. He let his eyes drop to the letters in his hand. The seals were untouched, and the handwriting made him open one in nervous haste. His face became blank with amazement, and then paled. Trembling, he handed the other letter to his partner.

"Dan," said he unsteadily, "you'll find a very good reason in that." Then he sank into a chair with his face in his hands.

A moment later Dr. Tuttle gave a gasp of astonishment.

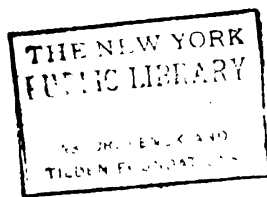
Dr. Cox rose abruptly.

"Good-night, Dan."

"Good-night, Tom."

The two partners shook hands and went to bed. The letters lay on the floor where they had fallen. They were invitations to a wedding—Marion's.

John Fox.





APOLLO AND NORIE.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

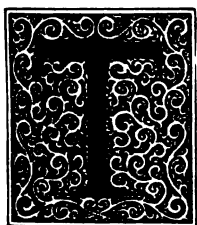
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THE WALTERS COLLECTION.

BY WILFRED PATTERSON.



THE art collections of Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, have now been twice opened to the public. On each occasion they were exhibited for a few days each month for three months, during which

an admission fee was charged for the benefit of Baltimore charities. The large attendance at these exhibitions proved that the public measurably appreciated the unequalled opportunity presented.

Had Mr. Walters been fired with the philanthropic purpose of applying the money expended on this collection in any other manner for the promotion of art education in America, it is doubtful if he could better have compassed that object. He has set before us a great number of the finest works of living and lately deceased masters, a gathering where one is not obliged—as is so often the case—to search for the artistic amid masses of surrounding mediocrity; sound, cultured taste has governed the selection, free to a remarkable degree from the intrusion of hobbies for this or that style or school, and free also from that glamor of great names which causes one to regard the painter rather than his work. With few exceptions, the artists are represented by adequate examples,

and in many instances with what is conceded to be their best by such eminent European critics as Albert Wolff, Sensier, Garnier, Sylvester, Robaut and Michel.

It is true there are only some six or eight works of American artists in the collection, and they by no means calculated to fairly represent their country in such a galaxy; and hence is afforded, apparently, some ground for the complaint of those who seek to discourage the purchase of costly foreign pictures to the exclusion of those of our own artists. It would undoubtedly be a gratification to see in this goodly company such men as Church, Vedder, Chase, Harrison, Baker, Pearce, Beckwith, Bridgeman, Hassam and a few others. Yet after all this is but a trifle; the main thing desired is to educate picture-buyers and the public taste so that it shall know good pictures from mediocre; and considering the aptness of our people, what surer way is there than to show them the best in the world? Given but half the chance the French, the Germans and the English have long enjoyed in this direction, with the treasures of art always open for inspection, and the American public will soon establish such standards and offer such rewards that the masterworks of the next generation will come from American easels, and

French critics, instead of lamenting, as do André Michel and Durand-Gréville that "the country of dollars" robs them of their treasures, will bewail the loss of these stimulating dollars, as already do the English studios.

"Too much riches—and such incomparable riches," says M. Durand-Gréville, speaking of the Walters collection. "With mingled regret and gladness we come upon works which cause the heart to bound, and which once seen can never be forgotten." With all deference to the glories of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, Velasquez, Paul Potter, Teniers and the rest, it is doubtful if posterity will not find the equals of most of the old masters in the splendid array of Delaroche, Delacroix, Troyon, Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Décamp, Fromentin, Diaz, Couture, Meissonier, Gallait, Detaille, De Neuville, Bréton, Dupré, Daubigny, Fortuny, Gérôme, Henner, Bonnat, Munkacsy, Tadema and the others whose paintings are here shown.

A dozen or more of these, in different ways, reach the utmost limits of the poetry of art, expressing with majestic eloquence what is most beautiful and most sublime in human life and in nature as revealed to man. Upon entering the gallery and turning to the left, to make the circuit of the 156 oil paintings in the main room, three masterpieces immediately arrest the visitor: Rousseau's "La Givre," hanging side by side with Millet's "Sheepfold by Moonlight," and, above this, Daubigny's "Sunset on the Coast of France." Though so unlike, these three paintings possess one quality in common. Like the plays of Shakespeare, in which culture in proportion to its depth reveals new beauties, they impress every observer who knows nature however ignorant he may be of art. The jargon of the art critic is not required to elucidate their spirit. An eye capable of lingering upon the most impressive aspects of nature, a heart not wholly incapable of sensibility to the beautiful, is all that is required to induce one to sink upon the convenient and comfortable seats to study at ease this triple revelation of genius, and to wonder that professed art critics could for

many years have "failed to appreciate" Rousseau and Millet.

"La Givre," in a space 3 feet by 2, represents the hills of Valmandois, near Rousseau's home, on a winter day, as seen a mile away across the River Oise. Rough hillocks, glistening here and there with frost, fade into the distance of a high horizon near the middle line of the canvas. Over the sombre green and brown tints of the frost-sparkling earth, hangs a dreary leaden sky, with a great rift in its threatening clouds near the centre of the canvas, through which breaks a strange red glare of the sun with startling, even terrific effect. Something in the pregnant shade of the red, in juxtaposition with the forbidding clouds and the passive, sullen aspect of the landscape, strikes the heart with awe. It is as if the tremendous powers of winter had been surprised in their secret laboratory in the heart of the Brocken on the eve of Walpurgis night—the fiery glimpse breathing earthquakes and convulsions, in unearthly antithesis to the chilling scene beneath. What a commentary upon the judgment of art critics and dealers that Rousseau, in 1830, in the heyday of his powers, sold this splendid work for \$100, and that not till Troyon's sale, twenty years later, did it bring a price! The experience of both Rousseau and Millet is but another evidence that the only reliable judgment is not that of any clique nor coterie, but that of an educated, untechnical public, whose opinions are fresher from nature and less befogged with the prejudices of the schools than those of either artists or professional critics. The verdict of dramatic critics upon a new actor (if they ever quite agree) carries so little weight with the theatre-going public that instances are constantly occurring where stars they condemn are conspicuously successful; and it is equally within the competency of the average unbiassed experience and "large round-about common sense" to judge a painter.

"The Sheepfold by Moonlight" was Millet's representation in the memorable Paris Exhibition of the One Hundred Masterpieces in 1883, a distinction which belongs likewise to Troyon's "Cattle Drinking," and Delacroix's "Christ on



"1814." (By Meissonier.)

the Cross" and "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee." There are no less than six other Millets—two oils, "Breaking Flax" and "The Potato Harvest"; two original designs in black and white, "The Angelus" and "The Shepherd at the Fold by Moonlight"; and two pastels, "The Sower" and "The Shepherdess." In "Breaking Flax" and "The Potato Harvest," powerful and poetic as the latter is, we may indeed discern some slight ground for the criticisms on Millet's technique, even those as super-

ficial and trivial as Theodore Child's complaint that he "makes no difference in the apparent texture of a cotton apron, a stuff dress, corduroy trousers or the wall of a house, but represents all these objects as having a woolly surface." There is very apparent in these two an absence of *finesse*, indeed of refinement of execution, if one dare indulge hyper-criticism in presence of that which breathes such elevating and noble sentiment, forcibly expressing the profound soul of an immortal thinker and poet

using art as the vehicle of his sacred message to mankind, as kindred spirits have employed the highest forms of literature. But in "The Sheepfold by Moonlight," even these blemishes—if such they be—have disappeared. The canvas of this production is but 24 inches by 18; yet, as Albert Wolff well says, "poetry penetrates and solitude invades the fancy so completely that we think no more of the size of the picture. It becomes immense, like Nature." The sheep are huddled together at a fence, while a little beyond is the shepherd wrapped in his cloak; he and his gaunt dog stand distinct in the wan, wonder-working light of the flattened moon, which casts its misty radiance upon the scene, transforming commonplace things into spectral images, and lighting up the backs of the sheep in effects ghost-like, fading into dim shadows. The moonbeams play strangely upon two or three little

half of Millet's masterpieces are in America to-day, but that Americans were among the very first to recognize his genius.

Daubigny's "Sunset on the Coast of France," 59x30 inches in size and painted in 1865, is a creation of pure beauty. How it ranks in the comparative scale of the author's performances I do not now recollect, but it is difficult to conceive that it can be other than his best. The dark-green verdure and sombre browns of the foreground, relieved by the lighter color of the shallow pool to which the cattle go to drink, border the vivid blue-green of the splendid sea, inexpressibly charming against the rosy sunset hues tenderly reflected on the clouds. It is to me one of the most intense delights of the exhibition.

Further along on the same wall is Troyon's admitted *chef d'œuvre*: "Cattle Drinking." It is of medium size, 21x31 inches, and was painted in 1851, when the



"SAPPHO." (By L. Alma-Tadema.)

clouds which seem like sweet guardian angels of the helpless flock. The mellow radiance cast upon the blue profundity of the sky by some sleight of color borrowed from the alchemy of Nature is beautiful and touching in the extreme. The artistic crown of the nation that could so long deny such masters as Millet and Rousseau should pass to other brows. In the presence of this picture, it is not only a subject of honest pride that fully

artist was forty-one. The sun breaking through storm-clouds pervades the scene, with subtle, wondrous effect. Everything animate and inanimate is vivified; everything seems to feel the light and warmth, basking in the joy of living. The glare of the foreground softens into an incomparable distance along the brook. The sunshine gleams and glistens, glancing and glinting ever at new angles from moving cattle and laughing waters and blades of

grass and rustling foliage, all stirred with the inspiring emotions of the scene.

Nearby, in superb contrast is Delacroix's "Christ on the Cross," dated 1846, and measuring 26x33. Albert Wolff, in his criticism of *The Hundred Masterpieces*, says: "When Delacroix puts the magnificent Christ upon the Cross, a canvas which appeared as one of the capital masterpieces of this exhibition which reckoned so many, it is the supreme drama which inspires him; what he desires to render is the great crime of the crucifixion and not the Crucified himself. This Son of God is not the traditional Christ correctly nailed to the Cross. What he wants to paint is the grand drama, the conclusive moral impression; his Christ has lived, his flesh has thrilled, his heart has bled in truth; he is the incarnation of all martyrdom, of consummate crime left in the midst of the indifference of nature . . . The controlling note in Eugène Delacroix's painting is the dramatic note. He is the Shakespeare of art; he has the great author's mystery of conception, his art of painting a character in a few strokes, and his power of color. That which interests him is the drama of all epochs, of every literature and of every place."

Delacroix's "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee," though of less dramatic fire, is equally a masterwork of color.

At the extreme end of the gallery is the original finished study of Delaroche for the semi-circular salon or hemicycle of the *École des Beaux-Arts*—a priceless treasure which exhibits the master's accurate drawing, picturesque fancy, taste in color and delicacy of treatment. In size, 100x16 inches, it is an object of high historical as well as of artistic interest. The subject is the distribution of prizes to successful students in the presence of an assemblage of the greatest sculptors, painters and architects of the world. In criticising it one must consider its adaptation to the purpose in view, the limitations which hedged the artist and the countless difficulties which he has overcome. If lacking in lofty imagination, its beauty, delicacy and command of many resources within its lines of limitation stamp it with a very high value. Its qualities are such as to be readily understood and the emulation it excites in artists is in the direc-

tion of correct taste and painstaking effort, sure to produce good results; unlike incitement to *tours de force*, which if they fall short at all are worthless.

Millet's style is scarcely further removed from the academic nicety of his preceptor, Delaroche, than is the little "Nymph" of Henner in a corner nearby. This is almost the solitary nude figure of the display. It is an 8x10, and is almost identical in composition with many other Henners: the dainty figure embowered in soft brown environment, with an intense turquoise sky reflected in a little pool at her feet. If there is an affectation here and there of tiring of these nymphs, posterity we may be sure will not weary of them. Their charm is their own, and countless imitations can compass no part of it. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that this charm of flesh no other painter of any time has attained. After steeping sense and soul in all the ecstasies of this display, one returns again and again with unabated and even deepening enjoyment to the divine creature in her corner, to revel anew in her dreamy beauty. At this creation many a heart quickens rapturously, which the photographic and epitomized accuracy of Meissonier is powerless to touch.

Not hung upon the wall like the rest, but standing upon a case of curios in the centre of the room, is the famous "1814"—pronounced by the accomplished Mr. Laffan "the most complete and masterly expression of Meissonier at his best, with all his technical excellencies in their unclouded exercise, while there is joined thereto a sense of absolute inspiration in respect to subject and execution that does not easily obtain in any other of his pictures. This was the picture which, when Meissonier's works were gathered together for a supreme exhibition of the artist's power, separated itself from the rest and assumed to itself a position apart as his greatest creation. It is a small canvas representing Napoleon—it might be on Oct. 17—astride his favorite white horse Marengo, surveying from the top of a hillock a field whereon, on the morrow, Austerlitz will not be repeated. There is more imagination in this little canvas than in all of Meissonier's other works put together. It is really Napoleon; it has

his possibilities as well as his actualities. The drawing of the horse and of the figure, and of all the accessories, leaves nothing unexpressed. It is as complete as it is beautiful, but the whole is informed with the portents of the hour. The catastrophe of the morrow is written upon the man and the sky behind him. It is in this subtle quality of the mind, that '1814' assumes the importance which M. Albert Wolff ascribed to it twenty years ago as the most poetical and finest of all Meissonier's works."

The "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Corot, has the place of honor at the entrance end of the gallery, opposite the Delaroche at the other. It is 8 ft. high by 4 wide (the largest picture in the collection), and in the catalogue is accorded over five pages of description, in which are given Corot's notes of the progress of his work and his expectations regarding it, a discussion by Alfred Robaut of its merits, and a description of several changes made in it by the artist.

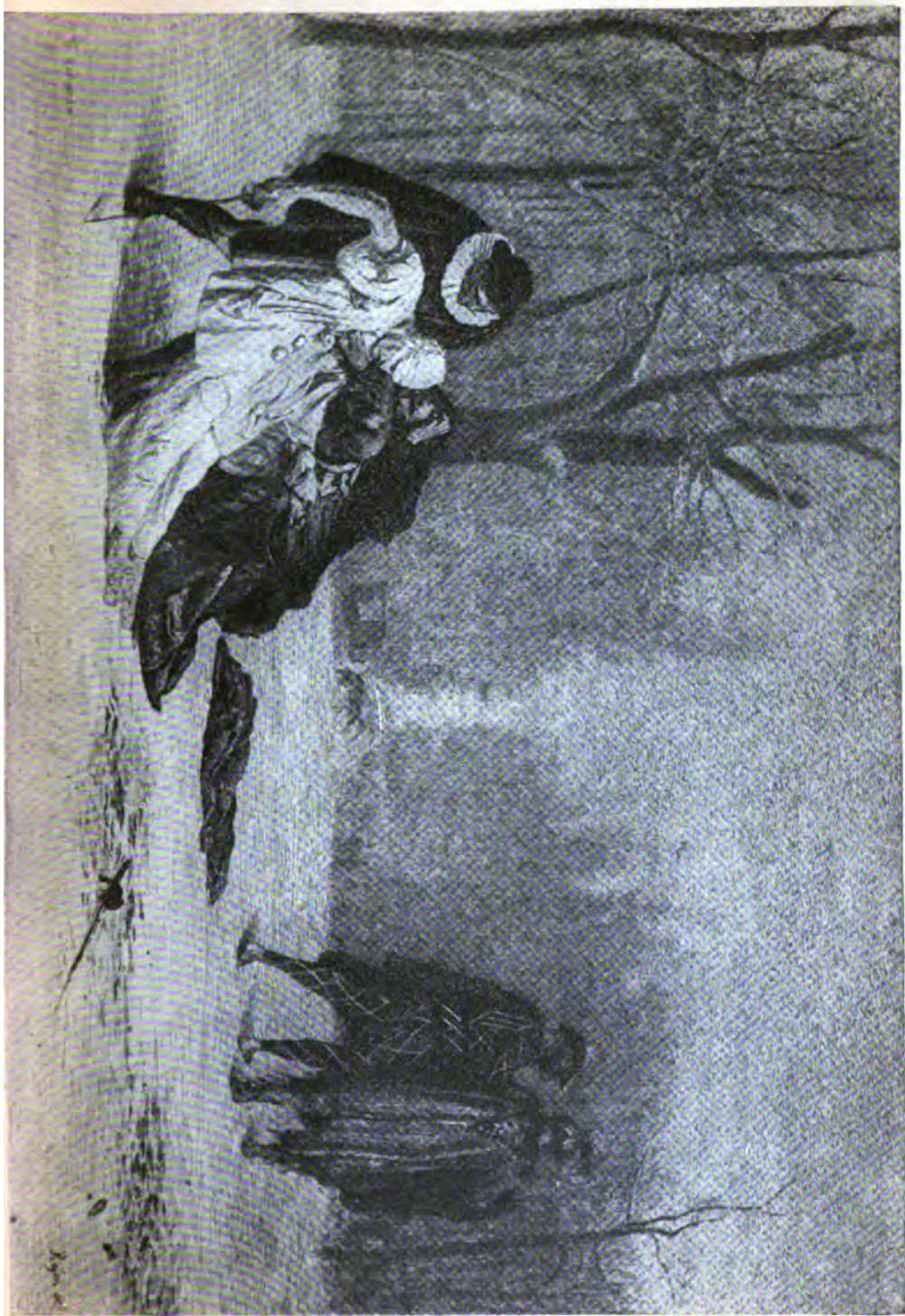
Mr. Walters evidently shares in the general enthusiasm of the French critics for this painting. Durand-Gréville and others, amid much wailing and gnashing of teeth that it was not purchased for the Louvre, unhesitatingly pronounce it Corot's finest, ungratefully and willfully oblivious of the fact that these noble works do far more for French art in this country than they could possibly do at home, as they give it the best stimulus, that of our ever-widening market and ever-advancing rewards. The excellencies which display themselves to the worshippers of Corot are almost infinite in number; scarcely a point of technique can be named in which they have not covered this painting with encomium, the language of panegyric is exhausted, and he would be a bold, opinionated, tasteless person who should presume to see any drawbacks, any flickering spot in this blaze of genius.

While unquestionably deserving much of this praise; while indeed delighting the eye and casting a spell upon the spirit, with its masterly technique, its rich coloring, its gradation of tone, yet with all deference to authority, one cannot help wishing that the vast amount of thought and labor spent upon this

work had been devoted to a composition of a different kind; or that the hackneyed theme of the early artists had not formed a part of the exquisite landscape to which it seems scarcely of any value. Not only the landscape, but the descending angels are a delight; their grace and freshness as they fly among the tree-tops almost indeed defy the exaggeration of praise, and they violate no requirements of artistic unity in their disconnected attitude; but when one comes to the old familiar arrow-bristling saint and the lackadaisical women who succor him, a doubt intrudes if there be quite the impressive power in the figures that we expect to find in one of the immortal creations of our time. As there is certainly nothing of dramatic force in the landscape strengthening the idea of the scene, as exists in Delacroix's Crucifixion; nothing of poetic sympathy heightening the expression, as in Meissonier's "1814," the figures alone should convey strongly what they are intended to express. Is it not rather the fact that in all that he could study in the life of to-day for the picture, the genius of Corot has left its splendid stamp upon the great canvas; but in his recurrence to the atmosphere of mysticism and superstition, he has for once been unable to quite divest himself of academic and conventional methods? And thus we do not care to look long upon the central group.

Fortunately placed where it can be closely compared with the preceding, is another of Corot's paintings: "The Evening Star," 35 by 28 inches. It was purchased directly from the artist; and to the majority of cultivated visitors is a more inspiring and poetic performance than its pretentious neighbor, though it be heresy to the dictum of French critics to express it.

A rarely fortunate recurrence to religious inspiration is the "The Assumption" by Diaz, a little canvas 10½ by 15½. The Virgin is a lovely original type of beauty, of large graceful figure, and is surrounded by flying cherubs. Her drapery is a captivating shade of blue, with soft white about her neck, and flying red streaming from the waist. This picture was painted in 1850. That it should have come from the same hand as "The Storm" is one of the marvels of versatility. The





"CHRISTIAN MARTYRS." (By J. L. Gérôme.)

Storm" is a work of grandeur allied with beauty: a tempestuous close of day—light breaking through storm-laden clouds, the deep green of the ground relieved with strange effect, a streak of straggling sunshine in the middle distance. The many possessors of unauthentic (not to say spurious) Diazes in this country should study this picture.

There are three other Diazes among the oil paintings: "Cupid Disarmed," "The Forest of Fontainebleau," and "Effect of Autumn," the last a charming small work giving a complete impression of the poetry of one of Nature's autumnal moods, without over-coloring or heaping up of effects.

Of Bréton we have "Close of the Day," painted in 1865. Two charming peasant-women are leaning restfully on their rakes after toil, and they and the landscape are softened and refined by the tender all-pervading glow of the setting sun. Then there is "A Sunny Day," 1857; and, best of all, the famous "Returning from the Fields," of the Morgan Collection, a picture 41 by 27, representing three exquisite daughters of toil—one of the most attractive idealizations of modern figure-painting.

There are three Duprès: "A Bright Day" from the Gavet Collection, Paris—a small landscape dotted with charming

little cows and overshadowed by fleecy clouds, darkened here and there as if laden with gusts of wind; "The Old Oak," somewhat larger, a dream of color, the romance of one of the forest patriarchs; and, larger still, a marine which though hung high is little if any inferior to either of the others. It is less individual, however, and evinces the versatility of the artist—a vision of soft poetical blue, white-capped waves and clouds, the sea darkening towards the horizon, dotted here and there with boats.

Munkacsy is represented solely by the "Story of the Battle" from the Eggers Collection, Vienna, containing six figures, full of expression, and lacking the theatrical effect of some of his work; Décamp's by "The Suicide" from the W. S. Blodgett Collection, a weird picture of striking originality and power; and Cabanel by his portrait of Nilsson, painted in 1873.

Of Gérômes, there are four, including the "Christian Martyrs," which the artist states was on his easel from 1863 to 1883, and was repainted three times: a group of Christians huddled together in the arena of the Circus Maximus, a prey to the fierce Numidian lions which stalk forth to devour them, while other Christians, disposed at regular intervals about the race-course, tied upon crosses

and smeared with pitch, are being set afire by attendants to serve as torches to light the spectacle for the enjoyment of the pitiless Romans.

Several pages of the catalogue are devoted to Gérôme's "Duel after the Masquerade;" but in its too-labored refinement it is difficult to gather the profound meaning the panegyrist professes to find in the fatal wounding of a man in clown's dress by another arrayed as an Indian, at an affair after a masked ball. For myself, I prefer the little "On the Desert," which is done with a free hand, without that evident over-refinement which, to me, dispels the illusion of the art.

Among the five Fortunys are "The Hindoo Snake-Charmers" from the A. T. Stewart collection and "The Rare Vase" of the Morgan sale, which, though exhibiting, in common, many points of dashing brilliancy of brush-work, with an ease, a still greater latent strength underlying it; yet, in other points of technique, and particularly also in their sentiment stand at the opposite poles of the versatility of this great genius. Power and unfettered originality are written in every stroke of the brush, yet in each is brought out an exactness in expressing the spirit of the composition only possible where color effect is wedded to the utmost refinement of drawing and a mastery of the deeper subtleties of art. To each of them may be applied Gautier's praise of "Choosing the Model," "that it combines all the freshness of a sketch with the delicacy of a finished composition." Probably, no other painter has ever placed upon canvas an effect like that in the *Serpent-Charmers*; that sense of the presence of the occult—at least of some influence beyond the visible and the tangible which make such scenes awe-inspiring, depending, as they seem to do in many cases, upon mesmeric or hypnotic power. Another painter, at all able to suggest this element, would have made it overshadowing; here, it is not even striking at first blush. To reach it, one has to pass through an effect of color, an impression of drawing; by study and contemplation gaining access to the spirit of the composition. It is like a refined personality: first, the attractive presence, its color and form; then the action, and finally the emotional nature, the men-

talities, the animating spirit are revealed. It would be difficult to say what invests these lounging Orientals and their serpents with that curious atmosphere from beyond the boundaries of the natural; but it is there, and even the sacred marabout, a grave and solemn participant, adds to it instead of becoming, as he would in ordinary hands, a vulgar theatrical "property." The "Rare Vase" apart from its attractiveness of color, expresses with similar nicety the smirking self-gratulation of the dilettante in his new treasure. What wonders of accomplishment these are, for a painter who died at 36—but how much richer in the promise of what he might have done in the fourteen years that have elapsed since his death!

Other paintings of the French and Spanish schools are Fromentin's little 8x10 canvas, "At the Well," "The Halt," 25x20, and the "Encampment in the Atlas Mountains," 56x40—all fine examples of the great artist; five Van Marckes, of which the "Approach of the Storm" is an 1873 Salon picture; one excellent Zamacois, "Spain, 1812—French Occupation" (two French soldiers who have been murdered in a Spanish cabaret, being thrown down a well); three Isabeys; two Rosa Bonheurs, in the water-color room; two Ary Scheffers; one disappointing Horace Vernet, "Brigands Attacked by Papal Troops"; a Vibert; four Heberts, including the "Virgin of the Deliverance," from the Morgan Collection; two Gleyres; two dainty Ricos; four Bonnat portraits, including one of Barye, the sculptor, several of whose works adorn the plaza in front of Mr. Walters' mansion; also "An Arab Sheik," by Bonnat; two Dagnan-Bouverets, "The Museum," from the Morgan Collection, and "An Accident," a large, realistic picture of brilliant execution, from the Salon of 1880; two Coutures; a Jimenez; two Merles—one, "The Scarlet Letter," an excellent example; six little genre pieces by Frère, clever, but that is all; a Clairin; no less than a dozen of Ziem's, bright color pieces. Of Detaille, "A Picket," 15x18, is the only example in the main gallery, and in the water-color room, "Ready to March"—each excellent of its kind. At least one of the three De Neuilles is brilliant—"The Attack at Dawn." It is dated 1877, and

represents a detachment of French Mobiles and Turcos surprised by the Prussians in a village of the Jura. The cold discomfort of the early dawn; strong action everywhere; the warm light in the house from which the French soldiers are pouring to resist the attack; the misty white light of the hanging lantern at the

ures of the collection. It is a Dutch interior, a woman by the cradle of a child, painted in the most charming method of the modern Dutch water-colorists who have outstripped all others in treatment. It is not a mere water-color drawing, but a painting in which the soft, subdued colors are not only harmoniously blended



"A ROMAN EMPEROR." (By L. Alma-Tadema.)

street-corner against the gray of the morning; the flashes from the guns of the attacking and the attacked in varying intensity, according to the distance of each, in striking measure of perspective—all these constitute a vivid chapter of war. There are five Schreyers, including "Embourbe—Plains of Hungary," awarded the medal of the Vienna Exposition of 1873.

The Belgian painter, Clays, has two excellent works here; and his fellow-countryman, Gallait, five, including "War," his Royal Academy picture of 1872; also "The Duke of Alva contemplating the Beheaded Counts Egmont and Horn"—a late addition, in position on an easel.

Of Baron Leys there are two dissimilar ones: a little Dutch interior, and the large "Edict of Charles V.," which was awarded one of the eight grand Medals of Honor at the Paris Exposition of 1867. It represents the proclaiming of the edict introducing the Inquisition into the Netherlands and pronouncing against heretics the penalties of the stake, the block and burial alive.

The "Solitary Israels" is in the water-color room, and is one of the notable feat-

and beautiful, but have strong characters of their own; the simple, homely scene being invested with a pervasive poetry suggestive of, yet very different from, Millet's best.

Three examples of the Düsseldorf school still linger: an Oswald Achenbach—hardly noticeable—and two by Andreas, exceedingly beautiful marines of this lately so highly esteemed artist.

The English school is not numerously but quite sufficiently present in six Alma-Tademas, a Millais, four Boughtons, Briton Rivière's "Night Watch," and a few others. Tadema appears to be a great favorite with Mr. Walters, and much space in the catalogue is given to explanations of his pictures and eulogies of them by English critics. Nearly all are large and important works—"Sappho," shown at the Royal Academy in 1881, and "Claudius" at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, at which the artist obtained a first-class medal. It is upon "Sappho" that the catalogue lavishes the greatest notice, quoting at length from the *London Academy*, *Saturday Review* and *Athenæum*; but allowing all that.

the British critics claim for its brilliancy of illumination, purity of coloring, grace of design and careful finish, Comyn Carr's remark that "Mr. Tadema's painting has always the note of absolute vitality," seems to me the reverse of the truth; and that amid the artist's multifarious cleverness there is something almost mechanical in his archæological details, theatrical rather than dramatic in his composition, and painfully lifeless in his figures—in short, that his paintings, though marvels of care, patience, refinement, intelligence, and dexterity, lack genius.

The few American works presumably find a place by reason of Mr. Walters' acquaintance with the artists, etc., as they are in no sense representative; and a number of the foreign pictures could be advantageously weeded out, as they probably will be in time, for the collection is being constantly improved and additions made with taste and judgment.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe the magnificent collection of rare

them an entire case of peach-blow vases, several of which are much finer than the Morgan "peach-blow." The latest addition to the curios is the cup of transparent enamels, modeled after an illustration of one said to have been possessed by Benvenuto Cellini, and built up experimentally by an almost incredible number of firings extending over many months.

Should the other possessors of valuable collections imitate the commendable example of Mr. Walters by giving public exhibitions, the advocates of maintaining the present thirty per cent. duty on the importation of foreign paintings would probably find their cause shorn of much of its popularity, since even now pictures imported for public museums are by law exempt, and the same reason would to some extent apply to the great private galleries so opened. Mr. Walters having paid the duty—at least on his many recent purchases—which the people of the United States through



'THE NIGHT WATCH.' (By Briton Rivière.)

Oriental porcelains, lacquers, carved ivories, jades and bronzes. It numbers nearly 3,000 pieces, recently classified and arranged, but not yet numbered and catalogued, and includes many rare varieties of Old Chinese and Japanese, among

their representatives demand, now returns good for evil by admitting all his fellow-citizens who can afford the small admission fee to the enjoyment of the most elegant and luxurious of his possessions.



MORGAN'S SPRING.

1775-1825.

THE horse was worn as he tottered down
To Potomac's ford at Shepherdstown;
The rider was stooped and weary and pale—
He hardly had strength to tell the tale
That the fire in their hearts had leaped from the guns
Of Massachusetts' fearless sons:
Their cry was out, as it ought to be,
That every man had a right to be free;
"Come to help us!—one and all—
Come with sabre! come with ball!
Come with every drop of blood
Ready to water Freedom's bud!"
Thus he cried to Virginia's sons;
Out came horses, out came guns:
Women said "Go!" and women kissed—
Never a man at the call was missed.

Warm blood leaped; brave men were strong,
Answering the cry and joining the throng,
Gathering from hall and cabin to bring
Their lives to pledge at Morgan's Spring.
(There was no name for its crystal then;
It now shrines "Morgan's Minute-Men;"
Grateful hearts to its waters bow,
And murmur thanks for that solemn vow.)
Stern were the faces, and coarse were the coats,
Yet words lost their way in quivering throats;
Hands wrung hands in quick good-bye;
Many a tear came to many an eye
To backward go with a cruel thrill;
For women and all bid their hearts be still.
Husband, wife, maid, and every one
Knew but one duty, and it was done.
Prayers went up; men knelt them down
And swore to ride to Boston Town;
To help their brethren—far away—
Who dared to open Freedom's Day.
Some one said—of the gathering there—
"No one asks his life to spare:

But, if it pleaseth Freedom's God
 To keep a few above the sod,
 Let us—fifty years from this—
 Swear to come and greet with kiss
 Each other, and the sod we've won;
 And hope a nation's benison."
 Sabres sprang out, ramrods rang,
 Crossing in mid-air with a clang;
 True as the sound of steel's sharp ring
 Was that oath that day at Morgan's Spring.
 The rider went on to carry the cry
 South of Potomac murmuring nigh.
 North rode the men in an eager horde—
 Splashing, dashing Potomac's ford—
 Riding valley and mountain crown
 In a bee-line for Boston Town.
 One hundred and twenty Virginia men,
 You wreathed your brows with glory then!
 Had the battle gone, and the land been lost,
 You offered yourselves as a holocaust!
 Time, as it rings through its corridors,
 Has hailed you o'er men emperors!

Oh, what a sight in the morning sun
 Gladdened the face of Washington!
 Dust-clad, weary, with sabre and ball,
 Came the "Minute-Men," one and all,
 From nigh six hundred miles away—
 Each man a life to spend in the fray—
 And stood in line as the chief rode down,
 And asked, "Whence came you to Cambridge Town?"
 Morgan reported, with soldier's pride:
 "We come from Potomac's southern side."
 Down from his horse the chieftain came,
 Nor said a word, nor asked a name;
 But grasped each hand with hearty grip,
 Greeted each look with trembling lip;
 His tongue was speechless with glad surprise;
 Joy flew straight from his heart and eyes;
 Yet down his cheek ran silent tears
 To welcome Liberty's Pioneers.
 They thought of their homes, of their stern farewell,
 Here were tears. Oh, who can tell
 What heaved the breasts of the "Minute-Men!"
 How soft or stout their hearts were then!

Passing years tore a naked land;
 War singed it clean with its scorching hand;
 But the men who saw the tears that morn
 Never winced when fighting, or starving, or torn.
 A nation sprang up. A flag flew out;
 Freedom was born; and a glorious shout
 Went up from the earth that a cause was won—
 The work of heroes was done: well done.
 Back to the cabin, and back to the hall,
 Straggled the few to tell of the fall

Of the many brave ones who swore that day
 To lot with their brethren, far away.
 Then women wept: but not till then;
 Now, their cause was the cause of the silent men.

When time has fifty years unwound,
 Steps are heard on Hallowed Ground;
 And three old men together cling,
 To keep their oath—at Morgan's Spring.

Charles McIlvaine (Tobe Hodge).



"T' OTHER MISS NORIE."

BY MARAH ELLIS.

BEST read that ovah again, please, honey. It sutenly do soun' familia' like—kind o' like a song I must a' heard some's; I done heard it afore, shuah."

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," read the low clear voice of a girl who was reclining lazily in the rough-hewn dug-out under the shade of a water-kissed cypress. "A heap o' them verses sound as if they ought to be songs—don't they, Poll? I reckon I must have read that chapter to you before," and she propped herself on one elbow and looked across at her companion—a stalwart negro past middle age, and with a skin so black that only the unadulterated blood of Africa could have filled his veins. But in the race of Ham there must have been some to be laid under no bonds but those of affection, for this ebony face, with its straight features, had none of the submission of servitude in it; and the massive head and shoulders were joined by a full round column that would serve as a model for the throat of the god whose name his master had laughingly given him long

ago, which had gradually been shortened from Apollo to Poll; and of late years he was known through all the land and water within their ken as "Miss Norie's Poll."

It was Miss Norie, herself, who lay in the dug-out on a soft fragrant bed of reeds—a slim figure in a loose gown of unbleached muslin and peculiar make. The sleeves were wide and loose, and one fell back from the rounded arm and smooth hand adorned with one ring—a curious one on which two opals gleamed and angrily reflected a slanting ray of the sun, while the owner gazed idly at Poll's ruminative visage as he loosened the glistening fish from the hook and dropped the set line back into the water.

"Mebbe as how yeh did, Miss Norie, hon'; ye've done read it nigh all to me, I reckon. But"—and dropping his chin on the clasped black hands, his eyes looked down into space beyond the confines of the bayou—"but it do seem further back—a heap further back; sort o' like things yeh dream an' ain't quite shuah of—er as if ye'd heard it in some other time what ye'd lived. Yo' know how I mean, chile?"

"Yes," and the girl nodded seriously,

dreamily, without looking at him. "I know. Bess scolds when I speak about dreams, but they *will* come, Poll, even if she does say it's wicked to set any store by them; an'—an' *he* says it's all truck an' voodoo fancies, an' unchristian. Is it unchristian, Poll? How can it be wicked when the thoughts will come, an' yeh can't keep 'em away?"

"Jes' so," assented Poll. "Ain't no voodooism. What Miss Bess know of voodoo? Nothin' 't all. Humph! Some o' these white folk reckon they know heaps. They's a mighty sight o' difference in people's min's about 'ligions; some has one, some has t'others. Jes' like the brick-layers of the Babel tower had different ways o' talkin'; an' each, I reckon, done said all the rest was wrong 'cause they could n't un'stand de talk. Miss Bess is powerful likely to measure other people's cohn in her half-bushel. Wicked!" and the black velvety eyes glistened indignantly: "Well, I reckon t'other Miss Norie and Marse Lou was pattern 'nough to go by, and I done heard 'em talkin' 'bout lessons and signs dreams brought to folks, and neither of 'em evah said it wa' wicked, an' if one o' them chillen thought it wa' right the other wa' shuah to—alles like that; but I done tell you all about them afore."

"Yes, but tell me about them again; did n't they neveh get tired o' being together?"

"Neveh," Poll said decidedly, as he picked up the paddle and pushed the boat through the still waters, taking care to keep close to shore, where the sun would not fall on his precious freight. "Neveh, hon'; jest 'peared as if they wa'nt two people—jest as if they was one soul, an' one set o' thoughts divided up in two bodies; that's what my Maum Saida used to say offen an' offen."

"Mighty wise she was, Poll!"

"Mighty wise, Miss Norie; she could see an' tell lots o' things what lay hid from other folk; used to scare dem niggahs most to death sometimes, an' you'd better b'lieve if there was any doin's to we all's big house, there was always a nice snack sent down to Maum Saida's cabin. Even de ole marse was glad to keep on de good side o' her, a fearin' she'd make a work foh 'em, an' I reckon she could a done it—mebbe so, mebbe not."

But the tone expressed clearly his opinion that his Maum Saida was competent to weave any number of charms required.

"Been dead a long time, Poll?"

"She been gone a long time," amended the black, darting the boat out into the current to escape a huge moccasin hanging from a limb under which they were about to pass; "seems a mighty long time to them as is left. It was jest afore the wah she done left us. She knew all along she was goin', even when marse doctor could n't see nothin' aillin' her, an' she tole our Marse Dupre the wah wa'nt a goin' to end right foh the South. Lordy! how he look black an' say a cuss word; but Maum Saida she hold up her fingah—long, thin fingahs she had, like a lady, only black—an she say kind o' slow, 'Don't cuss at me, Marse Torm, 'cause I might lose my temper; don' forgit Marse Lemone.' Well, Marse Torm kind o' looked undecided, an' then he laughed an' say good-natured like, 'Well, well, Saida, I won't swar, so go on wi' yo' prophecies'

"Yeh see, Marse Lemone was overseer on we all's plantation where I was bawn, an' he tried to make her tell who her chile's father was. It was a black man—yeh can tell that by my hide—but she had n't evah been married to no one, an' she jest sot still when they asked her, an' wouldn't say one word, an' she neveh *did* tell neither, not even to me; an' some they 'lowed as how it was a devil, cause she nevah would go to preachin' meetin', an' nevah seemed to look at no niggah on the place. Marse Lemone he done ax her, an' she say nothin' 't all; then he swore he'd make her fin' her tongue, an' he took her by the arm an' led her out front o' the cabins with an' ox-whip in his hand; an' she say some tauntin' thing to him as the rest couldn't heah right—Ole Maum Hepsy done tol' me 'bout it long after—an' what she say to him, whatever it was, jest made him rave, fo' he struck her six times with the ox-whip, an' say, 'Now will yeh speak, yeh black witch;' an' she jest say quiet an' slow so as all could heah her, 'Marse Lemone, yo' can beat me till I drop, an' I'll not tell yeh to-day; but if yo' come heah to-morrow an' are able to give me more strips o' the whip with that han' o' yours—that same

han"—I promises to tell yo' all yeh wants to know.' An' then she pick me up offen the groun', an' walked off kin' o' laughin' in a way Maum Hepsy say 'ud make yo' blood run cole to heah. An' the nex' mawnin', word done come to the quarters as how Marse Lemone had a stroke—couldn't move the right side o' he face *nor* he right arm. They come a runnin' to Maum ask'n' o' her if she could help him, for she had cured lots o' niggahs o' ailments, but she laughed when they came foh help to Marse Lemone: 'Tell him,' she say, 'that if he goes an' learns the secrets o' the serpent in the swamps, an' the roots what grow in the groun' he can cure he'self, jest as I did o' the marks he give me with the ox-whip.' An' then she stripped the dress down offen her shoulders, an' the niggahs nigh dropped to the groun', foh her back wah smooove as yo' han' this minute, hon'—not a sign of a swellin' er nothin', though the stains o' the blood wa' still on her waist wahah that whip had cut her. Well, yo'd better b'lieve them niggahs wah mighty careful not to raise her temper after that. An' ole Mistess she sutenly wa' mad when she hear that Marse Lemone had struck one of her niggahs with a whip; it wa' the first time one had evah been used on a woman on that plantation; an' he got his discharge yo' better b'lieve, hon'—no whippin' niggahs on we all's place I can tell yeh! An' that's what Maum meant when she say, 'Don't forgit, Marse Lemone.'

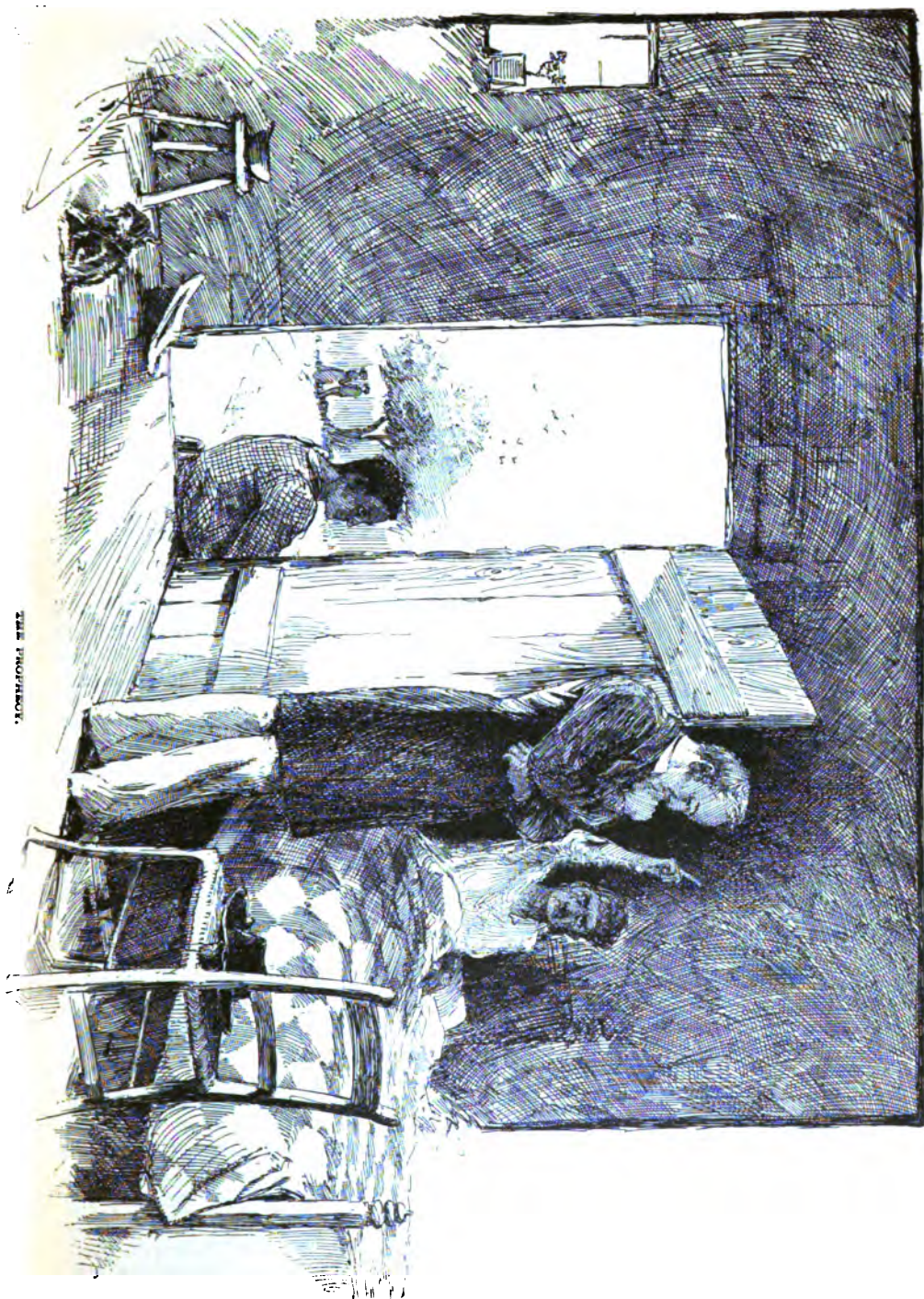
"An' while they was a talkin' that day, my Maum Saida layin' on the baid, an' Marse Torm settin' aside her, young Marse Lou done come to the doe for me to get a boat out to carry them down the creek, an' close ahind him came t'other Miss Norie, slim an' white like a lily bud. They stood in the doe a-holdin' each by the han's jest like little pick-aninnies would, an' Maum Saida she watched them a talkin' an' lookin' in each other's eyes a goin' down the lane; an' then she said to Marse Torm (I was fixin' an oar-lock jest outside the doe an' heard it, an' she say): 'Marse Torm, I won't be heah long in this form to ax questions or interfere, but have yo' any objections to tellin' me what yo' goin' to do with them two?' an' she nodded her head towards them chillen,

—he wa' twenty-two an' she wa' eighteen that summer time. An' Marse he say, 'I'se goin' to send yo' Marse Lou a travelin' next yeah—to a country across seas where he can finish his studies an' his pictuah paintin' fancies;' cause yeh know he allers all his life was boun' to be an artist as they call it, an' some o' the pictuahs he done painted an' hung on the walls in the big house could a' most talk—sure 'nough they could. An' when Marse Torm say he wa' to travel far countries Maum Saida lay quiet a little, an' then she ax, 'An' my baby? My little Miss Norie?'

"Marse Torm he laughed a little an' say, 'I reckon there's some young planters 'round heah would be mighty glad to take her off my han's;' an' he turned to go, when she stopped him:

"'Marse Torm,' she say in her slow kind o' way, 'yo' an' me was nussed at the same breast. The fust o' my blood what evah bowed to a mawstah was brought foh a slave to yo' family generations ago. We haint multiplied, but we been faithful. When slavery ends it will leave jest one o' our blood on yo' han's. Now yo' gettin' on in yeahs, Marse Torm, an' the wah's a comin'. Yo' don' know how yo'll come out; all looks dark—dark when I try to see; but I hope there won't be no marryin', no change foh Miss Norie, and no separatin' them two chillens; an' I hope my boy, my Poll, will be let watch ovah them—together—so long as he lives—an' that will be all the' lives, for I'm mighty much afeared theirs will not be long—not so very long, Marse Torm. Let them live their days out in peace together—no marriage, no travel, only jest their two own selves heah on the ole place. If our blood has been faithful to yo', any worth while, jest promise that afore I go—that they won't be separated?'

"Marse Dupre he walked back an' for'ard twice, an' then he sot down aside of her again. 'Saida,' he say, 'Gord knows the truth an' the love an' the faith to our family is what money can't evah pay foh. I'se been a thinkin' of it offen, an' jest o' late I done had the papers made out foh you an' Poll, 'tendin' to give 'em to yoh at Christmas time; but I might as well tell yoh now that yoh an' yo' boy Poll is free. Yeh



THE PROPHET.

need nevah leave the ole place—I hope yoh nevah will—but it rests with yoh an' yo' boy now as to whether yo' sticks to the ole family or not.'

"Lordy, how that oar-lock did shake in my han's, an' it sutenly did seem as if there wa' a dozen oar-locks there, foh the water wa' so thick in my eyes I could hardly see. That wa' the happiest day—the happiest hour o' my life."

The black closed his eyes a moment as if to catch for one fleeting moment the vision of that far-off memory, and then he paddled on in silence under the shade of the moss-draped cypress. The girl, never tiring of hearing the stories of lives so different from that in the Carolina swamps, tapped her foot against the side of the boat:

"Go on, Poll—go on—what next?"

"I scacely know what nex', Miss Norie. I wa' all trembly like with gladness; not that I wa' any bettah off—no one could be much bettah off than to be owned by Marse Torm Dupre—but it wah jest the idea o' *freedom*! They's a heap o' meanin' in that word, hon', specially when ye've thought ovah the likeliness o' bein' sold away from the ole place in case Marse Torm died. I nevah wah sold, nor none of my blood, 'cept two what wa' brought from the ship to the oldest of Marse Dupre's; the fust o' the family to come from France, Maum Saida done tole me, bought them two what wa' sold. They wa' man and wife, Pendjo an' Huba, an' Marse Dupre's overseer he done make the bargain an' counted out the money foh 'em; an' they said when he, Pendjo, saw the shiny gold bits traded foh him an' Huba, he jest shake his head like a big bull an' say some words the white folks couldn't un'rstan', an' then he struck her with some white shiny thing, an' she fell down like dead, an' the blood a runnin' from her breast; an' then he turns it on his own self an' dropped with that bowie knife a stickin' in his heart. Huba she done got well an' live till she wah mighty ole, an' the marse an' family kep' her to do light work in the house an' she nevah had no heavy work, 'cause they say she wa' different from the other niggahs—jest like a bit o' fine delicate chiny, only painted black.

"Well, Miss Norie, that was the first of our family in slavery, an' they lived there on the ole plantation an' wa' nusses an' sich, an' nevah an unkin' word till that time with Marse Lemone; so yeh know how it would be to fear an' dread that all the smooove ole happy days might end with Marse Torm; an' ye see the place was leff to him so he could n't will it as he pleased—it was to go to some next o' kin, an' Marse Torm was a mighty high liver an' had n't much left but the lan' an' the niggahs; an' to heah him say there nevah need be no feah of a change mastah foh me, well, yo'd bettah b'lieve it made my head swim roun' like a dugout with a green han' in a swift current. Well, I wah so excited ovah that one idee o' freedom that I didn't heah rightly what followed till I heard marse a sayin': 'So long as they ain't brother an' sister I don' see how they 's to live allers together 'less it is as man an' wife.'

"Maum give a sort of moan like, an' I could see through a chink that she had her han's ovah her eyes, and marse was a standin' a lookin' out o' the doe; and then she say a kin' o' pleadin' like:

"'Don', Marse Torm—don' nevah mention that word 'marry' twixt them two; they souls, they thoughts b'long to each other; but it aint the sort o' love to make 'em marry. That love aint got nothin' o' earth in it, Marse Torm; there aint nothin' to liken it to as I knows; they don't make no love talk, but I knows that they nevah could imagine a sun risin' or settin' while they lives without its rays a fallin' on them two together. with their han's a claspin'; he look on her as a saint—jus' that; he couldn't think o' her as his wife or any other man's—that would kill all they best thoughts of each other; she could n't nevah mo'e be his saint—his little white-souled sister; she could n't nevah mo'e hold his han's an' look at him with clear, puah eyes. I tell yo' they b'longs to each other by a love we all can't measure, Marse Torm. I can see little ways in they hearts—not far. My eyes has done looked on sin in my life, an' that blin's we all to readin' such natures, jest as if yeh look at the burnin' sun an' then at the whitest lily flower that grows, an' that lily flower shuah to have spots on it.'

"Marse Tom, he put his han's ovah his eyes, but made no answer; and then Maum Saida she say: 'They, neither of 'em, have long lives ahead—that's true, Marse; so try an' let what time they've got be lived just as they is now; do that, an' take back my freedom—'taint nothin' to me now; I's done promised a freedom greater than it. An' if I get any power in the other life—we don't, none of us, know what will be given us; but I've watched them two chillen, an' the' love, a growin' like two flowers till it's deah to me as it is to them, an' I allow to help them guard it—whether I'm livin' or whether I'm gone. I'll fight foh power to keep close to them, an' *I'll git it*, Marse Torm; it may take time, but I'll sutenly git it, an' it will be all right at last. But I's afraid I can't see clear no mo'e, an' I's afraid they may have sorrow an' sufferin' afo'e I can git back.'

"Marse Torm, he done stan' an' look at her while she weh talkin', and he sutenly did have a curious look on he face, and then he say: 'Yo' not well, an' yo' fancy queer things; yo' better lay still and take a sleep now. Yo's been faithful Saida, an' I'll see that things are as yo' want 'em 'bout the chillen as nigh as I can, Saida—as nigh as I can.'

"An' then he held out he han' to my Maum Saida; she done kist it two-three times, an' then he pick up his hat an' walk out, an' I slipped round the cabin an' down to the crick whah the chillen wah waitin' foh me to fetch that oar.

"Lor', honey, chile, how that one day do stan' out clear in my min'. It was a warm, dozy sort of day, an' I paddled 'em down the crick, close along in the shade, jest as I'm a doin' now, and every dip—dip o' the paddle kep' a sayin': 'You's free—you's free,' an' the leaves seemed to whisper it till I done look two-three times at the chillen to see if they heard it, an' every bird what called to they all in the woods kep' a sayin', 'Free—free! free—free! free—free!' I reckon they always had said the same, but I nevah noticed it afo'e or since as I did that one day. The chillen they done ax was I sleepin', 'cause I did n't 'pear to hear what they said to me once-twice. They had the bible—same one in yo' han's now, chile; t'other Miss Norie was

powerful fond o' readin' it—an' that day they wa' just openin' it by chance, an' readin' whatever verse they put they finger on without lookin', and—foh the good Lawd !"

He stopped suddenly, and stared in a puzzled way at the girl and at the book, while she looked lazily surprised at this outburst.

"What's the matter, Poll?" she asked, a little startled by his tone and expression.

"It sutenly do seem strange," he said, as if to himself; "it sutenly do seem strange."

The words were slowly impressive; his eyes, with a curious glint in them, were on the girl's lovely flower-like face.

"Why don't yeh speak, Poll? What are yo' thinkin' of?" she asked, half sharply, half coaxingly.

"Jest about the verse yo' done read me a little while back, about 'a foldin' o' the han's to sleep;' it sounded mighty natural, an' now I recollect that am the very same one t'other Miss Norie read that day in the boat, jest as we are now, only that day wa' mo' beautiful, 'cause that wa' the day I wah made free; nevah be no mo'e days like that to me."

"Maybe it's foh me this time, Poll?" said the girl ruminatively, looking at her reflection in the dark waters.

"You! Why, Miss Norie, hon', you all nevah wa' anything but free!" broke in the black.

"Yes, I know," she nodded; "free that way, but there's another way o' bein' freed—like yo' Maum Saida an' like my Papa Lou, you tell me of, that I never saw; that is bein' free. Bess says it's dying, but I'd rather think yo' way; an' sometimes—sometimes I think I'll be glad when it comes to me." Her face was a childish one, but the look in the eyes was anything but childish as she spoke.

The black gazed at her with his big eyes like a faithful dog, and leaning forward patted her foot lovingly with his long, black hand.

"Don't, Miss Norie, don't speak like that; haint I tried to help yo' ferget all the worries evah since yo' was a little chile? But I's only a niggah; I could n't say nothin' 'bout yo' marryin'; de white folks had to 'tend to that. But some day maybe yeh 'll be mo'e contented like."

"But nothin' can make me free," she answered slowly, "except to sleep like Papa Lou an' like t'other Miss Norie; she died through havin' to marry the wrong one—the one she did n't care for—did n't she?"

"Nobody evah said that right out," answered Poll slowly; "but if Maum Saida had lived she'd a said it shuah 'nough. It sutenly wa' curious, her marryin'. She had done sent Marse Jack

in earnest, desperate, an' Marse Torm a losin', an' his face a gettin' whiter an' whiter, an' he a hopin' every turn o' the cards would give back what he had lost; an' I knowed mighty well he had n't much o' his own to bet with, 'cause things were gettin' behin' like on the plantation 'cause o' the wah, an' the nig-gahs a goin'. At the last game they writ the stakes on bits o' paper, an' when Marse Torm got up out o' that cheer I

saw his last hope wah gone. He didn't say much; only "Yo' have won, sah; yo' an' excellent player; yo' shall have yo' stakes to-mor-



THE PARTING.

Holcombe 'bout his business two-three times. It wa' the fust yeah o' the wah. Marse Lou he done gone to fight the Yankees; an' Marse Jack he wa' at his plantation neah to we alls, on a furlough cause o' wound in his arm—a sort o' fast young gen'l'man, 'specially with cards; an' durin' that furlough he had a card party. He an' Marse Torm offen had played together with other gen'l'men, but that night the playin' dwindled down to he an' my marse, an' then they played

row. Poll, get my hawse. I bid you good-night, sah.' Marse Jack followed him to the doe, an' spoke somethin' I could n't heah, only Miss Norie's name. Marse Torm only looked at him an' bowed, jest as if he could n't speak, an' walked out; an' I heard him sayin' low-like: 'All—even honor!'

"It was nigh mawnin' when we got home. Marse jest walked up an' down, up an' down the lawn till he saw Miss Norie's window open, an' then he went

straight in an' up to her room. No one evah knowed what passed atween 'em, but away late he come down the stai's with her on his arm a lookin' mo'e white an' delicate than evah. A letter was done writ an' sent to ax Marse Jack to dinner; an' that evenin' it wah tol' to all that our Miss Norie gwine to marry Marse Jack at once afore he went back to wah, an' no one evah heerd 'bout that night ovah the cards. But Marse Torm Dupre wa'nt nevah the same man again. He allers had been kind o' dashy even when his hair war all gray, but it seemed to whiten all to once, an' he nevah 'peared able to sit in the same room again with Miss Norie; an' she would answer him soft an' gentle allers, but nevah a lookin' up in he eyes as she used to. Well, the weddin' come off in twd weeks, and Marse Lou away an' knowin' nothin' 'tall 'bout it. Marse Dupre done call me to him the night afore, an' tell me my young mistress had a message to send with me to young Marse, who wa' up nigh Richmon'; an' as I was free I could stay if I'd a mind to, an' if Marse Lou wanted me; if not, to be shuah the old place would always be my home. I wa' glad he tol' me to stay away if I wanted, foh I could n't look on that chile's lily-white face without a heart-ache. She put that book yo' wah readin' in my han's, an' that ring yo' got too. 'Give 'em to him, Poll,' she say, her po'e lips a tremblin'; 'the book we have done read together. I will nevah read it again. The ring he has the mate to. Maum Saida give 'em to us as a charm to bind our thoughts to each other. I have no need of a charm foh that; tell him so. I must not write to him, but tell him livin' or dead I shall remember we had always hoped when death come we could lay down to rest side by side; but it can't be now, I reckon; and yo' tell him, Poll, as nigh as you can, how much I shall remember. Do this foh the sake of yo' Maum Saida, who loved us both so well.'

"I promised and then said good-by and left her. I can't nevah tell how I broke the newes to Marse Lou. I know he dropped to the groun' like as if he war shot; he wan't nevah strong framed, always kind o' delicate featured, only his eyes had a strong look, but not strong

enough to bear that newes. I cried like a chile when he come to, an' I had to tell him all she say, an' put the book an' the ring in his han'. He put the ring on his fingah 'longside of its mate; both o' 'em was of silver made of two little slim snakes twisted together, only on one the snakes' heads was of two opals an' the other was of moonstone."

The girl glanced down at her own hand with the gleam of silver snakes and opals on it as she dragged it through the water.

"Yes," nodded the black; "that the one Maum Saida done give Marse Lou—nevah knowed whah she got 'em. Well, honey, from that day on it did seem as if Marse Lou was a huntin' foh death in that wah; reckless don't 'spress the way he fought; but he always come out cleah. Jest once we went home to the ole place; it war when Marse Dupre died, jest at the close of the wah. He war mighty low when we got there. Marse Lou went in an' talked to him alone a long time, an' when he came out o' that room he say to me, 'Poll,' he say, 'my life heah is ovah. Yo' is free to choose yo' own road; will yeh go with me, er will yeh stay on the ole place?' An' I jest say, 'Take me 'long, Marse Lou. My Maum Saida done make me promise to watch ovah yo' two, long as I lived; Miss Norie, she's out o' my reach now some way; but if yo' want me, so long as they's breath in me I'll serve ye, as Maum Saida 'tended I should.' An' he jest reached out his han' an' took mine, an' neither of us could say any mo'e, 'cause the teahs war thick in his eyes at the mention o' Miss Norie I reckon. We stopped to say good-bye to her, an' Marse Lou sent a message up to the house an' waited in the avenue. She come down through the trees, lookin' slimmer an' whiter than evah; an' Marse Lou sort o' shut his eyes tired like as she come closer an' he could see her lily-white face that had a scared look in it. She come close up an' put out both her han's to him as if all her heart, all her life, we' in them. It warn't much, honey, that holdin' out her han's to him, but the way she did it made me turn away my head 'cause the teahs from my eyes was a droppin' on the bridle reins I held, an' I can't think of it now without feelin' like a big baby. She saw it, my little mistress, an' come ovah to me: 'Yo' are, sorry foh us, ain't

yeh, Poll?' she say, jest like as if she was a little chile again. 'I know yeh is—Gord bless yeh; yo' could nevah be anything but faithful; 'taint in yer blood.' An' then she turned to him again: 'Yo' would n't come to the house, Lou?' she asked; an' he said through his teeth shut close, '*His house?* No, the temptation to murder if I should meet him might be too strong;' an' then he spoke quieter like when he saw the fright on her face. 'Don't be afeared—I'm goin' away; don't try to 'splain—I know all. Yo' are taken away from me. Yo' the other half o' my life, my little saintly sister! In this life yo' can nevah be give back to me the same; but there is another one, they say, an' in it yo' may come back. We can't tell; but if it can be so, pledge me heah with Saida's ring that if in yo' power that sometime in some life our han's shall meet. An' pray that we may lay down to rest side by side at last.' He wa' so earnest. an' his voice it did sound curious; an' she a standin' there a lookin' at him, her lips a movin' as if she war goin' ovah every word as he spoke, they sutenly did look like witchery. An' then she say, in the same curious way, 'Give me back the ring;' an' he kissed it an' put it on her white fingah. 'It is what Saida meant it foh,' he said, an' then he kissed the two little han's and looked in the deah blue eyes, an' we nevah saw t'other Miss Norie again.

"Marse Lou he come up heah on these flats an' took this place out o' sight an' hearin' o' the world, as yeh might say; then he went up to the mountains, an' got yo' ma an' married her. He nevah had no notion of it till, I think, he felt that he must have something to tie him here or he'd break his word an' go back whah Miss Norie was. He an' yo' ma got 'long well 'nough, though she warn't of his sort. Yo' haint a mite o' yo' ma in yo', honey. Yo' b'longs to the ole family entire. Well, Miss Norie, sometime that marryin' did seem a shame 'cause they wan't much suited like. Did nevah qua'l none them, but he'd just go on shootin' an' fishin' trips foh days, an' then when he war home he'd read an' study ovah the books he an' t'other Miss Norie used to read; but the brushes an' the paints he nevah touched again. The last pictuah he made war of Miss Norie afore

he went to the wah, an' it 'peared jest as if he couldn't touch 'em, I reckon 'cause he knew it would be her face always that would look out from anything he tried to paint.

"He nevah seemed able to talk much to yo' ma nor she to him, though they was kind 'nough to each other. He had her sister, Miss Bess, come down an' live heah a spell foh comp'ny long as she could stand lonesomeness; an' then yo' ma, she'd go 'an' visit her folks in the mountains; and he wa' always mighty gentle like and keerful o' her jest as if to make up foh the thoughts that I knowed war with t'other Miss Norie.

"Offen he'd stan' at sunset if the sky war red, an' he'd say, 'Poll, that's jest the colah it wa' when we said good-bye to yo' little mistress'; and then when we'd be out in the dug-out he'd say, 'Poll, do you mind how one end o' the boat always had to be cushioned foh her with grasses an' leaves 'cause she liked to smell 'em?' an' so on, that I could see he had no thoughts that she hadn't some part in. I mind once, jes' a short time afo'e yo' wa' bawn, he war layin' under the trees on his back with his han's ahind his head foh a piller; the sun wa' shinin' down slantwise through the leaves on his face that looked mighty tired, an' he war a hummin' a song what t'other Miss Norie used to sing offen to him, an' I reckon he liked it so much 'cause her name wa' in it. I mind a few of the words. It went—

Oh, I have sighed to rest me
Deep in the silent tomb.
Oh, Leonora, fare yo' well!

Mighty saddenin' it war. Well, this day he wa' a goin' ovah it low-like, an' then he say, 'Poll,' he say, 'if I should be called to res' an' leave yo', I think yo'd be faithful to them as I might leave ahind. I think yo' would, foh the sake o' me an' yo' Maum Saida'; an' I say, 'To yo' an' yo' blood so long as they's a drop of it what needs me.' It war curious that he spoke 'bout that then, foh 'twant a week till he sickened and died. 'Taint no use, Poll,' he say, when I went to dosin' him with herbs, 'taint no use; it's good-bye, Poll, for a little while. Las' night yo' Maum Saida war heah—it seemed so; an' it won't be so very long to say good-bye, maybe, maybe not; none of us can

see clear far ahead. But when the breath is gone out o' me, take the ring offen my fingah—yo' Maum Saida's ring; it's to go on the hand o' my chile what I'm nevah to see—not in this form. I've done tole yo' mistress; she understan's; take good care of her an' o' the chile, an' min' the ring—it is a weddin' ring o' two souls. Don't forget—the ring.'

"An' them wa' the las' words o' my Marse Lou. It war six weeks afo'e yo' wa' bawn, an' a little lily-bud yo' sutenly was. 'Little Miss Norie!' I say the fust time I set eyes on yeh, 'cause even as a baby yo' wa' the pictuah o' her; and yo' ma, she kin' o' liked the name, an' she say, 'It 'ud please yo' Marse Lou powerful to have her call' that, an' I reckon we will.'

"She war ailin' all that summer, an' in the fall she gave up entirely an' we had to lay her out thar aside o' Marse Lou under the big oak-tree; an' that lef' yo' to Miss Bess an' me. Marse had n't nothin' to leave yo' 'cept this place an' the books, an' yo' ma's folks they could n't 'ford to keep yo'; and yo' ma she say the las' thing: 'Poll, take the baby to his kin—to the lady cousin she's called foh'—so that's how I done come to tote yo' down thar to Marse Jack's place, only to find t'other Miss Norie's grave.

"Marse Jack Holcombe wasn't no way civil—kind o' fat he'd got, and red in the face an' eyes, an' he looked sort o' scared when I done held yo' up afo'e him, foh yo' war the image o' t'other Miss Norie.

"'Whose brat is that?' he say surly like: an' I jes' looked at him an' I say, 'It am Miss L'norie Dupre, the onlies' chile

o' my Marse Lou who am gone;' an' I pointed to the piece o' black calico roun' my hat, an' to the little piece tied roun' yo' arm—it was the onliest sign o' mownin' we all could 'ford, Miss Norie. An' I say, 'Seein' as both her parents wanted that I should bring her to Miss Norie Holcombe, as she is done named for, I'sonly 'beyin' orders when I brings her heah.'

"He jumped up off the chair whar he sot, an' his face got red as red. 'So!'

he say a ragin' like, and lookin' 's if he'd like to pitch us both in the rivah bed—'so! his brat am brought back to be lef' on my hands; I've enough of him an' his breed—none of his name shall evah set foot on lan'

o' mine. I cussed him livin', an' I hate him dead. His name has been in this house like a ghost evah since I brought her heah—it war the las' name on her lips. D'ye think I want any of his breed? Take her back to whar ye come from—cuss her! an' yo' too, yeh black savage, foh fetchin' her.'

"I don' know, chile, what took a hol' o' me; but black an' slave-bawn as I war, all to once I done felt myself the ekal o' the man what cussed Marse Lou an'

his blood. I don' know whar the words come from—they seemed sort o' put in my mouth foh me to speak, an' I mind 'em now's ef I'd heard some one else a speakin' 'em. I hol' yo' close to me, and looked at him so red an' puffy with mad, an' I say: "Yo' cusses are mad cusses, Marse



BOB GRANTHEM.

Jack Holcombe, an' have no strength. What is to be will be; there is one who is livin' an' three who are gone that's again yo' an' yo' wishes—an' they'll win; the dead maybe have mo'e power than yo' think, an' some day maybe they'll bring little Miss Norie back to the lan' yo' drives her from now; take care how yo' crosses the wishes o' the dead, Marse Jack, 'cause they'll be too strong for yeh—they'll sutenly be too strong for yeh!' I didn't give him no time to answer, but jest turned an' walked down them steps 's if I was totin' a little queen. Out by the gate I met Marse Jack Holcombe's yellah gal, Psyche; she wa' totin' a baby too—a thin, delicate little thing, an' when I axed whose it was she nigh took my breath away, for she say it war little Marse Lou—Miss Norie's baby. It sutenly did seem strange that it should be called that, specially when Marse Jack Holcombe hated the name so. Psyche said he jest raved about it, but Miss Norie, meek as she war mostly, was like iron in that, an' she looked so white an' delicate he could n't very well forbid it without seemin' like a brute; but she said he could n't b'ar the chile anigh him, an' after Miss Norie's death he seemed worse than evah 'bout it. Well, we toted yo' two chillen down to the buryin' groun' to Miss Norie's tomb, an' Psyche done tol' me what war said on it; it wa' *L'norie Dupre Holcombe, 'parted this life, July 13, 1867,* and under that wa' writ' a word what we couldn't tell the meanin' of—it wa' '*Resurgam.*'

"The minute she say '13,' I knowed that war the day yo' war bawn, chile—the day t'other Miss Norie went out o' the worl', yo' came into it. It set me to thinkin' till I was nigh dizzy, a tryin' to mind all the things 'bout Maum Saida's an' Marse Lou's sayin's. An' right afo'e me was a little Marse Lou an' Miss Norie a sittin' on t'other Miss Norie's tomb, a holdin' han's an' a cooin'. An' roun' his neck war a little gole chain with a ring on it—the ring my Marse Lou had put on her han' with a pledge; an' the pledge had been lef' to the keepin' o' their chillen. I don' know how I said good-by to Psyche an' got away. I mind yo' two babies kissed each other. Yo' wa' st of a size. All the way home—part the way I footed it, an' then some-

times I 'd get a lift, but all the way home my head war muddled with the thoughts that had done got lodged in it. I use to listen in the night a tryin' to see if any o' the night birds' voices sounded like Maum Saida's, an' a wonderin' when she 'd get power to set things straight, foh she said she would. I minded what she told ole Marse Tom, an' I knowed my Maum Saida would sutenly keep her word."

"An' do yeh think I will go back there some day, Poll—back to t'other Miss Norie's house?"

Poll looked at the questioning face doubtfully. "Don' know, hon', I'm shuah; I thought yo' might when I said it, but it's a good many yeahs ago, an' yo's a woman now—a 'gaged woman, Miss Norie, hon'. I don' see no signs o' yo' evah gettin' back to the ole family now."

The girl dropped her head on the edge of the dug-out, looking at her distorted visage in the water.

"Do you know, Poll," she said at last, "I wish sometimes I was n't engaged."

He made no answer, only sent the slim canoe cutting through the water with swifter strokes.

"I wish Aunt Bess had n't put it in my head, a worryin' because she might die an' leave me all alone but foh yo'. Poll—jest as if yo' was n't plenty. I'm shuah there might as well be no one else on the place for all I see of them; an' he—he aint neah so nice as when he jest managed the island, an' was my teacher. He wanted to kiss me when he went away!"

A vicious push of the paddle almost wheeled the canoe up stream again at this intelligence; the black murmured something lowly under his breath as he righted it, but that was all.

"I told him," continued the girl, "that I 'd nevah kissed any one but yo', Poll, and Aunt Bess, and I did n't allow to begin now with him."

Poll looked at her as she made this statement in the most matter-of-fact way. He himself was the more embarrassed of the two.

"But, Miss Norie, chile, he—he 's to be your husban'—"

"I don't allow to kiss him if he is," said the girl decidedly.

"What did Marse Bob Granthem say to that?"

"He looked mad, but only said I'd make a nice wife foh a man," she answered indifferently.

The black paddled on, now looking at her laying on the green leaves, her eyes closed lazily, and then again looking steadily down into the dark waters as if for ideas, or speech to express what he had. At last he said:

"I—I reckon, honey, ye'd bettah tell Miss Bess; she'll likely explain what—what's best fo' yeh."

"I don't allow to say a word to her about it," she announced calmly; "she and Mr. Bob Granthem are kinsfolks, and she will side with him—she always does—and oh, Poll! I get so tired o' them an' this way o' livin', an' I wish you could just pick me up again like when I was little and take me right up them white steps into that grand house, and both of us live there all the rest of our lives!" breathed the girl with half closed, dreamy eyes.

"But it wa'n't the Dupre place, Miss Norie, hon'; it war Marse Jack Holcombe's," broke in Poll on her air castles; "an' he, yeh know, wa'n't no friend o' yo' all."

"I know," she nodded; "but I feel as if I b'longed there, Poll. Don't know why, but I do; I feel a heap as if I knew the people there more than I do Aunt Bess an' him. I've been with them both as long as I can mind, but we don't nevah seem to get acquainted—curious, aint it, Poll?"

Apollo assented mutely, and the girl receiving no comment, continued her ruminations.

"Poll, I'd like to know what become o' that other baby, the one that has the moonstone ring? he must be big now, as big as me, and I kissed him. I did n't know that; I told Mr. Bob last night I'd only kissed you and Bess."

"I wish, Miss Norie, there wa' some young ladies 'bout heah foh company foh yo'; it sutenly do seem a shame foh a lady to have no one to talk to but an' ole black man like me; young folks need young folks."

"Yo' aint old," she protested, "an' yo' a heap bettah than any ladies I've seen. I mind seeing some in a boat on the

other branch, an' they had yellow an' pink spotted dresses on, an' laughed at me after we passed them. Bess says it's because I make my dresses like the pict-uahs in Papa Lou's bible. I nevah saw any prettier ones to make them like. Bess don't make hers pretty, and I had no other to copy."

"Yo' dresses is all right, honey, chile; 't aint the dresses I'm thinkin' of; it's the ideas. A niggah like me can't teach yo' much, an' there's a heap to be learned outside o' the books Marse Bob Granthem taught you from—a heap, Miss Norie."

"He can't teach me any more in them, Poll; he says I know as much about them now as he does," said the girl a little proudly.

"Books is mighty good, but they's a heap to be learned outside o' them," protested the black. "My Maum Saida had no book learnin', but she wa' counted mighty wise."

"I seem always to know her too, Poll; 'cause you told me so much about her, I reckon."

"I reckon so," answered Apollo; and the two between whom there was such a peculiar friendship—a bond of slavery stronger than had bound most of his race—glided over the still waters of the bayou, ever and anon striking into the river for a space and then again into those interminable sluggish depths that make a perfect network through the cypress forests. On—on sped the canoe under the drooping boughs, sometimes gliding into open lakes in which the globe of the red sun was reflected as if in a mirror, then narrowing until the canoe would creep through channels only a few feet wide where the girl could grasp the swamp flowers as they passed. A strange picture they made, and one that had startled more than one of the few people who ever ventured in the river or tributaries. He, massive as one would want for a model for Pluto, his straight-featured ebony face never turning to the right nor left if they chanced to pass fishermen or huntsmen; and she on her couch of leaves, slim and fair, her dress strange, her eyes always with a wide look of one peering into darkness. The superstitious or fanciful could imagine them anything—those t' Elaine with her dumb ferryman in q

of the love that was not to be hers; Ariadne with the sadness of passion in her eyes, gazing from Charon's boat ever across the Styx to catch the light once more that shone for her in Naxos; Proserpine numbly conscious of her fate, moving on to it, yet catching at the blossoms of the bay branches, the moss of the cypress, at all fair things as she passed, in hopes of once more grasping that rare strange flower she had risked Hades for.

Miss Norie and Miss Norie's Poll had been seen for many years speeding over the amber waters of the cypress swamps—strange weird figures who came from none knew where. People dropped their voices at night when speaking of them, and dozens of improbable stories were afloat concerning the strange journeyings of this isolated couple.

"She is Miss Norie," the black had stated once to some fishermen who questioned him, "an' I'm Apollo Dupre. I b'longs to her."

It was no use for them to touch on the question of his freedom:

"I wa' free afo'e the wah begun," he stated proudly, "but I'm Miss Norie's niggah jest the same."

"Does she own any more like you?"

"My mistress don' need no mo', sah; I can take care o' her without help," and the dull flame in the slumbrous eyes told his questioner that it might not be well to twit this slave who clasped the yoke to his own shoulders.

No white man but Bob Granthem in that locality knew aught of the retreat to which the black and his strange freight disappeared. Some more adventurous than others had endeavored to follow the dug-out only to find themselves lodged among the cypress knees or grounded on the black mud of the swamps, but it was generally known or believed that the swamp was unbroken by solid ground at least ten miles back from the river. A few of the older negroes said "mebbe" they could find the old way through the net-work of bayous, but all had a wholesome dread of the uncanny appearing Poll with his giant's stature, his pure Greek features and his ebony skin; and not a black about there could be inveigled by the curious into guiding them to the rumored "dry land"

of which no one seemed to have actual knowledge.

Once in a while a young white man and a middle-aged white woman had been seen emerging from some of the numerous branches of water, but they always kept on down the river to the arm of the sound into which it emptied; and sometimes they were seen returning when none had seen them take their departure, so there was supposed to be more than one outlet to the hidden plantation—one possibly to the sound. None of the quartette had ever been seen inside a house in the country; no letters ever came to the fishing stations on the river. Sometimes a canoe would be seen with Poll alone in it with a load of skins of mink, polecat and other small animals, and now and then rich-hued snake-skins that he had in some way cured without loss to their changeful tints, that he sold as charms against rheumatism and numerous ailments; the other skins he found ready sale for at some of the fisheries where the men would buy up anything from the natives, on which they could speculate. But wherever Poll spent the money so earned it was not in those parts, and it was generally believed that the young white man did the purchasing. He, however, exchanged just as few words with the curious as did Poll, though he held none of the peculiar weird interest as did the black, perhaps because he was never seen with the lovely wide-eyed girl.

Even to Bess Haley, her mother's sister, and to young Granthem, who had taught her to read, she and her black ally were creatures they did not understand and did not care to cross. Poll, who like his mother had the gift of wresting from the earth hidden treasures of herb, and root, and mineral, performed many cures that seemed like magic to those mountain people transplanted to the swamps from which Bess half believed the negro had sprung fully matured, holding in his strong black hands a key of knowledge that unlocked all its secrets to him. And Poll's manner toward his Miss Norie was the homage of a slave to a young queen, a certain tone in speaking to her, or of her, that prevented anything like familiarity on the part of the other two.



AT THE BEDSIDE.

So they had lived until Mr. Bob Grant—them concluded that in his periodical—often mysterious—trips outside their little world he had seen no one who could compare with this girl, who was a puzzle to him despite his teaching her in the rudiments of education—an education in which she soon distanced him, as the art of reading had opened to her the store of knowledge sealed in the covers of the many books left her by her father, from whom she had inherited those artistic tendencies that enabled her to appreciate much of the beauty in old engravings, over which she would pore and from which she had copied many of the dresses that gave her a strange appearance in the eyes of her mother's kinsfolk.

In the mind of Bess there was always the conviction that through her aristocratic connections she would eventually come into property if there was any one to look after her interests; and consequently she had received Mr. Bob's statement of infatuation with delight, and

dwelt continually on the advisability of Miss Norie pledging herself to some one who could take care of her in case of the demise of herself, which she prophesied was not far off.

Norie rebelled at first. She had Poll, and that was enough; but they impressed on her mind that she could not live there alone with Poll the rest of her life. It was something unheard of. And so, little by little, she was persuaded into promising that some day she would be Mr. Bob Grant's wife. The child, for she was little more despite her womanly height of figure, knew but little of what the title meant. She had seen nothing of domestic life except their own, and had little idea of marital relations, as was proved by her statement to Poll.

The tangle of vines ahead of them grew denser and denser; the stream narrowed until at times the thickets of cane were pushed apart by the canoe and closed behind them, leaving no trace of the narrow, deep run of water that

crept serpent-like under the cover of reeds.

"She looks for him back to-day, don't she?" queried the girl after a long silence.

"I reckon so. He should 'a' been back yesterday; he had no big load this time. Thar'!—that sounds mighty like him now."

A far-off hallo came faintly to their ears through the jungle, and then a distant dog's bark.

"Yes, that sutenly am Marse Bob Granthem," and Poll drew a bone whistle from his pocket and blew a long, loud call that cut the air like a knife; and, as he resumed the paddling, Miss Norie suddenly raised herself upright, as if with some new idea.

"Poll, let's go by the boiling springs."

"Why, Miss Norie, it'll take up some time, an' he's a waitin' fer us."

"Let him," she answered briefly; and then coaxingly, "please, Poll! we have n't been to see them for a week—a whole week."

"That so?" with an air of astonishment as if it was a duty neglected; "then I reckon I'll have to carry you there."

The girl settled down on her couch again, contentedly, while he drove the canoe through brake and bayou until at last it shot out into a great open space, where he paddled slowly and carefully along the edge of reeds and bushes. The cause of his caution was manifesting itself in the fate of some blossoms the girl threw towards the centre of the little lake. They drifted slowly away for a distance, and then as slowly returned, gliding past in a circle; several times they passed, but every circle was narrower than the preceding one, until at last with a quick rush they disappeared in a whirlpool of the clear sparkling water that was different from that of the bayou. A few rods away the level of the lake was disturbed and broken by a boiling-up of the water like that of a kettle over a fire. It was the boiling springs of which the girl had spoken. Day after day she loved to go and gaze on the bewitched water, as Poll called it, and bewitched it seemed—that great fountain, pure and cold, bubbling and flashing up from some secret vein far below the sluggish depths of the swamps;

just showing all its brightness for one fleeting glance, and then gliding in still fateful way into the glassiness of that outer circle that drew the bonds of witchery closer—closer, until with one little ripple, as if of laughter, it plunged again into the whirlpool that drew down only the water of the springs, the purest and best, in its charmed circles. The force of that swift current drove back the amber water of the swamps; divided it like a wall from the sparkling, bewitched ripples that went laughing to oblivion, content that for one instant they had reflected the light from heaven.

"I wonder where it will carry the flowers I threw it," queried the girl, looking down into the mirror-like surface, as if it was a human thing to which she had thrown the lilies and the bay bloom.

"Don't know, hon'. I reckon they get pulled to pieces in that whirlpool."

"I don't," she answered. "I think the water must love them because they are so pure an' white; an' away down there I think there is a great cave where the rocks are cool an' mossy, an' there are shells an' flowers that grow under the water, an' through the halls of the cave the water makes sleepy music like the whisper o' the pine when the wind blows, an' every drop of the water that goes from here catches an' carries with it a spark of sunshine to help light the home it runs back to; an' if a flower of our world is given to the water, I think it would be carried so carefully down through the whirlpool until the greenest an' coolest bed of moss was found to lay it on, an' keep as in memory o' one day spent in sight o' the sky an' the sun. An' that, Poll, is where I think the flowers and the water go."

"I—I reckon so, Miss Norie, hon'," answered Poll, dubiously; "don't know how yo' come to think of it, but I reckon it's as likely as any other notion 'bout that bewitched water; but yo' ole Poll don' like to see yo' puzzlin yo' head ovah it, an' don' look in it so much. chile, it might lay a spell on yeh; an' I reckon we'd bettah go home now—he'll be riled, maybe."

"Yes, we can go now; but I could n't let yo' go the other way when I had n't seen the water for a whole week."

No other words were spoken by the two until they reached a rude landing, where, on fastening the canoe, Poll deliberately picked up Miss Norie in his arms as if she were a child, and strode across the reeking logs until he reached firm, dry soil before putting her down.

"I'm getting too big to be toted, Poll," she said, laughing a little as he gave her the great bunch of swamp flowers she had gathered.

"I don't allow yo' evah to get too big foh that," and gathering the fish from the canoe into a high basket, he balanced it on his head and followed her along the narrow path that led up an incline to the dry land above the swamp. It was a high level plateau they had reached, that rose from the swamp-land like an island, and was about a mile square—high, dry and fertile in the midst of miles of swamps. It had all been bought by Louis Dupre years before, as a cypress swamp, embracing several miles of the low ground between the river and the sound, with this one bit of high land in its midst, where he and Poll had first built a little cabin, to which additions had been gradually made, until Miss Norie's home was now composed of four cabins, with porches or open hallways between them, all forming around three sides of a little court in which flowers bloomed in tropical luxuriance. Great rugged limbs of the ivy twisted and coiled over the rustic log-walls, throwing out great sprays of tendrils in every direction, and making the place an immense vine-covered bower.

In front of the house was a grove of oak and pine reaching to the swamp. A middle-aged woman was spreading some white cloth on the grass, to bleach in the hot sun. A young man walking back and forth on the centre porch stopped in the manner of one waiting, while he watched the girl coming up through the grove looking like some fair lady of the Eastern lands in her white draperies, followed by the massive black figure, with the tall, jar-shaped basket poised on the head that bore it as if it were a crown.

The young fellow was fairly stalwart, and not bad looking, though with a hulking uncouthness of movement. He was about twenty-five, with good features and a sharp, knowing look in the

gray eyes that watched the two with a glint of displeasure in them.

"So you've got back, Mr. Bob Grant-hem," the girl said with a listlessness in the soft, slow tones; "we reckoned you'd come to-day."

"Is that the reason yeh took to the swamps?" he asked grimly.

"No, that was n't the reason," and the voice was a little slower, a little softer; "I jest went because Poll went, and because I wanted to; I always go where I want to," and she turned into the house, giving him no time for remark had he wanted it.

His face flushed angrily, and clenching one hand he struck it fiercely into the palm of the other, with a muttered oath, which he checked suddenly as he noticed Poll still standing near watching him with a curious expression in the steady black eyes.

"Well, what are yo' standing there staring at?" he burst out irritably; "why don't yo' go put them fish away."

"I's waitin' to know what yeh done call me, foh, Marse Bob," he answered quietly; "I reckoned it was foh some work."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the young fellow, reassured by the quiet tones. "I run across a man on the other cut about two mile back; he was lost in the swamp and is ragin' sick besides. Yo' bettah take some herb stuff an' eatables to him, an' tow him out to the river. I reckon he's got friends around there, but they'll have to bury him if he don't get there quick."

"What seems to ail him?"

"Some sort o' fever, I reckon; but I don't know much about sick folks. I give him some crackers an' whiskey, an' told him I'd send some one. It would n't do to bring him heah, 'cause he might die, and that would be awkward."

"I und'stan', Marse Bob," and in ten minutes Poll was striding across the level fields with a hamper across his shoulders.

"Where's he going, Bess?" asked the girl, as she saw him from the little court.

"A takin' herb roots to a sick man down in the swamp," answered that lady brusquely. "Bob's done been a waitin' on him this hour back, a callin' an' a

yellin' all to no good; I wonder he ain't riled."

"He was," answered the girl, and then walked into the house where the young fellow was smoking a big black pipe.

"I'm sorry we staid so long, Mr. Bob," she said, standing in the open doorway, her calm, wide eyes making him feel uncomfortable always with their directness. "I'm real sorry because the sick man had to wait so long for Poll. It was my fault; I wanted to go around by the witched water, and so he took me."

"Of course," nodded the young fellow. "He'd try and take yeh down to the bottom of it if yo' took a notion to go. Don't yeh think yo' gettin' too much of a woman to go around like that alone with a niggah an' in them queer clothes that make folks think yo' crazy?"

"They's easy and comfortable," she said slowly, looking down at the offending drapery. A loose belt of crimson bird-feathers held the gown in to the

wide, and over the head was a square piece of the muslin pinned into folds, that formed a shelter for the fair face. The whole formed a picture that could only have originated in a mind keenly alive to beauty of form and color; but small wonder if she was classed as insane by those of Mr. Granthem's type.

"It looks heathenish," he persisted.

"Does it?" she asked, smiling a little.

"I have a picture in the Bible, of Christ in a dress just like this, only he is bare-head. I liked it in the picture. I don't know how it is on me for looks, but Poll likes it, and I like it, and I don't reckon I'll make any change;" and she slipped down into a big home-made chair, letting the cover drop from her head to the floor.

She looked so fair, so soft, so sweet, and yet he knew that for all the softness of feature and gentleness of expression, his wishes, his will, could not influence her one iota.

"Where's the man that's sick?" she asked, after a long silence.



THE DESERTED HOME.

slender form. On one side, the skirt was caught up under the belt so as not to impede the feet, and showing under it a shorter skirt of the same material—unbleached muslin. The sleeves were

"Down in the black swamp," he answered laconically.

"I wish I'd a gone with Poll," she said after a little; "it's too nice a day to stay indoors."

"Especially if I'm heah," he added.
 "No," she answered, turning her eyes on him indifferently, "not especially; it don't make any difference if you are or not."

"Look heah, Norie," he burst out angrily, "do yo' reckon a man's goin' to stand this sort o' thing always? Yo' treat me as if I was little account as the dirt under yeh feet."

"Oh, no, Mr. Bob," she said earnestly; "I hope you don't feel that way. You've been good to me often, and I thank you for it; but of course I like to be with Poll best, for he b'longs to me and loves me like no one else ever can, I know."

"Not more than I can—not more than I do, Norie," and he came close to her, dropping his arm around the white shoulders.

She rose to her feet, not moving away from him; but something in that slow still uprising made him take a step back.

"You'd better not do that, Mr. Bob," she said quietly; "I don't like it much, and I reckon you'd better not do it again," and, picking up the head drapery, she walked past him out into the sunshine and down the path Poll had taken.

"Where yo' gaddin' to now?" called the old woman from the door of the cook house. "There's a storm a comin' sure; yo'd better come back."

The girl went on as if not hearing, and the woman grumblingly turned back to her work. "What's gone wrong with her?" she asked the young fellow a little later as she saw him on the porch looking after the receding figure.

"A little riled, that's all." He took two or three turns on the porch, and then stopped as if he had made up his mind to some decision. "I reckon we made a wrong move about this marryin' business, Aunt Bess. She ain't fit for any man's wife; she acts like a cursed fool about it. Sometimes I don't believe she's right witted."

"She's young yet," ventured the aunt, reassuringly.

"Not so young either," he returned. "She's as much of a woman as she's likely to be; but I don't reckon a man would feel comfortable with a wife he didn't dare touch, even to take her hand. If it wan't for the place being so hid an' so useful that way I'd go back to the mountains

to-morrow. It's killin' on a man to put in all his time heah."

"An' on a woman too," added Bess. "I nevah could stand it if it hadn't been foh the trips back to the hills, an' foh the money in the business heah. But come an' get a snack o' somethin' to eat; it's all ready an' waitin'."

And by the onslaught Mr. Bob Grant-hem made on the fried fish and hominy, corn bread and eggs, it could be seen that the interest in his own love-affair was not serious enough to affect his appetite.

Miss Norie walked on across the meadow, past a shed covering some queer looking apparatus in the way of machinery and a lot of kegs. She followed the path mechanically, vaguely disturbed by the evidence of an affection she could not share and for which she had no sympathy. Down between the rows of standing corn she passed, giving no heed to the rustle of the leaves that told of a rising wind. The stately buzzards dropped lower and lower in their careering overhead; the birds in the trees gathered in groups with spasmodic fits of chattering and long silence between, broken only by the whispering of the cypress that was growing hoarser and hoarser until plaintive moans seemed borne in fragments to her ears. In the south-east towards the ocean the sky was covered by a low-lying cloud that looked like the body of some great black bird of terror with wide reaching purplish wings. Back of it, a banner of dull copper flamed and sent forth reflections of distant lightning. The girl, walking on, saw nothing of it until she found herself in the edge of the wood where the path turned down to the landing that led to the black swamp. The trees were swaying above her and the low rumble of thunder caused her to look upwards. That sudden change from sunshine to threatening shadow; from the soft hum of summer insects to the creaking of heavy timbers, seemed like magic. An instant she stood in half wonder at it all, and was about to turn back to the house when a shrill, sharp whistle stopped her.

"That's Poll," she said aloud, and then making a trumpet of her hands she called, "Poll! ho, Poll! where are you?"

"Heah!" and through the trees she could see him pulling the dug-out from the water. "Go 'long home quick, honey—

they's a storm most got heah—an' yo' tell Miss Bess to get a baid ready; don't wait on me, chile, 'cause I've done got Marse Lou heah an' I've got to take him."

The girl fairly flew back through the fields to the house; and above the rush of the storm and roll of the thunder sounded those strange words—"I've got Marse Lou heah." She did not know what it meant, but the memory of the story in the canoe came to her, and her blood thrilled with a vague expectancy as she sped through the war of the winds and the beat of the rain that was coming in great waves and driving her before it like some slim tempest-tossed vessel. Into the house she burst, with fair hair streaming and a new light in the wide eyes brought there by the words—"I've got Marse Lou heah."

The two at the table rose to their feet, speechless at the apparition. They had never known her to run from a storm before; she was always recklessly venturesome, seeming to love the strange war of the elements with the mother earth that only smiled more warmly and bloomed more brightly after its shower-baths.

"Poll's coming!" she burst out, "and he says to get a bed ready quick, 'cause he says he's a totin' his Marse Lou, and I reckon he's ailing."

"A totin' a stranger heah!" said the old woman, looking significantly at the man.

"Well, I don't see any help for it now. Poll's a comin' through the meadow. We must try and make the best of it since he's heah," but the young fellow's face showed that the best was pretty bad in his eyes.

Poll was carrying the stranger in his arms as if he was a child—and he looked like a dead one with limp hands hanging and bare face upturned to the beating of the rain. Norie stood on the porch waiting for them, careless of wind and drenching rain, with hands clasped over her heart, her eyes eager, her lips parted with quick-drawn breaths; and as Poll bore him up the steps to the porch she raised one of the limp hands tenderly and laid it across the senseless heart. On one of the wet cold fingers was a gleam of moonstones and silver snakes.

"I'se done brung him back to yeh,

Miss Norie," was all Poll said as he passed into the room. She made no answer, only smiled a little curiously while Mr. Bob Granthem looked on, puzzled alike at her touching the man's hand and at Poll's speech. It was the first time a stranger had ever been under the roof, yet those two received him as if—it almost seemed they had been waiting for him.

"Who did he say it was?" the young man asked sharply.

"His Marse Lou."

"His Marse Lou died afore yo' was bawn," he answered contemptuously.

"It may be some other Marse Lou then," she said quietly, and followed Poll into the room where the stranger lay.

"Poll, is it he—really?" she asked stepping inside the door.

"Really, hon'; it's yo' kin come at last."

Going over to the bed she stood looking at him earnestly as he lay, unknowing unseeing aught; only a faint fluttering breath showing that life was there. He looked as she thought death must look, and clasping one of the cold hands she laid her face against it caressingly and slipped down kneeling on the bare floor, rubbing the hand between her own and pressing it to her cheek as if to lend it warmth from her own young body.

"Jest t'other Miss Norie an' Marse Lou ovah again," said Poll lowly, with a smile of utter triumph on his black features, as he bent over the still form, forcing some cordial between the white lips—something strong it must have been, for after a few gasps for breath the closed eyes slowly opened and wandered aimlessly about the white walls of the room until they were checked by those other eyes as dark as his own. The girl had risen to her feet and stood holding his hand closely clasped; an angel he must have deemed her, for he smiled faintly, weakly:

"My mother! Miss Norie!" he whispered, and then the eyes closed once more. The girl looked at Poll pleadingly:

"Oh, Poll! it is not—he will not—"

"Lor', no, honey! he's a goin' to live shuah. I jest found him in time though, po' boy. Now yo' go long, chile, I's goin' to get him into bed right an' then dose

him with some roots an' stuff, an' he'll be all right. Now don' yo' fret, Miss Norie, honey; yo' don' reckon he was sent heah into my han's to let him die, do yeh? No, chile; now that you 'n's have found each other at last, 'taint to part—nevah no moe—nevah no moe."

The two weeks that followed were curious ones to the residents of the swamp island. There was a vague resentment in the manner of Mr. Bob and Miss Bess towards the new comer; a resentment it was not wise to show in the presence of Miss Norie nor Apollo.

"He b'longs to we all's family," Poll announced to them that first day. "He's the onliest male kin what my Miss Norie has on the ole side o' the house, an' in course I toted him right heah."

"I reckon it's true," confided Bess to Mr. Bob; "they's a powerful likeness atween 'em 'bout the eyes—an' him! Well, he's enough like Lou Dupre to be his ghost come back; I can't get oval the turn he give me that first day. I done thought Poll was a totin' Lou Dupre's body up them steps—an' him dead foh yeahs an' yeahs. I've been upset evah since."

Mr. Bob did not say much, but he watched moodily the growing friendship between the girl and the young man, who was still weak but was able to sit on the porch for a few hours each day with Miss Norie always beside him. They were like two children in the gladness they showed in each other's society, she telling him of the secluded life in which she had found so many beauties; bringing out her father's books over which they looked together, and finding here and there marked passages to which he turned again and again with a puzzled look in the eyes so like Norie's own. Noticing it, the girl put the books away for several days; for he was still too weak to puzzle his mind over anything. He had heard from a child of the young Marse Lou for whom he was named, the brother-cousin of his young mother whom he never remembered—only a picture of her in her girlhood told him what she had been like; a life-size portrait in white drapery so like this Miss Norie that to his sick fancy she seemed at first that fair sweet mother who had been his ideal.

"How curious that I should have drifted into that swamp where your Apollo chanced on me and brought me here to you, my mother's namesake; it seems like fate."

"Fate? That's God you mean—ain't it?"

"Fate, Chance, or Providence; they are all nick-names for the supreme power of an invisible ruler. I thank it, at least, for having brought me to you," and he rested a thin hand lovingly on the fair head so near his knee, as she sat on a hassock of rushes beside him on the porch.

Very picturesque was this fair cousin to the young stray from the world. At first he assured himself that it was only from an artistic sense that she appealed so to his sympathy—to his understanding. He, like the man whose name he bore, was an artist; and she seemed a realization of a vague dream of a woman that the boy had carried always in his mind, but which had escaped the facile touch of his brush. But now; with returning health came an ambition such as had not touched him before—a certainty that success would come through the inspiration this girl was to him. Little by little he told her through those long sunny days, of his youth: alone, for all the care of servants; a nature in the world—not of it; finding companionship in books and pictures instead of the lives about him—a peculiar nature with fancies strange as those of Norie and Poll. Where he got them was a puzzle. But Poll, watching them and listening to their conversation, would sometimes rise abruptly and strike out alone for the cypress swamp, where he would ruminate with curiously puzzled eyes, and mutter disjointedly to the "Jon" strung on the leathern cord about his neck; the said "Jon" being an amulet of sand, to which many an African pins his faith—a little bag of sand that has hearing and speech for the faithful—a thing to which they confide secrets and put queries; and the one worn by Poll had often to listen to such remarks as: "What next? What next? Maum Saida done sent him back like she say she would, an' now what's we all to do? Where's the path?—I done lost it; can't see the way ahead now. They got only me to make things clear foh 'em—them two chillen—foh they's only chillen."

Jest t'other Miss Norie an' Marse Lou ovah again. I heard 'em this mawnin' on the poach a talkin' ovah, 'most word foh word, things I done heard 'em talk ovah on the ole plantation 'fore Marse Lou went to the wah. It do seem curious. Thar's Marse Bob in the way now, jest as Marse Jack war afore. That's to be my part of the work, I reckon; but I can't see the way cleah to do it. I've done los' the path."

But hissoliloquies never kept him long away from those two "chillen"; and Mr. Bob scowling sulkily at them, thinking himself unobserved, would often meet the steady gaze of Apollo watching him with a threatening glint in the big eyes. There was a division in the family in those days, an intangible line drawn between the two factions. The new-comer was an interloper in the eyes of Bess and Bob. No reasoning on the score of relationship could make them look on him in any other light. His overtures to friendliness were met coldly. His inquiries regarding the puzzling apparatus under the shed in the corn-field were answered gruffly by Bess, that "they belonged to the place, and she did n't reckon it made any difference what they was for, to outsiders."

"That's the still," said Miss Norie, when he mentioned the old lady's brusqueness.

"The still!"

"Yes, that's where they make spirits out o' the corn. Mr. Bob was just comin' back from totin' a load to a trader when he found you in the swamps that day."

She spoke of it placidly, evidently with no idea of concealment. She had seen them working at it most of her life. It was the only way that they could find a market for their corn in that isolated district, where even the stock and cattle had first been brought when young and small enough to be blindfolded, and laid in the bottom of a little flat-boat that could be poled through the swamps.

To young Marse Lou, as Poll called him, this was a curious way of gaining a livelihood; and strange to find a girl—young and so lovely—with apparently no idea of submitting to the laws of the country in which she lived.

"The place is mine," she answered calmly; "I can raise what I please on it, I reckon. Mr. Bob Granthem and Poll

do the work and don't interfere with any one, and I don't see why it should be changed."

"But the laws of the country?"

"I don't ask anything from the law of the country outside my own land that's bought and paid for," she answered with the air of a young sovereign.

With the others he did not attempt discussion of the subject, but in his own mind he determined that in some way his cousin must leave this life that barred her from all companionship save that of Poll. What he was to lead her to he scarcely knew, but day by day the thought of ever leaving her, ever living out of the sight of that vague questioning look in her eyes, grew more and more to be ranked among the impossibilities. Untrained as she was in speech and manner, strange in garb and fancy, she yet seemed to merge herself into all his thoughts or dreams of a home. He could not think of the elm avenue at the old plantation without her white figure moving under the drooping branches. He could not think of her in any more modern dress. All purity seemed to lurk in the soft, white shadows of her gowns, and to the imagination of the young artist she was never as other women. A certain blankness of mind to all earthiness in nature seemed to place her on a different plane in his eyes. "Where did you get the idea for that very picturesque girdle?" he asked one day, referring to the band of crimson feathers. "Oh, I don't know," she answered, smiling slowly at the pleasure of his praise; "I thought it might look pretty so Poll made it for me. I'm right glad you like it."

"Like it? Of course I do," he said, laying his hand lightly on the hand that wore the ring so like his own; "it is an artistic finish to that robe. Who could help liking it?"

"He don't," she said, a little wistfully. "Mr. Bob I mean; he says my dress is heathenish sometimes."

"And do you care so much for his opinion?"

"I don't care at all," she answered quietly; "but sometimes I think if he's to be my husband, I ought to try and please him. Bess says I ought."

"Your husband?"

He dropped her hand with a sort of horror. A heart-sickness at the thought seemed creeping through his veins and up into his throat, half choking him. It seemed as if something belonging to his life was slowly slipping away out of the reach of his hands.

"Your husband," he repeated mechanically. The words sounded meaningless, for in the girl's face he could see no comprehension of the title.

"Did'n't you know," she asked, a little startled, a little awed by the intensity of his tone. "I thought you knew."

He made no reply, but rose and walked past her, out into the warm, glittering sunshine that was palpitating with the amorous twitter of birds, the languorous perfume of open-lipped blossoms—out through them all he walked with hands clenched in protest against the thing that had the taint of horror in it. Poll was cutting wood down by the swamp, and the dull thud-thud of the axe came up through the trees, bearing with it the suggestion of clods falling on a coffin, and then it would change to the echo of the word "husband—husband—husband!" until he put his hands up to shut out all sounds that were as a mockery of that vague, intangible dream of content which had been growing nearer and dearer than he guessed. Fast as he walked, he could not get out of the circle of maddening thoughts. Poll dropped his axe at sight of his face.

"Foh the lawd's sake, Marse Lou," he said, striding towards him with outstretched hands, "what's done gone wrong?"

"Poll, is she to marry—that man?"

Their eyes met for an instant, and then the younger man sat down on a fallen log, covering his face with his hands. The dumb love and pain in Poll's face told their own story.

"My po' chillen, my po' chillen," he murmured, dropping down beside his Marse Lou and slipping his long black hand lovingly over the bowed head: "Don' give way so, young marse; it hurts yo' ole Poll mightily to see yo' look like that. Jes' the same look in yo' eyes as that day I took yeh that same news in wah times when yo' wa' up thar by Richmon'."

The bowed head was raised questioningly.

"Don' yo' mind it, Marse Lou? When I took yo' the Bible an' the ring from t'other Miss Norie, an' yo' dropped to the groun' like a dead man. It do seem mightily the same like. An' my heart is jest as sore foh yeh now as 't was them times, an' me sech a shiftless black niggah. I don't seem to be any more use to yeh now than I was then."

The young man got up abruptly and walked to and fro over the rustling pine-needles, stopping sometimes with hands pressed tight over the puzzled eyes; then he sat again beside Poll. "Tell me what it means," he said, half fiercely. "Is it witchery that closes over this swamp island, and brings up half elusive, vague memories in which your face is merged, and that makes Norie seem so much a part of my life and thoughts, though we never met before; that makes you speak of conversations you had with me at a time when I was not born? For days my mind has been a chaos of whirling thought over it all, and this other—this horrible thing she tells me seems likely to bring madness with it. Who are you that you seem to know clearer than myself those half-born memories in my mind? Who is she that she seems so much mine, yet not mine? Tell me! or I think this puzzle, with its doubts and its hopes, its memories and dreams, will make a madman of me!"

And then, with clasped hands and low tones, Poll told him the story Miss Norie had listened to in the dug-out.

His listener sat silent through it all until it was ended.

"Then I was right, Poll!" he said, rising to his feet, with glad eyes and a triumphant manner. "No other shall claim her! She belongs to me, and I to her."

"I reckon yo' 's right, Marse Lou," answered the black slowly. "Maum Saida has done sent yo' two back to each other as she say she would. I reckon she had to do it when she made a promise like that. But if folks knew they'd have to keep in the other life the promises they make in this, I can't help a thinkin' they'd stop an' study longer afore they vowed to work a spell, 'cause it means sorrow an' sufferin' to some one."

Spells always do that, Marse Lou, an' I reckon Maum Saida would be glad to call back this one now, but it's too late. Maum Saida done vow it. Marse Lou an' Miss Norie done clasp han's an' promise, an' a promise given must be a promise kept, by the livin' or by the dead, in this life or some other."

Marse Lou made no answer. His brain was in a tumult over this story that the black's faith had invested with an air of reality and truth. He, like Norie, was fanciful and imaginative through association from childhood with the voodoo element that filtered through the religions of the slaves born on his own estate. He had been crooned to sleep by weird chants on a black breast that had bound within it all the quick passion of the Eastern jungles, all the superstitious, uncanny beliefs of their race, who listen for prophecies given from the voodoo throne of caged rattlesnakes.

It might have been only the weakness of past illness that drifted him into the groove of Poll's fancies, or it might be the twinge of growing madness. Bits of weird, half-forgotten charms and the music of dreamy chants seemed crowding close about, barring out all life beyond this island with its black guardian and the wide-eyed girl who drew all his soul towards her, and who seemed so much his own, and yet—

"She is *mine*—mine and no other's," he muttered fiercely, rising and turning back towards the house, crashing blindly through underbrush and tall grasses, careless of the path, of Poll's admonishing tones, careless of all things except the force of the belief that she was his, that nothing, not even death, should come between them ever again.

The moon was full and warm, and seemed to hang low in the heavens, throwing a white light over all it touched; and two figures stood on the porch, clearly outlined in its brightness.

His heart seemed filled with fire instead of blood as he saw the girl's white arms raised to fasten a falling spray of rose to its frame; and the man's figure step quickly back of her and closely clasp the slim figure that struggled, tripped, and swaying fell backwards into the arms so eager to receive her, that no notice was taken of a quick step and muttered curse

until a blow knocked the man senseless and freed the girl, who sprang to her feet with a low plaintive cry like a snared bird, and heedless of the loving hand outstretched to her, seeing not who or what had freed her, knowing only that the hated arms were loosened, turned wildly from the vine-covered home that could shelter her no longer, and ran down—down through the grove, her swift feet fairly flying over the sparkling dew-laden grasses.

"Norie!—my Norie!" the young man called, but his tones did not reach her, or else terror had dulled her senses, even to the sound of his voice. She never halted, but sped down the path to the landing where the boats lay.

And Poll, crossing the pasture field, saw a white ghost-like figure flit between the dark tree-trunks and then out into the moonlight for one instant before she plunged into the blackness of the cypress swamp. Behind her, another form, swift and silent as her own, followed her footsteps like a dark shadow of fate.

"I wonder what that means," he muttered; "looks mighty like spirits, it do; jest like them two chillen; I hope it don't mean harm—no harm to them."

It meant no harm to them, only a flight to a haven of rest—together.

Down to the boats she flew. Her one thought to get out—out into the swamps that seemed to hold all rest in their quiet depths. The sound of quick steps back of her gave an added strength to the hands that loosened the light canoe and sent it cutting through the dark water.

Fast he followed her, now losing sight of her in the shadows, now catching a glimpse of the moon-kissed figure where the forest would open for a space. Swifter and swifter grew the silent chase, broken only by the swish of the reeds as the canoes cut through the rustling stems, or by the startled cry of some night bird as they passed, and with every dip of the paddle there grew stronger that madness of longing that told him she was his; the madness of desire to hold her just once to his heart as that other had clasped her. The sight of that embrace had wakened in his nature a fierceness of love that all the witchery of the moonlight could not calm. Every fibre of his being thrilled with the longing to

touch her—to kiss once the tremulous mouth! The thought of it brought a blindness and dizziness to his eyes and brain, out of which he was aroused by a scream that cut through the silence of the night. Guided by the sound, he found his boat no longer gliding over still water; it boiled up about him, turning the light boat first one way and then another, as if invisible hands were clutching at its frail sides; strive as he would, he could scarcely hold it level. He was in the midst of the boiling springs of which Norie and Poll had told him; and as he realized it, the meaning of that scream came to him. He could see her clearly ahead of him now; the soft moonlight showed him her canoe that, without any effort on her part, was moving slowly towards him. Surprised, he stood up, and called:

"Norie! it is I; come to me."

She reached her hands out wistfully as her boat glided slowly towards him. There was no fear on her face now, to reflect the terror of that scream. She almost looked glad.

"Good-bye," she said clearly, distinctly. "I am glad yo' come. Keep yo' boat where it is. Don't come near me. If I could only touch yo' hands once I would be glad; it would help me, I think; but we can't, for yo' must keep clear of the whirlpool."

And then he knew what that slow moving towards him meant. She was in the outer circle of that mysterious water that drew down to some unknown depths all that was bewitched within its boundaries.

"Come to me," he said quietly, as her canoe was almost opposite him—not a boat's length away; but hers was slowly circling, while his was stationary. "Jump! I think I can reach you; if not you shall not go down alone. You are mine! I claim you! Come to me!"

She smiled as if she understood, and then made one spring towards him; their outstretched hands clasped, but the wrench tore the boat from the still water and drew it into that circle of death.

"Mine!" he murmured, half fiercely

clasping her to him. "Mine—never to part. We go together."

"Together!" she whispered, smiling with glad eyes into his own, and with their hands clasped—the hands that wore Saida's wedding rings—and their lips close on each other's in a marriage kiss, the waters drew them down together into forgetfulness—or a new life!

* * * * *

Through the bayous is still seen the massive black with his loads of skins and herbs of the woods, but he is always alone; and the log-house on the island has no more the sound of voices in it. Those two from the hill country left one night when fate sent Apollo staggering up from the swamps with hair white as the snows of the north.

"Go!" he said with the quietness of a sleeping devil in his bloodshot eyes. "They are gone down with that bewitched water—my two chillen—an' I had to see 'em an' couldn't reach 'em. It war to be, I reckon, but some one helped to drive 'em to it. I ain't axin' questions; it's no use now; only go 'way whar I can't see yeh. Take what yeh want; come an' take the island when I'm dead, but go now before I forget yo' was evah kind to her."

On moonlight nights he will ramble down to the meadow, and watch—watch with tired eyes for one more glimpse of the white figure flitting as it did that night among the grove of cypress trees. And in every search for herbs in the woods he gathers clusters of all the bright flowers she loved; and, keeping them in the end of the canoe on her bed of reeds, will try by inhaling their fragrance to imagine that she is still there.

And to the amulet of sand, the old lips whisper often the plea:

"Tell them I's waitin' to go, Jon; the time seems long when the eyes get dim, an' the ole' feet get unsutain in the path. The bird-songs is losin' they music to my ears, the summer-time flowers is losin' they color to my eyes, 'cause I's a look-in', an' a listenin' foh the sweetest music an' the prettiest flower as the Good Man evah made—the voice an' the face o' my Miss Norie."





TO A CHILD.

Oh, my child, my pure and perfect man-child,
With the light of heaven in your eyes,
And your yellow hair like glory resting
O'er a face so angel-sweet and wise!

Oh, my child, I hold your hand and tremble
When I think of all that you must meet
On the way, where there is nought to guide you
Save my clouded eyes and stumbling feet.

All the nobleness that sleeps within you
Waits my touch to waken into grace;
Ah, the man you will be haunts my future
With reproach, not love, upon his face!

Is the gardener not appalled and daunted
When he sees but leafless twigs, and knows
That within the bare, brown things there slumbers,
Waiting for his waking hand, the rose?

So I fear, from fingers all unskillful,
Some rude touch your perfect growth may mar;
If the pruning-knife slip but a little,
You must carry, all your life, a scar.

Oh, my child, unknown, unconscious currents
Meet and mingle in your young, warm blood;
So, God help me when your soul shall blossom,
And—God help me should I blight its bud.

Bessie Chandler.

BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.

V.—MEADOW MEMORIES.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.



ONE of the most pleasant seasons on a Western farm was that of haying, which began about the 25th of June, and lasted two or three weeks into July. Indeed, as the Western farmer looks back on this season, there is little that is not pleasant to remember.

At the time of its passing it was considered distinctly "poetic," which could hardly be said of the main business of farming, most of which needs the passage of many years or the interposition of wide atmosphere before it can appear beautiful.

The summer was at its ripest and most liberal stage of vitality, and at its greatest luxuriance of blossom, and it is not

strange that even faculties dulled and deadened with incessant toil caught a little of the superabundant glow and throb of life. The corn-field, so dark green and so sweet-smelling, rippled like a sea, with a multitudinous stir and sheen, and swirl and lift; waves of green and dusk and yellow careering across; long leaves flung up like spears or shaken like a host of banners. The trees were in full leaf; the insect life was at its height, filling the air with buzzing, dancing and the light of innumerable gauzy wings.

Vast watery clouds filled the sky, moving like great sails before the lazy wind, dark with rain which they flung down momentarily like trailing garments upon the land, and then passed stately by with a roll of thunder. The birds were in fullest voice: the bobolink sailed in the sensuous air, now sinking now rising, his wonderful song thrilling in the ear like a chime of tiny silver bells; the king-bird, ever alert and aggressive, cried out sharply as he launched from the top of a poplar tree upon some buzzing insect or swooped high into the air to fall upon some intruding hawk, trying vainly to escape this dreaded little adversary.

The grasshoppers kept up incessant snap and buzz, and out of the luxuriant, though stagnant marshes came the ever-varying chorus of the frogs, swarming below the grasses; while above, the kill-deers and plovers shuttled to and fro in sounding flight, and the black-bird on the cat-tails and willows swayed and sang his most liquid note till he seemed to lose himself in sensuous delight in his own music. And over all and around all, moved the slow soft west wind, laden with the breath of the far prairies, soothing and hushing, filling the air with a slumbrous haze.

At such times to lie in the shade of the trees and forget everything but the calm and glory of nature was an inexpressible delight. To forget work, to forget to think! Ah, if the worn toiling-man in the far city might only bathe for an hour in such an atmosphere! Out of the roar of the city into the drowsy hum of a day in later June! It is the old story: "The air is only blue in the distance." And yet we did enjoy a good deal of it, even then, when we were at work, or when as youngsters of ten or twelve we ran on errands

or rode a horse to rake the hay or plow the corn. Just before the haying began there was commonly a lull in the work, for in those early days we did not raise so much corn as wheat, and the boys had time to play ball, go swimming and fishing or berrying; and I am sure I speak for thousands of Western boys when I say that this season is full of the most blessed and sunny associations.

In the ever-changing West, "haying" covers a multitude of diverse experiences. Those whose recollections extend over a term of twenty years have seen many changes in the implements of haying; from the old-fashioned scythe and rake to the patent-gear self-lifting-adjustable-front-cut meadow-king mowing machine, and the self-dumping spring-tooth horse-rake. Indeed there are even more wonderful inventions in the field. These changes are marvellous in themselves, to say nothing of the changes in human thought which necessarily accompany them.

My earliest recollections of the haying field is of going out with a brother to take a large white jug of "switchel" to the men. (The jug was swung on a pole, and we each used to accuse the other of trying to get the long end.) The men used the scythe and rake just as they do still in the rocky farms of New England; and I remember with pleasure the glorious strawberries which they tossed up on the crests of the billows of damp grass. I remember, also, with what awe we gazed at the great green frogs, sitting motionless nearby or leaping headlong into the waving grass. While still, they looked so mossy and inanimate, it was a surprise to see them move. We had little to do then but to look for berries, and tumble down the "doodles."

But a year or two later when the boys' freedom to come and go was ended, we began our apprenticeship in the field by "raking after." Every farmer's boy in the East or middle-aged man in the West will know what that means. It means a gloomy urchin with a long-handled rake, following after the huge wagon while it is loaded with hay; it means walking with bare feet on the stubble-speared, new-mown sward. I have often wondered whether if Whittier had gone into details he would not have told about sliding the

feet along in the stubble to avoid being spiked, or of walking in the wheel-track for the same reason. Our meadows had the track of the mowing machine in them, and it was a blessed relief when we could strike the mark of the "bull-wheel" going our way.

All through June before the haying ing came on, we boys herded the cattle on the wide prairies or rode the horse in plowing corn, helping build fence, or cutting hazel-brush before the breaking plow. There was always something to do, even in "slack times." But the days grew hotter, the grass thicker and taller, and finally on a bright cloudless morning in June, the mowing-machine buzzed merrily around the grass-lot.

It was always a joyous sound to us, this whizzing clatter of the mower. It was a delight to stand and watch the sickle as it seemed to *melt* into the timothy and clover, while the grasses, stately and fragrant, bowed to the sweep of the shining bar. The timothy heads sinking would shake out a fragrant purple dust, and the clover heads and fallen roses mingled their expiring breath while lying under the sun together. The hay was even more fragrant than the grass. All day under the sun, all night under the dew, it lay changing from grass to hay; and then the next afternoon it was ready to be raked into wind-rows and bunched, ready for the hauling together into the farm-yard.

Then it must be raked, which in the olden times was a long and hard task. I can just remember seeing a row of men using hand-rakes as they gathered the hay on a valley farm in Wisconsin, but at the same time, on the Iowan prairies, they were using a revolving rake, drawn by a horse, operated by a man walking behind. A year or two later came the Hollingsworth riding horse-rake, and by the time my generation was able to take an important part in the haying field, the rake had been so improved that a boy could run it, and it became the boy's duty thereafter.

With what pride we rode atop the rake into the level field of sweet-smelling grass, I need not say. Three times around the margin, and the "doodling" begins. The rake rolls the hay into long and thick wind-rows, which the men with

easy dexterity tumble into piles and cap in cone shape, their light and graceful forks flashing in the sun. Farther in toward the centre of the great field the mowing machine is buzzing, its sound having a drowsy swell and fall as it pulses forward on the fitfully moving air. The men work with quick ease, with laughing colloquies and friendly contests in speed.

The Western haying field is a bright and joyous one, very unlike those in Europe which Millet and his fellows paint. Here are no bowed backs and gloomy faces, toiling in the half-light; no huge and clumsy tools; no feet thrust into huge wooden shoes; no miserable looking women straining at a load too great for their strength. The American farmer is poor enough and brutal enough, but he is not hopeless. I say "Western" haying field, because even in New England there is not the same exuberance of young life. That which first strikes the Western man when he goes East is the fact that all the old men work in the fields; whereas, in the West, the old men are comparatively few and take less share in the hard labor.

The haying-field always had a distinct and massive pleasure to us all, even when the boy grew to the point of taking a place in the work of pitching the hay; the fresh air, the merry voices of companions made it more like play than work. True, it was a warm occupation, but in the simple costume of stout shoes, trousers belted to the waist, thin calico shirts and straw hats with wide brims, we were not afraid of being rumpled or soiled. We filled our hat-crowns with green leaves, moistened our hands and "bore down" on the fork handle till the boss yelled apprehensively, "Look out there! 'f y' bust that handle 't 'll be another dollar out o' your pocket." We exulted in our growing strength, used it wantonly sometimes by trying to put a whole "doodle" on at once, or by bothering the loader by pitching too fast for him.

We had no hay-barns in those days, and the harpoon fork had not yet made its appearance; so that while we escaped the hard task of mowing away, we still had the pitching to do. Last year I

visited some of the large hay-farms in Northern Iowa, and saw machines which gathered the hay out of the swath and elevated it to the top of the wagon. I saw hay forks which put a huge load of hay into barns holding hundreds of tons, with five or six forkfuls. I saw mowing machines cutting swaths seven feet wide, drawn by a single span of horses. So goes the West!

It is impossible to think of working in those haying fields without recalling a hundred things which made up the day. The call to dinner was not the least of the pleasant things surrounding us. After a long and hard forenoon in the hot July sun, we went prepared to enjoy to the utmost our simple fare and the hour's respite from the sun. Then there was the delicious preparatory ceremonial at the well when we soused our head and ears in the horse-trough or the immense pail standing near for the purpose. Sometimes, when we were specially hot and dusty, we dashed the cold water upon each other's heads and shoulders from a dipper, and so, cooled and cleansed, went in to the dinner table.

Food at this time of the year was abundant and of good variety: the strawberries or red raspberries were in full bearing; all manner of "green things" were plenty; and the table possessed a rude, wholesome abundance—and needed it. There was no ceremony at those meals; no man wore a coat, napkins were "against the law," and steel forks merely supplemented the knives. There was no waiting on the table, and there were no courses. All the food was placed before us at once, and the boss would say, "Now boys, do your purliest. Get all y' c'n see; an' what yer' can't see, yell fer."

Then what a delightful half-hour when we lay under the trees on the grass and "let our dinner settle," catching momentary dreams in the midst of the indescribable charm of a noon in mid-summer, gazing at the sky and listening to the wind in the popple leaves till the boss cried, "Pull out, boys; pull out!"

The weather was nearly always bright and very warm, the sun rising in cloudless splendor each day, though during the middle hours vast domes of dazzling

white clouds, half-sunk in misty blue, would appear encircling the horizon. The boss kept an anxious eye on these thunder-heads, regulating the amount of cutting, by the signs of the sky. Then sometimes the hot afternoon air would take on an oppressive density; the wind would die away almost to a calm, or blow fitfully from the south, while in the far west a vast dome of inky clouds, silent, portentous, would rise, filling the horizon, swelling like a bubble, having the weight of a glacier. The birds, bees and insects, usually so vocal, would suddenly sink silent, as if awed by the first deep mutter of the storm.

All hands then hasten to get the hay in order, that it may shed the rain. We hurry as only adept pitchers can. We roll up the wind-rows by getting fork and shoulder under one end, tumble it over and over endwise till it is large enough—then go back for the scatterings which are placed with a deft turn of the fork on the top to cap the pile. We laugh and shout as we race across the fields; we are wet to the skin with perspiration; our hats are flung aside; the boy on the rake puts his horse to the trot.

Nearer and nearer comes the storm, silent no longer. We stop to listen. Far away is heard a low, steady, crescendo, grim roar; but there is not yet a breath of air from the clouds; the storm-wind has not reached us; the wind of the south has died away at last; the frogs in the marsh and the fearless king-bird alone cry out in the ominous gloom cast by the tempest.

Ah, there it comes! The black is turning to the gray of the falling rain. See it sweeping on! Now it strikes the corn-field, sending a mighty wave sweeping across it. Now it reaches the hedgerow, and the spire-like poplars bow to it. Now it strikes the hay-field, and see! the caps of the cones go flying; the hay streams in the wind like a woman's hair. In an instant our work is undone, and the hay opened to the drenching rain.

As we rush for the house, the roaring rain bursts upon us like a charge of cavalry. The lightning breaks forth from the blinding gray cloud of rain falling like a flood. As we look up, we

see the streams of fire go rushing across the sky like the burst of a rocket. A moment more and the solid sheets of water fall upon the landscape, shutting it from view, but the thunder sounds sharp and splitting in the near distance, to go deepening and bellowing off down the illimitable spaces of the sky and plain.

In the east is still to be seen a faint crescent of the sunny sky, rapidly being lost as the storm sweeps on; but as that is closed, a similar crescent, faint, watery and gray, appears in the west, as the clouds break away. It widens, grows yellow, and then red; then blazes out into an inexpressible glory of purple and gold, as the storm moves on to the east. The thunder grows deeper and dies to a retreating mutter, and is lost. The thunder-cloud's dark presence has passed over us to the east. The trees are glorious with light, the birds take up their songs again, the air is deliciously cool. The corn stands bent as if still acknowledging the majesty of the tempest. Everything is new-washed, clean of dust, and a faint, moist, indefinable odor is everywhere.

The hay is spoiled—at least much damaged—but the shower has done so much good, no one finds heart to complain. What is a little hay compared to the wheat crop? It was often the pleasant duty of the boys on evenings like this to mount horse and ride away on the prairie to bring up the cows.

The roads are wet and plashy, responding to the steady lope of the horse with a slapping sound; but the prairie, ah, the prairie! In full flower, fragrant, green and yellow and white with blossoms and leaves, fresh from the rain, while a strong, cool wind is wafted from the clearing west, the prairie was intoxicatingly, exaltingly beautiful. Words fail; song itself cannot express it:

My Western land, I love thee yet!
In dreams I ride my horse again,
And breast the breezes blowing fleet
From out the meadows cool and wet.
From fields of flowers growing sweet
And flinging incense to the breeze:
The wild oats swirl across the plain,
I feel their dash against my knees
Like rapid plash of running seas.

Even haying, when contrasted with such moments as these, was a drudgery. To feel the lift and swell of the strong horse, to see the wild colts racing and chasing in sheer overflow of life, to hear the deep bellow of battling bulls, to meet companions horsed like ourselves, and to shout and race in sheer abandonment to the impulse of the hour was a joy inexpressible then, and a priceless memory now.

I am thinking now of many night-rides after strayed calves, or after the wandering herd itself, driven by the rain or the stampeding of the horses far from their usual feeding-ground. I am thinking of the steady gallop of my horse through the black night, over the prairie, where a step into a badger-den or fox's hole might send horse and boy in a heap down in the darkness. On we go through the wet grass; on through patches of hazel that spitefully whips my stirrup-shield; on, peering into the darkness, pulling up now and again to listen for the tinkling of a familiar bell; now skirting apprehensively the edge of a large grove of popples and crab-apples, and then plunging down a decline into one of the wide meadows where the blue-joint and wild-oats stand breast high, wet and tangled with the rain.

Now comes in the steady, monotonous cling-clang of the bell as the sober herd winds slowly along the wet path, homeward. Birds fly up from the ground, and a stealthy rustle in the grass tells that the terrifying little marauder, the skunk, is abroad. An occasional owl passes by, and curious pauses and colloquies come into the noisy pools. As we re-enter the settlement, lights appear, dogs begin to bark, and now the men meet us at the bars, the bell having told of our approach. We are wet to the thigh with the lash of the bushes and wild-oats, and we hasten to the fire, for the night air is chilly—leaving to the rest the task of milking. Beside the welcome fire we sit and eat supper while the steam rises from our wet garments. Fire-flies are shining in the grass; a tree-toad on the roof is singing.

But these experiences passed away as the wild lands were enclosed and broken up. Lanes took the place of trails; cattle in the pastures grew heavy and slow,

losing all flavor of the buffalo and elk. Of course there were other contrasts in farm-life, but none quite so absolute as when we left off haying or harvest, and rode forth on the grassy, fragrant plain after the cattle.

There was another experience in haying, however, which had almost equal value with the boys, and which also has passed away with the settlement of the land; and that was cutting the grass on the unfenced wild meadows. Cutting the prairie grass came in July, and also in the fall after the wheat harvest. The meadow came first and the upland grass later, but in both cases these opportunities to cut on the prairie grew scarcer year by year and farther from the homestead, a thing which we did not regret, as it gave an added charm to the work of cutting and hauling it to the farm-yard.

Sometimes a camp was made several miles from home, and the nights were spent under the wagon on the ground. At any rate the dinner was eaten in the open air under the popple trees, with all the flavor of wild berries and the smell of green things growing. There were evenings spent beside a little smoking fire under the edge of the wagon, evenings full of peculiar charm, the frogs singing, the katydids and mosquitoes sounding, and the night-hawks booming hoarsely as they swooped whizzingly down near our heads as if to see what we were.

Again, the experiences were not unmixed delights. On sultry evenings, a shower threatening, the mosquitoes bit mercilessly, and no amount of smoking in the "smudge" or rolling up in the blankets availed; their insidious, pestilential hum penetrated to the ear. And then later the shower came up, the thunder shook the ground, the lightning lit up the prairie almost momentarily, though the storm was far distant. To boyish eyes the landscape had suddenly become a mysterious, terrifying thing. The popple-trees, laced against the sky, the lifted heads of the startled horses, the machinery standing in the midst of the hay-cocks, would all appear for an instant as something new and strange, and a moment later be swallowed up as if by a sea of ink rolling over it all. At such moments it was considered an

ominous thing to see a large owl rise from the neighboring tree-tops and flap away into the darkness and the rain.

And then in the morning, when, drenched, cold and hungry, we strove to kindle a fire, crawling about in the faint, gray dawn, we heartily wished ourselves at home in our snug beds under the sloping roof. But these bad nights came but seldom, and we soon got limbered up as the sun blazed out, and the birds took up their irrepressible song, and the terrors of the night passed away like its clouds.

In most cases, moreover, the farmer did not go so far away from his home, and only "camped out" at the dinner hour, going home at night. The hay on the uplands was dryer and lighter, and could be cut and raked the same day, that mown in the early morning being ready to haul to the stack at night. So we rode home every night on the huge loads of fresh hay, from which no dew nor rain had stolen the sweetness.

There were noisy rides in the early dawn, when, with huge rattling rack and flapping binding-pole on stout wagons, we clattered and whooped along the road to the meadow. And there were silent rides home at night, when the stars were coming out, when the wagon had a low and sleepy *chuck*, *chuckle*, and we (half-buried in the top of the mountainous load) listened to the myriad of insect voices in the grass, and the trills of the singers in the pools. The horses move on swift and strong, eager to reach their stalls. Through the still air, we can hear the voices of women and children sounding from the houses scattered along the way; the sun has long since set, but the illimitable west is yet filled with a sea of undazzling gold, whereon there seem to ride vessels of red gold with flame-bright sails.

Now we reach the gate, where Rover stands to greet us, and through the open doors of the kitchen we can see the table spread for us. Then comes the dropping of tugs and neck-yokes, much clatter about the barn, and then, hurrah for supper! Ah! would the epicure get the worth of his trouble, let him spend a day in the wild haying-field, handling the fork vigorously, and go home at

night on a load of hay full of pungent weeds and resinous shrubs, plunge his head in a bucket of cold water at the well, and then he will be ready to run a race for place at a supper of salt pork and potatoes.

At such times, as we sat around the cheerful table and "pitched into" the

supply of eatables, somebody usually voiced the general sentiment of the crowd by saying "campin' out's all right fer a change, but hardly the thing fer a stiddy business;" and adding for the benefit of the smiling women: "A man *can* cook if he wants to, but generally speaking he *don't want to*."

ECUADOR AND HER CITIES.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

[SECOND PAPER.]



ALTHOUGH the road to Quito is over an almost untrodden wilderness, it presents the grandest scenic panorama in the world. Directly beneath the equator,

surrounding the city whose origin is lost in the mist of centuries, rise twenty volcanoes, presided over by the princely Chimborazo, the lowest being 15,932 feet in height, and the highest reaching an altitude of 22,500 feet. Three of these volcanoes are active, five are dormant, and twelve are extinct. Nowhere else on the earth's surface is such a cluster of peaks, such a grand assemblage of giants. Eighteen of the twenty are covered with perpetual snow, and the summits of eleven have never been reached by a living creature except the condor, whose flight surpasses that of any other bird. At noon the vertical sun throws a profusion of light upon the snow-crowned summits, when they appear like a group of pyramids cut in spotless marble.

Cotopaxi is the loftiest of active volcanoes, but is slumbering now. The only evidences of action are the frequent rumblings that can be heard for a hundred miles, and the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night, which constantly arise from a crater that is more than three thousand feet beyond the reach of man. Many have attempted to climb the monster, but the walls are so steep and the snow is so deep that ascent is impossible, even with scaling-

ladders. On the southern slope of Cotopaxi is a great rock, more than two thousand feet high, called "the Inca's Head." Tradition says that it was once the summit of the volcano, and fell on the day when Atahualpa was strangled by the Spaniards. Those who have seen Vesuvius can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi if they can imagine a volcano fifteen thousand feet higher, spurting flames and lava from a crest covered by three thousand feet of snow, with a voice that has been heard six hundred miles. And one can judge of the grandeur of scenery on the road to Quito if he can imagine twenty of the highest mountains in America, three of them active volcanoes, standing along the road from Washington to New York.

The city lies upon the breast of a very uncertain and treacherous mother, the volcano Pichincha, which rises to an altitude of sixteen thousand feet, or about four thousand five hundred feet above the plaza. Since the Conquest, the volcano has had three notable eruptions—in 1575, 1587 and 1660, and at each time Quito was almost destroyed. In 1859 there was a severe earthquake, followed by an eruption, which, while it did not do much damage in the city itself, caused great destruction and loss of life in the surrounding towns and villages. In 1868 the great convulsion, which extended along the entire South Pacific coast, was severely felt in Ecuador, where, it is stated, seventy-two towns were destroyed and thirty thousand people lost their lives.

There was great anxiety in Ecuador in the summer of 1878, because of the violent eruption of the volcano Tunguragua, one of the largest in the group rising nearly two thousand feet above the line of perpetual snow; but after a few days of agitation, in which immense masses of lava and ashes were thrown out of the crater, the eruption subsided without doing much damage.

Here in these mountains, until the Spaniards came, in 1534, existed a civilization that was old when Christ was crucified—a civilization whose arts were equal to those of Egypt, which had temples four times the size of the Capitol at Washington, from a single one of which the Spaniards drew twenty-two thousand ounces of solid silver nails, and whose rulers had palaces from which the Spaniards gathered an unmeasured quantity of silver and gold. Here was an empire stretching from the equator to the antarctic circle, walled in by the grandest groups of mountains in the world, whose people knew all the arts of their time but that of war, and were conquered by two hundred and thirteen men under the leadership of a Spanish swineherd, who could neither read nor write.

The age of Quito is unknown. The present city was built by the Spaniards after the Conquest, but it stands upon the foundations of one they destroyed, which was older than the knowledge of men. The history of the ancient place dates back only a few years before the arrival of the Spaniards in the country; for they, ignorant men, interested only in plunder, destroyed every means by which its antiquity could have been traced.

Ecuador was the scene of the first conquest. The Spaniards, under Pizarro, landed on the island of Puna, at the mouth of the Guayaquil, and first stepped upon the main coast at Tumbez, in Peru, a few miles southward. Here they found that the Incas, for the first time in the history of that remarkable race, were at war. Huayna-Capac, the greatest of the Incas, made Quito his capital, and there lived in a splendor unsurpassed in ancient or modern times. At his death he divided his kingdom into two parts, giving Atahualpa the northern half, and Huscara

what is now Bolivia and the southern part of Peru. The two brothers went to war, and while they were engaged in it Pizarro came. Everybody who has read Prescott's fascinating volumes knows what followed: With the aid of the Spaniards Atahualpa conquered his brother, and then the Spaniards conquered him. When he lay a prisoner in the hands of the guests he had treated so hospitably, he offered to fill his prison with gold if they would release him. They agreed, and his willing subjects brought the treasure; but the greedy Spaniards demanded more. Runners were hurried all over the country, and the simple, unselfish people surrendered all their wealth to save their king. But Pizarro became tired of waiting for the treasure, and the men in charge of it, upon hearing the news that Atahualpa had been strangled, buried the gold and silver in the Llanganati, where the Spaniards have been searching for it ever since.

No amount of persuasion, temptation, nor torture could wring from the Indians the secret of the buried gold. Two men of modern times are supposed to have known its hiding-place. One of them, an Indian, became mysteriously rich, and built the Church of San Francisco, in Quito. On his death-bed he is said to have revealed to the priest who confessed him that his wealth came from the hidden Inca treasure, but he died without imparting the knowledge of its location.

Another man, Valverde by name, a Spaniard, married an Inca woman, and is supposed to have learned the secret from her, for he sprang from abject poverty to the summit of wealth almost in a single night. Valverde, when he died, left as a legacy to the King of Spain a guide to the buried treasure. Hundreds of fortunes have been wasted, and hundreds of lives have been lost, in vain attempts to follow Valverde's directions. They are perfectly plain to a certain point, where the trail ends, and cannot be followed farther because of a deep ravine, which, the credulous assert, has been opened by an earthquake since Valverde's time. These searches have been prosecuted by the government as well as by private individuals; and if all the money that has been spent in the search for Atahualpa's ransom had been expended on

roads and other internal improvements, the country would be much richer and the people far more prosperous than they are.

The devotion of the Indians to the memory of their king, who was strangled three hundred and fifty years ago, is very touching. When "the last of the Incas" fell, he left his people in perpetual mourning, and the women wear nothing but black to-day. It is a pathetic custom of the race not to show upon their costumes the slightest tint of color. Over a short black skirt they wear a sort of mantle, which resembles in its appearance, as well as in its use, the manta that is worn by the ladies of Peru, and the mantilla of Spain. It is drawn over their foreheads and across their chins, and pinned between their shoulders. This sombre costume gives them a nun-like appearance, which is heightened by the stealthy, silent way in which they glide through the streets. The cloth is woven on their own native looms, of the wool of the llama and the vicuna, and is soft, fine fabric.

While the Indians are under the rule of the priests, and have accepted the Catholic religion, three hundred and fifty years of submission have not entirely divorced them from the ancient rites they practised under the pre-historic civilization. Several times a year they have feasts or celebrations to commemorate some event in the Inca history. They never laugh, and seldom smile; they have no songs and few amusements; their only semblance to music is a mournful chant which they give in unison at the feasts which are intended to keep alive the memories of the Incas. They cling to the traditions and the customs of their ancestors. They remember the ancient glory of their race, and look to its restoration as the Aztecs of Mexico look for the coming of Montezuma. They have religious relics which they guard with the most sacred care, and there are two great secrets which no tortures at the hands of the Spaniards have been able to wring from them. These are the art of tempering copper so as to give it as keen and enduring an edge as steel, and the burial place of the Incarial treasures.

The Spaniards are the aristocracy, poor, but proud—very proud. The mixed race furnishes the mechanics and arti-

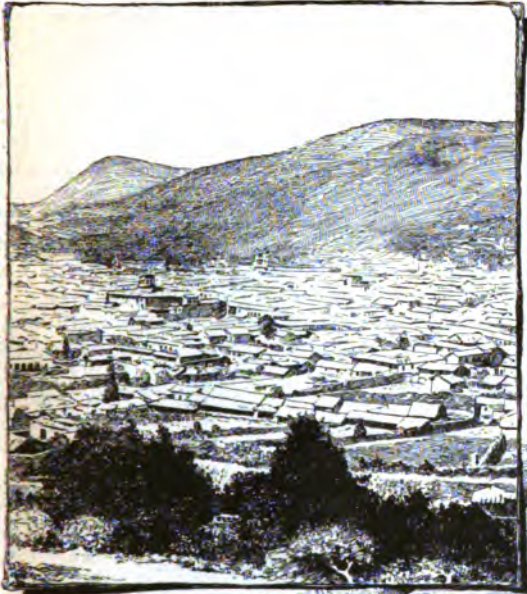
sans; while the Indians till the soil and do the drudgery. A cook gets two dollars a month in a depreciated currency, but the employer is expected to board her entire family. A laborer gets four or six dollars a month and boards himself, except when he is fortunate enough to have a wife out at service. The Indians seldom marry, because they cannot afford to do so. The law compels them to pay the priest a fee of six dollars—more money than most of them can ever accumulate. When a Spaniard marries, the fee is paid by contributions from his relatives. The same exactions exist in every Spanish-American country, and are the cause of much involuntary immorality among the people. In the Argentine Republic, the Congress has recently passed an act depriving the priests of the marriage fee, and requiring them to perform the ceremony for nothing. The fees for burials and other religious services have also been reduced by law, and therefore the priests refuse to perform them. In Venezuela and other of the countries similar legislative enactments have been made, and the rite of civil marriage has been established, for which the fee is only fifty cents.

It is a peculiarity of the Indian that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will he trade anywhere but in the market-place, in the spot where he and his forefathers have sold "garden-truck" for three centuries. Although travelers on the highways meet armies of Indians bearing heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies upon their backs, they can purchase nothing from them, as the native will not sell his goods until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them. He will carry them ten miles, and dispose of them for less than he was offered at home. We met one day an old woman trudging along with a heavy basket of pineapples and other fruits, and tried to relieve her of part of her load, offering ten cents for pineapples which could be obtained for a *quartillo* (two and a half cents) in market. She was polite, but firm, and declined to sell anything until she got to town, although there was a weary, dusty journey of two leagues ahead of her. The guide explained that she was suspicious of the high price we offered, and

inferred that pineapples must be very scarce in market, or we would not be willing to pay so much on the road; but it is a common rule for them to refuse to

will not sell you five dozen for a dollar. This dogged adherence to custom cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that their suspicions are excited by an attempt to depart from it.

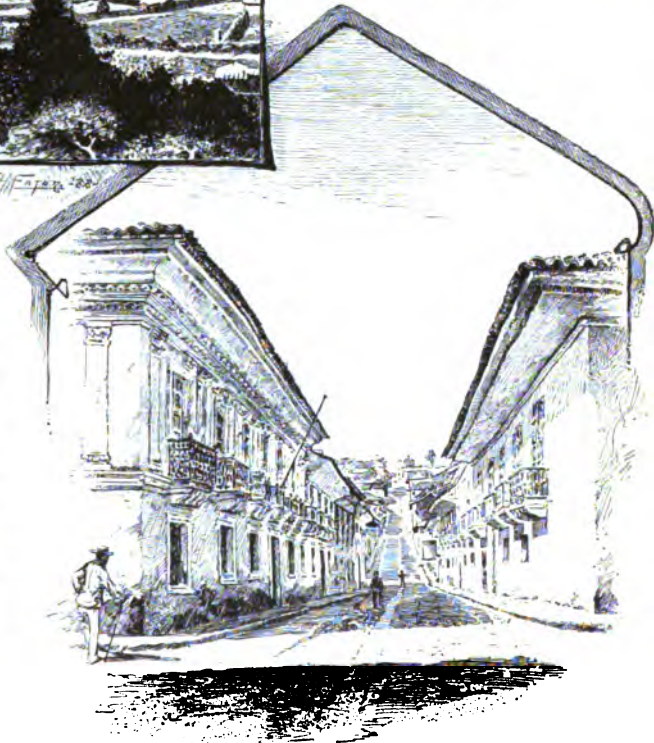
The capital and the productive regions of Ecuador are accessible from the sea-coast only by a mule-path, which for several months in the year (during the rainy season) is almost impassable. In the dry season it requires eight or nine days to traverse the distance, with no resting-place where a traveler can find a decent bed or food. This path is the only means of communication between Quito and the outside world, except along the mountains southward into Bolivia and Peru, where the Incas



THE CITY OF QUITO.

sell except at their regular stands. A gentleman who lives some distance from Quito told me that for the last four years he had been trying to get the Indians, who passed his house every morning with packs of alfalfa (the tropical clover), to sell him some at his gate, but they invariably refused to do so; consequently he was compelled to go into town to buy what was carried past his door. Nor will the natives sell at wholesale. They will give you a gourdful of potatoes for a penny as often as you like, but will not sell their stock in a lump. They will let you have a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but

in their time constructed splendid highways, which the Spaniards permitted to decay, until they are now practically use-



A STREET IN QUITO.

less. The roads were so well built, however, as to stand the wear and tear of three centuries, and the slightest attempt at repair would have kept them in order.

Although the journey from Guayaquil takes eight or nine days, Garcia Moreno, a former President of Ecuador, once made it in thirty-six hours. He heard of a revolution, and springing upon his horse went to the capital, had twenty-two conspirators shot, and was back at Guayaquil in less than a week. Moreno was Dictator for twelve years, and was one of the fiercest and most cruel rulers South America has ever seen. He shot men who would not take off their hats to him in the streets; and had a drunken priest impaled in the principal plaza of Quito, as a warning to the clergy to observe habits of sobriety or conceal their intemperance. There was nothing too brutal for this man to do, and nothing too sacred to escape his grasp. Yet he compelled Congress to pass an act declaring that the Republic of Ecuador "existed wholly and alone for the service of the Holy Church," and forbid the importation of books and periodicals which did not receive the sanction of the Jesuits. He divided his army into four divisions, called, respectively, "The Division of the Blessed Virgin," "The Division of the Son of God," "The Division of the Holy Ghost," and "The Division of the Body and Blood of Christ." He made the "Sacred Heart of Jesus" the national emblem, and called his body-guard "The Holy Lancers of Santa Maria." He died in 1875 by assassination, and the country has been in a state of political eruption ever since.

Architecturally, Quito is not unlike other Spanish-American towns, except

that it is dirtier and a little more dilapidated. There is not even an excuse for a hotel, and private hospitality is restricted by the poverty of the people. Few travelers ever go there—only those who are compelled—and the demand is not sufficient to justify the establishment of a hotel. One-fourth of the entire city is covered with convents, and every fourth person you meet is a priest, or a monk, or a nun. There are monks in gray, monks in blue, monks in white, monks in black, and orders that no one ever heard of before. There are all sorts of priests, and the jolly or grim old fellows one sees in Vibert's pictures are found on almost every corner in Quito.

If it were not for the climate, Quito would be in the midst of a perpetual pestilence; but notwithstanding the prevailing filthiness, there is very little sickness, and pulmonary diseases are unknown. Mountain fever, produced by cold and a torpid liver, is the commonest type of disease.

The population of the city, however, is gradually decreasing, and is said to be now about sixty thousand. There were five hundred thousand people at Quito when the Spaniards came, and a hundred years ago the population was reckoned at double what it now is. Half the houses in the town are empty,

and to see a new family moving in would be a sensation. Most of the finest residences are locked and barred, and have remained so for years. The owners are usually political exiles, who are living elsewhere, and can neither sell nor rent their property. Political revolutions are so common, and the results are always so disastrous to the unsuccessful, that there is a constant stream of fugitives leaving the State.



BREAD PEDDLER.

Although Ecuador is set down in the geographies as a republic, it is simply a popish colony, and the power of the Vatican is nowhere felt more completely. The return of a priest from the earth, but will give you not even a pebble. This hypocrisy results in mutual distrust. No one ever believes what is said to him; partnerships in business are seldom formed, and corporations are



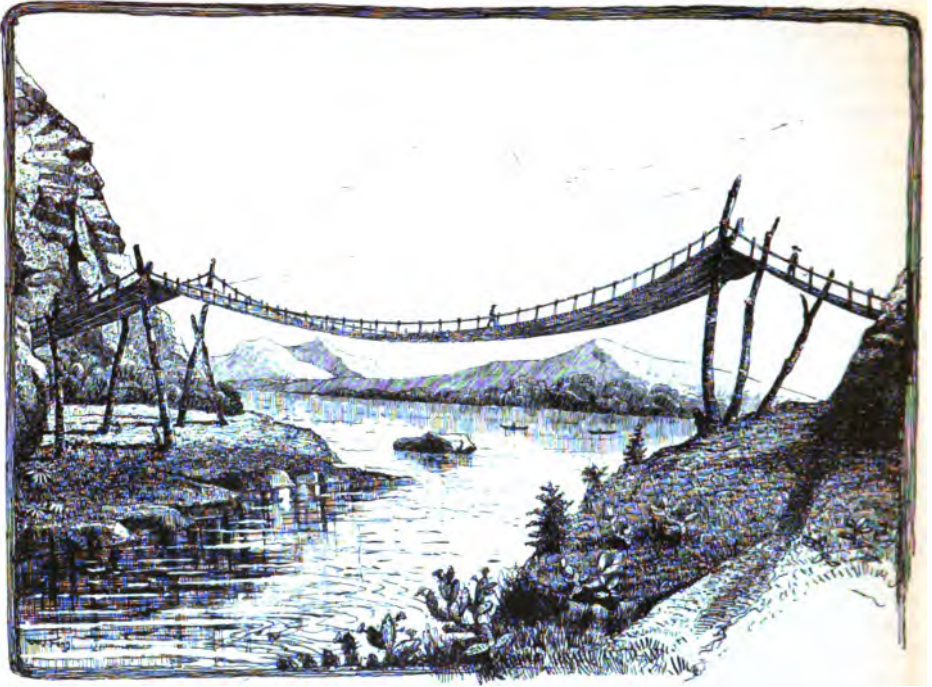
THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

a pilgrimage to Rome is as great an event as the Declaration of Independence; and so subordinate is the State to the Church that the latter selects the presidents, the congress, and the judges. A crucifix sits in the audience chamber of the president, and on the desk of the presiding officer of congress. All the schools are controlled by the bishops, and the children know more about the lives of the saints than about the geography of their own country. There is not even a good map of Ecuador.

The Spaniards are famous for their politeness, and in Ecuador, as in all parts of South America, courtesy is a part of their religion. The lowest, meanest man in Quito is politeness personified, but it is all surface. He will stab you or rob you as soon as your back is turned. The Ecuadorian gentleman will promise you

almost unknown. If a man gets a little cash he never invests it in public enterprises, but keeps it in a stocking for fear he may be swindled, and the fear is well founded. Only the Indians keep faith, and that exclusively among themselves. To steal from a Spaniard they consider not only proper, but justifiable. The Spaniards stole all they have from them. They never rob, swindle, nor betray one another, and are as faithful as death to their own race.

In support of this statement, it may be noted that there once was a revolutionary conspiracy among the Indians. An uprising was planned to take place simultaneously all over the republic. As the natives could neither read nor write, they were given bundles of sticks, each bundle containing the same number. Only one was to be burned each day, and the night



BRIDGE OF COWHIDES.

after the last was burned was to see the uprising. None betrayed the secret. Of the many thousands who were admitted to the conspiracy not one violated faith.

Everything is done in the most primitive manner, as there is very little labor-saving machinery in the country. The agriculturists do not plough, but plant the seed by poking a hole in the ground with a stick. The wheat is threshed and the corn shelled by driving horses over them, and other labor is performed in a similar manner, the women working beside the men, and receiving equal wages. There is a river running through the centre of the city, which might furnish plenty of water power, but is utilized only by a few small flour-mills. There is but one steam-engine in the entire country, and that is in a sugar-mill, where a dozen or more hands are employed. Wages are exceedingly low, from ten to twenty-five cents per day, and skilled mechanics are unknown. There are a few rude shops where agricultural implements are manufactured in a primitive manner, but each family generally makes what is needed for its own use. The amount of

goods imported from abroad is exceedingly small, and as no records are kept at the custom-houses, it is impossible to discover what they are or what is paid for them. The only industry that has sprung up in recent years is that of beer making, and twelve breweries have been established, which supply the wants of the people. Beer is very rapidly replacing the native chicha and aguardiente as the national beverage.

Although Quito for a long time was noted among the Spanish-American cities as a home of art and science, and once had three universities, the picture galleries have been robbed and destroyed by the revolutionists, and the education of the people is almost completely neglected. There is only one printing office in the entire republic outside of Guayaquil, which is owned by the government, and is used simply for the printing of official documents. The press and type were made in the United States. There is but one newspaper, the Official Gazette, which is published by the government, and is circulated gratuitously among the officials of the republic as a means of convey-

ing to them the decrees of the President or the laws of Congress. Although Ecuador is one of the richest of all the South American countries in its natural resources, there is neither peace nor industry; and until the influence of the Romish church is destroyed and foreign capital and labor are introduced, I do not think there will be progress or prosperity. There is at present no encouragement to immigration, and foreigners are looked upon with distrust. Several colonies of Germans have entered the country, but most of them have died or moved away.

Revolutions are frequent; they usually begin by an attempt to assassinate the President. The plan of procedure is usually for the discontented political faction to create a mutiny in the army, either by bribes to the officers or promises of promotion. As the private soldiers always obey their officers, like so many automats, and are as willing to fight on one side as the other, to secure the officers is to secure the army. The next step is to seize the barracks and arsenal, put the President to death, proclaim some one else provisional dictator, and then call a junta, or convention, to nominate a constitutional executive. Señor Caamaño seems to bear a charmed life, as for three years, while he has been President, he has had numerous remarkable escapes. The last attempt to assassinate him was in January 1886, while he was going from Guayaquil to Quito. He was riding, as travelers usually do, by night, to escape the heat of the sun, when his small escort was attacked by a band of mountaineers, and fled, leaving the President to look out for himself. He jumped from his horse, ran into the forest which encloses the road, and creeping through the trees

to the river, swam to the other side, and made his way, thirty miles on foot, to the hacienda of a friend, where he found refuge. For two days and nights he was in the forest without food, and when he finally reached a haven he was totally exhausted. For a week or ten days he lay ill with a fever, but couriers were sent to Guayaquil and Quito, and arriving before the reports of his assassination, assured the government officials of his safety. At the same time a mutiny broke out at the military garrisons in both cities, but was quelled, and the leaders were summarily shot.

The man who originated this revolution was Elroy Alfaro, a native of Ecuador, and the unsuccessful candidate for the presidency when Caamaño was elected. He had been engaged in such undertakings before, and at the time of Caamaño's



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF ATAHUALPA.

inauguration was very nearly successful in an attempt to overthrow the government. For several months he had control of the provinces along the sea-coast, but was finally driven out by the legitimate army, and escaped to Colombia, where his last plot was planned. The govern-

ment was very nearly successful in an attempt to overthrow the government. For several months he had control of the provinces along the sea-coast, but was finally driven out by the legitimate army, and escaped to Colombia, where his last plot was planned. The govern-



INDIAN WATER-CARRIERS, QUITO.

ment of the latter country, however, denounced him as an outlaw, and upon the failure of his recent outbreak he took refuge in Peru, where he is again hatching conspiracies. During his exile, partly to amuse himself and partly to keep his

hand in, Alfaro has fulminated sundry violent manifestoes against the prevailing party in Ecuador; and the latter in their turn have consistently held him up to public execration as the apostle of anarchy and aguardiente.

EARLY NEW-ENGLAND CHOIRS AND SINGING-SCHOOLS.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.



UNDEL led the advance in the contest of the eighteenth century as to whether the Lord or the Devil should have the better music. It was, indeed, a struggle of great proportions. Two hundred years before that time the

Meister-singers had left the impress of their culture upon the German people. They had also thrown their influence upon the side of the Reformation. Un-

sentimental England acknowledged their power by laying aside the songs of the Crusaders for the chants of the blind crowders and the lays of the minstrels. Then came the ribald lines of the Cavaliers, and the friendly sarcasms known as masques, which marked the greater part of the seventeenth century. With the end of the English Revolution, Henry Purcell appeared as the founder of the modern school of English music, in the same manner that Samuel Richardson afterward gave us a prototype of the modern novel in the pages of "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandison."

Handel's earlier years were passed while the adolescent opera was in a transition state. The change from the English to the Italian score was the triumph of Bononcini and the destruction of Handel.

Failing in opera, Handel revived the scriptural dramas of Neri, which, as the oratorios, still remain the massive glory of sacred numbers. Sacred music, cathedral and otherwise, was also produced by Weldon, Greene, Boyce, Arnold and Cooke. The last half of the century witnessed a swarm of composers more purely secular in their efforts. What Boyce was to sacred music, Arne, Giardini and Linley were to Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells and the London Theatre. Many of their songs would pass the bounds of decency to-day; but they revealed the popular taste of an age that relished the works of Fielding, Smollett and Sterne.

While the battle was raging between the cathedrals and the oratorios on one hand, and Vauxhall and the operas on the other, Handel had passed away. Haydn and Pleyel were doing their best for the cause of sacred music, and Jackson was giving a more melodious expression to the better class of lyric poetry. Dibdin sang of the ocean; while the declining years of the century showed that the interests of music had fallen into the hands of Shields, Webb and others, who could adapt rather than create; who could copy better than they could compose. It was a kind of draw-game; but the devil had held his own very well, and he had secured his share of the new music that was worth preserving.

In the Established churches, choirs came into favor, with orchestras of flutes, hautboys, clarionets, violoncellos, bassoons and serpents; and what a sound was there—what a chaos of cacophony—when the "village choristers" gave the "Hallelujah Chorus," with such a variety of halleluyas, holleluyears and allyluyers, and ahmens, aumens and ameens that none except those who had heard it before knew what the singers were about. It was not strange, after such a performance, that the rector protested against "being fiddled out of church"; or that he announced a hymn, and added: "Now, let the people of God sing."

The choir, as a disturbing element, did not appear in the dissenting churches. Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms antedated Rouse's version by many years; and the words were still "deaconed off" a line or two at a time by the minister, or some officer of high rank in the church:

Oh! why withdraw thy hand a back,
And hide it in thy lappe?
Oh, pluck it out; be not slack
To give thy foes a rappe.

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises spout.
Up from the sands, ye codlings, peep,
And wag your tails about.

Of course every word uttered by the minister was gospel truth, and to be sung as he had lined it. The gossips tell of one old man whose infirmities made him lose his place. As he attempted to explain,



THE LEADER FROM THE CITY.

the choir took up the explanation and his comments line by line after this fashion:

My eyes, indeed, are very dim;
I cannot see at all.
I really b'lieve you are b'witched:
The devil's in you all.

In later years, the precentor—well wigged and powdered—stood forth and led the song, the minister saying:

Like to an owl on ivy bush,

And the precentor responding:

That woeful thing am I.

Or, the precentor, as a part of his duties, trained the children to sing from Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs," by linking every two lines together without reference to the meaning, as:

Birds in their little nests agree:
And 'tis a shameful sight.

In America, the contest was not so much between sacred and secular music as it was between the good rendering and the poor rendering of sacred music itself. The emigrants to New Amsterdam were provided with "a house for a school, which can likewise be occupied by the person who will be sexton, psalm-setter and schoolmaster." So great was the reverence for psalm tunes in the earlier days of New England, that the people often took off their hats, as in the prayer time, whenever they heard one sung. And yet, with all this reverence, there was so much opposition to public



THE SINGING-SCHOOL TEACHER.

remain outside of the church doors till it was over. A writer in the *New England Chronicle* in 1723 declared: "Truly I have a great jealousy, that if we once begin to sing by rule, the next thing will be to pray by rule and preach by rule; and then comes Popery." A council of churches held at Braintree, in the same year, to regulate the disorders occasioned by "regular singing," ordered "to sing by rule and by note alternately, for the satisfaction of both parties;" but such an arrangement could not last long. The advocates of regular singing believed with Julius Pollux of old that "there are no less than thirty-seven qualities of the human voice," and that these various qualities must be trained just as the various pipes of an organ must be tuned; so they were glad to welcome the Rev. John Tufts, of the parish of Newbury, who, being grieved that York, Hackney, St.

Mary, Windsor and Martyrs, were the only tunes sung by note, had, in 1714, published the first book in New England "on the art of singing psalm tunes, with trebles of twenty-eight tunes, so that they may be learned." Thus the reverend Tufts became the predecessor of the singing-schoolmaster in New England; while, along the Hudson River, we learn that Ichabod Crane had "instructions in psalmody" every week; that "his voice resounded far above the rest of the choir and congregation;" that "the echoes are still ringing through Sleepy Hollow."

Our theme is of New England as it was two or three generations ago. The district school was taught by a woman two months in the summer for the little ones, and two months in the winter by a college student for the youth. The course of study included neither grammar nor geography. "The Three R's" were the curriculum, "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic;" and the only works at hand for general reading were the "Letters of Junius," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tristram Shandy," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Tom Jones" and "The New England Primer," with its "In Adam's Fall, We Sinned All," a fitting thing for the boy to learn who dared to break over the custom of "keeping Saturday night." Those days came long before Catharine Hayes linked the operatic strains of Madame Grisi with the ballads of Jenny Lind; before Russell dived deep in his boots to find the notes of "The Old Sexton"; before Mario warbled "the chest C," or Brignoli essayed "M'appari;" and before "Take My Yoke Upon You" was set to the garden scene in "Faust," or "Guide me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah" followed the plaint of the wanderer in



A NEW-ENGLAND MEETING-HOUSE CHOIR.

"Martha." Those elder days of which we sing marked the triumph of the choir over every form of opposition; and they were days long to be remembered.

Talk not to us of Patti's fame,
Or Nicolini's tender frame,
Or Cary's alto—but a name—
Or Whitney's wondrous basso.
They sing no more like Jane Sophia
And Anna Maria, Obadiah,
And Zedekiah in our choir,
Than cats sing like Tomasso.

And when the church in the next town was to be dedicated, with what pride did we take over the choir from 'our town,' and how we folded our hands with satisfaction as we saw Grandfather Jabez leading the combined choirs of the several towns; Uncle Nathan taking a leading part, and Cousin Elijah playing the flute obligato to Aunt Fanny's solo. Happy were we if we could add a bass-viol to the orchestra. The violin and clarionet were set apart for dancing. As for organs, but one church in all that region had such an expensive and "citified" machine; and as for the propriety of using the thing in the meeting-house, God never intended that man should make music by kicking his heels in a box like that! He should be praised with all kinds of instruments as in the days of Daniel.

The choir was recruited from the singing-school, either through gratuitous instruction on the part of the choir, or more frequently by hiring a teacher, who came at stated intervals, paid his own bills, and refused to "board round." He was a "professional," who solicited pupils at so much a head for so many evenings once in two weeks. The village schoolmaster was nowhere when the singing-school teacher came around; but if anyone in the village—like the newly-arrived blacksmith—attempted to put on airs, he was sure to find that the boys had introduced his bow to a candle just before it was time to go to school. The earlier teachers had no instruments, but afterward the violin came in, and then the bass-viol. Many a time had Daniel Webster driven over those bleak hills with his college mate, who carried on a string of singing schools, a fact that he recalled fifty years later in the words, "You are still B—, with your old bass-viol, with *Laus Deo* painted on the back."

Many a memory have others of those long winter evenings, when sleighing parties were formed to go to "the school," and when every girl was sure

of an escort home, no matter how she got there! It was the day of corn-huskings, and apple-bees, and quiltings and barn-raisings; but for real enjoyment and sound benefit the singing-school surpassed them all.

Imagine the hard wooden benches—the desks of the day-scholars, looking like a line of barracks; the room, small, square and low-posted, lighted by candles that each singing pilgrim has brought. The teacher tunes up his instrument, turns over the pages of the Handel and Haydn singing-book, strikes his tuning-fork and calls on all to "sound the chord." The plainest sort of instruction is given in "Do-re-mi," care being taken to sing only half-notes; and then the school soars away on some minor tune like "Martyrs" in common metre:

Thou we adore, Eternal
Name;
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal
frame,
What dying worms are
we!

Such tunes as Windsor, York, Street and Greenville (Rousseau's Dream of the Story of the Redeemed), are given with frequency and effect; but the teacher who can train his school to sing "The Voice of Free Grace" has established his reputation; thenceforth he need not solicit pupils, because the pupils will seek him. In this simple way the teachers and the pupils plodded through the book, and were content to master a few tunes and anthems written "in four bars." There was no change till 1835, when Lowell Mason put forth his "Choir"—a work including many beautiful subjects from the works of Haydn, Mozart,

Cherubini, Nauman, Marcello, Mehul, Himmel, Winter, Weber, Rossini, and other eminent composers; then came Mason's books and the works of Zeuner, Bradbury, Greatorex and Warren, which have formed the connecting link with the sacred music of to-day.

The Church has had its poets; just

as the camp of every age has had its Tyrtæus, the court its Pindar. Every hymn-writer has reflected the religious spirit of the age in which he lived. In our day we rejoice in the measures of Faber, Keble and Heber in England, and of Croswell, Schaff and countless others in America; but the standard of our fathers, for many years, was "Watts and Select," with its hymns of self-examination, sorrow and doubt; and yet the choirs and the singing-schools did not always give us "Complaint" and "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne;" they also gave "Coronation," "Sherburne," "Boston" and "Majesty." They sang the more joyful strains of "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," "Strike the Cym-



THE "COUNTER" SOLOIST.

bal," "How Long, Dear Saviour. Oh, How Long?" "Fly Like a Youthful Hart or Roe," "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night" "Sound the Loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's Dark Sea."

They found relief in fugueing tunes, that often gave a most startling effect: "And Take Thy Pil—and Take Thy Pil—

and Take Thy Pilgrim Home," "And in the Pi-and in the Pi-and in the Pious He Delights," "And Learn to Kiss-and Learn to Kiss-and Learn to Kiss the Rod," "Stir up this Stu-Stir up this Stu-Stir up this Stupid Heart," "And More Eggs-and More Eggs-and More Exalt our Joys;" but the climax of sentiment and good singing was reached when the choir or singing-school took up a verse like this:

True love is like that precious oil
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

It was not strange that Bishop Seabury wondered whether Aaron would have any hair left after he had been treated thus by the choir:

Its costly moist—ran down his beard—
Ure beard—his—beard—his—shed—
Ran down his beard—his—down his robes—
Its costly moist—his beard—ure shed—
His cost—ure robes—his robes—his shed—
It-s-c-o-s-t-l-y—moist-ure—s-h-e-d.

After many failures the choirs learned that it was best not to be too ambitious, even in sacred music. As to the singing of the congregation, it was discovered that the notes should be of equal length, that the range should not extend beyond middle C to C or D above. Then came a reaction in favor of plainer music, and "Mear," "Dundee," "China," "Old Hundred," were prominent. As the singing-school faded from sight, the quartette choir appeared on the musical horizon.

As memory goes back, it gathers in the later and more dreamy strains of Ole Bull's "Cantabile Doloroso" and "Carnival of Venice," or the more brilliant touches of Vieuxtemps; and yet it rates the singing-school master as superior to them both, although he never

went beyond the "Caliph of Bagdad," and never rode a bicycle on the E string of his "fiddle." As we listen to the orchestras of Zerrahn, Thomas or Damosch, to the fugues in E, or G, minor, on the great organs; to the more delicate touches of a Thalberg, a Gottschalk, or a Pease, or to the heavy pounding of the piano by the "accomplished" young lady of to-day, we must, after all, favor the orchestral accompaniment of the choir of long ago. Compared with that, the chorus by the choir, what were Keller's "Hymn of Peace," or the divine oratorios rendered by a thousand voices? What were even the "Gloria" or the "Qui Tollis" from the Twelfth Mass of Mozart? Then, as you hear a single voice roaming through the great space and imploring the "Angels Ever Bright and Fair, Take, Oh Take Me to your Care," you wonder why the angels do not take the singer away and spare Handel's gem from any further malice: and even when Nilsson, or Patti, or Kellogg, climbs to those dizzy heights of music and stays defiantly there, you may yield them the palm of altitude, but you cannot think any singer equal to dear old Lucy B—who could "sing counter," and, as the master said, "hit it every time," although it ranged above the soprano. They do not write the score for counter to-day, because it ranges too high except for angels' voices. It has been dropped an octave, and now it is called "contralto." That angelic voice was laid away long ago—for Lucy B—was your grandmother, and with her you had to "bid a last farewell" to the singing-school, the village choir, and many other of the "Joys We've Loved so Long." Henceforth they must live in memory alone.



TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.



HERE!" said the landlady, sinking into a chair; "I told you so!"

This remark was addressed to her husband, who entered at that moment in top-boots, with a rifle slung across his shoulders, and a tall, white pen-feather stuck jauntily in the band of his gray felt hat. But his game-bag hung very limp.

He had been visible only a moment before riding up to the door; one of those superb horsemen one sees in Italy, where the men are centaurs. They are the best horsemen in the world, especially men of the middle class and those brought up in the country. Much use of the carriage spoils the horseman. It is not that these men are more showy in the chase, or sit on their horses better than some soldiers of other lands; but they do not seem to know that there is a horse under them.

Certain appreciative glances from a lady across the street had sent the landlord into the house with the complacent smile and protruding breast of rampant vanity; but his wife's withering finger of scorn produced a sudden change and collapse. He had but three larks in the bag, he was obliged to confess; and he poured the poor little gray songsters out before her.

"It is your fault," he declared, like a true son of Adam. "I told you to find me some bits of looking-glass to put on the *civetta's* head; and you were too superstitious to break one bit into three. The others had their *civette* all of a glitter; and the birds came about them in clouds."

"There's a *civetta* who has got looking-glass enough, and the reflection of her face is enough to break one into a

thousand pieces," cried the landlady, glancing through the window and across the way. And rising, she closed the shutters with a bang.

"Perhaps she would give me some supper," remarked the landlord, taking a step to retire from the contest.

"No, Signore!" said his wife, and shutting the door, she set her broad back against it.

Then she shouted out her orders to some one half visible at the end of a long passage: "Take these larks and cook them, Nanna. Send Giacomo down into the cellar for some wine [she expressed it, *caccià da bè*], and tell him to bring up the *stracchino*. Checcha, bring the soup for your father. I put rice in it to-day," softening, and leaving her post at the door. "And would you like two eggs in *tegamino*? They are just laid."

The storm was over, and they sat down to table the best friends in the world.

Their guest passed the sad hours alone. Europe had suddenly lost all its color for his mind; and home, unforgettably, but long blurred in its outlines by nearer scenes, came up before him with almost startling distinctness. He saw the faces and heard the voices. The past, with a hundred trivial incidents, came up before him, and people long since dead occupied the scenes that had known them in life. Mrs. Nelson's form appeared without any apparent reason; and without any apparent reason, too, a chain of forgotten incidents connected with her came up, link by link, till they snapped as with a spark of electricity.

"Why! the little girl was the child we brought here ten years ago!" he said. "Yes, they called her Beatrice. Why didn't I think!"

He had come up to Ombra for a day only because his journey led him that way, merely recollecting that he had been there before; and his visit to Fran-

cesco Alinori had been simply a coincidence. Now he recollected all, and wondered at his forgetfulness.

The Sor Teresa Lanciani had died just before he came abroad the second time, Mrs. Nelson had told him, holding an Italian letter in her hand, when he went to take leave of her; and she had begged him to see the child, if he should ever be in her vicinity. It was too late now; for in the morning he must set off on his return to America. He was so impatient to go that he could scarcely content himself to wait till morning. He felt himself smitten with a sudden sense of being needed at home.

In the morning he started, traveling through a splendid daybreak, topaz all over the sky; while in his soul all was shadow and sadness.

At Florence he bought a pretty turquoise ring—"I am a rich man now," he sighed—and enclosed it in a note to the Signor Francesco Alinori, begging him to give it to Beatrice with his good wishes and excuses.

"A girl likes a ring better than a more useful thing," he said. "Indeed, it is useful, if it makes her happy for a moment." He recollected that the child had had a sober, neglected look.

"It never rains but it pours," says the proverb. Just as the doctor was leaving London for Liverpool, a second mourning letter reached him. It was from Francis Elder, and was stained with tears. It announced to him the death of Dr. Martin, his father.

Crushed and dazed with grief, he embarked upon the ocean, which seemed to him a fit emblem of all earthly things, forever wandering, forever moaning, and forever bitter.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FAIRY GOD-FATHER.

The Selwyn homestead was one of the pleasantest old places in Southport. It was a square mansion set in the midst of gardens, the white fence on the street almost hidden in roses, and a row of elms outside. Three beautiful elms, named the Three Sisters, made a shady arbor in the midst of the garden, their tall, straight trunks supporting a mass of fountain-like verdure, tossed and

drooping, far above the table and chairs kept always below. A low divan had been built around each of these trunks; and many a pleasant reunion had been held there on summer mornings or moonlighted evenings.

There were fruit-trees and a stable farther back, and a kitchen garden quite out of sight.

Everything about the place was in perfect order on a lovely June morning of the year following Dr. James Martin's return to America; but it needed all the verdure that grew there to hide the discolored walls and railings, where only a speckling of white was left. The inside of the house was unmistakably shabby, though exquisitely neat; and only at the soft twilight hour could a ghost of those once charming rooms be seen.

The Selwyns, mother, son and daughter, had just finished their breakfast, and were sitting around the table in silence. One would have judged from their expression that they had a depressing sense of nothing to do. There was no other person in the house. Mrs. Selwyn and Edith did their own work. Patrick, a servant of their better days, came every morning to work in the garden, bring them wood and draw the water. No one but themselves knew that his sole remuneration was the produce of a half of the land which he cultivated for himself. The Selwyn dignity was sacred to this faithful soul.

Mrs. Selwyn was a fragile, delicate-looking woman, with thin gray hair, sunken eyes, and "brow ruled like a score." Her slender shoulders were bent, her small hands scarred by labor. The time was long past when she had washed her dishes at arm's length with a swab, and handled pots and kettles with old gloves on to protect her fair fingers. All this rough work fell to her; for Edith must do the sewing and mending; and she had two pupils in drawing, and was trying to get a few in piano music.

Edith was, evidently, the strongest character of the three. But she looked helpless, because she looked starved.

The patients had not come, and the family's needs were pressing. The remains of breakfast on the table showed it. They had had rye coffee, corn bread, and some pieces of salted fish.

The table was clean; but many of the articles which had once adorned it were seen no more. They had been changed into food and clothing. All the silver they had left was an old candlestick and a few teaspoons. The mate to that candlestick had gone to pay Mr. Selwyn's funeral expenses.

The young doctor sat with downcast eyes. His cheeks were pale and hollow, his eyes fevered. He seemed to be lingering to say something which he had not the courage to say. Their taxes were overdue, and he had been urged to sell the place. How could he tell them? It would kill his mother to leave the house. It would also, he felt sure, ruin his own hopes. If there was any chance for him, it was in keeping a firm hold on the remains of their social standing and its outward signs. Banished to a cheap apartment on a back street, he would fall out of sight entirely.

Besides, as if his misfortunes were not already enough, the poor boy had fallen in love with Alice Blake, old Doctor Blake's granddaughter, and presumptive heiress. Then, crowning all, he was hungry.

James Martin had carried all before him in Southport. The young ladies smiled upon him, the old ladies praised him, and children were proud to be ill and have him come and pinch their cheeks, and tell them that he would have them well in less than no time. Charles Selwyn had seen him only the evening before, walking with Alice Blake in her grandfather's garden.

Mrs. Selwyn glanced at her son with an expression of dread. She had a painful, though familiar, proposition to make. Since he remained silent, she stretched out a trembling hand, and gathered up their six silver spoons. Edith understood the movement, hardened her face, and waited.

As they hung on that last instant of silence, as a heart hangs that in another moment will break, the latch of the garden gate was heard opening and shutting.

At that sound their faces changed. Mrs. Selwyn dropped the spoons from her shaking hand, the young doctor started and reddened nervously, and Edith sprang up and went to the window.

"It is Doctor Martin," she said.

The other two faces fell, but hers dwelt for a minute with an earnest gaze on the face of their visitor.

He stood in a garden-path, looking about him. Alice Blake had said to him the evening before: "You complain that the Selwyns are ceremonious with you, and that Charles does not come to your house. Do you expect compliments from people who are starving, soul and body, and too proud to complain? I wonder they have the heart to be civil to anybody!"

And thereupon had followed a long conversation between the two, who were too good friends ever to become lovers.

The doctor was shocked at what he learned. Poor, gentle martyrs! This, then, was the meaning of their reserve! They were simply dying!

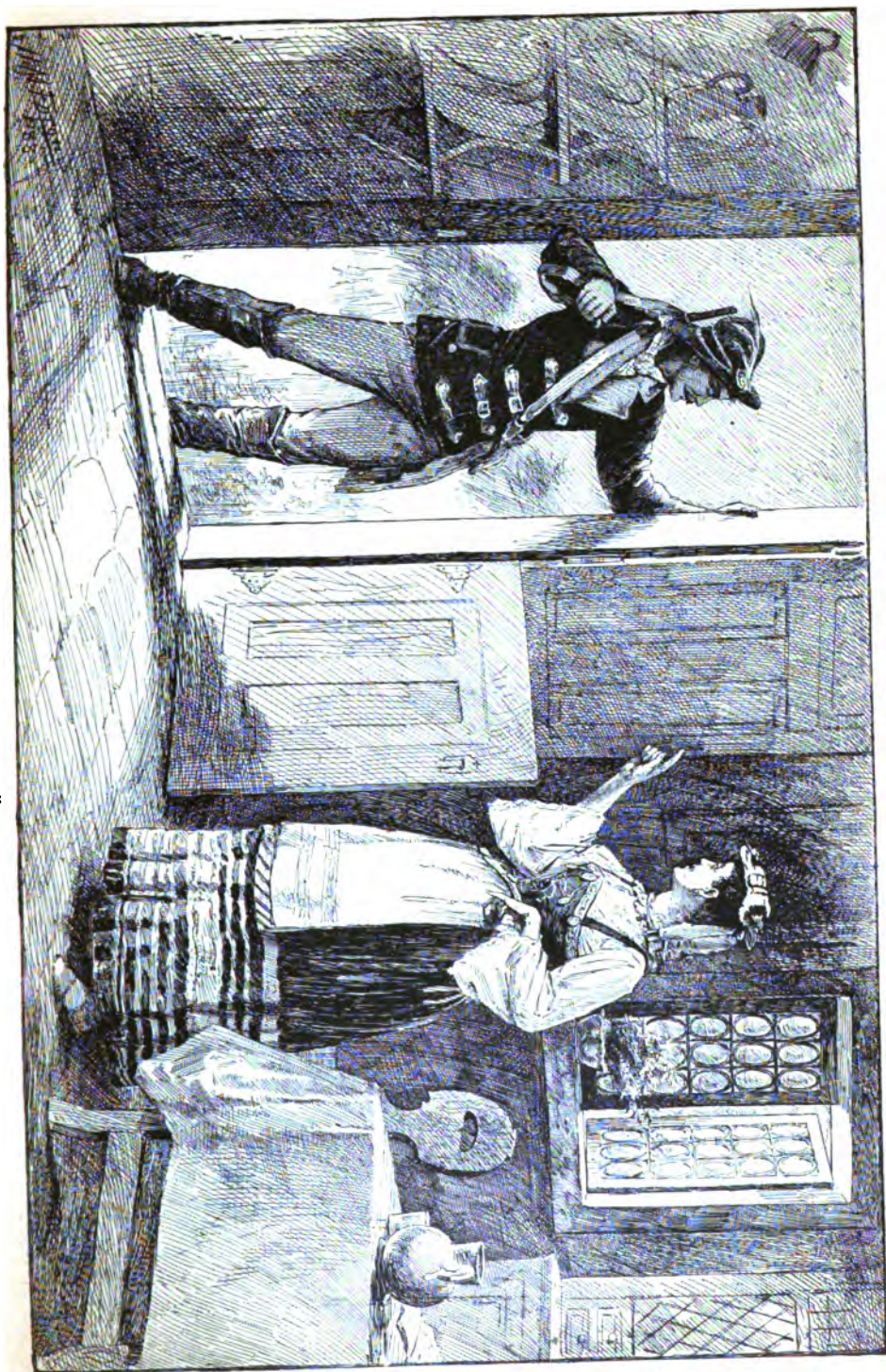
This information was like the snow-drift that goes to increase a rolling ball.

Doctor James Martin's mind was much more burdened in those days than any one would have imagined. He seemed the gayest of the gay. Sunshine surrounded him, success crowned him, and opposition shrank before his stalwart form and bright, direct eyes. He seemed to carry a breeze with him, and to have more life than he knew how to use in his present mode of existence. He took long walks, he sawed wood, he pruned trees, and after a snowy winter's night he might have been seen at early dawn shoveling the snow off the sidewalk. When the grass began to grow, he shaved the lawn.

He had worked off a good deal of mental irritation, as well as superfluous life, in this way. At the bottom of his heart he was more than discontented; he felt that alarm, daily increasing, of one who sees himself losing some precious thing which he can never regain. He was surfeited with flattery, and ashamed of the excess of his popularity, which made him seem to himself almost an impostor. What they admired in him was not what he knew to be admirable; and what he most earnestly knew to be best, they did not understand, or were indifferent to. They liked him because he was handsome, accomplished, agreeable and successful; he wanted them to like his ideas.

Doctor Martin was a doctor all through, even to his shadow. He had a passion for leaving things better than he found

"THERE! I TOLD YOU SO!"



them. But his was not that crude reforming instinct which is a moral Procrustean bed: he suggested good to bad silently, presented a better to good and a best to better, and waited for their adoption, having faith in human nature. He did not complain if the change was gradual, since the improvement might be more lasting if slowly accomplished, and he liked to see things grow.

But this Southport society was growing the wrong way: Its culture was not a development of its own character, but a veneering. Their feathers were all borrowed ones; their refinement an affectation. With a great deal of self-assertion and even boasting, they secretly had no faith in themselves, and were always looking abroad for their models of propriety as well as of bonnets. This pinchbeck elegance was infinitely depressing to him, and the exceptions to it were so few as to afford little consolation. Moreover, exceptions were dying out. They were chiefly old people. His own father and old Mr. Selwyn had been examples of this class.

"*Jove arcana!*" the doctor would mutter, as he tossed the snow, or sawed the wood, or cut the grass, "are all my studies, and travels, and aspirations to have no other end than this?—a mixing of pills and powders, and a cultivation of sham gentilities!"

He would not say it, even to himself; but his own mother and sister tried him more severely than did any one else. His father had been wont to sing upon occasion for their benefit the old song—

Hi! Betty Martin, tip-toe, tip-toe,
Hi! Betty Martin, tip-toe fine!

and had laughed at their airs. But the old doctor had been a much more easy-going, indolent man than his son turned out to be.

"It would just suit Charlie," the young doctor thought, as he stood looking about their pleasant garden. "He is a good fellow; but he does dote on rose-water."

"What a pretty place it is!" he added.

The apple-trees were in blossom, the cherries were just dropping their bridal veils, the lilacs were beginning to open a stubborn bud here and there in the dark waxen clusters, and the rose-bushes were full of buds. From behind the house was

heard the cackling of a hen. It was the only hen on the place, and the egg over which it was rejoicing would be exchanged later in the day for salt. There was a chicken also; and Patrick would carry it to market when it should have gained another half pound of flesh. And there was a single turkey getting itself ready for Thanksgiving time, when Patrick would fight the grand battle of the year, and commit who knows how many sins of wrath, deceitfulness, perhaps of violence, in order to sell it for a high price against all competitors.

"Yes, it is a pleasant old place," said Doctor Martin. "They must n't give it up."

Alice Blake had said to him the evening before, "I am so much afraid they will have to sell their house. If they come to that, I shall hate the human race."

Doctor Selwyn appeared, and invited his visitor to enter.

"No, I won't go in," he replied. "It is too early to ask to see any ladies but the Three Sisters. Can you give ten minutes of their and your company?"

Doctor Selwyn murmured a half audible assent, and accompanied his friend to the elm arbor. "He wants to buy the place! That is what he was looking about for!" he said to himself as he sank rather than sat down.

Doctor Martin began at once. "I have come to ask a favor of you. I want to go away for a month or two to look after the property aunt Betsey has left me; and I must have some one to attend to my sick people."

He affected not to hear the faint gasp his companion could not restrain.

"There are not many sick, as you know; but scarlet fever is appearing. Can you oblige me?"

He only glanced at his speechless friend to receive a bow of acquiescence, and went on. "I was talking with Doctor Blake last evening."

"Ah! and with Alice!" thought the listener; but he held his breath to hear what would follow.

"He is getting old. He is scarcely good for surgery any more. Why don't you cultivate him? Pardon me, Selwyn! I don't want to be intrusive or indelicate; but I remember that you used to be a

little thin-skinned, and wait for people to offer you what you had better have asked for frankly. I don't know as you would wish for a partnership with Doctor Blake; but I think that you could have it. I think, too, that Alice would like it, if that would make any difference."

Another gasp.

"If you don't look sharp," Doctor Martin went on, "some other fellow may step in. Of course the doctor is crabbed, and would be like a pair of splints to you. But he can't live for ever; and you can have it all your own way by-and-by."

"Thank you!" murmured Selwyn in a trembling voice.

Doctor Martin looked studiously away from him as he went on. "You mustn't mind my calling you thin-skinned. It is a condition of a fine organization, I suppose. But it doesn't serve a person whose circumstances forbid his keeping himself wrapped up in pink cotton all the time. Look at my brother-in-law now: He is the most successful lawyer in Southport, and will be a judge. Yet the greatest gift he has is push. I don't mean to under-rate him. His head is a flint; but he has a kind heart. He cried when poor father died; and he never lets a day go by without coming in to see how mother gets along. He is more comfort to her than I am. But, for all that, he does n't care whom he nudges when it is a question of getting on."

"I am afraid that push isn't a Selwyn virtue," the young man answered in a tone which betrayed something like resentment. With the prospect of a change of fortune, his dignity began to assert itself anew. Already his poverty and suffering were lifting themselves like a mist, and moving away into forgetfulness.

Then, suddenly, he realized his seeming ingratitude and real ungraciousness.

"I thank you, Martin!" he said with emotion, and held his hand out. "It is true, I was always a sort of girl. Of course I need this help, and I am more thankful than I can tell you. As for Doctor Blake, I could n't imagine a better fortune than to have him take me in."

The visitor rose promptly. "All right, then! I will come for you this afternoon at three o'clock."

"I have done a stupid thing!" he thought as he went away. "I gave him

a favor dipped in gall. I declare, I did n't mean to lecture him. It was a miserable mistake!"

Charles Selwyn returned to the house, wondering how he could ever have been discouraged.

Mrs. Selwyn was washing dishes in the kitchen when she heard her son enter the next room, and immediately after the voice of Edith exclaiming, "Why, Charles! what is the matter?"

Smitten with a fainting sense of some crowning misfortune, the mother supported herself for an instant against the table before her, then went with a staggering step to the sitting-room. Edith had half risen from her chair, holding with both hands her lapful of sewing. Her brother stood swinging his cap about, his face very red, and unmistakably joyous.

His story was told in a dozen words.

"Oh!" cried Edith, letting her work fall. "Oh! mother, Charlie, was there ever another man like that!"

Mrs. Selwyn turned silently, and sank on her knees before a chair, covering her face with her hands.

A few minutes later the garden gate opened again, and Patrick appeared. The young doctor called out to him from the window: "Patrick, kill and pick that turkey right away, so that we can have it for dinner."

"Is it the turkey, sir?" asked Patrick, stupefied.

"Yes: it's the turkey, sir," replied Selwyn.

Patrick went off with a wondering mind toward the poultry-yard.

This startling order recalled Mrs. Selwyn from her thanksgiving. She rose, wiping her eyes. "Would n't it be better to have the chicken, Charles?" she asked, strong in her habit of economy.

"Come think of it; we will have them both," he replied; and, going to the window again, called out: "Patrick, kill the chicken too."

"Is it the turkey and the chicken both, sir?" asked Patrick, doubting his own senses.

A happy half-hour passed in planning; and they had already made a fortune, paid their debts, and renovated the house and the whole place, when Patrick's voice was heard at the kitchen door: "Here's the turkey, sir, and the chicken, sir!"

CHAPTER IX.

TO PERRY'S.

Doctor Martin set out to visit his township, making a journey very different from that made to the same place now-a-days. A sail of seven hours in a little steamboat brought him to a pleasant town on the Penobscot river. From there, a yellow coach and four horses took him to Shepherdsville, a pretty village at the head of a bay. Thence the only conveyance was a two-seated open wagon, drawn by a pair of farm-horses. This was Perry's stage; and it only made the trip to and from Beechland once a week, passing over a road that led straight northward, through a heavily-wooded country, to the owner's farm. Beyond this farm was the doctor's township; and beyond the township was an unknown wild country, with a heath farm as the *ultima Thule* of civilization. Everything which the scattered population along this thirty miles of road had to buy was purchased at Shepherdsville, the greater part of it by the stage-driver; and this responsible office had been filled by three generations of Perrys.

In this region the forest swarmed with deer. Bears were sometimes seen, and wolves more rarely; but their growl and howl, and the fox's bark were frequent sounds in the wild orchestra about Beechland. The brooks were full of trout, and the fields of birds. All these creatures, undisturbed hitherto, as far as the knowledge of man went, while shrinking backward, still crept to the borders of their violated domain to watch with a shy fascination the approach of the inevitable destroyer.

Doctor Martin slept at Shepherdsville, having learned that he could proceed the next day at eight o'clock.

"What hour do you mean by eight o'clock?" he asked of the landlord of the Shepherdsville Arms, while eating his solitary breakfast.

"Eight o'clock," said the landlord solemnly, "means seven o'clock and sixty minutes."

"Then I have only fifteen minutes," remarked the traveller, consulting his watch.

The landlord glanced at a tall clock in a corner of the dining-room, "You have

fourteen minutes and a half," he said. "Perry divides the dot. He's 'most harnessed now."

The doctor went out in search of this model of promptness, and found a young man harnessing a pair of dull bays to a wagon. He was a tolerably good looking fellow, clad in a blue home-spun suit, a straw hat, and oiled boots. He glanced at the stranger, returned with some reluctance the cheerful "Good-morning!" and went on with what he would have called his "tackling" without taking any further notice.

"Is this Perry's stage?" the doctor asked.

Without looking at him, the man replied briefly, "It is!"

"Who is Perry?" pursued the doctor.

The young man waited till he had deliberately buckled a strap before answering. "There are two. I am one, and my father's t'other."

"Do you drive the stage?" asked the doctor, who never lacked information for want of questioning.

"I drive the stage."

"I am Doctor Martin," persisted the other. "I suppose you knew my aunt Betsey. I am going up to look at the place. I went there once when I was a boy, and thought it the finest place in the world."

There was no reply.

"Do you own the stage or is it owned here?" asked the doctor.

"The stage is ours."

Young Mr. Perry pronounced the word "ours;" but as his speech was decent, and whereas few persons pronounce perfectly their native language, we will not insist on these little peculiarities.

"The horses are yours, too?"

"The horses are ours," the young man replied firmly, tightening a girth with decision as he spoke.

"I suppose they pay you something for carrying the mail?" the questioner pursued.

"I reckon they do!" said the driver grimly.

It was eight o'clock. The two men mounted the wagon and set out. There was a few minutes pause at the post office, where a thin leather bag, directed to "Four Corners," was brought out; then they continued their journey. The

commissions had all been executed, and the boxes under the seats were full of parcels.

"I have forgotten about Four Corners," the doctor said, as they jogged out into the woody country. "How many miles this side of Beechland is it?"

"Five mile and a half."

The traveler sighed, and gave up for a time all hope of conversation. Seated behind the driver, he examined the country through which they were passing with that interest which can be felt only by those who are able to compare their own with foreign countries. The first thing that attracted his attention was the superior grace of American trees. Nowhere had he seen forests so beautiful. Then came a shrinking from the ugliness of the dwellings, the almost universal lack of taste in whatever man had touched. Lastly, an appalling sense of the general waste grew upon him. Tracts of land burnt over and left a desert of white stones, and wide fields populated with ugly stumps, where forests had been annihilated, as though oaks grew in a night, like mushrooms, and a group of royal beeches were a trifle!

"They have no sense of a future!" he thought indignantly. "They don't know the first element of agriculture nor of beauty."

Then some solid mass of forest would sheet him in with its soothing shadows: here, a blackness that the eye could not pierce; and there, quivering with glints and flashes of golden sunshine, where that spark of infinite life—which was Jupiter—sought and showered with heavenly riches the waiting terrestrial bosom—that was Danæe!

Toward three o'clock they reached "Four Corners," a miniature village built at the intersection of two roads. Here was a white meeting-house on an elm-shaded green, half-a-dozen dwellings, a blacksmith's shop, and a store, which was also the post-office. On the arrival of the mail, the letters and papers were all spread out on the counter, and everyone selected his own.

In a back-room the store-keeper, or his wife, was in the habit of receiving mysterious visits, to the stern disapproval of one half of their neighbors, and the ingenuous ignorance of the other. These

visitors in a casual manner dropped in, often with a mournful, abstracted expression of countenance.

Mr. Perry drew up his horses with as much of a flourish as they were capable of displaying, and delivered the mail-bag to a man who appeared to receive it. Already there had begun a slow concentration of men at the store, and the windows of the houses were adorned with female heads. One man descended from a rail fence, perched on which he had been waiting for the stage; the bald-headed doctor came from his white cottage across the street; the solemn minister from his two-story house beside the church; and lastly, there appeared a handsome Spanish-looking gentleman, for whom everybody made way.

This gentleman also touched his hat to the stranger, at which the doctor and the minister saluted. For the others, it would seem that their idea of propriety was to elaborately ignore his presence.

Nothing had struck, even amused, our traveler, on making acquaintance anew from the outside, more than this affected indifference of his countrymen, which, he well knew, really covered a consuming curiosity.

"We are the most affected people in the world," he thought. "The small distinguished percentage apart, nothing is so difficult for an American as to be himself."

The Spanish-looking gentleman, who, in spite of his looks, was a New Englander, talked with the minister. Doctor Pennel stood somewhat jealously apart, and waited to be noticed by them. The others looked on respectfully. An almost royal etiquette surrounded the minister, Mr. Wilder. Hats were taken off in salutation; but no one spoke to him until he had been spoken to. Only Mr. Haslem, the rich lumberman, and a city gentleman, besides, could take such a liberty.

Doctor Martin waited a moment in vain for some one to be conscious of his presence; then stepped out of the wagon, and seeing Doctor Pennel quite neglected, approached him.

"You are, perhaps, a physician," he said. "I see a doctor's sign on the door opposite." And he introduced himself.

This reception was a glowing one.

Everybody in that region had known Miss Elizabeth Martin; and all who had talked much with her had heard of her nephew. She had read his letter to the doctor, the minister, and Mr. Haslem, and shown his ambrotype to everybody. People had come from far and near to look with wonder and suspicion at the braided Palm-Sunday branches he had sent her from Italy, and to admire the bits of marbles and alabasters that had come to her from over the seas.

Miss Betsey Martin might have sighed with contentment in dying, could she have known how her name would be spoken where she so long had lived. They had known her for many years; and for them she had not been good in vain. While he listened to their serious, appreciative words, her nephew felt that she had made a place for him, and that he was among friends.

It is, perhaps, the greatest merit of any society that goodness and greatness are not thrown away on it; and when they are so wasted, does not the holy scripture justify us in calling them swine?

A blushing young woman in a gay muslin gown and starched petticoats made her somewhat flustered progress to the stage, and was helped to the front seat by an attendant swain. She was going to visit a friend farther up the road.

At the same time, the stage-driver, who, the doctor found, was generally called Isaac, or Ike, made his appearance from the room behind the post-office, where he had spent the interval of waiting. The face he brought out of this retreat was very different from that which he had carried in; redder in color, and more agreeable in expression. One perceived also an odor about him which betokened rum.

It could not have been rum, however: for Martha Washington was abroad in the land, and only when furnished with a doctor's certificate that he was a very sick man, could Isaac have lawfully obtained a glass of any spirituous liquor.

Nor was this phenomenal change of color and expression peculiar to the stage-driver. The same happened every day to at least a dozen other men, sometimes even to Doctor Pennel; and there was one man who went in so many times a day,

getting redder and more jovial every time, that the stern, pale-blooded minister encountering him on one of his exits, openly accused him of being in a suspicious condition.

"All right, parshon!" he replied, becoming instantly and intensely solemn. "Got my shtifkit; 'shpepshy!"

Isaac, having regained his seat, snapped his whip, looked at Dr. Martin and winced facetiously.

The doctor took leave of his new acquaintances, and they pursued their journey, Isaac and the young woman in front conversing volubly, their companion asking himself why the conviction that he was a hero at Four Corners pleased him, while to be a hero at Southport was an annoyance.

He found the reason somewhat far away. The religious instincts in these men were yet spiritual and uncompromising, and their hero-worship was a looking up without groveling. They admired, standing erect the while. To them, worldly prosperity was most probably the result of personal superiority or ancestral dignity; and where they gave respect they presupposed moral worth. They had not learned to disguise as charity secret sympathy with evil-doing, nor to become the accomplices of vice under the fair shield of prudence.

The doctor could imagine how their faces would freeze to him if they believed him to be dishonest, whatever his prosperity might be.

The stage stopped before a little red house set down like a bird-cage in a green hollow. Isaac had bought knitting-needles, spool-thread, a hoe and some rice for the young couple who came down to the bars to receive them, and to chat with him and Melissa a few minutes.

"By George, you have courage!" exclaimed the doctor, regarding the farmer and his wife with admiration. "What do you hope to do with that land?" pointing to a field almost snow-white with rocks, where a few patches of corn dotted the waste.

The young farmer looked at him with a certain one-eyed expression, which he would himself have described as cute.

"You come here three years from

now," he said, "and you will see grass and clover that you could swim in where them rocks are."

"Sir," said the doctor, "I take off my hat to you!" suiting the action to the word.

They drove on to the next farm, already visible to them through a strip of birch woods. Here Melissa of the starch and blushes was to stop on a visit to her friend, Sarah Jane Brown. "And there is Sarah Jane now," she cried excitedly.

Through the last lace-like birches a group was visible in the door of the house; and instantly a young woman detached herself from it and hastened down the path to the bars to meet her visitor. An elderly woman, with a tiny child holding a fold of her skirt, followed, and an awkward hobble-de-hoy lounged from one foot to the other in the rear, bashfully divided between his mother's command to advance and his fear of encountering strangers. The same hesitation seemed to possess a man who had been hoeing in the garden.

The two young women gazed at each other from a distance, their faces bursting with joy, and then went with a rush into each other's arms, followed by two resounding kisses.

"Oh, Melissa, you don't know how tickled I am to see you!" cried one; and "You ain't no tickleder 'n I am!" responded the other.

The boy was grinning from ear to ear. The elder woman welcomed the guest with an air which the doctor found stately. She was Roman-nosed, wore glasses and did not smile, which, in contrast to the others, made her look severe. Her voice, too, was cultivated, if somewhat arrogant in tone, and her language was good. Mrs. Brown was, in fact, writhing over the rustic expressions used by her daughter in the hearing of this distinguished-looking gentleman. He had taken off his hat to them all, and Mrs. Brown had courtesied to him, the others merely smiling broadly. He had observed during his whole journey that country people did not appear to think a salutation deserving of an acknowledgment, even when they showed themselves pleased by it.

Isaac began to hand over a number of parcels to "Miss" Brown, who assigned them one by one to her son.

"Here's yer pound of green tea, and here's yer two pound of loaf-sugar, and here's yer pound of castile soap and yer two ounces of nutmegs. Here's yer box of blackin', and here's yer factory cotton and two spools of cotton number fifty, and a paper of Sharp's needles, five to ten."

Mrs. Brown examined the list and paid for the articles in English and Spanish silver, reckoning them as shillings and pence.

"Here's yer *Portland Transcript*," the driver pursued, "and yer *Augusta Age*," handing over two papers. "And here," turning to Sarah Jane, and speaking with slow and solemn emphasis, "here's a letter from yer beau!"

"Oh! you get out!" exclaimed Sarah Jane, blushing and giggling as she received the letter.

Mrs. Brown looked severely at her daughter, and catching her glance, conveyed such an arrow of silent reproof as put a stop to the giggling, and restored Sarah Jane to temporary propriety.

The doctor had tried to make acquaintance with the youngest child, a pretty girl of four years; but she only stared at him out of two bright eyes as blue as sapphires, and kept her rose-bud of a mouth closely shut.

"Why don't you answer the gentleman, Eliza Ann?" her sister said.

She pronounced the name Lizerann.

The driver mounted to his seat, Mrs. Brown courtesied, the young woman bowed, and the doctor raised his hat. They were about to start, when Sarah Jane had a sudden flash of recollection.

"Where are the English stockings?" she asked.

Isaac's face changed. "By gracious, I forgot 'em!" he ejaculated, and lifting both hands, let them drop heavily at either side.

"Oh, Ike, how could you?" cried the girl, and stood looking at him, the picture of dismay.

"I vow, I forgot 'em!" repeated Isaac with a crest-fallen look; and bent to gather up the reins.

"What shall I do?" murmured Sarah Jane tragically, tears gathering in her eyes.

"I declare, now, I forgot 'em," said Isaac again, evidently much listressed;

and gave his whip a feeble swing over the tails of his horses.

Feeble as the hint was, they started, as unerringly scenting their near stalls and hay-mow as the war-horse scents the far battle. Sarah Jane went to the house, supported and comforted by Melissa.

"It's the first time I ever saw a woman cry for a pair of stockings," the doctor remarked.

"She's goin' to be married Monday," said Isaac moodily, his head sunk forward on his breast.

They drove on in silence for a time, their road ploughing into the superb forest again.

"Sarah Jane is a first-rate girl," said the driver at length, rousing himself from a gloomy reverie. "She isn't stuck-up, like her mother."

"Mrs. Brown is a lady," said his passenger. "Who is she? How did she come here?"

As he had assumed a defensive tone with regard to the lady, the driver showed signs of continuing the offensive: "She came here because she married Tom Brown; Tom Brown was born here, an' b'longs here."

The doctor said nothing.

"Her father was Major John Cameron, of Shepherdsville," Isaac continued more mildly. "They are big-feelin' folks, but mighty poor."

"The sun was sinking toward the west, and grotesque shadows of the two men were projected in advance of them as they jogged along. From Four Corners their road was partly eastward. The trees rustled softly, with a sound like waves breaking on a sandy beach.

The doctor was thinking of his aunt, remembering with a pensive tenderness the last time he, a child, had passed this way, with her by his side. What good company she was to the children as well as their elders! The driver also was lost in reverie which seemed anything but joyous.

Presently they came to a wide clearing with a great log farm-house in the midst. This was "Perry's," the termination of stage-travel.

Isaac roused himself with a sigh, and gave the reins a shake.

"I'm sorry I forgot them stockin's!" he remarked, betraying the subject of his musings.

The people in that part of the country were just beginning to build frame-houses in place of the original log ones; and the Perrys had with their own hands put up a small addition to their house. It was the strangers' quarter, and contained two rooms, and a separate entrance. It was an alien-looking structure, the walls a little crooked, and the windows uneven. In contrast to the brown logs beside it, it looked like a flower in a button-hole. Its clap-boards were washed a brilliant white, its door painted a lively green, and the window-sashes red. It showed the natural love of color, laughed at, at home, and admired abroad.

"Perry's" was a rough, live, disorderly place. The large barn was bursting with hay, the house was gay with tow-headed freckled boys and girls, the orchard had a hundred gnarled old apple-trees, the large back-yard was surrounded by piles of fire-wood, and paved with chips. In the midst of these chips sat the elder Perry, filing a wood-saw with a sound to set one's teeth on edge.

Two rough boys ran to let the bars down at the approach of the stage, and the saw-filer sat with file suspended. Mrs. Perry, a painfully ugly but good soul, seeing that her son had a passenger, ran to smooth her disordered hair, and pull down her tucked-up sleeves. Amand Perry, a long-legged ambitious girl of fifteen came out to the door-step; and there was something in the dimness of the entry behind her which resembled a carnival mask with a white frill around it.

This was grandmother Perry, eighty-five years old. She was becoming a little silly, and her prominent nose and chin, associated with a toothless and ever-smiling mouth, made her unbeautiful to a high degree. She did not smile the less because she was always kept in the background, and seemed quite unaware of any deficiencies in herself or others.

The green door of the frame-house was opened from the inside with a sound of bolts, and Mrs. Perry welcomed the stranger cordially when she did not know who he was, and enthusiastically when she did. She had known Miss Martin all her life, and remembered perfectly the little boy who had come to Beechland with her one summer. Why, he had given

Isaac his jackknife when he went away! Did n't he remember Isaac?

All the family stood looking in at the parlor door while this welcoming conversation was going on; and the doctor was rather glad to escape into the bedroom to which he was presently shown.

"It's the school-mistress' bed-room," Mrs. Perry said; "but she's gone down to Four Corners to spend the Sabbath with the Haslem girls, and won't be back till Monday morning. I'll fix up the other room for you before that. I don't suppose you'll stay with Mis' Winter, seein' she's all alone."

Mrs. Winter was the keeper of the doctor's house, and as she was an old woman, and about going away, he did not mean to give her the trouble of entertaining him.

The bed-room to which he had been shown gave a very good impression of the school-mistress. It was clean, and full of tasteful devices for order and convenience in a small space. It showed a love of nature in bits of moss, beautiful lichens, and airy bouquets of grass-blossoms. The same hand had also been visible in the parlor, where a cornice of oak-leaves, pinned together with thorns, ran around the white-washed walls.

"She must be like poor aunt Betsey," the doctor thought. "Aunt Betsey always did that sort of thing." And he was prepared to be very friendly with the school-mistress.

Supper was served in the parlor in honor of the visitor; a New England country supper of that time, delicious and suicidal. Of course Mrs. Perry accompanied the whole with a running fire of apologies, declaring that nothing was fit

to eat, and that she was afraid the doctor would starve.

His secret and fervent prayer was that he might not spend the night in a protracted nightmare after the succession of sweets, cream, butter and coffee he was compelled to swallow.

He escaped at length to his bed-room, and blowing out the candle, sat down at the open window to look for the North-star and wait for sleep.

He heard the sounds of life in the house subside to perfect stillness, and the forest sounds flow in to take their place. The doors were quietly closed, but no key turned; the windows all remained open. Trustfulness and security were in the air.

A white-rose bush grew outside the window, and from time to time a sweet breath of its perfume reached the watcher. It came mingled with the first whispering foam of the deep sea of sleep. Fragmentary foreign began to float among the present scenes, on the soft, unconscious flood, where everything finds place. A little turquoise ring came, inconsequent and pretty, and after it floated a pretty Italian letter of thanks, written in painstaking delicate characters.

Beatrice had received her ring with a rapture which the giver could have no idea of, and which did not transpire in her letter, though it rippled with *issimi*; and she had spent days and used many sheets of highly-ceremonious paper before completing it to her own satisfaction and the satisfaction of the family.

"Poor little girl!" said the doctor rousing himself. "I wonder what puts me thinking of her! I must go to bed. I suppose she is about getting up."

And he retired.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SPIRITUALISM AND LIKE DELUSIONS.

BY DR. ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON.



THE revelations of a recent sensational trial are suggestive and amusing as evidences of the virility of a popular delusion and its influence upon a number of intelligent people. The chief victim is an experienced and supposedly clear-headed lawyer, who is tricked by the shallowest of devices, and the list of dupes includes many well-known men and women, who, fearful of ridicule, have so far kept in the background, leaving their priestess to her fate. One of them was actually so gullible as to pay a large sum for the restoration by celestial sculptors of a mutilated piece of statuary, while others without question accepted portraits of dead friends—painted by “spirits” with artistic proclivities—some of which portraits would undoubtedly have caused the originals to turn in their graves, provided they had had during life the least particle of self-respect or artistic feeling.

Much of this credulity arises from the unaccountable love of the occult and mysterious which seems to be an integral part of our mental make-up, common both to the educated and the ignorant; and it would almost appear that if the cultured individual were more credulous than his less favored brother, it cannot be denied that he is more obstinate in the retention of his fixed idea, when he has one. There is undoubtedly no delusion so difficult to remove as that of a popular nature, especially when it directly concerns the deluded one's environment and personality. Medical men daily meet with instances which severely tax their faith in the existence of any such thing as common sense. The learned college president or clever railroad operator clothes himself with disease-defying armor supposed to be electric, but which, nevertheless, does not cause the slightest deviation of the galvanometer needle; or they seek the assistance of ignorant men and women who thumb greasy playing-cards or lapse into fictitious trances and guess

more or less shrewdly as to the health or business affairs of their clients. The records of a comparatively recent will case show that no less a person than the late Commodore Vanderbilt was in the habit of sending a lock of his hair to a quack in another city, who made a diagnosis thereon; and persons of unquestionable sanity are content daily to go through with the mummerly of a supposed faith-cure. An ingenious and enterprising “Cancer Doctor” in Central New York sells to his dupes ordinary pieces of paper to be applied to the offending parts, after he has rubbed them until they are sufficiently electrified to become attached to the wall, a demonstration which is usually sufficient to convince the patient.

The subject of Spiritualism, which immediately concerns us, is but one phase of a mental state which has probably existed for all time, and a discussion of its antiquity would lead us into an interminable history, in which the early Scriptural instances of the vision of Job and the Witch of Endor play a conspicuous part; the mental epidemics mentioned by Hecker, and the state of agitation at a subsequent period which was marked by the epidemics of St. John and St. Vitus are more recent evidence of the outbreak of general popular delusions.

Modern Spiritualism dates back only to about 1716, when nine persons of the family of John Wesley all had communications with disembodied souls by means of raps; and in 1825 Justinus Kerner described an outbreak of the spiritualistic craze in Germany, which in many respects resembled that detailed by Adams, who wrote about the perturbations of the Wesley family.

About forty years ago we find our own unfortunate country invaded; but the familiar so-called manifestations of the Fox family need but the briefest mention. During the spring of 1848, the good people of Western New York were set agog by the wonderful tales of the Pulvers and Foxes, and these, so far

as we know, were the first manifestations of Spiritualism in this country. The pretended discovery of a murder by means of spiritual direction was enough to inflame the public mind to an intense degree, and the apparent substantiation gave an air of reality which brought the Spiritualists many converts. Two men named Bush and Granger, with one of the Foxes, in obedience to the commands of the "spirits," began digging in the cellar of the latter, in which the rappings had been heard, and after penetrating the soil about five feet, a plank was reached; when this was torn through, the auger, which was loose in the handle, fell out of sight. A further search revealed the presence of bones and hair, which were supposed to have belonged to a human body; but there is no absolute proof of this fact, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that the presence of these things was quite accidental, and under any ordinary circumstances would have had no significance beyond that the house was probably built upon the site of a graveyard or shambles. In fact, this incident and many others had a decidedly suspicious coloring.

Shortly after this time the people of the entire central part of New York State gave themselves up to the most extraordinary behavior. Each town had its "circles," and no less than eighty mediums presented their claims for recognition in the small city of Auburn alone. The state of fanaticism and folly, the mob violence and the wild and unreasonable behavior approaching fatuity, of the many people whose daily life was governed by supposed spiritualistic direction, resembled in degree that of any of the forms of popular craze of the middle ages more than anything else. Fortunately the better sense of the community asserted itself, and after awhile law and order prevailed; the pretended communications were proven to be wholly false, and the popular mania subsided. Despite the fact that we occasionally find such exhibitions of folly as that referred to at the beginning of this article, the belief in Spiritualism and the behavior of its followers is much more moderate than it was thirty-five years ago. The courts are occasionally called upon to interfere where a will

has been made by a "believer," but the true mental status of the Spiritualist has by this time been pretty well established.

A mere belief in spiritism does not affect the ability to make a last testament or contract, any more than the acceptance of the miracle of the Immaculate Conception as a truth, or others of a disputed nature. It is only when a man's delusion is an insane one, and when it is clearly associated with intellectual perversion of a morbid type, and is what is known to alienists as *insane*, that the court must take cognizance and protect the individual and society. If a believer is commanded by the spirits to do some act of violence—to "remove," as Guiteau expressed it, certain persons he believes obnoxious; to commit some unjust action; or if he is so weak-minded as to become the prey of designing persons—then his mental state is certainly one requiring attention. The tolerance of the courts in regard to popular delusions is, however, to say the least, remarkable. Some years ago a well-to-do Frenchman named Bonnard died in the city of New York. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis, and when his will was opened it was found that he had left a very large sum to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A contest naturally followed, but the will was admitted to probate, the Surrogate holding that the act of the dead man was consistent, inasmuch as he believed his soul would find a tenement after his demise in the body, possibly, of some canine waif who might receive the protection of the society in question. While savoring of the wisdom of Solomon—and in a legal sense this decision was undoubtedly a logical one—it probably would have been found, on careful examination, that the testator's delusion was associated with others of an insane character.

It is interesting and suggestive to discover the changes in the methods of dishonest Spiritualists, and to find how scientific progress has so materially aided them in their forms of deception. The clumsy rappings of the last generation are things of the past, and instead of being produced by anatomical peculiarities of

the joints, and mechanical contrivances placed within the shoes of the medium, they are now readily and simply evoked by a small electrical helix, armature and sound-board, connected with wires passed through the table-legs and terminating in a "key" controlled by the operator, while storage batteries and small incandescent lamps furnish a better supernatural light than the more unsatisfactory etherealized solution of phosphorus or luminous paint. Besant's amusing satire of Herr Paulus, who completely discomfited the non-progressive Spiritualists at the seances of his credulous patron, and brought to his aid the resources of modern legerdemain and mesmerism, though a creation of fiction, is hardly an exaggeration; and Herrmann, Kellar and Hertz nightly and unostentatiously reproduce the slate, folded paper, and other tricks which in the hands of Slade and those of his ilk continue to mystify the would-be deceived.

One of the most successful forms of deception consists in the exhibition of "spirit pictures." When these are not produced by actual substitution, or what is known to the profession as "palming," chemistry lends its useful aid to the perpetration of the fraud. The well-known property of certain colorless salts to assume color when saturated with equally colorless solutions of other salts, is often made use of by the Spiritualistic fraternity. A picture painted with a solution of the lead-acetate will immediately become black when it is moistened with some fluid containing a sulphite. Silver salts, too, have properties which are exceedingly curious, and a photograph treated by a mercuric solution, disappears, to return when moistened with a solution of the iodide of potassium. Perhaps, one of the most flimsy impositions is that of spirit photography, two negatives being taken. One of these contains an opaque likeness which, by a very great stretch of imagination upon the part of the credulous individual, may be supposed to resemble the face and figure of some dead friend or relative, and the other is a simple photograph of the sitter. When these two negatives are superimposed and the print is made, it will be found that the result presents the dim outline of a ghostly

figure hovering above the living subject. With the proper amount of sleight-of-hand this trick may be made to deceive persons who possess little or no knowledge of chemistry or photography. The cases that interest us, however, are not those in which common fraud plays a conspicuous part, for these are sufficiently familiar to the average newspaper-reader, or to any one who has paid any attention to the subject.

The examples of which I wish to speak are those where the possessor of the delusion is perfectly honest and sincere; and this very sincerity and simple-mindedness must always appeal to our pity. No matter how much we may feel inclined to hunt down the so-called mediums who are responsible for the demoralization, and expose their rascality, it is difficult to entertain for the dupe any other feelings than those of compassion. The consistent possessor of a delusion of Spiritualism should not be ridiculed any more than the impressed witness of the frequently repeated miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, or the devout Catholic who has witnessed the vision of Our Lady of Lourdes.

No person is free from a certain reverence for the mysterious and unattainable; it is this very quality that gives most of us the comfort of religion, or, on the other hand, brings us under the dominance of false beliefs which are more or less injurious. Rochefoucauld says:

On est faux en différentes manières. Il y a des hommes faux qui veulent toujours paraître ce qu'ils ne sont pas. Il y en a d'autres de meilleure foi, qui sont nés faux, qui se trompent eux-mêmes, et qui ne voient jamais les choses comme elles sont.

This explains much. It may be added that there are many whose vanity leads them not only to the development, but jealous defense of their very delusions.

The creature of morbid imagination, either with the assistance of some stronger mind, or simply by an effort of his own, with the sensuous reward it brings, is very likely to develop false beliefs, which may very easily become deep-seated delusions. Braid, Mesmer, Carpenter, Fère, Charcot, Beard and others have fully shown the importance of that condition of intellection known as "expectant attention," in which the subject becomes to all intents an automa-

ton susceptible to the impressions from without, the responsibility being suspended for a time, as the higher centres of the brain lose their power of control.

A survey of the development of all religious beliefs and forms must impress the philosophical observer with the important part this mental state plays, and this is especially the case in those religions where emotional excitement predominates.

Many of the alleged communications which honest believers in Spiritualism have, are the result of some disorder of the organs of special sense, or of the brain itself, but it is not necessary that actual disease should exist. An active imagination, with sufficiently developed "expectant attention," or fixation of the mind upon one subject, will easily lead the susceptible person into a declaration of the reality of his false perceptions. Galton, an observer of great originality, has experimented and described some very curious mental states, when healthy persons, by a simple effort of will, could conjure up visions of the most varied description. He thus refers to some inquiries made by him as to the prevalence of visionary memory:

I was greatly struck by the frequency of the replies in which my informants described themselves as subject to visions. Those of whom I speak were sane and healthy, but were subject notwithstanding to visual presentations, for which they could not account, and which in a few cases reached the level of hallucinations. This unsuspected prevalence of a visionary tendency among persons who form a part of ordinary society seems to me suggestive and well worthy of being put on record. The images described by different persons varied greatly in distinctness: some were so faint and evanescent as to appear unworthy of notice; others left a deep impression, and others again were so vivid as actually to deceive the judgment. All of these belong to the same category, and it is the assurance of their common origin that affords justification for directing scientific attention to what many may be inclined to contemptuously disregard as the silly vagaries of vacant minds.

There are many historical instances of illusions and hallucinations among persons of great intellectual vigor, and I may be pardoned for referring to a strange fact, which is not generally known, in regard to the late President Lincoln, and this is recited by Wharton. Mr. Lincoln was remarkably superstitious. Just after his election in 1860, when he came home tired out, he threw himself upon a lounge in his bedroom, which was opposite to a mirror. "When he looked into the glass he saw himself reflected nearly full length; but his face had two separate and distinct

images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. He was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, he saw it a second time—plainer, if possible, than before; and then he noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. He got up, and the thing melted away, and in the excitement of the hour he forgot all about it, nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come back again; but he never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though he once tried very industriously to show it to his wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was a 'sign' that he was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that he should not see life through the last term." Nor was this a single case of morbid cerebral action in the life of this remarkable man. "He was," says his biographer, Mr. Lamont, "readily impressed with the most absurd superstitions. He lived constantly in the serious conviction that he was himself the subject of a special decree, made by some unknown and mysterious power, for which he had no name. He had great faith in the virtues of the 'mad-stone,' although he could give no reason for it, and confessed it looked like superstition."

There are many other instances of illusion and hallucination, most of which are familiar—notably that of the Great Napoleon, who saw his star upon the eve of battle. I may call attention to an English case unknown to many, which belongs to a class which is suggestive of a very common sort of fatuity. Doubtless it has done service in another way, and has been made use of by the Spiritualists:

A young lady used to play on the harpsichord while her lover accompanied her on the harp. The young man died, and the harp remained in her room. After the first excess of her despair, she sank into the deepest melancholy, and some time elapsed before she could again sit down to her instrument. At last she did so, gave some touches, and hark! the harp, tuned alike, resounded in echo. The poor girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soothing melancholy. She became firmly persuaded that the spirit of the lover was softly sweeping the strings of the instrument. The harpsichord from this moment constituted her only pleasure as it afforded to her mind the certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men who want to know

and clear up everything, entered her apartment; the girl begged him to be quiet, for at that moment the dear harp spoke most distinctly. Being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed; and, with a great display of learning, proved to her by experimental physics that all this was very natural. From that instant the young lady grew melancholy, drooped, and soon after died.

There are numerous recorded cases of disturbed functions dependent upon actual disease of the brain. Epilepsy is responsible for many curious examples, and so are other equally obscure cerebral disorders. I may refer to a case in which the very real hallucination followed the commonplace agency of a good dinner and too much wine:

We were on a visit at N—, in Nottinghamshire, and had dined with a most respectable surgeon, and had taken more wine than usual. It was in the summer time, and the weather very hot and dry, which combined circumstances rendered us feverish and uncomfortable. It was late when we returned to our lodgings, and our sleeping-room was small and ill-ventilated. We went to bed, but not to sleep, and tossed and tumbled, changing our position every moment, but was too restless to repose; at length we turned towards the window and perceived between it and the bed there stood a short, thick-set, burly figure, with a huge head staring at us in the face. Certainly nothing could appear more real and substantial, and after gazing on this monstrous creature, we put out our hand, when the monster opened his ponderous jaws and bit at us. We tried various experiments with the creature, such as putting our hand before his face, which seemed to cover part of it. The longer we contemplated it the more palpable was this figure, and the more wrathful were its features. Struck with the apparent reality of the apparition, we mechanically felt our pulse; it was throbbing at a fearful rate; our skin was hot and dry, and the temporal arteries were throbbing at a railway speed. This physical condition had produced the phantom. We then jumped out of bed, when the spectre seemed to be nearer, and of more gigantic proportions. We then threw open the window to admit a little air, sponged our head and body, and thus, by removing the cause, the monster disappeared.

This illustration, while only an evidence of temporary misconception, certainly shows how easy it may be for an impressionable man or woman to declare that he has actually seen an actual person; and the chances for deception are so numerous that the truth seeker will always eradicate the possible physical and mental causes even before he proceeds to question the authenticity of the particular story.

A great many years ago, a clever observer, Dr. Forbes Winslow, tabulated the conditions which might lead to the successful "raising" of ghosts or spirits, and these are so concisely put that I will present them:

GHOSTS OF THE MIND'S EYE OR PHANTASMA.

Illusive perception, or ocular spectra; conversion of natural objects into phantoms.

Illusive conception, or spectral illusion; creation of phantoms.

GHOSTS OF THE EYE, OR OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Atmospheric: Refraction, reflection.

Gases.

Lenses and mirrors.

Diseases of the eye.

The conductive temperamental and emotional conditions may be "credulity, enthusiasm, superstition, timidity, imagination, poetic frenzy, sympathy, exalted joy, deep love, nature, protracted anxiety, delirium of fever, alcohol or narcotics; exhaustion, diseases of the brain."

There is no more unpleasant task than that of gravely listening to the earnest story of some personal friend who details with all sincerity some apparently incontrovertible story of Spiritualism which he finishes with a triumphant "Now, what can you say to that?" I am usually reminded of the schoolboy's riddle which implies an answer affecting the veracity of the lad in question. There is always some "perfectly honest person," or some individual "of undoubted standing in the community" who has actually had the experience; and doubt means skepticism that nearly always hurts the feelings of the narrator.

The latitude for errors in human testimony is very great, and there have been so many wonderful happenings which were for a long time inexplicable, but were finally cleared up, that, all things being equal, most of the stories of the Spiritualists are based upon guesswork, coincidence, or are based upon unjustifiable assumption.

An example of how easily a delusion may affect a number of people at once—a simple illusion being the starting-point—is the following: A large crowd of people gathered in front of St. Paul's Church, in London, and were gazing intently upward at the statue of a saint who was apparently nodding at them. The greatest excitement existed until a sparrowhawk that had perched upon the ringlets of the figure flew away, when the illusion was explained. It can be easily imagined how some excitable person not waiting for the denouement might have told his own story and readily deceived many gullible persons. The records of the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research, and the older English trials, as well as the French Causes Célèbres, are full of startling illustrations of the unreliability of human testimony; and in these days of scientific precision and materialism, it is much easier to prick the popular delusion than it was in a more sentimental age. Even the matter of circumstantial evidence has nearly had its death-blow,

MY KINDRED.

WHERE in forests deep and still
Slants by mossy rims a rill—
Where the fronded ferns are stirred
By the swift, low-winged bird—
Where amid the cloistered trees
Dart the honey-seeking bees—
There I know my kindred be,
There they ever beckon me.

I am kin to sylvan things:
Where the vine-wrought roofing swings
O'er dusk coverts leafy-green,
And shy creatures frisk between
Dewy sward and swaying limb,
There from chambers cool and dim
Many a pair of twinkling eyes
Meet my own without surprise,
And my kindred welcome me
To their woodland revelry.

I am kin to every flower
Shedding perfume hour by hour,
Kin am I to grass and weeds,
And the drowsy-whispering reeds;

To the streams that part and meet,
To the wind-blown fields of wheat,
To the tressed ranks of corn,
To the midnight and the morn.
Me the pleasant south-wind knows;
And the breath that shrewdly blows
Over many a frozen firth
Of the rude and ice-girt north,
Deftly as the hands of Time,
On my temples sifts its rime.

I have glimpsed a smiling face
Peering forth from many a place
Where thick vines and saplings grow;
And where tell-tale banks of snow,
Piled in hollows soft and deep,
Prints of lightest footsteps keep,
I have traced with subtle care
Trailing garments light as air.
Bending an attentive ear,
Through the thickets I can hear
Sounds of laughter, clear and fine;
And by tokens I divine
Truths unknown to human speech—
Secrets that my kindred teach!

James B. Kenyon.



A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.



HILIP and I were brothers. Our mother had been nervous and timid about our safety ever since our father was killed by a fall from a wild horse he was endeavouring to break.

I was the elder, but not so studious as Philip; and I chafed far more than he under the constant repression to which we were subjected. At times, when the fever that stirred my blood surged through every vein in wild

throbs for liberty, he would serenely stretch himself on some mossy bank, and with words of sweetness and peace, try calm my restless mood.

"See, Ralph," he would gently urge, "we live in dreamland on these glorious heights.

"Here are peaks upon peaks, bathed in softest purple haze.

"Are we not sheltered as fairies are by this friendly, low-branching holly, under which we lie at ease; while just beyond us the graceful ash fills all the air with the fragrance of its snow-white clusters?"

I did not then know, what the world has since known with full meed of praise,

that our Philip was a poet—God bless him! But his fanciful words soothed me like some strange strain of music; and often lulled to rest the tumult in my breast.

Yet, he was in no wise namby-pamby, and, when fairly roused, he could be depended on for any manly sport.

One fine October morning, as we were gathering chestnuts in the woods near our home, we met Jim Catesby, who invited us to join in a coon hunt that night.

The party was to start from his father's house, and I persuaded Philip to go; and knowing well that mother would never consent, I prevailed upon him to keep the affair a secret.

During the day, I was so excited I could scarcely contain myself, and it seemed as if the sun stood still, and would never give place to the darkness I longed for. Philip, on the contrary, was very grave and quiet, and swung in the hammock under the locust trees with not a word to say. He gulped down his dinner as if the effort nearly choked him; and when nine o'clock came at last, and mother, as was her wont, kissed us good night and gave us her blessing, I detected a tear in the dear boy's eye. The fact was, I myself felt rather queer, for we had never before deceived her so.

We had to prepare for a rough tramp, and reach farmer Catesby's, a mile distant, all within an hour.

I had a finely tempered steel hatchet—a present—in a leather case, and I was also the happy possessor of a bull's-eye lantern. When we donned our corduroy trousers and tucked them inside our high boots, boy-like, I stuffed my treasures into my ample pockets, adding a box of matches.

To our inexperience, it was a strange feeling to escape from the shelter of our peaceful home, out into the gloom of the night, and skulk along like hunted criminals, under those protecting walls, until we reached the highway. Once, indeed, I was sure for a moment that we would be discovered, when our watch-dog, Remak, greeted us with a low growl.

But one whisper from me of "Down Remak, down," was enough. This animal was a fine pointer; he had been a splendid hunting dog in his day, but he had grown old. He was kept chained during the day, but was loose at night.

On this occasion, we took no further notice of him, but hurried forward to our rendezvous. There we found a stirring scene, which effaced all thought of our mother, as we both entered heartily into the spirit of the preparations.

In the party were half a dozen men, experts in raccoon hunting, roughly clad for the mountain tramp, and several light one-horse wagons were ready to start. One of these vehicles, contained two packs of trained beagles and terriers mixed, which did not seem altogether friendly, for they kept up an incessant yelping.

As we made our appearance, the yawping, cut-eared kennel, saluted us with a chorus of shrill barks, which was promptly answered by the deeper voice of Remak. We turned in amazement, for he had followed us so slyly, that this was the first intimation we had of his presence.

I began to explain to Mr. Catesby, that the dog had come along, unknown to us, when he laughed and said:

"If you boys knew an old pointer as well as I do, you would be up to his tricks. He wants to join in the sport. Let him alone."

The raccoon is very wary, and like the fox, steals out under cover of night; but he must be hunted on foot, and we were only to drive a couple of miles over a tolerably good macadamized road, whose white surface became quite visible to eyes when once accustomed to the darkness.

Presently the leader shouted, "Ready; jump in men," and we all leaped into the wagons.

Remak kept with me, and curled himself down at my feet.

I had never felt so big before, for except Jim Catesby and ourselves, all the party were grown and bearded men.

I was very supple and a good climber, and Mr. Catesby said, when the coon took to the trees, my hatchet would be just the thing to cut the boughs off.

As we jolted along, the dogs quieted down somewhat, but there was much loud talking and boisterous laughter among the men, as they told spicy stories of previous fox and coon hunts in which they had taken a part. After a while, Mr. Catesby called a halt, as we had

skirted along the mountain side as far as the open road would permit, and the time had come to take to the fields on foot, and follow the dogs whose keen scent was relied upon to start up the game.

It was now nearly midnight, and the deeper blackness of the earlier night had yielded to a dim starlight, so that we could struggle on after a fashion in the wake of the dogs.

We had a rough-and-tumble pull over stubbly hill-side fields, and once, after Philip had slipped down a jagged rock, I thought I noticed a slight trickle of blood on his face.

But the dear boy hastily brushed it off with his coat-sleeve.

"It's only a scratch," he explained; "pray say nothing—"

For an instant my heart thumped violently, as I remembered that this my younger brother, who had been led there at my instigation, was the very idol of our mother's soul, and not near so rugged as I; but at the same moment a general outcry made me aware that the game was started.

I just caught a glimpse of a large raccoon, as he scudded past us from under the cover of the very rock where Philip's fall had made us pause a minute before. He now led us a wild chase, with men and dogs in hot pursuit; in the course of which, worm-fences were pulled down and we went helter-skelter from broken ground to the craggy hillsides, which we had scarcely scaled, when the game doubled and took to a rough bare field, in the middle of which a large sycamore shot aloft, its pale trunk gleaming with a ghostly sheen amidst its distorted branches.

The wily coon, with swift movement, glided up to the topmost bough of the sinuous tree, where it swung itself with a secure grip of its sharp claws.

Now the sportsmen quickly brought rails from a zig-zag fence, and piled them near the foot.

These were soon kindled into a large fire, by whose bright light even the little fluffy, grayish ball into which the animal had rolled itself, could be plainly seen.

Philip's poetical eye at once caught the beautiful adaptation, and he exclaimed in tones of entreaty:

"Oh, don't kill him! Spare him because he is so clever.

"Only look how he has chosen a tree of a color blending with his own beautiful gray fur.

"Just see; he seems to be a part of the branch upon which he has so closely coiled."

The men stared as if they had heard a sermon in Greek. That anyone, not gone clean daft, should wish to spare a coon was past all comprehension.

But the next moment, as if overcome with the absurd idea, they burst into loud guffaws. I was foolish enough to feel nettled and ashamed of my brother's gentle mood, and I determined that they should not make a guy of me. So, kicking off my boots, I began to climb the tree very rapidly.

I just caught one imploring look from Philip's pale face, for the smooth bark demanded all my attention to keep a secure hold. But I was too excited to heed his mute appeal, and I soon had ascended safely to the branch upon which the coon hung.

Now, clinging on with one hand, with the other I disengaged my hatchet from its sheath, and under my sharp and well-directed strokes, the bough gave way, and went crashing down, bearing with it the clinging coon.

There was a clamorous shout of "Bravo, Ralph! Well done, boy!" The dogs instantly flew at the poor creature, who, momentarily stunned by the sudden fall, seemed unable to make fight; but, strange to say, before I could fairly reach the ground, it had once again eluded its fierce tormentors and made off, though this time not so swiftly as before.

It was evidently hurt, and the chances were now all in favor of a speedy capture. It took me some moments to pull on my high boots and readjust myself, during which Philip hung back for me. But I, flushed with the pride of victory, and stung by his recent mawkish speech, cried out angrily:

"You have shamed me already enough to-night with your baby ways; don't wait, but hurry on like a man."

I had never before taunted my brother, whom I tenderly loved; and he stood for an instant as if stunned by some un-

expected blow, then shot ahead after the others, making no answer.

Ah, how I afterwards yearned in the terrible watches that still awaited me that dismal night, to recall those scornful words.

He passed on, and Remak alone remained. The sporting party had made for the hills, whither the crafty coon now led them, evidently intent on gaining the shelter of some friendly cave or hole in the rocks well known to him.

So rapid was their pursuit, that by the time I was ready to follow they were vanishing in the gloom of a thick forest, although I could trace their course by the confusion of sounds that filled the air.

Quickly scanning the scene, I hoped to gain upon them by making a short cut across the open ground, and scaling the nearest height over a jutting and precipitous rock.

I thought that the denser shade, which I could just discern by the flickering flame of the expiring embers and the dim starlight overhead, must be a growth of the mountain laurel; and it seemed an easy thing to swing myself from bush to bush by the aid of these tough shrubs.

So I started off, but as I leaped up the first ascent, holding on to whatever I could catch at, Remak began to growl as if alarmed.

It was too late to pause, and I at once sought to gain a higher point, when the twig I had seized for support proved to be only a small cedar tree, which gave way under my weight, and I went crashing down.

In the suddenness of the fall, I could not tell how or where I was going, but I felt myself sinking as if into a depth, not with a sheer descent, but rather as one rolling down a steep and stony bank.

Remak had tumbled with me, and piled around us were the detached fragments of broken boughs and loose gravel we had dislodged. We were both scratched and bruised, but there were no broken bones, and I quickly struck a light, having my matches at hand, and fortunately the bull's-eye being closed, was not broken.

I had placed the lantern on a ledge near by, and was about to examine my

position, when I was startled by a low growl, and almost at the same instant a pair of luminous eyes flamed before me, as a fierce wild-cat made a spring at my throat.

But my faithful Remak had seen the movement in time to save me, and with an agile bound he fastened his teeth deep in the neck of the ferocious creature, just as an outstretched claw grazed my left arm.

The catamount, as he fell back profusely bleeding and uttering horrid cries of rage and pain, tried to turn upon the dog and shake him off. But the noble pointer, with rigid limbs, as if carved in granite, held his death-grip fast.

Yet he must soon have been overpowered, as the wild-cat was writhing his supple body for a closing clutch, but I clove in his skull, just between the eyes, with my hatchet.

As the huge feline received the fatal wound, it gave a yell so loud and piercing, that had we not been shut in under the rocks, it must have reached the ears of the retreating huntsmen.

The cat relaxed its hold of Remak, and rolled over heavily.

The released dog, whose ear had been badly torn, crouched at my feet with bloodshot eyes and lolling tongue.

Until now I had not been able to discover where I was, so I eagerly peered around and perceived that I had rolled into a cave, which must have been hidden from view by the mass of debris that in the course of years had accumulated at its entrance.

But short space of time was granted me to observe anything, for a new horror far more blood-curdling than the first fierce onslaught now manifested itself.

In one corner of the cave, near its mouth, and shutting out all hope of exit, was coiled a huge rattlesnake.

It is a well-known fact that this most deadly of all our venomous reptiles does not deal its fatal stroke so long as its attention is diverted by noise. The confusing sounds caused by our fall into the cavern, and the more fearful uproar of the desperate battle that had just been waged, had until now held the serpent fully occupied.

Yet this disturbance had caused a constantly increasing irritation, which now

displayed itself in the raised head and quickly darting forked tongue, while its erect tail, encircled with several rings of rattles, vibrated violently to and fro.

How many remorseful thoughts flashed through my brain at that sickening instant of deadly peril, when all escape seemed hopeless. With what depth of anguish did I recall that I was overtaken, as it were, by the Divine vengeance, when my soul was steeped in the sin of disobedience.

In the frenzy of despair I cried aloud: "Oh, God, mercy, mercy!"

At this loud outcry the horrible reptile paused in the very act almost of piercing me with his fatal fang.

I began to beat a slow retreat into the interior of the cave, clapping my hands and shouting with all my might, while Remak, as if he, too, divined my object in making so much noise, set up a constant barking.

The glittering serpent eyes were no longer fixed upon me, but glanced from side to side as if bewildered; the convolving folds relaxed, but it continued the vibrating motion of its horny tail.

Forced to retreat into the interior of this awful cave, hugging the wall closely, with my lantern fastened to my belt, so as to have my hands at liberty, I slowly groped my toilsome way.

The exterior cavern was small and the gallery through which we passed narrow, and I began to be aware that the walls were humid, when presently I entered a beautiful hall hung with dazzling stalactites, which filled it with a thousand illusory shapes.

Was this, I thought, some witch's hall, where evil spirits assembled to hold infernal rites, such as I had read about in fairy tales; and guarded at its portals by hideous monsters?

My boy's love of adventure, that spark of the heroic which every youth carries in his soul, all my wildest dreams of the wonderful stirred within me; and the almost abject terror I had experienced in presence of the deadly snake, the awful peril of my situation, the consciousness that my lamp would flicker out before I could hope to escape, the improbability of rescue, since no one knew of the existence of this cavern, all faded in the exaltation of the moment, as I perceived, like a

jewel in some rare setting, a pellucid stream issue from an opening in the rock, pause for a moment in its concave bed, and then disappear under an arch.

I approached the edge of the basin and saw fastened to a jutting point by a thong of twisted bark, a quaint raft such as I had never seen before.

It consisted of three logs bound with bands of bark, and although I did not then know its name, it was really an Indian's catamaran, left there in days gone by by some son of the forest.

I wished then for Philip, as I thought how *his* fancy would have run riot in this wonderful place!

As I stooped over for a closer inspection, quite forgetful of my danger, so lost was I in admiration, Remak, who had until now quietly followed me, quickly darted back as if prompted by some sudden impulse, and running through the narrow aperture we had just traversed, in spite of my cries to detain him, he disappeared.

In another minute I knew that he had returned to give battle to the snake. I did not dare to stir, but stood still, transfixed by terror, as I heard the low defiant growl of the dog mingling with the hissing and the sharp rattle of the serpent.

My blood congealed as the ominous sounds increased, betokening their near approach.

The reptile was wounded, but had twisted itself around the dog; and as they appeared before my terrified gaze they presented a hideous spectacle.

Both were writhing in the agonies of death, and my faithful Remak's eyes were glazed, as dog and snake rolled towards me in the struggle of their mortal combat.

With a cry of terror, I jumped on to the raft for safety, when the rotten thong burst asunder by the violence of my movement, my lamp fell in the water and went out, and I had barely time to throw myself full length, and hug the tiny float with my arms, when I was carried out into the current of the mimic stream and whirled onward.

Can any words ever describe all that I endured in that frightful subterranean peril?

Hidden away in the bowels of the earth, held fast under the everlasting adamant-

ine rocks, in silence only broken by the gurgling splash of waters, in utter darkness, at intervals in smothering air, ever and anon my body grazed by projecting points, in absolute ignorance as to what moment I might be ground to powder by attrition, or hurled into atoms by some swift descending fall!

Alone, all alone, before my God, even as when the freed soul shall shivering stand for final judgment!

But ah, above all torture, as if preyed upon by some insatiate, never glutted harpy, was my quivering sense of sin—my disobedience to the dearest of mothers, my anger against the best of brothers.

My wilfulness, my pride, my impatience of restraint. Ah, how all these reproachful thoughts oppressed me!

"Can this be the last hour?" I moaned, as I felt myself growing weaker and weaker. But hope made me cry out, "Mercy, my God! for I am all unworthy."

Then, as if my contrite prayer had been answered, there fell upon me the peace of resignation; and oh, joy, like a herald of heavenly bliss, a new-born love filled my soul.

I can just remember there passed my lips a fainting canticle of praise, as I seemed to resign myself to the inevitable; and now came a new sensation. Ah, what strange rays of light were cast athwart the solemn darkness of my surging bed? To my already wandering brain it seemed the glory of Paradise that beamed so brightly on me. And I thought, as I flashed forth into

God's radiant, sparkling light, that the circumambient air was that of Heaven.

Then, with an expiring effort, sure that Paradise was gained, my voice rang out, "Jerusalem, my happy home"—and I sank into a deep swoon.

* * * * *

Had hours, days, or weeks passed by, when I awoke from rigors, and out of burning fevers, to open my eyes into the Elysium of my precious mother's fondest gaze?

But why should her soft brown hair be streaked with strands of grey, and why should Philip, darling Philip, look so pale?

"Have years gone by?" I feebly asked.

"No, my dearest Ralph," said Philip; "the change you see has been wrought by sorrow, not by time."

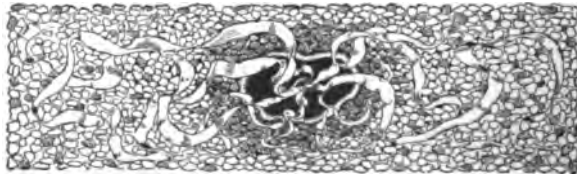
"God be praised," said mother, "all danger is past!"

Afterwards, I was told that the country round had been roused to search for me, and that as I floated into the now historic Antietam, I was picked up on my raft in an insensible condition.

There is now a hamlet built near the mouth of this cavern, called Cavetown; and Jim Catesby shows the wonders of the cave for a small fee, as Time has not dealt kindly with him financially.

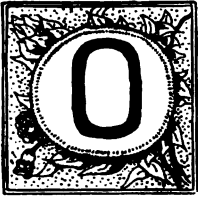
And the explorer, who is so disposed to amuse himself, may notice, when he throws logs of wood into the cavern's stream, that after an hour's interval of time, they may be found afloat in Antietam Creek.

Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren.



HOUSEKEEPING BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

BY CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER.



ON a certain breezy hill overlooking a little city,* a meadowed valley, and the winding of an Indian-christened river, there stands a peculiar residence. This word "residence"

ought, perhaps, to be converted into a species of collective noun, so vast is the family it shelters and so remarkable its domestic arrangements. It is an abode where, under the protective folds of our Stars and Stripes, Uncle Sam does the marketing and the Goddess of Liberty keeps house. In the archives at Washington this institution is known as the Central Branch of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, but that is merely official and does not express anything. To its friends and habitués it is known as "The Home," and such it is in almost every sense of that comprehensive word. Here between four and five thousand of the soldiers who defended the Union in the late war are fed, lodged, clothed, taught, nursed and amused at the expense of the Government. The Soldiers' Home is really a miniature city, and for the maintenance of its family is needed not one large building nor twenty, but whole streets of them, branching out in all directions, and crowning the hill like a diadem.

Would not a pen-and-ink peep into this place be interesting?

Suppose then, we enter at the north gate of the Home, or we will say the front-door of the residence. We pass into an enclosure six hundred acres in extent, beautifully gardenized and graded, crossed by broad avenues and shaded by forest trees. To our right stands the Hospital. Just before us are the ivy-grown chapel, Memorial Hall and the hotel, and beyond lie gardens and lakes, the pretty homes of the officers, and then a vanishing perspective of brick barracks. With all these, however, we have nothing to do in this paper, as they belong to the social

and official rather than to the domestic interests of the Home.

The pivot on which an ordinary household turns is the kitchen. This may not be a fact that it flatters our souls to acknowledge, but it seems to be universally true. As we eat, so accordingly do we sleep, converse, manage our children, write poetry and do works of charity. Let us then look into the back premises, as it were, of Government housekeeping, and see how the Goddess manages her household when she is not sitting in a brown study on a gold dollar. On one of these shady avenues, opposite a long row of brick barracks (by no means as ugly as the name implies), stands a three-story brick building, with a pillared portico along the front. This building contains the two dining-halls, on the first and second floors respectively, each 90 by 130 feet, together comprising an area exceeding half an acre. In the rear of this is the kitchen, a large, irregular apartment, lighted from the sides and from above, and with floor-space enough to accommodate a mass meeting.

The bakery, bread-room, dish department and refrigerator are also under this roof. No pantry is necessary, as the food is kept in separate rooms, shelved to the ceiling to hold each day's portion.

The Goddess is a thrifty housewife, and starts the domestic machinery at three o'clock in the morning. At that hour the kitchen and dining-room are opened and aired, the steam turned on in the range, and the regiment of help begins the day's work. Breakfast is served at six. An average of four thousand men are fed three times a day from the general kitchen, and from four to five hundred at the Hospital. Imagine the work necessary to prepare a Friday breakfast, with seven barrels of mackerel, fifty-four bushels of potatoes, and five hundred and sixty gallons of coffee to be cooked and served promptly at six. A certain amount of confusion might be excusable in the preparation of so monstrous a meal as this; but, beyond the clatter of tin and stone ware and the tramp of many feet,

* Dayton, Ohio.



TEA SERVICE AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

there is astonishingly little. Each man knows his place and his duty, and never strays from either. There are thirty men in the kitchen department under the direction of the chief cook and his assistant. Some prepare vegetables, others cut the meat and the bread, still others make the coffee. They do not interfere with one another, nor do they waste time, or labor, or food. There are no grease spots on the floor, no unwashed cooking utensils, no (visible) dishcloths. It is the true military order and neatness which admits nothing short of perfection. This perfect state led me to accuse the head cook and his right-hand man of being gentlemen of leisure, as my frequent visits to the kitchen invariably disclosed them leaning in nonchalant attitudes against a table. I furthermore expressed the wish that my family of five gave me as little concern as did theirs of five thousand.

"Ah, you should see us at five o'clock in the morning," the head-cook said with a look intended to convey the fact that at that hour they were very far from being gentlemen of leisure, whatever attitudinizing they might indulge in later in the day.

Across one end of the kitchen is a range, twenty feet long. This is used exclusively for cooking meats, and the quantity of roast beef for one dinner, about twenty hundred-weight, or nearly three entire beeves, is easily accommodated. The cavernous fireplaces exhibited to tourists in the feudal castles of the old world and declared large enough to roast an ox whole, make a more imposing show as to size, but in the matter of practical utility they must give way to the superior merits of the Soldiers' Home range. One side of the kitchen is lined with huge iron pots or coppers, heated by steam, for cooking vegetables. On the opposite side is a row of stationary coffee-boilers, seven in number, each holding from sixty to a hundred gallons, and all filled and emptied twice a day the year through. Here is the way coffee is made at the Soldiers' Home: First the boilers are filled with water, and the steam turned on under them. Then, while the water is heating, the ground coffee is measured out of the bins and put into perforated tin receptacles, the shape and size of wash-tubs, one of which fits into each copper. This is on the principle of the French coffee-pot which requires no egg for the

clearing. A bucketful of brown sugar, more or less, and a sufficient quantity of milk are then emptied into each copper, so that the coffee when boiled is ready for the table. At a signal the waiters file into the kitchen, one behind the other, each armed with as many tin coffee-pots as he can carry. Very rapidly the faucets are opened, the coffee-pots filled; and in perfect order the procession marches back to the dining-hall, to distribute its beverage among the many tables. When this achievement has been repeated often enough to fill four thousand bowls, the coffee grounds are hoisted out by pulleys and emptied, the coppers cleaned, the floor wiped up, and everything is in readiness for the next meal.

The hash machine keeps company with the coffee-boilers on the same side of the kitchen, and is run by a four horse-power engine. This machine has in addition to the usual bewildering number of cog-wheels and levers, five sharp blades which work very quickly in a shallow revolving cylinder containing the hash. Saturday is the day set apart for this dish so celebrated in boarding-house lore; and nine hundred pounds of corned beef and thirty bushels of potatoes are required to make the morning meal. The chopping is done Friday afternoon, and it takes three men and the above-mentioned machine forty-five minutes to turn out the necessary amount.

Mashed potatoes are served twice a week, and the routine is the same. Two men ladle the hot potatoes from the boilers into a tub; five others stand about, and belabor its contents resoundingly with wooden mashers almost as tall as themselves. When the potatoes in this tub have been crushed sufficiently, it is removed by men who swing another into its place, and the ladling and pounding are resumed. Fifteen times this process is repeated, before there are enough mashed potatoes for dinner.

All the eatables for this family are supplied on the same gigantic scale. A statement of the quantity of food required at the Home has a Falstaffian ring which might well make a prudent chronicler hesitate unless supported by official figures. Forty-five pounds of tea every night for supper! "Sir," said a skeptical old lady on hearing this,

"I buy a quarter of a pound of tea and it lasts me a whole week."

Seventy-five gallons of milk are used each day at the general kitchen, and as much more at the Hospital. Seven hundred gallons of Irish stew are prepared for breakfast once a week. Strawberries and eggs are rarities on the Government table, but when they are put on the bill of fare it requires twenty-five bushels of the first and twelve hundred dozen of the last to meet the demand. One visitor remarked that it was no wonder eggs were expensive in Dayton since all the hens in the Miami Valley must contribute to the observance of Easter Sunday at the Soldiers' Home.

Forty sheep are taken from the slaughter houses to the range on each day that mutton potpie is served; and eighteen barrels of flour are baked into bread and consumed every twenty-four hours. This reminds me of the bakery, which naturally fills an important rôle in the government ménage. A large room redolent with odors of fresh bread, pies and cinnamon cake, forms a vestibule, one might almost say, to the vast ovens which open into it. At the time of my visit it contained, as principal furniture, a long table completely covered with very appetizing pies. The baker informed me that the whole number for one day's dinner (of which but a small proportion was to be seen) required twelve barrels of apples for the filling, three tubs of butter for the upper and three tubs of lard for the lower crust. I said I should like to see the process of pie-making. "Well, Madame," said a floury personage, presumably the head baker, "you will have to take a pretty early start. The men heat up the ovens at midnight, and begin filling the pans at one o'clock. You see they have twelve hundred pies to make before five o'clock when the ovens must be ready for the bread." I concluded to leave the pie-making to my imagination and take the word of the soldiers on the subject.

Twenty rolling-pins hung in a rack against the wall. Being prepared almost for anything, I should not have been surprised to hear that they rolled their piecrust out by the acre with a giant rolling-pin, like a lawn-mower, and run by horse-power; I found, however, that

their implements differed from ours only in number, not in size.

An adjoining room is filled with flour barrels, wooden troughs, molding boards and all the paraphernalia of bread making, including the steam dough-mixer, a machine run by the same little engine that furnishes power for the hash-chopper. An iron trough, ten feet long and half as deep, is arranged so that it may be tilted to receive the dough. Running through the bottom from end to end is an axle with six revolving arms or blades, resembling the screw of an ocean steamer. Three of these paddles revolve one way and three the other, thus working the dough to one end of the trough and back again, no doubt doing as thorough service as a pair of stout Irish arms in a family baking. Twenty minutes are sufficient for the kneading of a batch of dough requiring six barrels of flour. The ovens hold one hundred and twenty-six pans of ten loaves each. Ginger-bread is furnished once a week, when an area of four hundred square feet is baked.

The dining-room, or mess-hall, as you must call it if you would be truly military, is a well-lighted apartment, with long vistas of wooden tables, white and smooth from daily scrubbing, and like all the appointments of this household, clean enough to cheer the soul of the typical New England housewife. On the second floor is another room similarly fitted up. The tables in each room accommodate at one sitting eleven hundred men, but as that is but about one-fourth of the actual number to be fed, they have to be filled twice at each meal. A short time before the dinner-hour all is quiet and orderly, the stools in rows and the tables empty, except for the salt and pepper standing guard in the middle of each. A few men lounge idly about, and one cannot help thinking they must have forgotten that four thousand hungry veterans will besiege the doors at twelve o'clock. Suddenly a bell rings. You notice that a small army, two hundred and thirteen, in fact, has gathered in the passage-way from the kitchen. Each man carries a tower of plates and, as the signal sounds, they begin to march down the centre aisle and file off between the tables, distributing the heavy

stone plates as they go, with a noisy clatter. The next signal calls for knives and forks; then bowls, bread, butter, etc., in their order, and all are placed with very little confusion.

The seating of the first two thousand men occupies just five minutes. When this is done, the sergeant gives the order to "Fall in for meat" or "potatoes," as the case may be. Twenty minutes are allowed for eating, though the men are never hurried in their meals. At the end of that time another bell rings, the men pass out of the hall; and twenty minutes more are allowed for clearing the tables and setting them again. It seems incredible that this can be done in so short a time, but as I have watched the men I know it can. The first squad of waiters dash deftly in with wooden trays, on which they collect all the bits of bread. They are followed by those who remove the knives and forks; then by those who empty the dregs of coffee into buckets. Another row of waiters pile up the plates, and stand waiting for the signal to start. When these have vanished there are others behind them, whose duty it is to brush off the crumbs and place the clean dishes on in the order I have described before. After the second set of men have finished their dinner and left the hall, the tables and floor are scrubbed, and everything is once more in order.

Just off the mess-hall is a room devoted to dishwashing. It is filled with plate-laden shelves running to the ceiling, and in the middle is a row of zinc-lined tubs with hot-water pipes and faucets. The celerity with which nearly ten thousand dishes pass through the dish-water and back to their places is marvelous. They are all, however, more or less nicked, as a result of this lightning process, and no private housekeeper will find this surprising. The dish-washing, like the table-setting, is conducted with military precision. The thirty men with arms full of bowls cannot pass into the dish-room until the bell announces that the other thirty men with the plates have left. If they should meet once through a mistake in the signal, I judge the effect would be something like Chickamauga.

Framed upon the dining-room wall is

a list of regulations and a weekly bill of fare. I quote from the latter to show the quality and variety of meals provided the veterans:

SUNDAY.

Breakfast—Fried ham or sausages, potatoes, bread, butter, coffee.

Dinner—Roast mutton, sweet potatoes, turnips, pickles, apple pie, bread, butter, coffee.

Supper—Stewed fruit, cookies, bread, cheese, tea.

WEDNESDAY.

Breakfast—Baked pork and beans, fried hominy, bread, butter, coffee.

Dinner—Roast beef, mashed potatoes, stewed onions, bread, butter, coffee.

Supper—Cold corned beef or pigs' tongues, pickled beets, bread, butter, tea.

FRIDAY.

Breakfast—Salt mackerel or white fish, potatoes, bread, butter, coffee.

Dinner—Stewed codfish with egg sauce, turnips, bread, butter, coffee.

Supper—Stewed prunes, cinnamon cake, bread, cheese, tea.

Other days in the week show a corresponding variety of food, all excellent. The order is changed to suit every season. On Christmas Day the warriors are **treated to four hundred turkeys, seven barrels of cranberry sauce, twelve hundred mince-pies, and oranges, celery, oysters and other delicacies in proportion.**

It may be interesting to know what this wholesale provisioning costs the Government. The total amount paid out for food in the quarter ending December 31, 1887, was \$87,085.08, or an average cost per man of 20 cents a day. This includes the wages of employes in the kitchen, dining-hall and bakery to the number of one hundred and seventy-two. The list is as follows: One mess-hall sergeant, two corporals, sixty waiters, thirty-five dish-washers, seven bread-cutters, four knife-cleaners, ten moppers,

two elevator attendants, thirty-two cooks and assistants, eighteen bakers and helpers and one vermin destroyer.

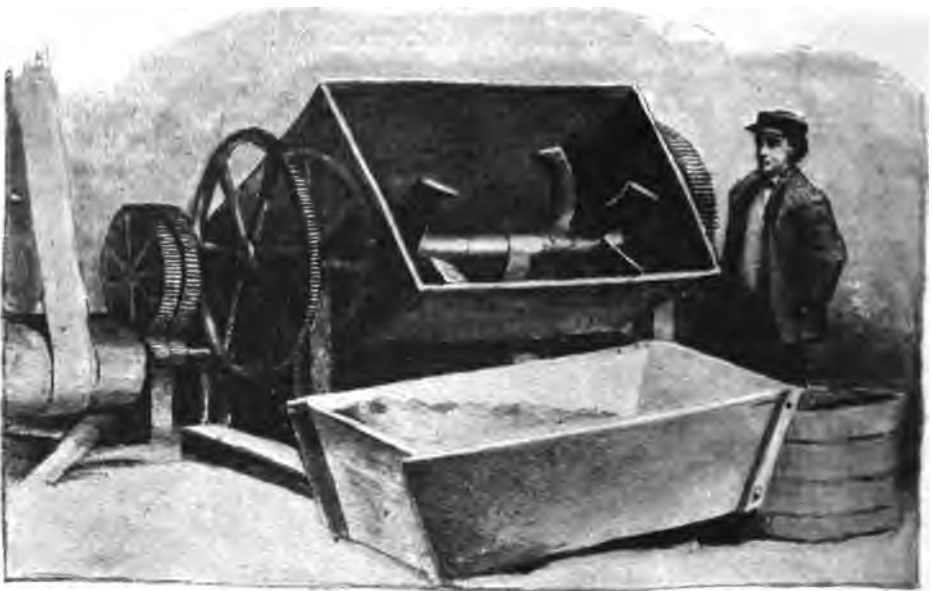
In addition to these, one hundred and fifty-three men are detailed each week from the "Camp" to supplement the paid force of waiters, making three hundred and twenty-five in all. No women are employed anywhere in the Home.

Now, where does all the food come from?



MASHING POTATOES.

Every quarter a schedule of requirements is sent out from the Commissary Department, and advertised in several daily papers. It states the quantity wanted of tea, bacon, crackers, mince-meat, beans, pickles, mustard, tripe,



THE BREAD-MAKING MACHINE.

cheese, etc., etc. Sealed proposals are received, and contracts awarded by the proper officers of the Home. All goods must be accompanied by samples for testing, and if not satisfactory are rejected. Meat of all kinds is bought "on the hoof" (as the profession expresses it), and is fattened and butchered at the Home. A cooling-room adjoins the slaughter-house, which can accommodate about twelve carcasses. A part of the Home grounds is cultivated for farm purposes, and in it are raised potatoes, cabbage, etc., but never in sufficient quantity to supply the requirements without aid from outside sources.

Wash-day at the Soldiers' Home does not cause the *bouleversement* of domestic affairs that it has been known to do in some private households, where the one Biddy has to spread herself out, metaphorically speaking, over such a wide area of labor. Imagine an Irish maiden, "fresh over," applying to the Goddess of Liberty for a situation:

"Is the washin's large, mem? How many in the family?"

"Only five thousand," would be the reply.

As may be supposed the laundry work

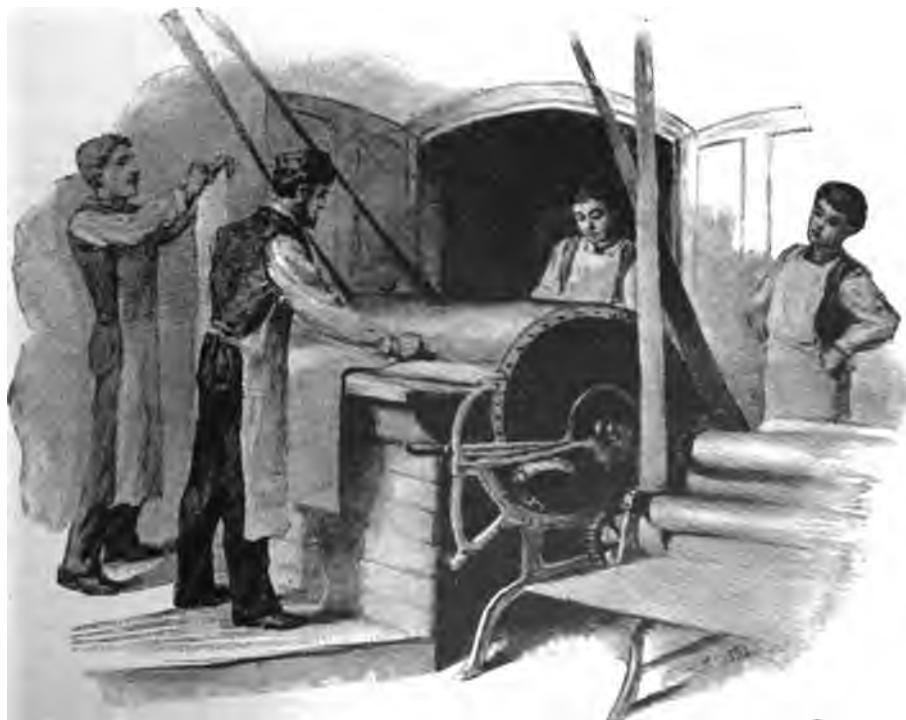
for such a family is by no means trifling. Nearly the whole week is devoted to the work, which includes an average of forty-five thousand pieces, or over two millions in the course of a year. The laundry is a large brick building situated about a quarter of a mile from the kitchen, and surrounded by a forest of non-umbrageous clothes-posts. There are four departments on the ground floor. The first is the delivery room, where the clean linen is packed on shelves awaiting distribution to the various barracks. Back of this is the mangling room, occupied by the two gigantic steam mangles and by several long tables upon which the linen is folded. The next door leads to the drying room, in which the general plan consists of a multitude of clothes-racks shut up in an air-tight oven and running in and out of their Tophet on iron wheels fitted to a single track. This room is, of course, not used when the weather permits out-of-door drying. The rear room is the laundry proper, and has for its furnishing eight large washing machines and two wringers, besides a bewildering assortment of buckets and baskets. Even had I been able to see

through the blinding steam which surrounded everything and made it difficult to use any of my senses, I should not have understood the principle of the washing machine. I infer, however, that it is the same which governs those we see gorgeously depicted in the windows of retail grocers, which machines are always manipulated (according to the pictures) by a young lady in bare arms and a blue silk skirt.

The wringers found in the Home laundry are deserving of a housekeeper's attention, being so unlike those used in private families. They are shaped like an iron cauldron with the edge rolled in toward the centre and over, like one form of a Japanese basket; and into each, one hundred and fifty shirts are packed at a time. A belt attached to the engine whirls the wringer at the rate of six hundred and fifty revolutions every minute, and in five minutes the water is effectually squeezed out of every garment with the precision and neatness of a conjuror's trick. Every article is required to be plainly marked with the

number of the barrack and the number of the bed to which it belongs. All are examined weekly, and repaired, if necessary, in the tailoring department upstairs. I am told that the soldiers who do this work take great pride in their housewifely accomplishment. I saw one patch executed by masculine and military fingers, and can bear testimony to the neatness of the stitches.

Now, a word as to the economy at the Home. Every conscientious housekeeper watches the income and the outlay of her household, and sees that nothing is wasted. This is here done by the authorities to such an extent that it seems to be reduced to a basis of pure science. For instance, the soldiers' clothes, when past their original usefulness, are sorted out according to their various degrees of utility, and the better parts cut up into dusters and cleaning rags. The woolen socks are raveled out, as far as they are intact, and the yarn used for darning purposes. Only what remains after all this careful revision is considered "rags," and is sold



THE STEAM MANGLE.

by the sack once a year to the highest bidder. The amount realized last year was twenty-two hundred and forty-nine dollars. I regret that I did not ascertain whether the old lady who was so struck with the amount of tea used in the Home was informed of this item of domestic economy, and her comments thereupon. Doubtless she would have many reminiscences of hard-hearted ragmen who offered her only seventeen cents for the careful hoardings of years. A neat little income of between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars is realized annually from the sale of various refuse, including hides and horns from the slaughter-house, and drippings from the kitchen; and of this sum, twelve hundred dollars represent the value of the skimmings from the dish-water which is cooled in shallow tanks for that purpose.

It is a management with such eco-

nomie principles constantly in view, even down to sordid details like these, that has made the Home not only a mighty example of frugal housekeeping, but (which ought naturally to follow) a great financial success as well. The soldiers who lived through the four years of hardship and danger, who braved the terrors of Gettysburg and Bull Run, who slept in open fields and bivouacked under uncertain skies, who have most of them left a sturdy limb on a Southern battle-field, are now peacefully pegging out the remainder of their wooden-legged existence in the pleasant precincts of the Home. They meet about the comfortable barrack-stove to recall the days when they shivered over the embers of a rain-soaked camp-fire; and as they discuss the bill of fare, the tale goes round of many a salt-pork banquet that was not helped out by mince pie.

QUEEN ROSE AND HER COURT.

BY TREBOR OHL.

I.

Out of my gardenful,
Sweetheart! the sweetest cull.



LL who have plucked, for love's dear sake, a rose; or lived to gather up its ashen petals when love and rose were dead, read, unprompted, the language of sweetest mortal passion written in its hues. For that which is immortal, the dew-washed lily yields a voice more fit:

A lily on her breast, and in her eyes
A deep, sweet peace. . . .

What other words could speak so well of saintly living? Or these—of death and woe?—

. . . In starless night,
A woman, with a red rose in her hair.

We send to radiant youth, with pulsing life in every vein, "a rose whose balmy snow is not more fair than her sweet face;" we lay the lily—

The pearl-white flower that holds
Within its lustrous satin folds
The soul of perfume,

in the same pure hands when their pulse is stilled forever.

The legends of these royal flowers, told in every tongue, breathe the kinship of humanity: whether the Persian maid hides beneath her gauzy yakmah the token which her light foot almost crushed as it fell; or our own American girl buries her cool face in a wreath of blooms, upon one of which is traced in waxen letters a lover's name.

The Arabic flower lore tells of Eve kneeling at the gate of the closed Paradise beseeching from the sentinel with flaming sword only one flower, one—"A bud from all those unknissed blossoms of the first fair garden." And the angel, looking on the flower of her face, was wrought upon by sorrow for the exile which must ever shadow its beauty and that of all her daughters, to grant her prayer. He plucked for her one crimson rose from the meeting of the four rivers of Eden, and flung it into her frail, imploring hands. And the legend goes on to say (with Browning) that to each

woman, "Once, and only once, and for one only," breathes the entrancing fragrance of the Eden rose.

The world may bring her content or joy;
Fame, sorrow, or sacrifice;
But the hour that brings the scent of the rose,
She lives in Paradise.

Fair France has given us the story, quaint and mystic, of the matchless Bon-Silene. How an old Roman statue of Silenus stood with heathen grace in a grim monastery's garden, much to the unrest of a good monk, who, while his well-ordered conscience demanded its removal from the cloister grounds, valued it for its antiquity. One day, while still delaying to order its removal, he took his after-dinner stroll with a visiting ecclesiast. As he approached the statue with pricking conscience, lo! he beheld the Silenus rent in twain, while between the fragments branched a rose-tree whose silent growth had cleft the marble god. A single bud perked up its fragrant head for greeting, but no one knew the stranger's name, and none had seen its fellow. It was like a new love in its delicate beauty: the same, yet not the same. The bishop reached his hand above it in blessing, and said: "It shall be called the rose of Le bon Silene." So it was named for all years and lands, and is ever the emblem of first love.

Fair are the flowers . . .
But their subtle suggestion is fairer.

Curious legends, and metaphor in prose and verse, cluster about their brave, bright faces. To take from literature all that has been inspired by or associated with some surpassing flower, would rob it of more gems than all the genius of the world could furnish forth with settings.

One faded leaf sometimes—no more—the incense of whose remembered fragrance rises to our highest thoughts and draws them back to youth's abandon of innocent passion.

They blossom in the shadow of life's gloom, and glorify forever God's brown dust.

In April days, "when early crocus yields a yellow gleam," the most sordid soul is fain to invest in a modest nosegay (dear, old-fashioned word). Mine is not so large—one yellow Lenten lily with its leaves—but its breath is potent. I have heard 't is never wholesome, and the ancients devoted it to the Furies, who

were fabled to torment their victims with its stupefying vapors. Not so to me! It is instead the Turk's "Golden Bowl," and as I peer into its yellow cup I dream. Dreams have no limit, and mine are bearing me "Mid creamy daffodils which the sun shines over." Not even the story of that ancient dude, Narcissus, from whose ashes the flower is fabled to have sprung, can win me with its quaint conceit from the title of those days when little Nan clutched in one fat hand a "daffy" from my grandmother's garden; and, holding tightly to mine with the other, we trudged through ways "mossgrown, and sombre with swaying vines."

If you, my little Nan, had lived; "if daffodil and primrose were not frail"; ah, yes, if—The poet's narcissus is the waxen-white member of the family, but in the memories brimming in this "Golden Bowl"—my daffodil—I drink to the brief poem of your life, my little Nan!

To the Court of the Rose come pages from far Greece, the crocus in livery of blue and gold. The mountains of its native land glow with the royal colors. England naturalized it as early as the time of Edward III., when the saffron-crocus gave its name to an English town, where baskets full of the pretty yellow blossoms are annually gathered while the sun shines hottest. These torn and thrown aside are useless, save the stamen threads in the centre. The latter are kiln-dried, pressed into cakes and ready for the market. The very name, crocus, is from a Greek word meaning "thread" or "filament," from the only useful portion of the flower. The origin of this, like the narcissus, in Grecian flower lore, is the death of a love-lorn youth.

The days go on: April has flown, its promised fulfilled, and in their turn mingled, sweet, vanished beauties, in the stronger perfumes and glow of summer flora, whose blossoms come like offerings laid upon the grave of one more spring.

The pinkish plumes of the French "herbe d'amour," the mignonette, freight with delicious odors the moist, warm air. It is Cowper who tells us of a window-garden—

. . . the sashes fronted with . . .
those fragrant weeds,
The Frenchman's darling.

The sweet, familiar story of the little seed borne by some vagrant wind into the crevice of a prison wall! The French prisoner of state who watched the swelling seed to wile away his desperate solitude. The lesson of patience and hope taught by the tender leaves opening in gloom and unconscious of their mission. And then the freedom which came to the prisoner to crown the hope which the fragrant plant had called to life within his heart. All this we read. No wonder it was to him a living thing! No wonder he named it "Little Darling."

Still there are roses three score ten and two.

The Marechal Niel and Jacqueminot, both flowers of a family enchanting, are named after officers of high repute in France. The story of the Niel, a tale of romance and sentiment, with no dark trace of crime or bloodshed, runs briefly thus: At the battle of Magenta, in 1859, an Irish officer by name of Niel, Commander of the Third Army Corps, which distinguished itself, was ill with marsh fever in Italy. His wife attended him, and one day a peasant woman brought him a basket of roses, of which flower he was extremely fond. When all their short-lived charms had faded, one stem commenced throwing out new shoots. Examination discovered a bit of root embedded in the moss about its stem, which was that of a yellow marsh rose with single petals. It was preserved, and in the spring rewarded its caretakers with three rare, pale buds, quite unlike those of the parent stock.

About this time the officer was summoned to Court to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor of France. After the imposing ceremonies, the new Marechal approached Eugénie, then in the zenith of her power and beauty, and presented to her a curious yellow rose, telling the story of its mysterious birth. "Monsieur le Marechal," said the Empress, graciously, "I shall name it for you." Lightly touching it with her lips, she continued as he bent before her, "It is named for the soldier *sans peur et sans reproche*; as gallant in the salon as on the field of battle, the Marechal Niel!" In the joyous impulse of his Irish heart at this graciousness, the Marechal besought her to wear it one evening as his

gift and then return to him "the happy rose." With surprised dignity the Empress drew herself up as he craved her pardon in confusion. Notwithstanding this he was seen the next day to take from an envelope just delivered to him a faded rose whose perfume betrayed the first "Marechal Niel," whose daughters since that time have been the tribute flower to beauty.

The history of the Jacqueminot runs thus grimly: The General of the French in this case was a fiery West Indian by birth, with one only child, another ill-fated "Marguerite." Let much alone to the care of an old nurse, at sixteen she was beloved by the son of a neighbor who was two years her senior, who loved her honorably with youth's impassioned and unquestioning faith.

The General, returning unexpectedly to his home from his distant post, inquired in vain for Marguerite. The nurse, in terror of his rising fury, unwisely denied all knowledge of her whereabouts. Without further parley the frenzied man seized a slender rapier from the wall, and rushing forth into the garden came at once upon the two lovers sitting side by side, his arm about her waist.

Innocent, yet alarmed at the deadly weapon in her father's hand, Marguerite threw herself instinctively before her lover. With as ready intuition, the boy drew in self-defence his own weapon, which all gentlemen wore, with little chance against the skill and deadly purpose of the old soldier. A few swift passes and young Hubert lay pierced and lifeless at their feet. As the scene progressed, horror deepened and congealed in the young girl's eyes, till with a cry of repulsion and agony as her father uttered her name, she swooned at her dead lover's side. She died with the summer, never once breathing her father's name. From letters found in her innocent misal the father learned how loyal was the love that but awaited his return and sanction. His whole nature was from that hour softened by his remorse. Against the garden seat which held the lovers when discovered had twined a pale, pink rose, whose stems were stained with his victim's blood, and the General ordered it cut to the ground.

In the spring from the buried roots

new shoots came forth, and one bore a single, perfect rose, not pink, but glowing velvety red, a royal rose, full of passionate beauty. When called by the gardener to view the miracle, the stricken father buried his face in his hands and wept aloud. "Shall I cut it down, my master," said the old servant, anxious to spare him pain. "No," was the answer; "it is the flower of God; let it grow!" and the rose was named for the hand that spared it, Jacqueminot. "It is but a legend, I know," but it fills me with sadness, and I like not so well the rose that needed a young heart's blood to paint its glowing cheek.

The far-famed roses of the Pæstum, blooming but twice a year, "which now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung," arrested the voyager as he sailed by those shores with their wafted odors. The streets of Rome were strewn with the royal blossoms on festal days, while the voluptuous Egyptians hung them in garlands in their banquet halls, in token of silence to be kept without on all that was spoken within those walls.

II.

But who in space may legends trace
Of half fair Flora's train?

The Arabs have a tradition that "Adam fell out of Paradise with three treasures: the myrtle, sweetest scented of flowers; a wheat-head, chiefest of foods; and pressed dates, rarest fruit of the world!"

Our common myrtle is that which the Jews formerly used at the Feast of Tabernacles, and is still held in veneration in Judea, where it is most abundant. Myrtle was dedicated by the Romans to Venus, and when about to proceed to their sacrifices the Roman women bathed beneath the shadow of the myrtle tree and crowned themselves with its leaves.

An amusing anecdote told by a French writer illustrates other qualities of the myrtle besides its sweet odor. Its volatile oil was formerly considered particularly excellent hair-dressing in the form of pomade. A gentleman, led by an ignorant servant into the wrong room to await a lady upon whom he called, amused himself by examining various small vases and their contents. Mistaking the delicately scented myrtle pomade for lip salve, he proceeded to beautify his mouth.

At this instant the lady of the house entered, and, endeavoring to greet her, he found his lips sealed by the astringent. The open jar revealed to the lady the cause of his contortions, and she broke into a peal of irrepressible laughter, in which he was only too glad to join as soon as his rigid mouth would permit.

In times when English wines were more used, Warwickshire was noted for the cowslip wines of its farm-vines, and many "Christabels" could say:

It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

During April and May the cowslip is gathered for wine, but in the later months the silk-worm thrives on this æsthetic diet.

It would be base ingratitude in one to whom they came like missionaries in a heathen land to withhold tribute from those daughters of the dawn, the morning glories. No more exquisite lines were ever traced by Florence Percy's graceful pen than these:

Ye hold not in your calm cool hearts, the passion of the
rose;
Ye do not own the haughty pride, the regal lily
knows;
But, oh, what blossom has the charm, the purity of
this,
Which shrinks before the tenderest touch, and dies be-
neath a kiss.

When parch of drought and plague of grasshopper had done their worst, some years ago, in all the great Southwest, it was this little vine of hardy seed that saved the land from barren desolation. Brought by the greedy flying hordes and left upon the soil, when the last swarm of their offspring stretched young wings and flew out toward the sunset the seeds of the morning glory swelled and grew, until the story of Jack's fabled beanstalk faded into insignificance. They waited not for 'tendence or trellis, but perked up trim leaflets under the very feet of the passers in the street.

They ran races over the cracking earth, throwing to right and left with tender glee their trailing tendrils and leaves, whose palm-like shape lent grateful shadows to all new-sown seeds; and when the boundary line of fence was reached, turned unbidden and raced backward with the breeze, laughing all the way in smiling blossoms.

Oh, never can you know the beauty of a flower, until for weeks and scorch-

ing months you have watched your tender plants, your cool, green sod, your rarest shrubs, and then your tall shade trees, burned by a red sun from a brazen sky; while all the time millions of greedy, loathsome creatures devour the little life they have to resist the shriveling heat. When there is nothing left, no, not one leaf of all your patience and your love has tended, they go away and you are left in desolation. Then, to see something green; why, you would kiss the most noxious weed that grows and water it with tears of gladness that it shows that most restful and refreshing hue. The stupid parsley is a balm to your eyesight, and the morning-glory a ministering angel straight from heaven's gate.

So did they come to our ravaged prairies in 1875. Their netted vines checked evaporation, and the earth grew moist beneath them. They climbed the naked trees, and in their hurry to cover the brown, bare limbs, wound round and round each other, until great silken ropes encircled the trunks, and out the long branches pretty tendrils and sprays twisted, flying gay banners all the way in every choice of color.

The deepest purple dyes were theirs,
The tenderest tints of blues,

While some were colorless as light,
Some flushed incarnadine.
And some were dashed with crimson
Like a goblet stained with wine.

The parsley and the vines repaid royally those who wisely welcomed them, for in their shadow the new grass and foliage gathered strength; but too many cried, "Nothing but weeds," and pulled them up with late regret. To those who felt their grateful beauty at that time, the morning-glory will have a sweeter significance forever, and the parsley will be mentioned with respect.

Something—a worth beyond their own,
A charm to all things else unknown.

Marian Douglas sings of the peony's plebeian bloom:

And childhood's spell yet makes for me
A flower of flowers, the peony!

And who has not felt the gleam and glow of poppies through the fields. No botanist has told us whence the poppy springs, nor how, but when sheaves

ripen in Eastern or Western lands though seed be sown in soil all new and strange, the wheat no sooner takes its hold than the unsown, unbidden blossoms open out, and

Rich ripe ears sway down to flowers idly fair.

The Greek girls wove the mingled blossoms in their hair, and when every field and grove was peopled with imagined deity, Death's half-brother, Somnus, weighed down many eyelids with the poppy, that its pungent breath might bring repose.

Of it the late Helen Hunt Jackson wrote:

I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me, in which, though bread be sweet
No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad, remembering how fleet
Lithe poppies ran, like torchmen, with the wheat

The violet, of which Shakespeare sings as "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath," can boast the loves of many lands and climes. Modest little maid-in-waiting though she be, at the Rose Court, she yet can parade royal favor and high honor. Native of humid southern groves, the violet defies as well the Alpine blasts. A blossom is the violet of political convictions, too, since once it gave the name of "Corporal Violette" to the Great Napoleon, and later when he became "Le Pere Le Violette" of France, a bunch of violets upon a Frenchman's coat bore evidence as surety of his fealty; as did once the white rose of English York, or rival Lancaster's crimson flower.

In various lands the violet's name has lent itself to snowdrop, wall-flower, moonwort, as well as to the gentian, as "Calathian" and "Marion's Violet;" while the periwinkle masquerades as "La violette de Mars."

The Romans brewed a sybaritic wine from the violet, and the famous sherbet of the Turk is but violet syrup—a draught more suited to Titania than to the swart Turcoman.

The Highland lassie makes of powdered violets a favorite cosmetic, which they consider almost magic in effect. One of Professor Hooker's translations from the Gaelic reads: "Anoint thy face with goat's milk in which violets have been infused, and not a young prince who will not bow before thy beauty."

The Mohammedans have two traditions of the violet extracts. In one the Prophet modestly declares: "It is above all others, and its excellence is above other extracts, as is the excellence of me above all creation." It reads so like the testimonials of modern celebrities that one almost wonders what the Prophet was paid by the advertiser—sacrilegious nineteenth century thought!

The other tradition represents the Prophet as declaring: "The violet is as the excellence of Islam above all other religions."

In India, the violet grows with saucy head erect, the sky of tender blue above, and the flower like the sky below, but here they bend their timid necks 'neath "crisp old leaves astir with pride." The Floral Games of Toulouse were instituted in the fourteenth century by Clemence Isaure; who, during a tedious imprisonment, is said to have sent the violet, her favorite flower, to her knight to wear at these games; but whether East or West, in Southern grove or 'mid the icy Alps—

The same dear things lift up the same fair faces;
The violet is here!

Its royal sister, heart's-ease, is fabled to have been at one time white, until a wandering arrow from Cupid's twanging bow "purpled it with love's wound." The coat of arms of the great Quesnay, founder of the Order of Economists, sketched by Louis XV. himself, was three emblematic pansies—perhaps "for thoughts." Some flowers, like some women in different moods, seem to deny themselves, as the marigold, now called in France "soucis" (cares), once signified, like the pansy, "a comforter of the heart."

There is no blossom grown, no leaf of shrub nor tree, but by association somewhere, somehow with a subtle thrill can dim some laughing eye, or brighten like a flash the saddest face we know, at the sight of its familiar curves, or but the passing fragrance of its breath.

But though we know all this, our own dear memories seem a sweet possession all unshared as each heart whispers to itself—

And yet, and yet say what you will;
Laugh, if you please, at my lack of reason;
For me wholly and for me still
Blooms and blossoms the summer season.
Nobody else has ever heard
One story the wind to me discloses;
And none but I and the humming bird
Can read the hearts of my crimson roses.



THE LUCK-PENNY.

BY E. A. BLOODGOOD.

"UNCLE JOHN! Uncle John! do you believe in luck?" demanded a chorus of young voices, as the owners of them came crowding round a gentleman who sat reading his evening paper on the piazza of a country-house. Uncle John took off his spectacles, and looked smilingly at his nieces and nephews.

"Why do you want to know, children?"

"Because Kitty is so silly!" replied the youngest of the group, Kitty's sister, "And she has a luck-penny that old Miss Wayne has given her, and she says she is going to wear it always, and we laughed at her."

"Never mind, Kitty," said Uncle John, drawing his favorite down on his knee; "you stick to your luck-penny. I know of some queer things that happened about one once, when I was young."

"Oh, do tell us what they were, uncle? Did they happen to you?" asked the boys.

"No, not exactly; but I know all about it," said Uncle John. "I will tell you, if you want to hear it, for it never was a secret."

"I hope it is a love story," said romantic Kitty.

"I shall not call it a love story," said her uncle; "but, perhaps, you will. You children don't know much about your uncle Henry, for he died when your mother was but a little girl. She was the youngest of a large family, and he and I were the oldest, and we lived in a country town, where our father was a lawyer. He was not very well off, and Harry always was of a restless disposition; so he managed to get away from the family roof-tree when he was about twenty-two, and started with a little money that had been left him, to see the world and better himself, as he said. The next thing we knew he was in India, fighting under an English colonel against some native rajah, who had mutinied, up the country. He wrote me an account of the glorious 'scrimmage,' as he called it, that they had with the natives; and enclosed in his letter a small, thin gold coin, with curious characters engraved on it. He had bought it of one of the soldiers, who had taken it from the body of a native prince, apparently of high rank, who had probably worn it as an amulet, or charm of some value, for the chain by which it hung round his neck was clutched in his death-grip.

"Please give it to Miss Margery for a luck-penny," Harry wrote, 'and tell her I am sending her all my luck with it, possibly; but I am quite willing she should have a double share!'"

"Who was Miss Margery, uncle?"

"She was a young lady whom Harry and I had known for a long time. She was an orphan, and lived in our town with some relatives who were not very kind to her. She was a timid, gentle girl, inclined to be delicate, and who needed more tender treatment than she got in this rough world. My brother, Harry, and she were great friends, and might have been something more, perhaps, if they had had any prospects,

but as it was, he went away, and Miss Margery's life turned out very differently.

"She smiled when I gave her the token and the message. She had the sweetest smile I ever saw, and said she would wear the coin, and hoped there would be luck enough for two about it; and I was to tell my brother so when I wrote. But long before my letter could reach him poor Harry's head was laid low. He was killed just at the end of the mutiny, and only a few days after he sent the gold coin home to Margery.

"She was the greatest consolation I had in those days, and many an hour we talked of Harry, and grieved for him together, and his last gift, the little luck-penny, never left her wrist, where she wore it fastened to an old-fashioned tortoise-shell bracelet, the only one she had. We would often look at it, and try to fancy what the strange characters which were engraved on it meant, and gradually the thing came to have a mysterious charm for us both, but especially for Miss Margery.

"Poor Harry,' she would say, with the tears in her pretty eyes; 'I wish he had kept it himself, and had all the good fortune it could bring him.'

"I should be happy if it brought you the happiness he bequeathed you with it, Miss Margery,' I said, 'and so would he. Who knows? Perhaps some astounding piece of luck is on its way to you even now.'

"She only shook her head, for she had so much sorrow, poor child, that she could not believe any good could happen to her. But my words were prophetic for all that. Some weeks later, a queer old bachelor, a distant relative whom she had never seen, died, and when his will was opened it was found that he had left the whole of his large fortune to Miss Margery.

"Of course our little town was convulsed with excitement. Money was harder to come by in those days, and ups and downs were not so common as they are now, so that Miss Margery was regarded as heroine of a romance, and wherever she went was pointed out as a wonder. She took it all very quietly, and hardly seemed to realize the difference in her circumstances. My father and I

transacted all the necessary business for her, and a very short time saw her in possession of the money. But one change followed another, as it so often happens. Miss Margery's step-mother, who, after her father's failure and death, had returned to her own relations, on hearing of her inheritance, wrote her a letter, in which she proposed that they should live together, Miss Margery taking a house in the city and going into society under her care. This my father strongly advised, as the stepmother belonged to a family of well-known and highly respected people, though they were rather poor. The heiress would have proper protection and see something of the world—as she ought to do, my father told her, before settling her future life in any way. So it was decided; and in a marvelously short time Miss Margery bade us all good-bye and went away to her new home. How well I remember her pale little face as she sat in the stage-coach beside my father, who was to take her to town.

"Good-bye, Miss Margery," said I; 'don't lose the luck-penny, and don't forget the old friends for the new.'

"I never shall forget, never!" she said, and she burst out crying and covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Get off the step, John," said my father very shortly, 'the stage is starting,' and I got down and went home with a big lump in my throat, and feeling anything but happy. Well, well! that's forty-five years ago, and it seems like yesterday!"

"Oh, please go on, uncle! What happened next?" said the girls, as he paused a moment.

"Well, Miss Margery had a fine house in the city and a very grand time, from all we could hear. And as for me, I worked along for a year or so in my father's office, but my younger brothers were close on my heels, and the town seemed to get duller and duller every day. So when I got an opportunity to go into a lawyer's office in the city, I took advantage of it at once, though it was not a very good opening. Miss Margery knew of my arrival, and sent for me to come and see her as soon as I got to town.

"I found her just her own sweet self, as modest and gentle in her splendid

house and with her gay surroundings, as ever she had been in the unhappy home of her earlier days. She looked stronger and prettier, but that was all the change. She seemed very glad to see me, and though she had other visitors, she left them to her step-mother, a handsome but rather stiff-looking dame, and talked with me all the evening of old times. She still wore the little old bracelet with the luck-penny hanging from it; and, as I took her hand to say good-bye, she called my attention to it, and told me that it had been much admired by a French gentleman whom she had met, and who was an authority on such matters, having a fine collection of coins himself. 'I know he longed for it,' she said, smiling, 'and I believe he would have offered to buy it, if he had dared. As it was, he only asked permission to bring a friend of his to see it, a gentleman who has been in India and, I think, in the army there. I dare say they will be at my ball next week; and I only hope they will not try to get it away from me. You don't know,' she added, 'how superstitious I have grown; but when I think how strangely the whole course of my life has changed since I had this coin, I feel as if not only my past and present, but my future, were in some mysterious way connected with it.'

"Well, the next week I went to the ball, and a very splendid affair it was, and, of course, it seemed doubly so to a country hobble-de-hoy like myself. People gave parties in their own houses in those days, and not in restaurants as they do now. The house was lighted up from top to bottom, and the musicians playing away, and all the beauty and fashion of that time were to be seen there. But the prettiest of all, to my mind, was Miss Margery herself, who stood by her step-mother receiving her guests. She came forward as soon as she saw me, and welcomed me so sweetly that my feeling of strangeness disappeared in a moment, and I began to look round me, quite at my ease, while she turned to speak to some new arrivals.

"One of these was an elderly gentleman, quite ordinary in appearance, but he was followed by one of the handsomest and most singular-looking men I ever saw in my life."

"How was he singular, uncle?" said the boys. "Was he very tall and big?"

"No, he was only a middle-sized man, and rather thin, but as dark as a mulatto, though you could see he was not one. His features were delicate, and he had large black eyes, but his expression was what made him look so strange. It was proud and melancholy, and yet fierce, and he had a foreign look about him, and a way of gliding along rather than walking, that made him seem stealthy. The old gentleman introduced him to Miss Margery, and he made her such a low bow that it was more like a salaam than an ordinary salutation. By this time every one was looking at him, and a whisper ran round, especially among the ladies, 'What a handsome man! Who is he?'"

"The elderly man began talking to Miss Margery in a very vivacious way and with a great many gestures, like a Frenchman, I thought; but the dark one stood looking at her in a fixed yet cautious manner, not joining in the conversation at first, but evidently taking in every detail of her appearance. Presently the old gentleman, who seemed to be very eager about something, appealed to his friend, and they both bent over Miss Margery's wrist, which she held out, as it seemed to me, rather unwillingly, while they examined some ornament on her arm. I managed to edge a little nearer, and saw that it was the luck-penny. This, then, must be the coin-collector and his friend, of whom she had spoken to me.

"Just then the dark man looked at Miss Margery as if to ask permission, and took the coin lightly in his fingers as it hung from the bracelet. The moment he glanced at it closely, his dark face turned the strangest ghastly color I ever saw, and his black eyes shone out like two coals of fire; but it was only for an instant, and before any one had had time to notice it, he was himself again. He said a few words to the other gentleman, who had now taken his turn to look at the coin, shrugged his shoulders, and stepped back a little behind Miss Margery.

"But I could not forget that look, and, taking it with the strange appearance of the man, it made me very uneasy.

"Just then I heard one young fellow behind me say to another:

"What is old De Long raving about now? Is it Miss Margery's arm or her bracelet he is in such raptures over?"

"Neither," said the other; 'he's got hold of some coin she wears, and he seems to be half crazy over it.'

"Whole crazy, you mean," said the first one. 'Miss Margery had better be careful of her treasure if she values it, for I verily believe De Long would not stop at robbery or murder to add to his collection. He is certainly stark, staring mad on that point. Who is that dark handsome fellow he has with him?'"

"Don't know, I'm sure, except that his name is Nair, Colonel Nair I believe they call him, and they say he comes from India. De Long is taking him about everywhere. Birds of a feather, I suppose.'

"Well, whoever he is, he's going to cut you out with our hostess, my boy!" said the first man. 'There, she's going to dance with him now.'

"And, sure enough, Miss Margery took the Indian colonel's arm, and waltzed away with him into the dancing-room. My annoyance was not decreased by this, nor by the conversation I had overheard, and I began to realize what an unprotected position the poor girl stood in, with her large fortune to make her a mark for adventurers of all sorts. I thought I would at least try to find out something about these foreigners and what they were up to, so I stepped over to the mother, who was talking to Mr. De Long, and begged the favor of an introduction to him. She looked surprised, but I did not care for that so long as I gained my point, and I soon got him round to his hobby, and from that to the subject of Miss Margery's coin in particular. He took to his mother-tongue as soon as he found I understood French, and informed me that the coin was undoubtedly a rare antique, and worth a large sum in money, but had been valued by its possessor chiefly as an amulet, from certain marks on it which had seemed to indicate this. The inscription he could not read, and he had been much disappointed by finding that his friend, Colonel Nair, who had lived in India, and whom he

had brought with him this evening expressly to see it, could not help him in this respect. He had seemed more interested in the fair possessor than in the object itself. 'As was most natural, of course,' the Frenchman gallantly added. When I took this opportunity to make some inquiries about Colonel Nair, he answered briefly that he had come out here with excellent letters, and that he was a man of much cultivation and intelligence, and greatly interested in coins. On that I saw that he was edging back to his one topic again, so I left him and went away to the dancing-room. Just as I reached the door I met Miss Margery and her partner coming out, and she introduced us to each other, but he did not seem to have much to say, though he answered politely enough when I asked him some questions about India and the different regiments there, finally saying that I had had a brother who had done some fighting there. He gave me a dark, sidelong look at that, and said that he himself had been stationed in a remote part of the country, and had known very little of other regiments than his own.

'And that was a native one I'll be bound,' thought I to myself, as I looked at his dark face. Not but what he spoke English well enough, though I noticed a slight, peculiar hissing sound in some words as he pronounced them. His eyes never met mine all the time I was talking to him, but seemed to be following Miss Margery, who had left us and gone into the other room, and my last remark met with no answer. He had silently disappeared, and presently I saw him gliding up to her side, where he remained for the rest of the evening.

From that time the Indian colonel followed Miss Margery up wherever she went, and, from what I could learn, seemed determined to distance all other competitors for her favor. I did not see much of it myself, of course, being only a hard-working lawyer's clerk, who knew no one, and went nowhere, but there were several young fellows in our office who went in society, and I used to hear them talking about it. For society was small in those days, and people wondered and speculated, and inquired about the colonel—who he was and where he came from, and so on—and all to very

little purpose, it seemed to me. 'Othello,' as they nicknamed him, remained inscrutable, and although plenty of people, and some of Miss Margery's other suitors in particular, would have been glad enough to have proved him to be as black in character as he was in countenance, they could not discover anything about him, good nor bad, and had to fall back on a general accusation of want of openness, which was all they could bring against him. Mr. De Long, his sponsor, socially speaking, was well known enough himself, but all he could or would say was just what he had told me, that the man had brought excellent letters from India, and was a friend of his own friends there. They seemed to be together a great deal, and whenever I went to see Miss Margery, there would be Colonel Nair, and generally Mr. De Long too. The more I saw of them, the more uneasy I got; and if I had had the chance, I think I should have taken the liberty of an old friend, and begged Miss Margery to be careful what she was about, but I never found her alone, though she was, apparently, always glad to see me, and would sometimes even welcome me as if my coming were a relief to her. For that was the queer part of it. Of course everyone else thought that she was as infatuated with the colonel as he was with her, but I had my doubts whether it was a case of infatuation on either side. It often seemed to me that she shrank from him, and only allowed him to hang round her because in some way she could not help herself; and as for him, though his attentions never ceased, I could not shake off the idea that he had some object in them apart from a liking for her, or even a desire to get hold of her money. He had a way of calmly taking possession of her that used to make me long to spoil his handsome face, especially as, it struck me, she often submitted with some unwillingness. He never talked much to her, nor she to him; he simply stood or sat beside her, held her fan, or got her what she wanted, and at parties he was her constant attendant, so I heard, and kept everyone else away from her as much as he could.

'All this time, Mr. De Long's interest in Miss Margery's coin seemed to increase

rather than diminish, and whenever he could he would hang over it and rave about it, with his eyes glittering so that he really did seem to be a little crazy on the subject. I noticed that whenever he was looking at it, or handling it, the colonel's eyes were fixed on him with their curious, sidelong glances, and never removed till he dropped it again; and once or twice I caught them exchanging a queer look over Miss Margery's head, as she sat uneasily between them.

"One thing she stuck to: she never would take off the bracelet, nor let Mr. De Long detach the coin from it, beg as he might in French and English by turns.

"One night in particular he said he had been making researches, and believed he had discovered that the inscription on it was in the Kufic character, which, as far as I could make out, was a lost alphabet that nobody had been able to read since Noah's Ark, nor ever would be. How that made it so very valuable I could not see, but he did; and he implored Miss Margery to let him have it, just for a '*leelle* moment,' as he said, to see if this were true, and he actually laid his hand on it, in his excitement, in a way very different from his usual French politeness. Just at that instant the Indian colonel, who stood close to Miss Margery, with his hands folded over each other, in a way he had, as if they were slipped into hanging sleeves, suddenly drew them apart, and apparently by accident struck Mr. De Long a violent blow on the elbow. As he did so a small white object flew out of the Frenchman's hand, or his sleeve, or wherever he had kept it, and landed just at my feet. He dashed at it, but I was too quick for him, and before he could touch it I had picked it up, and saw that it was a little flat box, like a pill-box, without a cover, filled with wax, which was smoothed to a level surface. The Frenchman looked daggers at me as I examined it, puzzling myself as to what it could be for, till it flashed upon me that he had meant to take an impression of the coin with it and produce an imitation, and then perhaps wait his chance to substitute it for the real one in some way. Whether they were leagued together or not, this plan had evidently not suited the Indian fellow, and he had therefore frustrated it, for though he bowed very low

and apologized for his awkwardness very gravely, I was sure it was intentional; and so was the Frenchman, for he turned white with rage and glared at the other without a word.

" 'Permit me to return you your property, sir,' said I, stepping up to him and offering him his pill-box, with the hope that he would turn on me and give me a chance to speak my mind to him about his dirty trick. But to my great disappointment he cooled off as soon as I spoke to him, took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, and said very politely, that I did him too much honor, as the article was not his.

"I did n't know whether to be angry or laugh at his impudent lie, and had just concluded to be angry, when the Indian colonel stepped forward, and asking my permission, took the box out of my hand, looked at it a moment, and then, saying slowly, 'Mr. De Long seems to have a secret; let me show him the best way to keep it,' threw the box in the fire, and watched it with his glittering eyes as it blazed up, and shrivelled away.

" 'Thanks for this and other favors, all of which I shall do myself the honor to return,' said the Frenchman, looking at him like a demon, but holding himself in. Then with a bow to the ladies, he was gone. The whole passed in a moment, and was over before Miss Margery, who had sat looking on with wide-open eyes, had fairly comprehended what it was all about.

"I tried hard to outstay the colonel that night, so as to give her a little enlightenment as to her precious pair of acquaintances, but it was of no use. He took leave only when I did, and we left the house together, though we parted at the foot of the steps.

"Three days later the mysterious murder of Colonel Nair was the one topic of conversation throughout the city. He was found lying dead on his face in the street near his lodgings, with a slit right through him, made by a dagger, the doctors said, and with his pockets turned inside out, and his clothing showing signs of having been thoroughly ransacked. The night was dark and stormy, and the street a secluded one, and he might have been there some time before

he was discovered. No outcry had been heard, and no suspicious person had been seen about the neighborhood, as far as could be ascertained; and the mystery only seemed to thicken on investigation, for Colonel Nair's watch and purse, and his jewelry, of which he usually wore a good deal, were found the next morning lying a few yards from the scene of the murder, and therefore the idea that it was done for plunder had to be given up.

"Of course my first thought was how it would affect Miss Margery, and I was just going up to her house when a note was brought me from her, begging me to come to her at once.

"I found her in a state of agitation so far beyond what I expected that I could not at first account for it, except by supposing that matters had gone further than I had thought between her and the colonel, but when I asked her if this were so, she sobbed out, 'No; oh, no!' and left me all afloat again. She seemed almost beside herself with nervous terror, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I calmed her down into any sort of self-possession. She kept repeating, 'Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do! Will they bring me into court? Can they ask me any questions they like? Tell me, help me!'

"No one can harm you in the least, my dear Miss Margery," said I. "Trust me as an old friend, one who always has been, and always will be, devoted to you. Tell me what it is that you fear."

"She was trembling like a leaf, and I put her into an arm-chair and sat down close to her, and after a time she collected herself enough to tell me that Colonel Nair had passed the evening before his murder at her house, and had found her alone, as no one else happened to call, and her step-mother was ill. He immediately used his opportunity to say what, in spite of the mysterious influence he exercised over her, she had hitherto contrived to prevent his saying; and on her endeavoring to waive the subject, had urged his suit upon her with such determination, and in such an authoritative manner, that she became excessively alarmed, and tried to escape from the room. He stood between her and the door, however, and told her fiercely that it was of no use, that she

belonged to him, and that she wore upon her arm the amulet that bound her to him for ever, which had been the most sacred possession of his family for generations, and which he, the last of his race, had tracked to the Western Hemisphere, after it had been torn from the body of his father as he lay dead on the field of battle. 'It is mine, and your life is mine,' he said, and then suddenly turning on her he seized her arm with such a wild look in his black eyes, that with a shriek of terror she tore off the bracelet, coin and all, and threw the whole thing in the fire. He let go her arm and rushed at the flames, thrusting his bare hands into them, but the frail tortoise-shell crackled up and was destroyed in a moment, and the thin little coin slipped down and disappeared in the red-hot bed of coals. On this, she said, he had stood for a moment as if stunned, seeming to shrink into himself, with a look of despair and terror on his face that she never could forget; and then stretching out his hands with a peculiar gesture, he said solemnly: 'The glory of my race is departed,' and he glided suddenly from the room and the house.

"All this the poor child told me, looking over her shoulder every moment as if she expected to see the murdered man himself standing behind her; and when she had finished she sobbed as if her heart would break, asking me again and again what she should do, and whether she would have to tell what had happened.

"They will probably ask you a few questions,' I said, after soothing her as well as I could, 'as you were one of the persons who knew him best, and especially when they find out, as they will, that he was here on that night. All you have to do is to tell the plain truth, without attempting to conceal anything, and then leave the rest to me. I will be at hand, and will do all I can to shield and protect you, and you have nothing to fear. Only try to keep as calm as possible.'

"This was good advice, but poor Miss Margery could not follow it. By the next day she was in a raging fever, and for weeks her life hung on a thread. Her testimony was taken in her room

as to her last interview with Colonel Nair; and though she told the whole story, as I had advised her to do, it threw, of course, very little light on the murder, except that it explained the presence on his hands of raw wounds, like burns, which had puzzled the police, but which were the result of his attempt to get the coin out of the fire.

"My own opinion pointed strongly to Mr. De Long, as having some hand in the affair. There had been a bond of some kind between them, and then there had been a decided disagreement, as I myself had witnessed, and if ever there was murder in a man's eye, there was in the crazy little Frenchman's that last night I saw him at Miss Margery's house. Moreover, when search was made for him, he had disappeared so completely that not a trace of him could be found, though for months every effort was made to track him. He just seemed to have melted like snow and left nothing behind. I was always sure he murdered the Indian fellow, and so were other people, too; but why? Whether he had hired him to get the coin from Miss Margery by fair means or foul, and thought he had cheated him, or whether the colonel's story was true, and he really was the son of a native nobleman, and De Long thought he had won Miss Margery and his family treasure at the same time, and waylaid him to get it, I never knew.

"But, some years afterwards, my business took me to Europe, and to a city in the South of France, and there, in the infirmary of a mad-house, where I was obliged to go, my attention was called by one of the keepers to a patient whom he spoke of as an '*homme très instruit*,' who had gone crazy through excess of learning, and in whom, though much changed, I recognized the features forever impressed on my memory, of Mr. De Long.

"He was very near his end, the keeper said, and was quiet enough now, though he had been very violent, raving for hours about some one he had killed and a treasure which had been stolen from him. He lay muttering to himself, in a language unknown to me, but as soon as I bent over him he gave a shriek that made the room ring again, and would

have sprung on me but for the nurse, who held him down while the keeper hurried me away. I asked about him, but some mystery evidently surrounded him, and I could find out very little. He had come there from the East, they told me, and had been there several years. He was always begging for coins in his quieter moments, and would keep any that were given him, as if they were of the greatest value. They believed he had been a coin-collector, and that was all they could apparently tell me. When I went back the next day, he was dead."

"Oh, uncle! Is that all? What became of Miss Margery?"

"Oh, she was a nine days' wonder, till something else happened, and people forgot all about her. But she never got over the shock of the murder, though she had not cared for the colonel, nor wished to marry him. She was a delicate, sensitive creature, and she brooded over the whole affair and the gossip that went on about her, till it undermined her health and made a permanent invalid of her.

"And though it was, of course, a mere coincidence, the good fortune that had followed the luck-penny seemed to depart with it. A troublesome law-suit was begun by some other relatives of the old man from whom Miss Margery had inherited her money, and though my father and I contrived to save a part of it, a good deal had to go, so that she was no longer rich, while not exactly poor. Her step-mother married again, which, of course, left Miss Margery alone, and in a few years the brilliant future, which had seemed to open before her, faded away as suddenly as it had come."

"What did she do, uncle?"

"She resigned herself with the patience that was part of her sweet character to her altered circumstances. Her delicate health obliged her to live very quietly in the country, but she had a few devoted friends who had always loved her, and with these around her she said she had all she needed to make her happy. Her arm-chair or her sofa was their rallying place, and she herself was the most cheerful of the group."

"There, Kitty, you see what comes of wearing luck-pennies," said the eldest

boy, "to lose all your money and be an old maid, and have to lie on the sofa besides! So come and play croquet while you can. I thank you for your story, uncle."

"I don't want to play croquet," said Kitty; "I would rather stay here." And as the others ran off, she slipped her arm round the old man's neck and said softly:

"I wish I could have seen that lady, uncle. I think you liked her very much."

"So much, Kitty," said Uncle John, "that when I retired from practice I bought a country-place next to hers; and if you want to see her, look over the hedge between our gardens, for there she is."

"Why, uncle, I don't see any one but old Miss Wayne!" said Kitty. "You don't mean her?" And she looked at the figure just visible through the trees, of an old lady in an invalid chair, which was being slowly wheeled by a servant down the path of their neighbor's garden.

"Yes, I mean just her, Kitty; but she is not 'old Miss Wayne' to me. She blooms in everlasting youth in my eyes—Miss Margery."

Kitty's gaze was full of wonder, but she said nothing. And in silence the old man and the young girl watched the drooping figure in the chair as it slowly disappeared from their sight.



THE PERVERSION OF A PLEASANT GAME.

ONE of the early Roman emperors, it is familiarly said, once offered a reward to the person who should furnish him with a new pleasure. What punishment he would have inflicted on the person who undertook to obliterate or spoil an existing pleasure, history has not had the opportunity to tell us. It was not regarded possible then, that the doing of such a thing could be deemed within the range of probabilities. A similar state of mind existed on this subject, I imagine, to that which prevailed concerning parricide in Sparta. When the king of that country was asked why there had been no statute framed against that crime, he is reported to have said: "Because the mere existence of such a crime has not been considered possible."

Things become possible, however, we are beginning to learn, that no one would have predicted. Take, for instance, the game of ball. Who that is middle-aged, or beginning to be, does not remember, above all the active sports of his childhood the hilariously dominating game of

ball? Such as it was then, without essential modifications, it was untold centuries ago. Pollux, in speaking of the universality of this game in the second century, refers to something substantially like the simple games practised in the last generation. Such a game as is termed *Base Ball* to-day—although the adjective seems appropriate enough—is a creation of our own time; an evolution, in fact, of quite recent years, doing very little credit to its creator.

The old-fashioned game of ball, though it lasted the summer through, was apt to begin when the frost disappeared from the ground, as it usually did on the March or April town-meeting day in the country: and was as much a token of spring as was the appearance of the Trailing Arbutus or the blackbird's "o-ka-lee." In his spring poem of "May Day," Emerson says of the school-boy:

The fresh ground loves his top and ball,
The air rings jocund to his call.

We all remember, too, what this kind of ball was as an implement or toy. It was nearly always made from the yarn

of a raveled stocking, which the shoemaker would cover with leather, putting the red side out, and sticking together the orange quarters, into which this cover was cut, either by a side-to-side or a true seam stitch, the last being considered preferable. Sometimes the yarn was wound on a piece of crude India rubber to give the ball a "bounce"-ing quality; and, however made, it was so soft and pleasant to the touch that the school girls would play "catch," and the milder games with it.

The favorite game of the larger boys was either "Two Old Cat," or Base Ball; "One Old Cat" being played by very young boys, or, as a necessity, when the three, which were a competent number to play it, were all that could be mustered. The choosing of sides and the first innings also were settled by the two captains of a side, by the throwing up, as each choice was to be made, of one of the ball clubs, which the opposite party was to catch somewhere near the middle, when a surmounting of hands to the top settled the privilege sought, which went to the one whose hand topped the upward climb freely. An inch's space would not do for this topping, as the hand must fall so surely just below the level of the top of the club as not to flinch when another club, in case of a dispute about the matter, hit the trial one horizontally on its top.

The games which these preliminaries led to were "jocund" and joyous. They were devised centuries ago, and have been played always for fun. The joy which a boy took in them was electric, spontaneous and ebullient. It expressed to the full extent a boy's vitality and life. The very simplest rules of running from base to base were accepted. The "in" or side playing was "caught," "out;" or the ex-batter was "out" if hit while on a run away from his base, or if he knocked the ball over a fence or set boundary. But the pitching was fair. To throw a ball so that it could not be hit, as it is now thought to be so wonderfully "scientific" to do, would have been, in the uncorrupted game, an unpardonable "foul." It would be called neither good morals nor good playing. When it was repeatedly done a revolution ensued at once, and the matter was corrected on the spot or the game was stopped.

The baseball of to-day has, to be sure, its primitive germ in the delightful boys' game we used to know, but its departure from that in character is both marvelous and malign. Its main object seems to be to obliterate all the fun which the game naturally supplies, with one other—the development of a "pitcher." He is called a "pitcher" principally because he won't or can't pitch. That is, he has learned a contortion of body and swing of the arm that defeats all expectancy of the batter, and extinguishes the true fun in the game. On him more than on any one else depends the success of a side; but what it succeeds to, it would be difficult to tell. When it gets its "innings" they are more or less useless for hitting the ball, because another "pitcher," with tricks peculiar to himself, excites again the admiration of the crowd of spectators by making hits either scarce, accidental or impossible.

In the old game of free and frequent hitting, a side was no more persistently "in" than one is now. It went out as often, but it could tell what it gained by an "inning." It secured the sport for which ball-playing was first invented, and for which it has been played certainly two thousand years, viz., the joy of hitting the ball. When it went out, the other side succeeded to its rapture and experience. The modern game, on the contrary, is something like what fishing might become if some one would only invent a "regulation bait" which no fish would ever bite, or like the hunting which the proprietor of a grove recommended and was called to account for recommending—when he replied that "There was no game in the grove, I knew, but I thought that fact would make all the more *hunting*."

The "catcher" in modern baseball is another development that must not be passed by. In the circuses there is often a trained athlete, who stands in front of a cannon and catches the ball in his hands when it is fired out, at no very great distance from the gun. The charge of powder which sends it, however, is measured, and serious accidents resulting from the undertaking, I think, are not numerous. But the catcher of the regulation baseball implement or globe, or toy, call it which you will, takes his

life in his hands. He has to catch a ball which might as well be a cannon ball, with little power to tell where it will find him or he it, and with a certainty that if it hits him serious or fatal injury is most likely to ensue. To make it less possible that his nose or jaw shall be broken, or to prevent his teeth from being knocked entirely out, he now wears a wire cage over his face, not wholly dissimilar to an ox's muzzle or a burglar's mask.

This device, however, does not always prevent a catastrophe. Injury and virtual mayhem to the hands, the "catcher" is always sure to get if he remains in the business long. Calloused joints and broken fingers are certain to come. Injuries which no sane person not a base-ball player would accept for a princely fortune given in advance, are made light of by a true "catcher," and are often referred to by the craft as if they were the scars won in an epoch-deciding battle. The "regulation ball" is really an implement of barbarism. It has hurt others than the catcher, and occasionally kills an innocent person who happens to stand in the line of its path, with easy celerity.

A story is told of a fellow who was found one day tickling the heels of a vicious mule, which, in return, kept continually kicking him against the side of the barn. When told that he was a "confounded fool" for indulging in such recklessness, he replied, "No, I ain't. I am going to play a game of base-ball to-morrow, and it is necessary to get a little practice for it." On another occasion, when a baseball player was addressed concerning the hazards of the game, he defended it by saying that three members only had been killed that year. "But how about the um-

pires?" asked his friend. "O, we don't take umpires into account." The umpire, sitting quietly in his chair in the midst of the contest, is usually reckoned a most excellent chance target. Probably Mark Twain, who has served lately as umpire, considers his escape one of the best jokes of the season.

I have called the "catcher's" vocation a "business," and that is just what modern base-ball itself is. It has long ceased to be a sport, in any refined or proper sense of the term. Its costume and technical nomenclature, its system of rules, and its umpires are imposing; but I cannot say that anything I have seen in it is very admirable. It has become the fashion—the athletic craze, in fact—and I am, therefore, as I am fully aware, making myself a heretic of the worst order, in questioning its beauty, and by speaking of it otherwise than with a certain Oriental obeisance and profound awe over its achievements.

This game, certainly, whatever it is, is not the sport that was once dear to the hearts of boys and young men the world over. To partake of that, we did not require salaries, and leave legitimate callings. Not the least indictment against the game as now played is, that for lucre or distinction it draws its adherents, and puts a ban upon the charming and delightful old game of ball which we all used to love for its own sake.

I am willing any one should play the modern game who can put his hand upon his heart and say he likes it; but he shall have my pity just the same. I confess I never see a game played, as it is now understood, without feeling that I am in something slightly resembling the atmosphere which surrounds a contest governed by the Marquis of Queensberry's rules.

Joel Benton.





EDITOR'S STUDY.

WHATEVER faults Gov. Hill of New York may have, a tendency to continue old institutions simply because they are such is not one of them. His recent praiseworthy action in signing the bill substituting, among other things, the electric chair as the instrument of capital punishment in the place of the time-honored gallows is well calculated to place him prominently forward as a reformer.

Many questions will doubtless be raised by the innovation, among them the hackneyed discussion whether capital punishment in any case is justifiable. The latter, however, is no part of the present problem, as both the old and the new method accomplish the same result. The only difference is that one is humane, while the other is without question a relic of barbarism, and is eminently out of place in a nation that can in many respects pose as the leader in the march of civilization.

The principal consideration is whether the deterring influence of example will be as great in the case of the instantaneous and comparatively easy death by the electric fluid as in the case of the more lingering and violent death of the gallows? This it will require a practical demonstration to determine, but THE STUDY is inclined to believe that murders will be no more numerous under the new system than under the old. For conviction of murder in the first degree, the deed must have been premeditated or have no important palliating circumstances. A man who would commit such a crime would not pause in his intention because he thought that if detected (and he usually hopes to hide his work) he would be made to suffer on the gallows.

History shows us that in olden times the life of a murderer was forfeited to the relatives of the murdered. Revenge was then the ruling passion, and the effort was to torture the convicted man to an extent commensurate with the cruelty of the crime. With the advance of education, however, the spirit of revenge has gradually been eliminated as a

factor in capital punishment, and now the prevailing idea in depriving a murderer of his life is not that of "an eye for an eye," or "a tooth for a tooth," but rather that he is a constant menace to society, on the principle that he has no regard for the sanctity of human life and only awaits the provocation to commit other murders. As, therefore, the removal of the criminal is all that is desired, it is only right that science should step in and present an instrument of death that shall rob an operation which must at best be horrible in the extreme of as much of its offensiveness as possible. Such an instrument is the electric chair.

Aside from the change in the method of inflicting the death penalty, the bill also contains a number of other important provisions that are to be commended. The exact time of execution is to be left uncertain, when the sentence is pronounced, and a judicious amount of privacy in the execution is to be preserved. This will curb the tendency to convert a criminal into a hero on the one hand, while on the other it will serve to stem the current of morbid curiosity that is now the feature of executions.

Before death by electricity shall have received the odium that is now attached to the gallows, as it will when the bill becomes a law, January 1, 1889, is it not pertinent to suggest to the authorities of large cities, and New York city especially, that they should then have their arrangements so complete that the streets will be safe from the death-dealing electric wire? It is bad enough to suffer death through the negligence of city officials, though this, perhaps, would be patiently borne by a public used to suffering. But THE STUDY would ask these officials if with all their self-importance they have the arrogance to ask for victims to suffer a death that should only be meted out to the foulest murderers? It is certainly to be hoped that all electric wires will soon be buried.

He would be a very unnatural American who should declare that he considered the American girl in any respect inferior to the girl of any other country. Likewise he would be a very rash Englishman who should in England seek to criticise the English maid. All this sentiment is, no doubt, praiseworthy, but the question of the practical education of our girls is one that strongly invites comment.

The tendency now-a-days runs too much in the direction of giving a superficial and almost useless knowledge of many things—"accomplishments" that are far from being accomplished—while qualities which would tend to make a practical housewife are neglected. THE STUDY does not wish to be understood as advocating in the slightest measure a restricted education for the weaker sex. A wife that is entirely kitchenbred cannot be a congenial companion for an intelligent man; but neither can a wife who knows nothing of kitchen machinery. What should be striven for is to obtain a combination of

the two, and, much as we regret to say it, the young ladies of America seem very far from the standard. The disposition in our average families is to idolize the daughter to such an extent that she almost fancies herself a queen and views all things through the colored glass of what she desires her position to be rather than what it actually is. The statement is certainly not far wrong that the average American girl regards household work as degrading. The skeptic can find abundance of food for criticism in this direction, and can find occasion to commiserate with the poor young man who is unfortunate enough to marry the average American girl, thereby becoming the subject of her doleful experiments in cooking and housekeeping, while she is striving to learn by experience what should have been taught her by her mother. Even in the circles of society where money is plentiful a practical knowledge of housekeeping is very essential, as it is useless to expect a properly conducted establishment where the mistress herself is a poor housewife.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

THE season for intellectual play is at hand. The presence of the summer time furnishes pretexts for yielding to the natural indolence of thought, for humoring the phantasies of the brain, for giving over the hours to amusing recreations and the sweet illusions of the senses. The practice of nature is reversed in the world of mind. It is the time of growth, of blossoming, of fruitage and of harvest. Yet the intellectual worker is prone to lay aside his implements of toil, and the student seeks a respite for his jaded brain in "paper covers."

Animal life is at its best in the season of warm sunshine, flowers and growing vegetation. Athletic games prevail when the blood inclines outward and the sap of the trees upward to the tip ends of buds and leaves. This is the time for renewing and building up the physical side of the mind. For it is now that its windows are open to the external universe and the senses are most receptive to the elements of knowledge.

From this pleasant outlook we turn aside to the consideration of a phase of intellectual life that has present claims upon our attention: Professional men are apt to devote themselves too exclusively to the literature of their special vocation. They profess to have no time for reading other than what the daily newspaper affords. With many business men it is especially true that they find no leisure for anything beyond the literature of the morning news.

This usually means that there is no desire nor taste for other reading. It may mean that the mind has grown so accustomed to thinking of the lighter sort, that it shrinks from making a thoughtful literary effort.

The time is ripe for intellectual reform. Athletics are the fashion; why not provide intellectual gymnasiums for the feeble-minded? Strenuous effort is as requisite for a mental fibre that shall have vigor and strength as for a hardy and healthy frame.

If it be worth while to walk from Fiftieth to Wall street in the morning and back again in the evening, to gain physical vigor, and if a continuance of this practice from day to day results in permanent health and long life, a like exercise of the brain for an hour or two a day in the fresh atmosphere of current literature under the lead of a master-thought will surely beget intellectual force and mental health. The business man who says he has "no time for books" makes a great mistake. A quiet hour in the morning, before business, with a great author, some master mind, will do more than anything else to give equipoise, steadiness and strength to the mind of the business man as a preparation for the day's work. At the close of the day a brain "over-worked" with business, overstrained with care, will find its best relief, its most certain restoration, its most wholesome aliment in the best things of literature. The brain that is so overwrought as to be unable to enjoy a good book at the

day's close will soon wear itself out, thus committing slow suicide.

But what shall we read? This is a most important question. It is very difficult to answer. No one can answer with any considerable degree of satisfaction for another. Shall we read what everybody reads? Within limits, yes, that we may be in the intellectual fashion, but not to the extent of doing violence to our personal wants and tastes. It is sometimes an advantage to have read an author not very popular, as George Meredith, or an almost forgotten writer, as "Jean Paul," or De Quincey, or Washington Irving. In doing so we may be out of fashion, may be compelled to be silent while the conversation goes on around us, but we lose nothing in manners thereby.

There is a good deal that gets advertised as "literature" that may be neglected without loss. Because a book has been printed we are not, therefore, compelled to think well enough of it to wish to read it.

And this suggests to us hints for our guidance in selecting from current literature. Most readers in summer seek only to be amused. Such will find no difficulty in supplying their wants. The demand has already been anticipated. There are some intellectual desires which amount to simple pleasures that may be gratified. We read some books as we take ice cream or soda water. Some books lead us to the very verge of intoxication. A few of such should suffice. We do not find that any quite satisfactory answer has yet been given to the momentous question, "what knowledge is of most worth?" not even in so learned and laborious attempts as those of Herbert Spencer. Nor do we expect a very definite answer, that may be practically utilized, so long as the domain of knowledge keeps extending. We get nearest to a solution, perhaps, when we say that for the individual the things most needful to know are those which most readily assimilate with natural gifts and produce within us a feeling of intellectual health and growth. Life is a growth, instinctive, in a measure spontaneous, under training. Its possibilities are not limited; it proceeds most successfully along the ways provided by nature. Any intellectual gifts or taste may be developed into a passion, but in the field of literature we may wholly surrender our powers only to the guidance and keeping of the truest and wisest minds. In the wilderness of literary under-brush we are in danger of tasting by mistake a poisonous berry that seems innocuous because pleasing to the sense. There are certain great lines of literary work that must be made a part of every man's thought and mental life. Historical reading is one, and is quite as essential

as any. History, ancient and modern, affords the most instructive lessons for daily use. The morning newspaper often presumes upon our historical knowledge. The very central issue of European politics to-day has its origin as far back as the campaigns of Trajan on the Danube.

We very naturally breathe more freely in the purer political atmosphere produced by a liberal discussion of a question of national importance. No thoughtful man can afford to neglect the literature of the tariff question. The speeches of leading contestants may be profitably read, if for no other reason than as fine exercises in mental gymnastics. In this connection the literature of political economy becomes a subject of much interest.

The very air is charged with questions of vital importance, political and religious. Leading statesmen in Congress and able politicians on private platforms challenge the public mind to consider and decide upon matters of national concern. We look about us for intellectual helps to define our circumstances and ascertain the ruling tendencies of the time, and find in current literature enough to satisfy the present want.

It is very difficult to understand the state of mind into which some public men have fallen when they openly oppose so righteous a measure as an International Copyright law. If to intellectual work a quality of value be not attributable, then what kind of labor is concerned in the creation of values? Surely the whole structure or fabric called commerce is so inwrought with and by the skill and forces that arise in brain labor, that its existence were inconceivable on the assumption that there can be no property-title in brain products. The intelligence of this country is not very highly flattered by the hope that the Copyright Bill will *probably* pass Congress. Any feeling of uncertainty should be mortifying to the general public. And yet we are afforded the singular exhibition of seventeen United States Senators, led by Mr. Vance, proposing to exclude all "newspapers, magazines and periodicals" from the *privilege of obtaining copyright!* Had this proposal been confirmed by a majority vote of the Senate, the cause of American labor—manual not less than intellectual—would have been wounded to the heart. For its foundations are laid in the intelligence of the people, who, in turn, are chiefly instructed by the very agencies thus sought to be destroyed. Take away the protection afforded periodicals by the copyright law, and how shall they and their writers, employed for wages assured, be maintained? What have Senator Vance and his sixteen companions to show that they earn the money

allotted them from the public treasury? Is the manual labor they perform the basis for the high wages paid them? What is the real measure of value for any service rendered, private or public? Can a professional man lawfully claim pay for *labor* done? How does the idea of property in anything arise? Is its chief characteristic merely brute possession; or, rather, has something proceeding from the laborer into his work consecrated that *property*?

And this is the root of the whole matter: Every man is entitled to the fruits of his labor. He may sell his service for a penny a day, while his neighbor gets twice as much. The difference in receipts has no bearing upon the right of either to sell for what he can get. The supreme law recognizes an original title in both. Now, if the hand of the "day laborer" can produce a value which by the act of production becomes property, how much more the brain which directs every movement of the hand? It seems very simple, and yet seventeen Senators are ready to say that the intellectual worker should not be permitted to have a property title in the products of his mind.

Nevertheless there is hope for the Copyright Bill which has passed the Senate. On this hope hinges much of importance to original American thought and authorship. Already much harm has been done in the saturation of the American mind with foreign thought, made possible by the piracies of publishers. If there is original genius or talent among us—and why doubt it?—it is liable to fail of accomplishing anything for lack of due encouragement in the face of an abundant supply of foreign literature, made cheap because stolen. And here the demagogue meets us. He will not deprive the people of cheap books. The people do no wrong, he claims, by converting to their own profit the brain-work of foreign authors, if it can be supplied at low rates, even though theft be the method of obtaining it.

Let the American mind be fed and kept alive on European thought, if it can be done at small cost. In the meanwhile, let genius and talent, the American soul and the American brain, take their chances, while at the same time the foreign writer is despoiled of his hard-earned wages.

But let us not forget that this easy mode of getting something for nothing, while it brings much that is good, much that educates and enlightens the general mind, brings a great deal that is foreign, much that is inimical to our life and society, much chaff of so-called literature, much that is tainted with the decaying evils, and the growing immoralities of worn out races.

There are some reasons why the Chace Copyright Bill, as it now stands, should not

pass; there are many good ones, all on the side of the highest intellectual good of the people, why it should become a law.

We are quite sure that no greater suffering than now exists will in consequence fall upon any portion of the American public, unless it be upon those who have profited materially by the unpaid labors of authors.

It appears that English publishers are exerting themselves against the passage of the measure on the ground that under its provisions American publishers will have the printing of works of English authors copyrighted in this country, but there can be nothing but legitimate commerce in this.

The Minister's Charge. By W. D. Howells. (Ticknor & Co.) Mr. Howells does not make of "Lemuel Barker" a hero of the ordinary type. Indeed, the heroism in this instance amounts to little more than a quiet submission to the inevitable. It is very real, very humorous, very exemplary, but never sentimental nor heroic. The "apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker" begins on meeting, at his own rude home in the country, Minister Sewell, a Boston clergyman. His first intellectual aspirations are attempts at poetry, which are thoughtlessly and unduly commended by the minister, who is afterward compelled to acknowledge his insincerity, at the risk of wrecking Barker's hopes and destroying his confidence in human nature. For Barker, like many other youths with premature ambitions, strikes out for life, calls on Sewell in Boston to verify his hasty words of praise, only to be disappointed by the minister's tardy attempt to be truthful. Barker, in his untutored honesty, disdains insincerity, quietly refuses aid, and then begins his doubtful struggle in a great city. The outcome is to his credit. He remains honest, simple-minded, true. Sewell feels the weight of a "charge," and anxiously follows the career of the youth. But here, we must say, that Sewell, as well as Barker, is undergoing an "apprenticeship," and Barker's useful lessons are often apart from and despite any services rendered him by the minister. Sewell experiences an added trial and not a little vexation in the unsympathetic opposition of his wife.

It is very interesting to follow the successes of a manly youth, fighting his way, without loss of self-respect, through all sorts of sufferings, mortifications and even disgraceful experiences. The true secret of the strong character presented to us so admirably by Mr. Howells is that he, "Lemuel Barker," is always ready in any emergency to bear his fate, to do his present duty, to help himself. He ends by believing himself indebted, not servilely nor dishonestly, but as a man, for what he is, and may be proud of,

to everybody. The great heartless city which has allowed him to grow hungry, to be robbed, to be imprisoned, has yet helped him to become a man. Little need be said here in criticism of this delicate piece of art so well designed and prettily shaped by the author. And yet, taking it altogether, some doubts may be entertained, not of the phrase and style of the artist, which seem almost faultless, nor of the conceit and humor of the tale which engage the attention to the end, but of conceptions here and there of some of the characters, and which seem a little discordant and out of place.

May and June. By E. R. Roe. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.) This is a story of Revolutionary times, with historical scenes and characters interspersed. A portrait of "May," strongly resembling a "superb beauty" now resident in the city of Louisville, suggests the tale, which purports to be the "history of a portrait." The hero is a young artist of Philadelphia, "Bruce Hamilton," who is employed by the Ornithological Society of Edinburgh to paint for its collection the wild birds of America. To this end, Hamilton bravely makes his way into the wilds of the West, then possessed by the Indians. In the pursuance of his duties he finds among an Illinois tribe the heroine of this tale. "May and June" are twins, born at the passing hour of midnight between the two months. They are fifteen years of age when Hamilton meets them. Subsequently they are sent to Philadelphia to be educated, but on the way "June" is lost—stolen by the Indians. Hamilton falls in love with "May," and paints the portrait which is still preserved. Their parentage, together with the strange vicissitudes of their lives, form the burden of the tale. During its progress, the author introduces us to a few prominent historical personages, among them General Washington, and tells in an entertaining way how Illinois was conquered, how the North-west Territory was preserved to Virginia, and the city of Louisville founded. The story is readable, but has no striking merits.

A Dictionary of Lowland Scotch, by Charles Mackay, LL.D. (Ticknor & Company), will prove a very useful handbook for students of Scotch literature, in which a reviving interest seems to be developing, although it is inconceivable that there ever should be a falling away from its master-spirits—such as the "Author of Waverley," Burns and "Kit North."

The author, in a scholarly introduction, claims more for the "Lowland Scotch," which he insists is a true language, not a tongue, than is commonly believed. He discredits the name "Anglo-Saxon," as applied to the English language, and replaces it with "Anglo-Teutonic, which, he adds,

"four centuries ago more nearly than now resembled 'Scoto-Teutonic.'"

Scotland is richer than England in the literature of song. "For one poet sprung from the ranks of the English peasantry, Scotland can boast of ten, if not of a hundred."

The philological student will find much of special interest and value in this quite complete dictionary of one of the finest phases of British thought.

Ethics of Marriage. By H. S. Pomeroy, M.D. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Boston, supplies the Introduction to this book, and there is inserted a "Prefatory Note," by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York.

Surely, these names are weighty enough without added apologies for freely discussing with open doors so important a subject. It may be doubted whether the pure in mind and life will care to dwell long over some of its pages, or, whether such as are guilty of "The American Sin"—which, by the way, looks like a libel on our ripe modern civilization and institutions—will take the proffered teaching to heart.

Nor do we believe that American *society* is more corrupt in this respect than any other. The evil may be nearer the surface, but it does not take any deeper hold than elsewhere. Nevertheless, righteous crusades against wrong-doing in society never come too soon, and the highest laws of social order require that its own corruptions shall be at least cauterized.

Some grave questions are started in "Ethics of Marriage" that, we fear, will require the work of generations to demonstrate. This is no reason for avoiding them now. The State must do its part for self-preservation, as well as for the preservation of the Family, which is an element of its security and stability. But, as regards the ill-bred and weak-born individual, a product of human weakness that will recur as long as humanity lasts, we may not return to the customs of the Spartans. Nor is it easy to conceive how any degree of wisdom is going to regulate the selecting power of true and reasonable love in the making of marriages.

The author is certainly justified in severely condemning certain kinds of "advertisements" in "respectable" newspapers. And most of the so-called lectures to "Ladies only" are not less reprehensible.

Very naturally we ask ourselves, will this book advertise and render more notorious the great evil which it condemns and aims to correct? Doubtless it will awaken some consciences that have hitherto remained dead.

A Man's Will. By Edgar Fawcett. (Funk and Wagnalls.) The character and scenes of

Mr. Fawcett's well-written story are not far removed from natural life in New York. It is not wholly fancy which pictures the life of a young man in good social standing at the outset, college-bred, intellectual, bright, by reason of associations, customs, acquired habits to the last terms of drunkenness and ruin. It is very rare, however, that the personal will assumes supreme control of a man's self after *delirium tremens* has once clutched the physical system. The struggle is graphically told, and the triumph is the end of a lesson worthy of study.

But yet it is a sad thing to say, "the world grows wiser," while individuals do not.

The reader follows "Edmund" through his college, business and club life with a deep personal interest, often excusing his waywardness, but suffering with his charming patient mother on account of his cruel self-degradation, and rejoicing with both in the mastery of a ruling passion by his will.

It is plain that Mr. Fawcett grows strong with every new book. For a remarkable insight into character, its springs and motives, as shown in the work before us, he is largely indebted to his earlier studies of social New York.

Prose Pastorals. By Herbert Milton Sylvester. (Ticknor & Co.) Only one familiar from childhood with the scenes here described, conversant with Nature in all her moods and circumstances, with woodland and meadow, forest and stream, garden and field, a play-fellow with the animals in the barn-yard, a worshipper of the wild birds and flowers, familiar with their most precious secrets, can fully enjoy the healthful sentiment of this poetic prose. To most denizens of the city the real charms of country life are tame and meaningless, but to one who from birth to manhood has lived such a life these fascinating pages bring sweet memories of work and play, of sunny skies and happy voices, of shady woods and winding streams, of fading twilight and deepening night overhung with an infinitude of glories that stretch from horizon to horizon. The days come and go, and life deepens. Nature and life are but complements of each other.

Cassell and Company re-publish *Orion, the Gold-Beater*, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. The scenes of the story are laid in New York city, and are calculated to revive interesting memories in the minds of old residents. The plan of the novel is not bad, the characters are well conceived, but the story is spoiled in the telling, and is weighted down with what may be termed "sentimental gush."

Partial Portraits. By Henry James. (Macmillan & Co.) The reader may not at once catch the meaning of the author from the title here assumed. Its real significance transpires as we study the "portraits," for Mr.

James' work deserves careful study. He essays the office of the critic, but presents to the view of the reader results that only the hand of an artist can draw. A little thought discloses to us how it is that the portrait painter in the mastery of his art becomes the most perfect delineator of character. The features of his subject, as they more or less truthfully set forth the life, passions and thoughts of the soul, reveal the insight and skill of the artist. In his "Partial Portraits" Mr. James deals with his subjects after the manner of the painter. His profession of unfinished work is the artist's way of flattering his subjects. This is not the usual style of professional critics whose trade it is to disfigure genius, destroy images, and mutilate art in egotistic efforts to make their own appear the better wisdom. The cant of criticism is the most despicable of all human assumptions, while, on the other hand, the talent, to truly appreciate and present as an artist, with discriminating insight not less than with admiring warmth, the merits of literary work, done by no matter whom, is the rarest and most enviable ability. Mr. James possesses this ability in the highest degree. And we nowhere are wounded with a show of cruelty on the part of the critic.

It occurs to the writer that these "Portraits are not all alike "partial" in the sense intended by Mr. James. This may be said, not because of the author's differing treatment, but because, rather, of the widely different features portrayed. The literary artist has his mannerisms not less than the painter or sculptor. We recognize a "Raphael" or a "Domenichino" wherever found. If a copy, some characteristic of the original may have been slighted, but a genuine original cannot be mistaken. The artist has his favorite subjects with whom he is most at home. In them he reveals himself. Mr. James presents to us nine "portraits." How is it possible for him to draw an "Emerson," a "George Eliot," a "Trollope," a "Daudet," and a "Turgeneff" with the same life-likeness? We can only reply that our own impressions, derived from the critic-artist's lines drawn in due perspective and set in appropriate lights and shades, give us in some cases only faint images, but in the majority very clear and distinctly recognizable "portraits."

The Bar Sinister. By Mrs. J. F. Walworth. (Cassell & Co.) This story deals with the "barbarism" of Polygamy, and is well calculated to excite abhorrence for the institution it so vividly paints. Its characters are well-drawn and are mostly respectable personages, apart from the disgusting associations and events which attend and become a part of their life in Mormondom, after leaving their homes in New York.

One's faith in modern civilization is greatly staggered when we see it powerless to prevent a once sweet-natured, pure-minded woman from becoming a Mormon missionary. And when a man of mature mind, with the acquired common-sense that arises from business habits of observing and thinking yields to the sinister influence of polygamy and gets himself "sealed" to a half-dozen "wives" in rapid succession, what hope is there for this the final term in the Darwinian series.

Mrs. Walworth has talent in a dramatic way that would not be so liable to be lost on more agreeable subjects.

Yankee Girls in Zulu-Land. By Louise Fecelius-Sheldon. (Worthington & Co.) This is a charming narrative of the adventures of three American girls in South Africa. They visit the diamond mines, wander at will in

the country of the Boers, of whose barbarities toward the English they are witnesses. They travel hundreds of miles in ox-wagons, sleeping in them at night. Thus they make the most of the healthful climate, sought for the especial benefit of one of their number, an invalid, and enjoy themselves without restraint. It would be singular if three such enterprising Yankee girls could go anywhere in the wide world and all escape capture. The invalid is cured of consumption, but contracts heart-disease in its most fatal form.

The descriptions of scenery, inhabitants, manners, customs and modes of travel are given in a spirited, chatty way that holds the reader to the end.

The book is well printed and daintily illustrated.

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for July.

"On glistening fields and fervent skies
The summer lies;
The crystal river's silver blaze
Dissolves in haze;
Ah, she drains the green earth dry,
Heart of Summer, hot July!"

THE prime requisite for a happy summer home is harmonious setting. When the malign influence of Sirius reigns, mental and physical strength decline with increasing heat, and for the vast majority who must face the music at home, there is no better protection than the cultivation of content. As the month passes, if its lapse be accompanied with the heat of former years, there comes an amount of nervous prostration that engenders nervous irritability and family jars; and all good home influences must be invoked to keep the peace. . . Strive to keep your temper.

Every failure to do this only makes weaker bodily resistance to disease, whose infinitesimal germs float upon July heat as cork upon water, ready to enter every door that the temperature makes to be left ajar. Avoid drink. I do not mean alcoholic stimulus alone, which should never be taken except as medicine, but promiscuous swallowing of all sorts of fluids, whose only virtue is that they are cold and wet. It is true that when the skin is fully open and blood serum freely passes through its open pores, more water is needed than in cooler months; but water is all that is demanded.

It has been a "schwerfrage" for a long time to decide if iced water is causative of kidney disease, from which it seems to be settled that the American suffers more than other races, and the end is not yet. Some physicians, myself among the number, strongly

protest against drinking any water or other liquid that is below freezing point. Stomach nerves are quick to resent sudden shocks, and temporary total arrest of digestion follows a draught of iced water or plate of ice cream.

Cool drinks, by all means, but never cold; and no ice cream or frozen stuffs directly after meals.

A series of experiments upon dogs proved that a table-spoonful of ice cream would suspend digestive processes for two hours; and there is no reason to presume that it would act differently in the human stomach. If it must be eaten at all, it is safe only midway between meals or at bed time—and then only for young people, whose stomachs are quickly replenished with nerve energy from well-filled centers.

The time has come to get out of town. Whither shall we wend our way?

Since renewed strength and a reasonable amount of pleasure are the objects of our search, shall we go northward to the highlands or nearer, by the sea?

To be effective as a remedy, any change of location must be radical, for the physical machine can best rid itself of débris that has been collecting for months, by summary removal to a new environment where all conditions are altered.

He who lives in an atmosphere charged with saline vapors from the sea, should seek a summer home among the hills; he who dwells in thin air of upper levels should spend his summer the sea.

To the hill-dweller there is something irresistibly attractive in the very name of ocean, and if its beauty be only a dream, he is like the old French peasant—

"I never have seen Carcassonne."

In his visions, the pictures that have come of white beach and blue distance dotted with sails or driven into foam by steamers' wheels; the sound he has heard of soft rippling of water on shingle or thundering dash of surf against opposing crags, and the sweet breath of the sea that comes to the senses as strongly as if one were upon a planet where land was not; all these fill his fancies until longing grows so strong that its gratification is a real need.

When for the first time he stands upon a beach and feasts every sense upon the glowing picture, and his dreams have taken shape at last, there comes a renewal of force with salt smells, of bracing with tonics of caressing surges, that no mountain bath could bring. Everything is novel.

There are men around, quaint of speech and garb, whose home is on the sea and who never tire of spinning yarns of perils of their wandering life—stories that never pall nor grow tiresome.

Food is strange, and the many things that ocean gives to eat have a sharp tang that stirs up appetites clogged with inland diet.

And day by day, lying on warm sand, paddling in surf or skimming over blue water in skiff or catboat, the inlander gains strength as he never could have done among his native hills. His holiday is of actual money value, has added to his length of days and made him a happier, better man.

For many a month the store of shells, pebbles and mosses that came home with him form attractive ornaments for the house among the hills, and serve to illustrate the yarns he has to spin of our "sweet days on Narragansett Bay."

But for all whose life is within these sea influences, they are grown "stale and unprofitable."

Dwellers by the ocean find their blood too highly charged with salt—in need of dilution, so to speak.

To them, the sights, sounds and odors that have grown familiar are become tiresome; they need a change. He who lives within twenty miles of the sea—for so far its strong presence prevails—finds in upper levels beauties that are reserved for him alone. Satiated with saline charms, he needs and seeks variety, in which only can the changeful activity of human nature find repose. When the time comes to decide upon a route for vacation travel, and choice is not bounded by need, no pictures of steamer or of sea cover his table.

Ranges of mountains with lofty peaks projecting from masses of highland pines occupy his attention, and in place of deep diapason of the surge, he longs for song of breezes among hemlock boughs and the babbling tones of dancing mountain streams.

Charged with heavy air, his lungs long for the perfumed breath of upland woods, and every drop of blood, every conscious cerebration demands the change; and when the starting day comes and swift trains carry him away from the sea, each mile seems to lift a weight from his heart.

As wide salt marshes and level coast-lines grow into curving hills and drop into ravines; as meadows and lawns give place to rocks and patches of buckwheat, his soul exults, and when, the mountain station reached, he leaves the rattling train, there comes with the first deep draught of quiet, pure, cool mountain air, a sense of exhilaration, of freedom and sweet enjoyment that a month at seaside could not give.

Then, calm, restful nights, when one lies down to sleep with great mountain peaks for sentinels and sighing of winds through firs for lullaby, and awakes to sunrise effects on green intervals and shining river; when it seems a weary time to wait for breakfast; when every nerve is alive and wit sparkles like dewdrops on the grass in front of the inn; that is but a small part of what the seaside dweller finds among the mountains to enjoy.

Each day brings some new delight. A drive to a near cascade, whose water has carved out a clean circle from the hills, set with sparkling springs and carpeted with softest sward, where men have built mills, whose clanking chimes rudely with the voice of the waterfall; a clamber to a lookout from a neighboring peak, through woods all aglow with wild flowers and fragrant vines, whence all the kingdoms of surrounding earth may be seen; long walks in lovely valleys to cull rare plants or tease small fishes in crystal brooks; these and more than these form the medicine chest of him who chooses a mountain summer-home.

And the upshot is that a radical change should be made. Let all who live on the edge of creation, so far as land is concerned, go backwards; and those who live upon the curves, come down. In other words, the greatest benefit will be derived from the most radical change.

I have recently met with several cases of insomnia due to over-taxation of the American nervous system, and have been requested to prescribe some drug that should be effective to produce sleep and be at the same time harmless.

No such drug exists!

There is not one medicine capable of quieting to sleep voluntary life that has been working ten hours at high pressure, except it be more or less poisonous. Consumption of chloral, bromine in some form, or opium, has increased in this country to an incredible extent, is still growing, and a large number of

Americans go to bed every night more or less under the influence of poisons. Sleep thus obtained is not restful nor restorative, and nature sternly exacts her penalties for violated law, more severe in these cases than in most others.

Digestion suffers first,—one is rarely hungry for breakfast, and loss of morning appetite is a certain sign of ill health. Increasing nervousness follows until days become burdens and poisoned nights the only comfortable parts of life.

What then is to be done?

I find that much good comes from systematic evening exercise, absolute abstinence from evening brain-work, and drinking a tumbler of hot milk just before retiring. Such delightful nights as are now current offer no impediment to walking, and muscular fatigue, not carried too far, is a most excellent preparation for sleep. The milk must be hot, not boiled, and persevered in steadily for at least twenty days, either dropping altogether the accustomed drug at once, or steadily lessening the dose if sudden cessation should prove dangerous.

It is in these simple remedial measures that most people fail. A patient for whom I prescribed this plan reported its failure, but added that he had not been at all systematic in trying it. Now, had I asked him to take some nauseous potion in place of hot milk, he would never have missed a night; but so simple a thing seemed almost foolish, and he let it go.

In April "Jottings" something was said about the delusion of so-called Christian

Scientists. Since then a chief expounder of the fraud has been held to answer a charge of manslaughter in Malden, Mass., and is in a fair way to serve the State for some time in penitential garb therefor. The girl who died from sheer neglect of medical aid, is by no means the first sacrifice of the kind, but it is to be hoped that a few salutary examples like this arrest may help to bring some people's minds back to a perception of ordinary common sense.

Inquiring of a lady adherent of this mania regarding the circumstances of this murder, I was informed, "Oh! doctor, that man was only a faith-cure doctor; he was no Christian scientist. Do you know that if he had been one of the proper sort, death could not have occurred? Why, I would, if properly prepared by my science, be willing to let a mad dog attack me, and be in no danger whatever."

Each one of these deluded persons seems to believe, as a part of his creed, that all others are but impostors; that he alone possesses the true recipe, and that any other's interference will be fatal.

It seems as if the State should exercise some authority in prevention of murder by this plan as well as by steel or firearms; but it is a free country, and as I heard a prominent man say quite recently, "Every one in America has a right to be poisoned in his or her own way. Some prefer tobacco, some rum, and some Christian science,—let him have his wish."

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.

TIMELY TOPICS.*

The Saloon and the Anarchists.

THE attention of the reading public has been called to witness in embryo the possibilities of danger to the public weal by the loose manner in which Americans conduct the affairs of state. This attention has become more deeply riveted by a perusal of the papers on "My Dream of Anarchy and Dynamite" in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for May and June. The definition for the word "anarchy" is given by commentators as "a state of society without any regular government, when a country is torn by the strife of parties, and no law or authority remains." A further citation discloses the declaration that "complete anarchy is necessarily rare and of short duration; but conditions approaching to it often arise after revolutions and grave abuses in government."

To the careful reader it looks absurd to place anarchy, or a state of disorganized society, upon a par with the results of righteous conquests, and it is certainly no mark of research or good judgment to thus place it before the public as a morsel of information. The author of the able article to which reference has been made evidently looks upon this question with the same critical eye.

However, the condition of society is indeed in a state of unrest—call it anarchy or what not—and there is an absolute necessity of a reform that will restore harmony. The two remedial agencies suggested by the author in his foot-notes are good, since the object is to reduce the danger by creating additional laws, and, though it gives life to additional villainy, give safety to the public without creating harmony. There are tomes of law whose judicial wrongs spread from ocean to

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

ocean and in whose volumes the public safety is guaranteed under certain conditions—the simple conditions of plaintiff and defendant. That is all. All men are not versed in law, and even eminent jurists frequently consult “the authorities” before making decisions in questions of law or questions for the “jury to determine;” but all men do know, in a measure, right from wrong.

Anarchy is wrong. Moreover its exponents know it to be wrong. The citizen-born American is not an anarchist. Anarchy is the product of foreign soil. The individual who gathers his effects into a bundle and ships to America is the future anarchist. He lands in Castle Garden, meets a friend, and while tossing off his beer is instructed to promote the interests of anarchy under the vain hope of amassing wealth. He secures a position as “hustler” in a lumber yard at a dollar and a-half a day, spends his evenings in a saloon, wastes his mental energies in brooding, and makes bombs by which he hopes to gain the identical height he so bitterly hates—wealth.

Now, there’s a social and commercial paradox!

The average anarchist is one because he is so advised to be and he does not seek information upon the merits of the question. And so long as he continues to practice fealty to his misguided faith he remains a poor, beer-drinking man, without home or a hope of peaceful plenty in the future.

Anarchy is born in foreign lands, and bred in the American saloon.

If it cannot be strangled at birth, by reason of the remoteness of its place of birth, it certainly can be rendered extinct by the removal of its breeding quarters on American soil.

The saloon has forced the erection of the almshouses that dot nearly every county in the United States.

The saloon has produced the rags that clothe every drunkard’s child.

The saloon has placed the lines of care that are worn upon the face of every drunkard’s brokenhearted wife.

The saloon created the bombs that gave Haymarket Square a place in history, and its subsequent horrors upon the scaffold.

Not content with its conquests, the saloon sighs for more worlds to conquer and turns its eye upon the National Capital.

Shall the thinking men submit to dishonor, that the crime-abetting saloon be saved?

Pontiac, Ill. A. E. Johnston.

True Womanhood and the Ballot.

WITH regard to the International Council of women lately held, and of the expediency of permitting women to vote in municipal elections, it is strange to find certain opposing newspapers falling back upon a line of

argument which one would think had been sufficiently advanced before this time. “A few unlovely female politicians may be developed,” says one of them, which may be accepted as the spokesman of a class, “and some women’s votes will be bought, but the mass of virtuous womankind will remain as entirely women as they are to-day. They will continue to keep clear of the scramble for place and power, the purchase and sale, the secret plotting and open compromising with conscience that characterize politics, by keeping out of politics. The legislature cannot put them on a level with men in this respect, no matter how hard it tries.”

Perhaps the only suitable answer to an utterance of this kind is the worthy Mr. Burleigh’s favorite argument: “Fudge! Women may or may not want to vote; it may or may not be wise statesmanship to give them the franchise, but the idea that there is any danger to “virtuous womankind” in the act of casting a ballot, or in anything that such an act necessarily includes or implies, belongs entirely to the style of thought known as the Angelina-Matilda school, and has gone out of fashion with the *Annals* and *Tokens* which were its literary expression. As to women being “put on a level with men,” whatever that may mean, it is too late a day for the chivalry of newspaper editors to put lance in rest for such a cause. If women have not become unsexed by working side by side with men in those great undertakings of prison and hospital and poorhouse reform, of city charity and mission work, in which nearly every State government in the Union now earnestly solicits their co-operation, there is no especial reason to dread for them the contaminating influence of politics. There is no evil so deadly, no abuse so foul, no crime so abominable that the aid of woman’s white hand is not invoked by government in the attempt to deal with it. There is no social problem so intricate or so complicated with wrong, that her pure heart and transparent insight are not called to the help of the pure-hearted, strong-minded men who are struggling for its solution. And shall these white-souled women shrink from politics *because*, forsooth, they are characterized by “secret plotting and open compromising with conscience,” by all that is base and unworthy? Is not this one fact, if it be a fact, the loudest possible call to every good woman? Would it be like her to turn aside from evil and shut her eyes to it, concerned only to keep her own soul ignorantly pure? Must she not rather long to do her part to elevate and purify the human race, even by such an unwelcome service as this?

No; if men wish to keep women out of politics, let them reform politics. Let them clear them of the odium of being “a scramble for

place and power, a matter of purchase and sale;" and good women, content that things are well in that direction, will concern themselves with other wants and woes of humanity. But it is too much to ask of any woman that she shall know that things are going ill, and not yearn to find a remedy. A good woman dares brave the contagion of sin as she dares brave the contagion of disease. She is not afraid of being unsexed, nor of being contaminated by either one or the other.

It is not, however, the loudest talkers who most accurately voice the sentiments of the majority of women. In spite of the monster convention at Washington and the conscien-

tious belief of many of its members that the only hope of the country lies in woman suffrage, the vast majority of women still believe in the integrity, the honesty, and the purity of men, and are content to leave politics in their hands. But let men consider how long it will be safe for them to meet the demands of woman-suffragists with the argument that politics are too impure to be a fit sphere for woman. Such an argument, if made good, would convert to woman suffrage a thousand women for every one gained by the most eloquent appeals of the truly able women who now represent the cause.

Amherst, Mass.

L. S. H.

OPEN LETTERS.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THE CHACE COPYRIGHT BILL.

From J. T. Trowbridge.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE: The Chace Copyright Bill has as yet passed the Senate only, and until it becomes a law perhaps the less said in opposition to it the better, since it is the most that can be hoped for at present. Young and unknown authors are slaughtered in it by the simultaneous-publication clause; and indeed the entire bill seems to have been framed not so much for the benefit of writers of books as for the protection of those who manufacture and publish them. Is n't it humiliating that a simple act of justice to the producers of literary property could not be done without clumsily encumbering it with other interests, great and powerful, and determined each to claim a seat upon the poor creature's back, even at the risk of crushing out of it what life it has?

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Arlington, Mass.

From Edward Everett Hale.

My Dear Sir: If the Copyright Bill passes Congress, I suppose that one result will be the cheapening of books in England. I think the "old-time" English publishers begin to see this and to dread it. As you know, very cheap and very good editions of books without copyright are now printed in England—such as the Mermaid series of old dramatists and other libraries. The very high price at which most of their novels are printed and sold seems to be a conventional and almost an accidental arrangement.

With an International Copyright, it will gradually come about, I think, that the largest market will govern the form of publication. Now the largest market for English books is the American market. It will

be to this market that publishers on both sides of the water look first, and the editions will be made to suit the tastes of purchasers in this market.

Far from believing that our books are to be materially dearer, for the new act—if it becomes an act—I think that English purchasers in England will have theirs cheaper.

—Truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

Roxbury, Mass.

From Bessie Chandler.

Dear Sir: Was n't it Dr. Johnson who could n't write a tale of the sea, because he would make "all the little fishes talk like whales"? So, although I am a very small fish in the literary sea, my moral views on International Copyright are equal to those of the largest whale. It certainly is right, and the Chace Bill is the best measure that has yet been taken to secure it.

I like to think that if I ever should write a book, and the English people should rise as one man and clamor for it, I can pacify them with honor to the country and profit to myself. This thought is "grateful" and "comforting," like Epps' cocoa, but the possibility is so very remote, that I feel I am entirely disinterested in heartily favoring the Chace Bill.—Very truly yours,

BESSIE CHANDLER.

Batavia, N. Y.

From Rev. E. P. Roe.

Dear Sir: There is not an honest man or woman in the United States who wishes another stolen book.—Yours truly,

EDWARD P. ROE.

Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

From Edgar Fawcett.

Dear Sir : I think it should be a matter of the deepest shame to every United States Senator who failed to vote at all on the Chace Bill for party reasons, and a matter of still deeper shame to every Senator who voted in opposition. I should not presume to hazard an opinion on the actual working of the bill if made a law by Congress; but almost any sort of rule is better than no rule, and it is time our country realized the odium her thefts reflect upon her. It has been our great scandal and disgrace that an International Copyright Law was not long ago passed; and now that its passage should look precarious, tells, indeed, a dark tale of our national honor and decency. Faithfully yours,

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Union Club, N. Y.

From T. W. Higginson.

Dear Sir : Being about to set out on a lecturing trip of several weeks, and being very much occupied, it will be impossible for me to contribute anything to the Symposium on the Chace Copyright Bill, beyond saying that I heartily approve of its provisions, as far as I understand them, although without regarding it as a final and complete measure.

Very truly yours,

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

From Joel Benton.

Dear Sir : I am strongly in favor of the adoption of the Chace Copyright Bill, not because it is perfect, but because it will be the first step towards a legal acknowledgment of the rights of authors, so long neglected. It is a shame that in a civilized country the one business which does most to civilize humanity, should be utterly abandoned to helplessness against spoliation; and I should hail a much more imperfect measure than the Chace Bill without criticism, which had for its object the purpose to do justice and make men honest. I think the bill, as it stands, will serve authors fairly well; will hurt no legitimate business; and will not essentially enhance the prices of books.

JOEL BENTON.

New York.

From Rev. John W. Chadwick.

Dear Sir : My acquaintance with the matter is too slight for me to write you anything that would add to the value of your Symposium. I have a strong impression that the bill, though it would not accomplish everything desired, would put matters on a much better footing than they are at present.

Yours very truly,

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Brooklyn.

From Richard W. Gilder.

The triumphant passage of the Chace-Breckinridge International Copyright Bill through the Senate is an evidence of two things: first, the great advance made in the education of public opinion on the subject; and second, the wisdom of the policy adopted by the Copyright League. The Bill as it has passed the Senate has doubtless some demerits; but it has this pre-eminent and overshadowing merit—that it acknowledges a moral principle—namely, the property of an author in the result of his own labors. Until that Bill has passed both houses of Congress and is signed by the President, the rights of authors are in contempt; our literature is handicapped, and American civilization is discredited. International Copyright, when established throughout the world, will tend to enhance all literary values, without burden to the people, and to the great advantage of the public. In America its effects will be more salutary than elsewhere. It will free our writers from an unnatural and enormous competition with stolen goods, and make secure their rights abroad. The arguments against international copyright may be applied as well, and have been so applied, against all copyright; but as I have said elsewhere, “either the author must win his living by the simple and easy means of popular sales, or he must, as in the old days, look for his support to some ‘patron’—private, ecclesiastical, governmental, or what not. . . . Those who have opposed the principle of copyright have been, without knowing it, promoting a tendency which would result in a system reactionary and un-American.”

As interested persons are opposing the passage of the bill in the Lower House, it behooves all who have at heart the advance of literature and of learning, and the fair fame of our country, to use their influence promptly and earnestly in favor of this pressingly needed reform.

RICHARD W. GILDER.

New York.

From Rev. Lyman Abbott.

Dear Sir : If I were to wait for time in order to give an adequate reply to your request, one in any wise worthy to represent my own strong convictions on the subject, I fear the letter would not be sent at all, and my silence might naturally be construed into indifference.

International copyright is a sacred duty on three distinct grounds: First, that it emphasizes that brotherhood of humanity which finds in the literary fraternity its prophetic manifestation, and which by every means in our power we ought to cultivate; secondly, because it is a simple matter of common

honesty to provide the same compensation for foreign authors and inventors which we provide for our own—the right of a man to be paid for his published ideas not being limited by geographical boundaries; and thirdly, because our own authors ought to be protected from competition with absolutely unpaid literature abroad, and our own literature revived and restored to its legitimate place in the world's literature by a law providing for its reasonable compensation. This, indirectly, the International Copyright Bill does.

I do not enter into the details of the so-called Chace Bill. Whether it is the best possible measure I do not know, nor even in the present crisis care to inquire. It is the best practicable measure; it secures the support of all those who are interested in this movement; it is inherently just and right, if not absolutely perfect; and, therefore, its passage should be pressed by all who believe in justice, equal rights and human brotherhood.—Yours sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT.

"*The Christian Union*," N. Y.

From Dr. Hammond.

Dear Sir: The only objection I have to the International Copyright Bill now before Congress, is the provision limiting the time after the original publication of a book in a foreign country, during which copyright can be obtained. I think it is entirely too short. A year would be none too long.

In the cases of young authors whose previous works are not well known in this country, and especially as regards first publications of authors, it is not likely that American publishers would be willing, at once, to reprint them. Hence, copyright in this country would often be unattainable.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

New York.

From Judge Tourgée.

Dear Sir: I do not take very much interest in that phase of the copyright discussion which pictures us as the chief of national freebooters for having robbed the innocent and succulent Englishman. The truth is that the conditions of the English copyright law are purposely made for the publisher rather than the author, and are not in one case out of a hundred any more favorable to the American or other foreign writer than our present law is to the British author. In order to get a copyright in England, an American author must publish his work there *before it is published here*. All the talk about a Canadian copyright is "bosh;" a Canadian copyright does not protect in England or the other colonies. Not one Ameri-

can author out of a hundred can afford to risk an English copyright until he knows how his book is going to take at home, and then it is impossible. The Chace Bill—saving amendments made in the Senate of which I am not fully informed—is a wise and wholesome measure, not so much because it gives a foreigner a chance to protect his wares, but because it protects our poorest paid American labor against competition with totally unpaid foreign labor. We cannot have a good American literature as long as our publishers can steal foreign matter to fill their columns or pad their books. Cut off this source of supply, and American literature becomes self-supporting. It will not increase the price of books, but stimulate production, and consequently encourage excellence. If an English book has merit enough to command an American market, it will come and it ought to; but it will cease to be a club to beat down the already meagre profits of the American author.

There are some queer things that will come to light some day. Authors are proverbially secretive and sensitive, especially about the prices they get for their wares. I heard a curious tale of this sort the other day. A publisher who poses as the pink of honor received an offer of a story at what he might deem a "reasonable price." He telegraphed for it to be sent on at once; published it in his journal with lavish commendation, and when the author asked for pay, tendered the magnificent sum of *twenty-five* dollars!

"Twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed the astounded author. "That is less than fifty cents a thousand words. It will not pay for copying at five cents a folio!"

"That may be," said the good man who was wont to boast of the press as a great moral engine, "but I could have gotten an English story for nothing; so that is really all it was worth—more indeed, for a thing is only worth what it costs to get another one as good."

For the honor of the craft, let it be said our author did not accept the terms. He wrote a receipt in full for *one cent*, and gave it to the great moral engineer. Since then he has been engaged on a story entitled "Captain Kydd, of the Brig Bourgeois," which will make Kydd immortal, if it does not materially increase the author's wealth.

It is to compel such men to furnish good honest wares, instead of adding to their profits stolen ones, that the Chace Bill ought to become a law. It will not increase the price of books or periodicals—the competition is too sharp and the profit too apparent for that. It will only give the American author a fair opportunity to compete with the foreign author. This consideration ought specially to have

weight with the representatives of the South and West, where a great number of young writers—usually needy and deserving—are now pluming their wings for literary flight. It may be that not one in a hundred of them will succeed, but the starving out of one deserving American author by unjust law is, in my opinion, a much greater fault in the American people than the refusal of a national courtesy to the people of a nation whose pretended equity is but a sham, and whose law to-day protects its citizens not only in "pirating" the work of a foreign author not first "published" in Great Britain, but permits the author's name to be stricken from the title page and another inserted in its place.

I have been through the mill and know from personal experience the facts of which I write. I am strongly in favor of the Chace Bill, but I do not think we are under any obligation to English jurists, English legislation or English authors, except for the studied misrepresentation and insolent assumption. This one thing may be said of our pirates—they stole openly and not under cover of a statute which, seeming to be fair and just, afforded no protection or opportunity to the foreign author unless he was already rich or successful. The depreciation of American literature and contempt for American life which has become so universal among us, are very largely the result of this free importation of foreign slush, which is corrupting taste, morals and national self-respect. By all means let us have the law, not as an act of justice to others, nor as an act of homage to England, but as an act of justice to ourselves, our readers, our American life and our American workers.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Mayville, N. Y.

From Eugene Field.

Dear Sir: I do not know that I am in favor of any international copyright bill. I have always believed that poverty was and should be one of the rewards of a literary life. If there is to be any protection in this Republic of ours, it should be, I think, *against* our literature itself—against that wretched trick which is called literature for no other reason than that its *producers* call it such. Things have come to the pass now that one would indeed be justified in declaring, as Charles Lamb did, that no book less than a hundred years old was worth reading. My fixed opinion is that, before we set about protecting American literature of to-day, we should seek to convince other people (and incidentally ourselves) that we have a literature worth protecting.—Sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago.

From A. H. Harryman.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE: I regard the Chace International Copyright Bill as the embodiment of a great and just principle rather than the perfection of a law regulating a traffic so important with so widely distributed interests. It is a step clean across a century, and the fact that it is official proclamation of a principle so long denied recognition, emphasizes the earnestness of a quickened public conscience. The bill is not all that was desired. Its meaning is obscure in some instances; the method of making record of copyright by our Librarian of Congress, and furnishing lists of same to customs officers and postmasters, does not properly protect individual purchasers, and some provisions conflict with the United States copyright law; yet the recognition of the justness of the measure in legislative enactments is a triumph more assuring than the defects of the bill are detractive. It is probably as good a bill as any one could expect for the first; and, like all laws governing vast interests, it must reach perfection through experiment and practical application. Having given official and national recognition of the justice of such a measure, the enactment of almost any law will provide a basis for further action, and give the assurance that future legislation will correct inequalities and provide adequate means for the equitable regulation of the great interests involved. The acknowledgment of an evil is a confession of the necessity of effective measures.

A. H. HARRYMAN.

Editor Chicago Current.

From Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE—Dear Sir: You ask for my views on International Copyright. I have given them so often and so earnestly that I cannot believe your readers will feel interest in my reiterated opinion. It seems, in short, like giving one's views on abstract justice. It is about the same thing, which you are welcome to say, in my name, in your columns.—Yours very truly,

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Andover, Mass.

From Henry George.

Dear Sir: The Chace International Copyright Bill is probably better than nothing, but to my mind it is a most inadequate recognition of the right of property in the produce of mental work. I would like to see foreign authors given the same rights of property in this country as American authors, without any qualifications or stipulations whatsoever. This alone would be consistent with common honesty, and what ought to be deemed national honor. Yours very truly,

New York.

HENRY GEORGE.

From Maurice Thompson.

To the Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE: The Chace International Copyright Bill which has passed the Senate of the United States ought to become a law for reasons so obvious that any argument is superfluous. Can any Congressman give a single good excuse for favoring the theft of American books by English publishers, or the stealing of English books by American publishers? Common honesty demands that authors should be dealt with as justly and as liberally as any other inventors. If Edison may protect his electrical inventions by home and foreign patents, why may not Mr. Lowell and Mr. Stedman preserve their literary inventions by home and foreign copyright? Surely Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes deserve as much at the hands of their country as do the inventors of gate-latches and nutmeg-graters? I can protect myself if I invent a cunning device for fastening a dog-collar, but I cannot claim as wholly my own the book which has cost me years of research and toil. But the law-makers of a nation ought to make the laws a path of rectitude and honor for the people. If Congress is dishonest, how shall we expect the people to remain honest? Well, is it honest—nay, is it not positive dishonesty—to protect the Goodyear rubber patents so as to give a world-wide monopoly of a great invention, and at the same time encourage the theft of the entire profits of my books in England? Why should the man who originates a jumping-jack or a singing doll take precedence of a Longfellow or a Howells, a Hale or an Eggleston, who has fashioned the elements of a rare genius into immortal forms of beauty and truth? England stands ready offering to protect American authors in England as soon as English authors shall be protected in America. Is it common honesty for our Congress to evade the issue? Can our nation refuse to be just to foreigners when by refusing it works irreparable injury to the most sacred rights of Americans? Honesty is the best policy. There is another phase of this question about which too little has been said. We are a republic; upon the morals of our people rest the entire structure of our government; the permanence of our liberties depends upon the soundness of the tissue and fibre of the masses. What the masses read is their moral food, to a large extent, and forms their moral nature. Under the present conditions cheap foreign literature of the most debasing sort constitutes more than half of this moral food. In time it will work irremediable evil to our body politic. International copyright will shut out most of the foreign trash, while it will let in every worthy foreign book. After all, however, the whole ques-

tion is one with honesty appealing from one side and dishonesty clamoring from the other side. "Give us our own," cry the authors of England and America. "Let us alone in our thieving. What rights have the makers of literature that Congress is bound to respect?" shriek the book-pirates. It does look as if our law-makers ought to have no difficulty in deciding between the contestants in such a dispute. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

MAURICE THOMPSON.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

From Sidney Luska.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—Dear Sir: Though the Chace Bill leaves very much to be desired, I certainly hope to see it become a law, on the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread.—Yours truly,

H. HARLAND (Sidney Luska).

The Authors' Club, N. Y.

From Admiral Porter.

Who steals my purse steals trash;

"T was something, nothing;

"T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;

but he that filches from an author the product of his brain, robs him of that which enriches the literary pirate, but makes the author poor, indeed.

The above travesty of Iago's speech to Othello seems applicable to the subject of an International Copyright, which for many years has been periodically agitated in this country.

The question was and is: Shall we continue to appropriate to our own use, without compensation, the property of others; or do the fair thing, and let every foreign author feel that the model Republic is disposed to do him justice?

The advocates of the cause of International Copyright number in their ranks the foremost statesmen of our country, and the general feeling among educated people is, that in justice to our position as a great nation, we should enact a law by which foreign authors could secure the product of their brains.

Such a law might increase the price of books, but it would give us better ones, and put a higher premium on literary ability, for an author would no longer, after protracted toil over the midnight lamp, see his work pirated the moment it appears in print.

There are many arguments against an International Copyright, but none of them are sound ones. Viewed in its proper light, the question is simply as to our moral obligation as a nation to recognize the property rights of foreigners.

We might just as well claim the right of

It has long seemed to me, from a somewhat extended observation, that Americans have less of that "nationality of feeling" than any other people I have known. We boast a great deal. We are always talking about our wonderful works, and what a great nation we are. But we seem to hold these works up as a rampart against criticism, and not to be sure of ourselves. We have not that centered, taking-for-granted-that-we-are-respectable manner which gives dignity to a person, or a people, even without marvellous works. Our attitude is defiant, not confident; and when we come out from behind our rampart, we have internationally a certain air of standing first on one foot and then on the other.

Has the lack of a more exclusive national literature and reading anything to do with this?

The author, beside his book, is the cause of a good many accessory industries which could not exist without him; and it would be graceful as well as just if the many who live by these industries would acknowledge their indebtedness. It is his pride that he so helps others, and that his thought is the motive power to so large a human machinery. But it is serious, it is outrageous, to see that while so many live upon this unfortunate beggar, he sometimes starves.

He would be limited and crippled without them, it is true, but not lost. In olden time there was recitation, copying and the minstrel. Through these we know the songs and stories and legends of a world that never dreamed of printing.

And doubtless, after barbarism shall again have swept over the world, obliterating nations with all their hoarded and accumulated sciences, and when internal convulsions, aiding the human element, shall have changed the face of the earth; when, in the succeeding calm, the remnants of humanity shall gather once more into groups, like brands to kindle a new civilization; then, doubtless, recitation will again give the author the supreme stimulant of instantaneous fame, the lute of the minstrel will be heard in bower and hall, as in the long-forgotten past, and the recluse will bend with earnest face above the illuminated page where he records a thought too precious to be trusted to memory's sole keeping—each and all of these to give place in their time to a re-discovered type-printing.

Let us fervently hope that this human race of the future may not keep their authors waiting 6,000 years for an international copyright.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

Boston, Mass.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Summer Souvenirs.

ALL who have spent any part of the summer by the sea-shore, among the mountains or in country rambles are sure to have a collection of mementoes. Things which seemed worth the gathering at the time are apt soon to become trash to the eyes of the possessor and be thrown away.

Perhaps a description of a few of the various ways in which such mementoes were preserved and utilized as holiday presents and artistic ornaments by a party of ingenious tourists may enable some reader to do likewise with the collections that will be made during the summer and autumn.

In many parts of the country visited by our tourists was found a great variety of colored sands, light and dark yellows, browns and reds, with many intermediate shades. These they arranged in various quaint odd-shaped bottles, which made beautiful groups for a cabinet. A view of the place where they were gathered was painted on some of the bottles, a small oval or square only being covered by the picture.

All have noticed how beautiful the pebbles look on the beach and have yielded to the temptation of picking them up, and then

wondered why they brought those dim looking things home. If they are placed in a clear glass jar and filled with water and alcohol, in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter, and sealed with bright-colored wax, they will find all the brightness and beauty of the stones restored. They should be labeled with place and date.

Golden rod will dry so as to keep nearly all of its brightness, as also will many other field flowers and grasses. A beautiful bunch of such flowers and grasses was the trophy gleaned one autumn afternoon in a farewell ramble through the fields. It was a flat mass when taken from the trunk, but it served when nicely arranged to prettily adorn a hitherto unoccupied space on the library wall. In the arrangement a thin board such as dress goods come wrapped around was first obtained; this was covered with a layer of cotton batting, over which a cover of dark wine-colored plush was smoothly stretched. On this the stems of golden-rod and grasses were fastened together with an inconspicuous bow of olive-green ribbon, which had been first firmly fastened to the board with double-pointed tacks. These tacks were also used elsewhere to hold the heavier branches in place, and as an after-thought a narrow strip

of dull-gilt moulding was placed as a finish around the panel.

Another panel was made of the pods of the milk-weed. These were partly opened and the brown seeds on their silky white stems drawn out. The large bunch was then mounted on a panel of oiled walnut, making an ornament of exquisite beauty and delicacy.

A lovely gift that can be sent as a memento of the weeks spent during the summer with a friend at the seaside is a porcelain plaque with a small sea-view in the centre and a border of seaweed. Such a memento was made by our party. Two inches from the rim was drawn a line of color, and within that the seaweeds were arranged so as to best show their delicate forms and dainty coloring.

A very pretty ornament was made by gathering great bunches of chestnuts, so green that they dried with the burrs on. These were covered with sizing, and plentifully sprinkled with gold, silver and bronze powders, which easily caught in the rough burr; they were then hung on the wall by bows of bright ribbon. Bunches of the chincapin were treated in a similar manner, their smaller burr and larger cluster presenting even better effects.

The father of the family received a sofa pillow for his Christmas gift, the cover of which was of serviceable china silk, ornamented with a vine of hops worked in outline. This cover was tied on with bows of dark green ribbon, the ends of which were finished with a silk drop, representing hops, some light green, others brown. The pillow was filled with hops, gathered from a hop vine with a history. The mother likewise received a pillow, the cover of the same material. On it was embroidered in fancy script of brown, a wish for "pleasant dreams." It was filled with the flower of a plant known

through the South as "old field balsam," found among the fields of the old home plantation.

Among the mountains and along the rivers were found many oddly colored stones, some of which had been worn into very queer shapes by the water. These were made into paper weights. They are often left just as found, except that the State and the name of the place where they are picked up are written on them. Some had a view of the mountain or river where they had lain painted on them. The shape of the stone will often suggest the style of decoration.

Some beautifully marked and formed knots of wood were used for the same purpose. The necessary weight was given by filling with lead a small hollow made on the under side.

Anyone who can sketch from nature has, at their finger tips, the means of making a most acceptable present to the friend at home. Procure from the photographers a number of cards, such as are used in mounting cabinet pictures. On these, finish at leisure sketches of some of the picturesque places visited. The ones we examined consisted of views along a noted river, down which both parties had made a boating trip the previous summer.

The cover was made of chamois skin, in the form of a book. On one side was the name, in old English letters, of the place from which the view was obtained, and the date. Such a case, in another instance, contained photographs which were bought unmounted, and afterwards placed on the cards.

Another member of the party, who possessed an amateur photographic outfit, procured a number of views, not only of places but of the tourists as they appeared in various situations.

L. A. France.

THE PORTFOLIO.

An Easy Remedy.

A STORY comes from Maine that is true, although it reads dubiously:

The daughter of a parsimonious mother became so emaciated from insufficient food that her friends, supposing she had consumption, sent a physician to see her without her mother's permission.

"She needs no medicine," was the doctor's verdict. "The only thing your daughter wants is *nourishment*."

"What does he mean by 'nourishment'?" asked the girl (who was as ignorant as ill-fed), after the doctor had gone.

"He must mean *exercise*," said the cunning woman; "I guess you'd better fill up the wood-box, to begin on!"

Western Courage.

A YOUNG Western widow, with an aptness at retort, was the recipient on St. Valentine's Day, of a basket of roses, containing a most tender and unequivocal proposal from a charming young Boston man of her acquaintance, who evidently had no idea of her real seniority. Without waiting a mail, she sent, unsigned, the following reply:

He loved her, he loved her,
But he was much too young;
He wooed her, he wooed her
With charm of glance and tongue.
She loved him, she loved him,
But dared not own his sway—
For he was born when she had lived
Just ten years and a day.

They are not engaged.

He Smote Once.

A SMALL Ohio boy rejoiced in a fair and sharp-tongued mother and a gentle giant of a father who was quite disposed to "spare the rod" on all occasions. One night the boy became for some reason uproarious in the hours of darkness; and his mother, who usually did "his quietus make," being too sleepy to get up said fretfully: "Samuel, I should think you might make that boy stop his noise once in a while." A few more howls from the crib, another remonstrance from the sleepy wife; and Samuel arose quietly, and in the midst of one heroic screech, brought down his hand in a single slap on the flying legs. The yell broke in two sharply. Dead silence for a moment—in which the already penitent father thought, heavens, if he had injured him! Then a small, calm, piping voice: "You just wait till mornin', ole fellow, an' see if I don't heave a chip at you!"

Genius Unappreciated.

"RETURNED with thanks"—the usual way!
When will it come to be
That honest critics may be found
Who will not frown on me?

I know I'm not a Tennyson.
Nor yet an Edgar Poe,
I never soared to novels,
Like James and E. P. Roe:

I do not write like Howells,
I have not Clement's wit,
And yet I humbly pride myself
I sometimes make a hit.

I'm only incognito
To fortune and to fame,
But were it not for like rebuff,
I'd surely make a name.

Just give me a fair trial
And hearken to my prayers,
And haply you shall entertain
An angel unawares.

M. L. Doner.

Confessions of a Ghoul.

BY CURTIS DUNHAM.



AM a ghoul. Not by birth—the distinction has been thrust upon me. There is one mitigating circumstance, however; I am a passive, not an active, ghoul, and I trust this will be taken into consideration by those who would condemn me with undue severity. I take no delight whatever in performing the duties of my office. No one could be more willing than I am to let the dead rest peacefully in their graves; but if circumstances over which you have no control endow you

with all the outward appearances and passive qualities of a ghoul, what are you going to do when the dead come to you and demand that you resurrect them? That is precisely my uncomfortable position, though, to be more exact, it is not the dead but the sleeping that look to me for an introduction to the light of day—sleeping children of fancy—once in a while one that is fair and agreeable to look upon, but hundreds and thousands that are deformed, twisted and forbidding beyond any shape ever molded in flesh and blood. Long and meekly have I borne this affliction. To me has been implied the parentage of dozens of these ill-favored, vicious and irreclaimable olive branches of distorted imaginations, and I have not murmured. But henceforth I shall not bear this burden alone. At last the worm turneth! The ghoul hath spoken!

It was a famous railroad case. The Court had adjourned, the Judge had retired to his chambers, and, beside myself, no one remained in the room but the eminent lawyer in charge of the defence. He seemed to be looking for a missing book among the dozen

or so of volumes on the counsels' table. He was a striking and venerable figure. The crown of his head was shining and bare, but from its sides and back there fell upon the collar of his coat a thick curtain of white hair. There was something peculiar about his eyes, which I did not take the trouble to investigate, for I was too much impressed still with the courtly manner by which he had seduced the witnesses of the other side into forsaking the straight and narrow path marked out for them and plunging into devious and doomful byways ending in impeachment. Presently I noticed that the old gentleman was only pretending to look for a book, but was really looking me over quite as earnestly as I was him. At last our eyes met. He came down the aisle with a gratified expression on his face and shook my hand warmly.

"How do you do?" he said, cordially. "I thought it was you, but I was not quite certain. I have been looking for you a long time. I trust you are well, sir!"

The old gentleman barely waited for me to assure him that I was in my usual health. He still held my hand, and, giving it an insinuating pressure, continued:

"Delighted, I am sure. Be in the corridor on the first floor at half-past nine this evening and I will hand you the package. Be careful that we are not observed."

With these words the old gentleman shook my hand again and ambled down the aisle and out of the door. I now remembered that I had seen him once long before, upon which occasion I had deferred the inevitable by dint of a strategic movement down a dark alley. There was no escape now. It is a point of honor with me never to break engagements when I have once been trapped into them.

Punctually at the hour named my friend joined me in the corridor. He had a large sealed envelope in his hand, was nervous, excited and out of breath.

"Here it is," he said, giving me the package. "Are you sure we are not observed? It is a little thing reminiscent of my youth, dashed off in an idle moment, but I thought it would do to begin with. I have several longer—"

I hastily assured him that this would do very well to begin with. The impulse was on me that it was especially suitable to end with also, but I suppressed it, and we parted amicably though abruptly, the sound of approaching footsteps causing the old gentleman to vanish with more haste than dignity into the gloom of the street entrance.

And now my time has come! I will still continue to be foster-father to these children of disordered fancies, but their true parentage shall no longer be concealed. With that

addition only, the manuscript handed me is herewith given to the world:

SAVED BY A RIB;

OR

IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

BY B-NJ-M-N F. B-TTL-R.

Beginning at the juncture of my breast bone and fifth rib, and running thence around my right side there remains to this day a flaming red mark to remind me of one of the follies of my youth.

Bob and I had always been chums, though our dispositions were as unlike as possible; I being a proud descendant of honest Puritan stock, while he, I grieve to say, had never been aught but a scoffer. Still so great had always been our pleasure in each other's society that when we had graduated from the same college we studied law in the office of a mutual friend, hung out our shingles from the windows of adjoining rooms when we commenced practice, and have never sought any other or tenderer intimacy. We were ambitious and worked very hard at first—too hard, in fact, for the good of our health. Bob was first to discover this fact. One afternoon in December he entered my office abruptly and said:

"Ben, I am becoming dyspeptic, and you are getting fat. We must have exercise. Take down your foils and we will have a turn at the old sport. If I can't touch you three times in five I'll—I'll swallow the Pentateuch."

Even at twenty-three, Bob was an infidel.

The recollection of the inconceivably rapid "double and overs" with which Bob had so frequently transfixed me in the past, inspired me with a strong desire to get even with my old antagonist. Above my desk, where they had hung untouched for three years, was a fine pair of foils—a parting gift from our old fencing-master. They were none of your fancy articles of bric-à-brac affected by effeminate youths who have neither the strength to wield them nor the energy to master the first principles of the intricate art of foil-fencing, but were splendidly tempered strips of shining steel with plain, well-mounted hilts of the most solid and durable description. In short, they were such instruments as expert fencers delight to possess, and which, relieved of buttons, with their points tapered down to the fineness and sharpness of a needle, are as satisfactory weapons as any to be found in case one has a little dispute to settle with Monsieur out beyond the Porte Saint Martin at sunrise.

"Nothing would suit me better," I answered, taking down the foils and blowing out the dust which had accumulated in the bells; "but where shall we go? There isn't

room here. Besides, it would not look well in case a client should stray in."

"There's an office next the court, opening off mine," Bob replied, "that has never had a tenant. The janitor uses it as a kind of work-shop. It will do admirably. I went in the other day—there being no lock on the door—and found a bench with a good vise and a complete outfit of hammers, files and pincers which will come in very handy in case our foils get loose in the hilt. I'll speak to the janitor to-morrow. He'll see that we're not disturbed, and we can have a quiet bout of half an hour or so every evening before dinner."

Bob's remark about loose hilts caused me to investigate the condition of those I held in my hand. They were both a trifle loose, and as it would take me a few minutes to resurrect my masks, gauntlets and plastrons from the box in which they had been shipped from Paris, he volunteered to employ the interval in tightening them. I followed him shortly and found everything as he had described it. As there was but one gas-jet in the room, the effect was rather somber. But this could not interfere with our sport, for with practiced fencers the sense of feeling is almost or quite as much depended on as that of sight.

We went through the "salut" in irreproachable style, and had no sooner come on guard than the point of Bob's foil began the series of lateral vibrations which, of old, had always portended something dangerous. And before I could break the attack or retreat, it came in the shape of a lunge on an unlooked-for feint changed to an unexpected thrust before I had time to think of parrying. Bob had always been an adept at this trick, and as the button of his foil rested against my left breast, he cried exultantly:

"Ah, Ben! Where are you now?"

"It's your old trick, just as successful as ever," I admitted; "but"—this to myself—"in just one week, my fine fellow, that and your numerous other tricks will avail you nothing."

I was determined to show this over-confident young infidel that might should not always triumph over right—that I was, in fine, the little David before whom his brawny Goliath was doomed to bite the dust.

So at it we went again. There was no use in my attempting any brilliant work with such an opponent, at least for the present. I, therefore, devoted my attention to narrowing the compass and increasing the rapidity of my circular movements in both directions, and to quick retreats and instantaneous leaps as means of breaking his attacks and escaping the more dangerous of his thrusts.

The pleasure and excitement derived from the sport was so keen that we devoted our-

selves to it with increasing enthusiasm every afternoon until the middle of February. It was then that the incident occurred of which a hint is given at the beginning of this modest history.

We were seated on the janitor's bench one evening, swinging our legs and resting after an unusually violent set-to, when Bob remarked:

"Ben, my boy, it strikes me that this sort of thing is getting very tame. You have n't touched me for a month, and it just ten days to-night since I made my last point."

This was literally true. I had persevered in my defensive tactics until for ten days Bob's wonderful strength and skill had gained him not so much as a scratch.

"I wonder," he continued, "if the result would be the same if we were using rapiers instead of foils!"

The intense cold of the season had so interfered with the flow of gas that our single burner furnished a blue and flickering blaze that gave a weird look to every object in the room and seemed to lend a sort of unreality to all we said and did. Perhaps this may account for the strange mood that was on us.

"By Jove!" I cried, jumping down from the bench. "That's an idea worth demonstrating."

"But we haven't the rapiers," said Bob.

"But we have a pair of strong foils," I replied. "All we have to do is to take off the buttons and file down the points and we have as fine a pair of rapiers as anyone could wish."

"And here is the vise and here are the files," added Bob.

It was but the work of a minute to cut off the chamois-leather tips, and in a couple of minutes more I had a point on one foil that would penetrate anything less adamant than Bob's disregard of the Scriptures. Bob filed down the other, and we put on our masks.

We were about to take our positions when Bob suddenly lowered his foil and said:

"See here, Ben. Of what use are these masks to us now? The points of our weapons will go right through them. They'll only obstruct our vision."

"That's so," I replied. "And we might as well take off gauntlets and plastrons, too. They will afford us no protection whatever now."

So masks, plastrons and gauntlets were discarded. The gas burned lower and bluer than ever.

We saluted and came on guard. As the two needle-like points crossed I suddenly realized for the first time that they were in no practical wise different from dueling-swords of the most desperate pattern, and that between the trembling point of that held

by Bob, and my most vital of organs, there were but an inch or two of flesh and blood, two very thin shirts, and matter of some four and a half feet of space. Simultaneous with this discovery I made a backward leap that caused Bob's jaw to drop in astonishment. Then he smiled.

"Oh, you're in no danger if you keep that up, I assure you," he said.

The sickly flame that furnished all our light blazed up into full brilliancy, spluttered and died out to a mere thread, flared up languidly again, and then settled down into its former flickering, bluish half-light. The spell returned, and again I came on guard, opposing a staunch orthodox front to the machinations of infidelity.

For the first five minutes we were cautious. It was mere sword-play of the most stilted kind. Then steel began to grate more eagerly on steel, and the bells of our foils rang merrily. Bob's feints and lunges were like lightning flashes, but my wrist was firm and supple and my limbs active under me. Now the exhilaration born of our mad freak is at its height. Neither of us realizes how great is our danger, but both are keenly alive to the fascination of it. Never before had I seen Bob exhibit such superb mastery of the fencer's art; never before have I been so confident of my ability to circumvent his most subtle strategy, break his best planned attacks, escape his most terrible thrusts. It is glorious! Ah, Bob, you infidel, you've met your Moses this time! Foils with buttons, foils without, dueling swords, whatever you like—bring them on, bring them on! Ah! The sickly blue flame suddenly bursts into a blaze of steady light, and an inch or two beneath the point of my foil I see that of Bob's, quivering like an aspen. Was there ever anything like it? There are actually sparks flying from it! It will be a "double-and-over" as sure as I live! The attack must be broken or I must leap for life! But my wrist! My wrist! Is it paralyzed? I can neither parry nor leap, for my legs have turned into pillars of stone! Heavens! How that vibrating point glistens! Yes, there it comes!—Double—over—

The pain was not very severe, merely a sharp, shooting sensation extending from

my right side where the foil entered, around, rather than through me, to the small of my back where the point came through the skin. The scattering hairs which, in those days, adorned the top of Bob's head, stood on end.

"You're run through!" said Bob, his eyes fairly bulging out of his head from excess of terror. "You've barely an hour to live! Had n't we better say our prayers, or read a chapter from the Scriptures—or something? Holy Moses—"

Here Bob's terror-stricken tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. His human weakness asserted itself—he forgot that Moses was mistaken.

"I think not," I answered, having discovered a livid mark of about the breadth of a foil-blade underlying the skin along my fifth rib as far around as I could see. "Let me see your foil. Ah! I thought so. It is slightly bent at the point. It struck a rib and ran around under the skin. No, you have n't run me through, Robert; you have nearly flayed me, but you haven't run me through."

Then, looking my scared and repentant opponent in the eye, while my bosom swelled with orthodox enthusiasm—my grandfather was a Presbyterian minister—I said:

"Can you divine the hidden meaning of this important event in our careers? Can you give the true interpretation of this memorable scene?"

Bob was rapidly regaining his composure. He gave it up.

"It is a typical encounter between Truth and Infidelity."

Bob looked relieved.

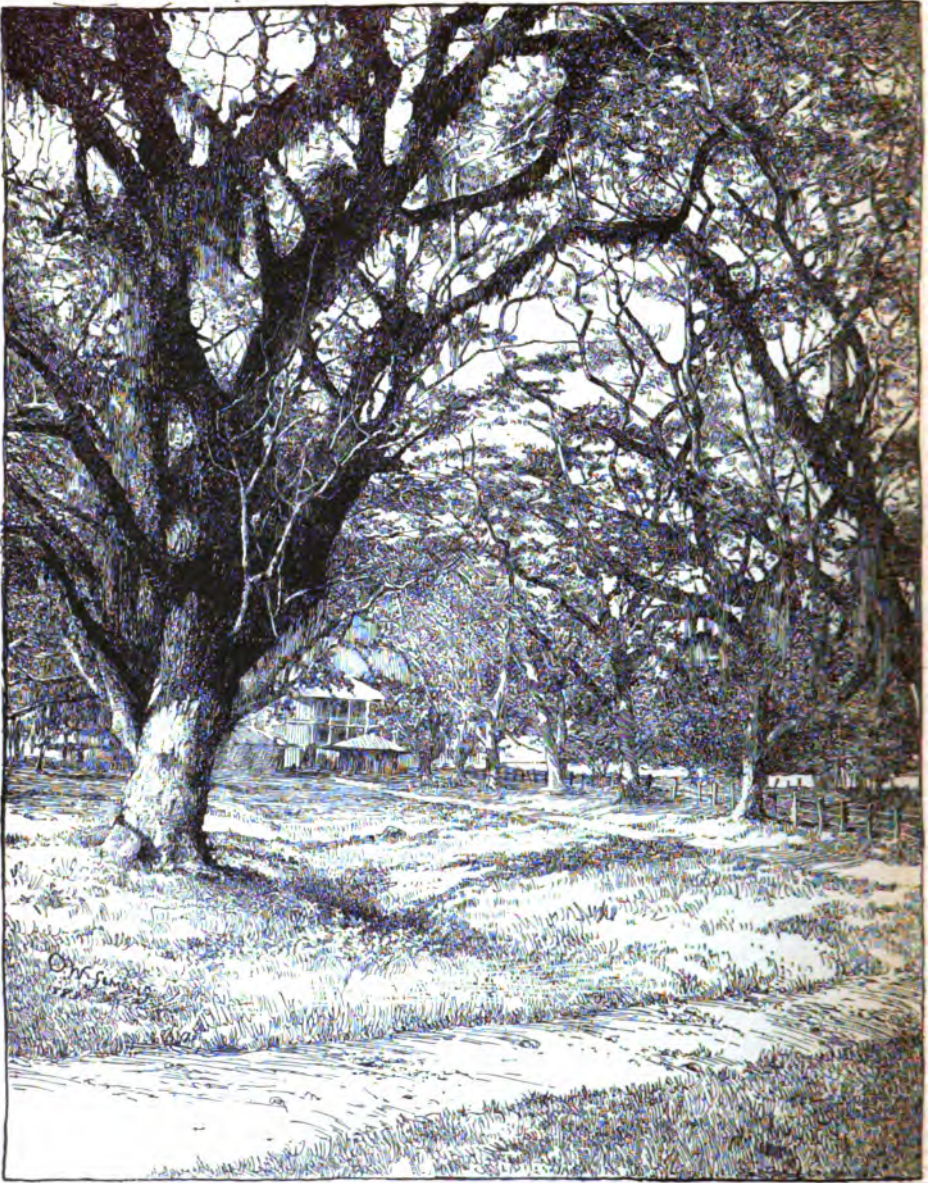
"And do you know what great truth it is that this trusty fifth rib of mine has the honor to represent?"

Bob hazarded the five books of Moses.

"Aye," I replied, sternly; "and as your sword is turned against my fifth rib, so will the assaults of yourself and your fellow infidels find an impassable and enduring barrier in the immortal truths embodied in the Pentateuch."

And thus, though apparently the vanquished, I came out of the fray the victor by a considerable majority.





AVENUE OF SAMAN TREES, TRINIDAD.

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ALONG THE CARIBBEAN.

IV.—THE ISLAND OF THE TRINITY.

BY DR. WILLIAM F. HUTCHINSON.



AST in the chain of jewels by which the sea has joined the North and South American countries; largest and most brilliant of these shining gems, Trinidad ends the girdle that may have clasped long-lost Atlantis to more recent shores.

Still in the distance, drawn clear against a cloudless sky, three lofty peaks rise side by side from lower beauties to tell the story of our island's name; and still the traveller approaching this lovely land exclaims in whatever tongue he speaks, as did Columbus in musical Castilian, "*Que isla gloriosa!*"

From whatever point the shore is neared—if from the east, where a thousand leagues of sea divide it from nearest land, or from the north, from amidst smaller islands whose more modest size enhances the beauty of their largest gem—he, in whose memory yet lingers souvenirs of inclement days and bitter nights of cold that make its balmy warmth yet more delicious, will not fail to give the olden verdict: "a land of ravishing beauty."

The harbor entrance is dramatic. On either side are lofty hills that narrow the

strait we sail through to a hundred yards, beyond which another sea stretches its serene welcome toward us from encircling shores so far distant to the south as to be lost in Venezuelan sky. Not one, but many of these openings cleave the ring of land that holds confined this inner lagoon, this great lake that is called the Gulf of Paria. The Spaniards called them Bocas, or mouths, adding such names as circumstances suggested, as Monos, from the monkeys that then peopled these hills, or Navios, where ships could go, or Grande—the largest of them all; and these names have never been changed. Through these passages a swift tide plays terrible pranks upon ships that, driven by sails alone, dare its power, and the bones of one gallant East Indiaman, from among the rest that have vanished, still mark the dangers of the Boca de Navios.

To the left, a range of peaks that are high enough to be visible a great distance, stretches along the northern coast until lost in the horizon, and on their southern face, deep valleys show like black lines on the green. Swell follows swell, mountain succeeds mountain in blue perspective that grows nearer as we sail, until, having fairly entered the ring we advance upon Trinidad, and watch

its lovely outlines develop and assume definite forms of palms, of distant signal towers, of solitary white-walled houses on island or on cliff, of a confused mass of red roofs and climbing spires, of a crowd of ships at anchor with steamboats puffing about amongst them, until at last we too stop before Port of Spain, its modern capital, and prepare to study the land of humming birds, Iere, as the Caribs called it.

A corresponding acquaintance with Sir William Robinson, the distinguished Governor, had prepared me to meet a gentleman of literary ability, full of interest in his colony and a skilled diplomat; but the personal courtesy and hearty welcome that I received as a representative of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* were as unexpected as grateful. By his aid, Mr. Warden Johnstone, being at once detailed to escort me about the island, I was enabled to make every hour of my three weeks stay of use, and visit points that are generally inaccessible to a tourist who has not at least as many months at his disposal. To the Governor, therefore, and to his active and tireless warden, the readers of this article, with myself, are much indebted.

It is but a little way from Barbados—only thirty hours by Royal Mail, and much less by direct steamer being needed to make the journey; but a thousand leagues could not more effectually separate the two islands in every respect, save climate, than these few miles of sunny sea.

Trinidad is entirely under white control, and its black population is balanced by East Indian competition; the latter now numbering some 65,000, having been brought in as a necessity of life to cultivate the land. What with various castes of Hindoos, with Mohammedans, with blacks and their composites, and with a large Spanish element, there is need of a firm, strong government, exactly such as has been wisely formed in Trinidad.

Divided into counties and boroughs instead of parishes as in Barbados, State, instead of Church, holds the reins, although a government grant assists every religious denomination with impartiality; the Roman Catholic Church, for example, receiving in 1885 a sum almost double that of the Church of England

on account of its preponderance in membership.

The Governor is assisted in his arduous work by a legislative council composed of six departmental chiefs and eight unofficial members who are appointed by the Queen upon recommendation of his Excellency. These latter gentlemen are selected from among representative natives, and by long acquaintance with the country as well as by large interests and education are well qualified for their position. Meetings are held monthly, or upon summons from the governor in case of emergency.

Education is carefully attended to, and Mr. Cozzens, from whose guide-book I quote, states that "on the 30th of June, 1886, there were under inspection one hundred and twenty-two schools, affording instruction to twelve thousand, two hundred and eighty-five scholars"—an excellent showing. He adds: "Speaking from experience I can truly say that a teacher's life is not a happy one. If he has an elementary school, the chances are that half his pupils, perhaps even a larger proportion, never hear a word of English in their homes. Patois may prevail, French, Spanish, Hindustani or Chinese—anything rather than English." Yet English alone is employed in tuition in these schools, which I found well conducted and prosperous, black children holding their own with whites up to a certain age, then falling rapidly behind.

The climate, during those months when strangers visit there, is simply unsurpassed. Lacking, perhaps, some of the advantages that Barbados possesses in sweep of pure air and dryness of surface, it is nevertheless one eternal summer from which even passing storms are banished. For winter months are dry months, and brilliant days follow shining nights with undisturbed regularity. Said I to a resident one lovely morning, as we watched the sunrise over Naparima Hills: "What splendid weather!" "What did you say? Splendid weather? Of course it is, my dear fellow; we never have anything else at this time of the year; but it is so long since I heard that subject spoken of, that it startled me."

Every morning at six, the mercury marked 72 degrees—gradually mounting until two P. M., the hottest part of the

day, when the average was 85 degrees, then falling with the sun back to night mark. People are matinal hereabouts, and early coffee following the bath is usually served at half-past six, with bread or toast and an egg, if desired. With this meal, cares of the day and business are carried on until breakfast, at from ten to eleven, which suffices until dinner at six or seven. Our baths were everywhere superb. In the tropics, where the skin is busily at work all night and day, absolute freedom from impediment to its functions is an essential to health.

This is universally recognized, and all classes bathe as freely and regularly as they eat.

In place of the box of coffin size and shape that American plumbers give us, our tropical friends plash about in basins eight feet square or more, through which a stream of pure water is always flowing. By its side a shower bath stands ready, and one comes out into the cool morning with a delicious sense of purity and comfort, a skin as soft and smooth as silk, and a readiness for breakfast that is not known in northern climates—where pores are sealed by cold, where indoor air is a mixture of carbonic acid and outdoor breathing chills one's very bones.

Clad in lightest pajamas, the loose night jacket and trowsers that have come from India to be at home in every region of the sun, men loll about an hour before dressing, enjoying the delight that mere living brings in the delicious climate.

In the courtyard of my hotel there were flowers that came out fresh with every sunrise, and added their perfume to the sweetness of the morning air; and the faces that greeted the new day were as bright as if they had absorbed some of their shining life.



SIR WILLIAM ROBINSON, K. C. M. G., GOVERNOR OF TRINIDAD.

With the hottest hours came rest: Not perforce, however, for outdoor labor goes on all day, and many do not stop their work at profession or business while daylight lasts. I watched some men putting a new iron roof upon a building opposite the hotel, and when the day was hottest they steadily worked on in open sun, unconscious of discomfort. Gentlemen came to call, dressed in black broadcloth and silk hats, which they wore, they told me, the year round; and after a week, I myself grew indifferent to heat. Sunstrokes, heat fevers,

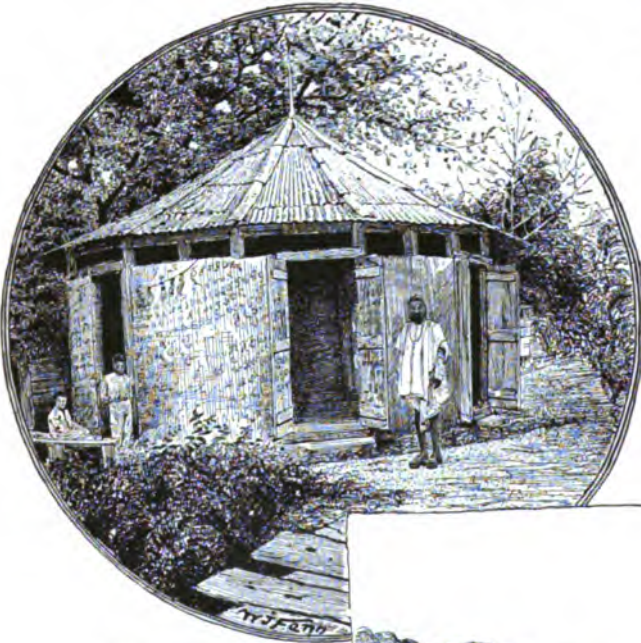
are unknown, and a little custom soon makes anyone bear the highest temperature well.

At four in the afternoon, business of all kinds is done. Stores close, offices are vacated, and everyone goes in for rest. Driving is in order; and with fine

thing else; although most Trinidadians are tri-lingual, speaking English, Spanish and French with facile and equal readiness.

But all circles are open to accredited foreigners, and warm-hearted, cordial hospitality is unlimited. Invitations to breakfast, to dinner and to dance come fast to those who have the entrée, and it is rare that he takes a meal at home. At these assemblages he will find no difference in his surroundings or fellow-guests from similar salons in New York, or Paris, or London; except, perhaps, that there is a greater profusion of flowers. Knowing each other well, there is less formality than in great cities, where most are strangers to each other.

I dined one evening



TEMPLE OF THE HINDUS.

roads and cheap cab rates, almost every one takes a spin until dinner time.

Nothing is more singular to a new-comer than the sudden appearance of night-fall. Of course, every one has read that tropical lands know no twilight, but it is none the less odd to have lights prepared while yet it is broad day, and to find that night is come before one has become aware of its approach.

The sun's rim dips, the stars peep out,
And, with a stride, comes on the dark.

Society in Port of Spain is varied and good. There are several circles whose lines are drawn by nationality, and they do not mingle; as much, I think, on account of difference of language as any-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. ANNE'S.

at Government House, the pleasant home of Sir William Robinson, which is said to be one of the handsomest of colonial official residences. Among the guests were the British Admiral, commanding the fleet, the officer commanding the land forces, a couple of members of the Governor's Council and a few ladies.

The table was decorated in exquisite taste by the hostess herself, with dainty

flowers and ferns, and the *cuisine* was excellent.

Only a few minutes were taken for a smoke after the ladies had retired, when we joined them in the handsome drawing-room for music and chat. Lady Robinson sang like a trained artiste, with a voice of rare sweetness, and a gentleman whose name I do not recall, but whose face was as flexible and expressive as Irving's, also sang in a voice that exactly fitted his face; it was so full of wrinkles. So with chat and song, and smoke outside, the hours passed until eleven, when every one retired. Such dinners, with a shade less ceremony, followed each other almost every day, with a result of making and cementing friendships that would have been mere acquaintance in the wider circles of larger lands.

No one could need to be better housed than at the Family Hotel, with its cosy table d'hôte and central position, or at Madame Louise's Hotel de Paris, with its fine *cuisine* and native dishes. There are several others of the same class, and the regular price is two dollars a day for everything except wine; and arrangements by the month can be made at even lower rates.

A few days, however, were all that I could give of the limited time at my disposition to Port of Spain, and Mr. Johnstone, called by all his friends Bobby, for short, came to me one morning early to start to the Blue Basin, the first of our excursions.

We drove out of town through the village of Perou, where Hindu and Moslem heathen have built their houses and a temple, and where they have permanently established religion, home and household gods. One might have been in a street out of Bombay or Madras. There was the same straight white road bordered with scanty palms, behind which a jungle grew close, the same rows of Eastern huts with brass cooking utensils outside, the same quiet, bright-eyed, clean featured and straight-haired coolies, with submissive "Salaam, Sahib," and the same octagonal temple covered with inscriptions in characters of the Hindustani tongue. And answering to my invitation to come out and be photographed, the Baba-jee, the high

priest himself, stepped forth and stood before his temple in flowing robes of white, with lines denoting his high rank drawn on forehead and on arm. A stately, grave and dignified man, disdaining curiosity, yet willing to be obliging, he would have made a model, so far as courteous politeness went, for many who claim superiority of race.

Leaving Perou, the road lay through forests and cane-fields, past little villages and solitary estates, almost every one having some story belonging to it. Near the valley of the cascade we came to see, a lonely cross and cairn marked the spot where a priest was murdered not long before. We had just passed a comfortable house almost hidden by climbing vines and flowering trees; that was the home of a man who had been arrested, tried and acquitted of the crime, although suspicion, which he took no care to dispel, hung round him still.

As the story went, he had long suspected the priest of more than spiritual relations with his wife, and determined to kill him. So one dark night, a message came to the holy man, demanding his services for a sick person, a call no clergyman ever refused, and the priest started on foot across the cane-field. When he reached the spot now marked, he was attacked by some one armed with a machete or heavy cutlass, and literally chopped to pieces. "And," added my raconteur, "the negroes see his ghost hereabouts at regular intervals." This road seems to have been particularly favored in grim tragedy. Within a couple of miles from the priest's cross, I was shown a house where a Scotch planter was shot through his window by a vicious servant, and a lonely bit of land where a coolie chopped his wife up from jealousy.

But past these gruesome spots, away from tales of human suffering, the path winds upward beside a dancing brook that is outlet for the Blue Basin, until we clamber over some slippery rocks and stand on the brink of the pool.

Through interlacing vines and clinging ferns some sixty feet above, there is a little bit of blue sky showing, from the very centre of which a frightened brook comes sliding down out of daylight into

shadow, breaking into foamy lace as it falls, soon becoming a shining surface that reflected sunlight shows an azure gleam upon—the Blue Basin.

Perhaps the most attractive part of the spot, aside from novel surroundings of flower and plant, is the misty coolness that envelops it and its quiet. Only the water is noisy as it dashes over rocks below; and noonday heat, so vigorous outside, grows feeble in the pretty dell.

Next in the series of valleys that cleave the northern mountain range comes Santa Cruz, then Maraval, the latter containing reservoirs whence comes the supply of pure water for Port of Spain.

To Maraval is a favorite before breakfast drive, and its beauties are certainly better appreciated while yet cool and sparkling from their bath of dew than later when the sun has burned the air dry. Cabmen are rapacious here as elsewhere, and it fails to add to a tourist's pleasure to think that he has been swindled. So it is best to make a bargain before starting, and drive contentedly.

There cannot be a nicer drive for a first one than going through town, past the broad Savannah (as an immense square is called that has in its center one of the largest trees in the world), past botanical gardens that need a long visit to themselves, past St. Ann's, where the Governor lives, and so on out where the road lies directly through a cacao, or cocoa, estate.

It is worth a little delay here to study what is fast becoming, what will in the near future be the chief industry of the colony. Wiser than our Barbadian friends and more fortunate in territory, estate owners of Trinidad are turning their attention from cultivation of sugar, which is growing less profitable, to that of cocoa, whose future is a certainty.

Like coffee, the cacao must be shaded from the sun; like it, it is guarded by another tree that is called the "bois immortelle." As we see it in Maraval valley and as it is everywhere, the cacao is a tree of from ten to twenty feet high, with rough yellowish brown bark, large lanceolate leaves, and a dozen nuts the size and shape of young muskmelons, growing directly from the trunk or larger limbs to which they are attached by a short pedicle. In color green while im-

mature, they change to a chrome-yellow or magenta-red when ripe or to a mixture of both that is artistic.

When picking time comes they are cut from the tree, gathered into heaps and split open, the latter operation revealing the seeds or cacao arranged in layers of disks like copper pennies from end to end, and covered with a white gelatinous substance. This is gotten rid of by fermentation—by rotting it off in closed boxes; a process that needs constant caution, as it will destroy the kernels if carried too far.

The latter are dried in the sun, assorted and packed, when they are ready for market. Cacao trees begin to bear at about six years of age, and continue for fifty, during all of which time they need but the simplest care, and yield constantly. Therefore a cacao estate is an excellent thing to have in the family. But the valleys beneath whose shade and in whose well-matured soil the tree flourishes best, are limited in extent, and there is but a comparatively small amount of government land left upon which to found new plantations. About the only way to acquire one now is to watch chances carefully and purchase either a large one that some vicissitude of fortune has thrown into the auction market, or pick up a number of small ones lying contiguous and join them into one. Ten years ago, estates could occasionally be purchased at a bargain, and the regular price was a dollar a tree. Now it is only by chance that a decent one is offered, and the price is from three to five dollars a tree. Even at this last figure a cocoa estate is no mean investment, as it requires no fertilization and is expected to yield a dollar a tree per annum.

All the way to Maraval is beside a brook that irrigates the land, singing at its work beneath groves of bois immortelles that shade from sun along a road bordered with dainty ferns and flowers of many hues; and there is small wonder that it is a favorite drive.

Once there, a glance at cleanly reservoirs ornamented with potted plants and closed in by clumps of giant bamboo, with perhaps a cup of coffee served by the Crimean veteran who is on guard here, suffices; and we return to Port of Spain.

The capital city was laid out by a governor with a mathematical head, and he

drew his plan in squares like Philadelphia. Only there the likeness ceases, for these streets are wide and clean and not entirely spoiled by car tracks.

Stores are fine and stocks large, as becomes the commercial emporium of these islands, which is also the natural supply port of Venezuela. But of late a prohibitory import tax has injured the latter trade, and steady decline in sugar hurt the former.

Still one may find almost everything wished for at the Caledonian House, at reasonable prices.

Among public edifices worthy of honorable mention are Government Buildings, the Police Barracks, the Anglican and Roman Catholic Cathedrals and the Union Club, the latter especially erected for the Club, who delight to place their excellent restaurant and numerous chambers at the disposal of a foreign gentleman duly accredited.

Besides the great Savannah already mentioned, there are several lesser squares that make pretty breathing-places and ornament the town, from whose streets breezes are almost shut off by mountains closing in around. Trade winds usually die out towards evening, and nights in town are apt to be sultry and close, while in the country around they are deliciously cool and invigorating. Yet one never comes from the morning bath unrefreshed; and among the ladies and gentlemen who clustered about the hall of the hotel ready for an early jaunt, bright eyes and elastic tread always marked sleepful nights—in spite

of heat that is tonic here, not depressant as with us when the dog star reigns.

My friend, Dr. DeWolf, has lived so long on the island that he is quite Trinidadian, and his pretty bachelor home at St. Joseph is as well known to visiting Americans as Government House. From its vine-embowered veranda the view extends across the beautiful Caroni savanna a dozen of miles to Montserrat hills, that were then in holiday garb of scarlet. A more beautiful picture would be hard to find. Looking across the ancient town whose cathedral church was standing as now in the sixteenth century, the middle distance is of waving fields of sugar cane, shining golden in the sinking sun, with intersecting lines of darker foliage that mark where streams are running below the green level.



TREE-FERN.

One of these is the Caroni, now a mere sluggish ditch swarming with cascadura, the savory fish whose flesh when eaten brings back the gourmand here to end his life—and caymans. Yet such trees as those that make so pretty a feature in our picture, screened those banks when Sir Walter Raleigh pushed his armed boats up the river six miles from Puerto de los Españoles, captured from the Spaniards their capital city without a battle, leaving behind him an English colony where he found a Spanish town.

Still farther, the white chimneys and buildings of Saint Augustin estate were drawn clear against the green, swell following swell of rich land in verdant waves that broke at last against the lower cliffs of Montserrat. Here the color changed. Mile after mile of these beautiful hills was covered with bois immortel, whose thick scarlet blossoms were massed by distance so as to give the effect of a gorgeous sunset cloud resting upon them.

But the color was not ephemeral. Brightest and most effective in sunshine, it still retained its sheen beneath the moon; and when middle green had darkened with the night, its red banner still shone clear over the valley and mingled with the evening sky in purplish light that was lovelier even than daylight's scarlet.

This peculiar effect exists nowhere else to my knowledge. I never saw it in Venezuelan scenery, although nature's flora is rich in our sister republic; and Trinidad may claim, I think, to be unique in scarlet clouds that grow on trees.

Up here, the air is purer than in Port of Spain, and more than once I drew a blanket over me towards morning, although the mercury remains at or near seventy degrees. Consequently the place is very healthy, as is the whole island if one is reasonably careful. It will not do to be exposed to night fogs or to indulge in prolonged dissipation, and then charge the climate with being dangerous. Brown of Cleveland tried hunting alligators in the swamps by early moonlight, and almost lost his life thereby with malarial fever—something like Texas dengue, only worse. Perhaps he thinks the climate bad. But there had been no epidemic of any kind in Trinidad for years, and with such rigid and enforced sanitary

laws as they possess, there is small danger of one.

I watched my friend, the doctor, one morning as he held a vaccination matinee.

The law requires the registrar of births to furnish each mother with a blank form, and that the parents shall present the child to a public vaccinator within six months thereafter under a small penalty. Notice is given of day and hour when he will be at his office to vaccinate, and a large attendance is certain.

I had been wondering all breakfast time at the amount of style in the way of bright colors and brown babies in the garden, and when we went down to the office rooms, there were about a dozen women, as many babies and two or three men waiting for the performance. Some spoke Hindustani, and "Salaam, sahib," greeted us from them; some Spanish, and "Buenos dias" was their salute; but what the rest said I could not make out. Every mother was dressed in all the finery she owned, with neck, arms and ankles decorated with strings of coins, having solid silver collars and bracelets of the same metal, bangles they call them, up to the elbows. And the babies were small copies of their mothers, lacking a few bangles and collars.

As they were presented and deftly scratched, the doctor handed each her certificate, with an injunction in her own language to keep it carefully. One must be polyglot in Trinidad, unless of very tender age, when we all talk the same language, and these little tots, as neat and spotless of attire as if they were rich men's heirs, cried lustily in the same perfectly intelligible tongue.

Every one waited patiently her turn, and the bright interested faces were anything but servile in expression, while all were perfectly respectful. Evidently, the good doctor was their friend.

It is a Roman Catholic town; and I climbed up Mount Calvary, with its stations marked by crosses, where upon Good Friday each worshipper on his way to the chapel above stops to pray. Over it all hangs a Spanish atmosphere, and but for the railway near and modern dress, one of three hundred years ago.

Leading a few miles out from St. Joseph there is a white road, like that to Blue Basin, that looks exactly as if copied from a Madras suburb, with bare-legged, white turbaned Hindus in flowing kapras, stalking solemnly along, turning neither to the right nor left as the sahib's carriage rolled by. Behind a hedge of tropical thorny plants a jungle of cane-field stretched for miles away, and in its thick recesses one might easily fancy elephants and hiding tigers. Thatch-covered huts of Indian construction make little villages now and then, and in front of them, in the shade of small palms, naked, bangled children play at games unknown away from Hindostan. Graceful, handsome women, with clear-cut features and dignified manners, are here in numbers, dressed in national garb of white, with head covering that also conceals the shoulders, of brightest red. Some balance brass vases, that have come from Farther India, on their heads, and swing along with easy, strong gait that marks robust health.

The sun shone hot upon the white road, and my pocket thermometer registered eighty-five degrees; yet a steady breeze drove discomfort away, and comfortable content reigned everywhere. Among all these people, not one held out a hand for



COOLIE WOMAN OF TRINIDAD.

alms, and indeed, a beggar is a rarity. They are carefully protected, and their interests sedulously looked after by a special officer, Mr. Mitchell, who is entitled Protector of Immigrants, appointed by the home government upon recommendation of the Governor. In every way these coolies are superior to blacks as laborers, and at the expiration of their terms of contract, often settle in their new homes, where they become wealthy and respected citizens.

At Tunapuna there is a pretty little Presbyterian Church, in charge of the Rev. John Morton, who is a representative of the Canada Presbyterian Mission, and one of that band of devoted Christians who carry into far lands the beliefs and hopes of our religion. He went to Trinidad many years ago as a visitor, and finding a most eligible field for mission work, brought his family out to assist him. Before long he had acquired the Indian tongues, and is now possessed of wide-spread influence amongst the coolies, to whom he has proven a faithful friend. Ably seconded by his wife and family and other ministers of the mission, he has established native Chris-

ligion of Christ and for material advance in civilization.

One of the prettiest excursions in the island is a visit to the famous Maraccas Valley and its cascade, which requires, however, some preparation in the way of horses. Starting from St. Joseph by carriage, the road wound in and out of rocky passes up the valley, becoming more rugged and difficult with every mile, and coming to an end at the cocoa estate of La Florida. Before arriving there, we had forded the Maraccas River, a dancing, pellucid mountain stream, no less than seven times; the scenery and vegetation growing more and more beautiful as we advanced. At one point where the river ran still for a little

way, grew a great tree-fern, of which I made a photograph. It was some thirty feet high, with a trunk a foot in diameter, and long fronds of golden green, whose tracery was as delicate and perfect as that of any of its little Northern sisters that grow by New



tian churches at Tunapuna, San Fernando, Couva and Prince's Town, with three hundred and seventy-one communicants in good standing, and also thirty-three schools, with a daily average attendance of twelve hundred and sixty-nine children.



ALMAND WALK AND THE HINDU SUBURB.

Mr. Morton lives in a pretty house near the chapel, and it would be difficult to find a happier, more contented family than his, although far from relatives and native land. It is to such men and women in all countries and times that the world is indebted for progress in the re-

England shady waysides, and was one of the loveliest plants that I saw among a garden of beautiful vegetation. Palms and samans, azaleas and cannas grew wild, with luxuriance and beauty peculiar to Trinidad, and almost every tree was ornamented with rare and valuable

orchids. Of the latter, I counted sixty varieties in the valley.

At the cocoa estate, we mounted waiting horses and proceeded to the cascade a couple of miles farther on, with an encounter by the way. I had been talking to Mr. Johnstone about snakes, and learned that there were two varieties of poisonous ones, a bite from either of which was surely and instantly fatal, and that they were belligerent enough to attack any one they met in the road. "If I should meet," said he, "a matapire, I would abandon my horse and run for it. Probably he would not follow me far, and that would be my best chance. It would be too risky to attempt fighting him without a gun, for he can spring a long distance and a scratch would finish any man in short order."

Within ten minutes, I heard a rustling on the steep road-side, and saw an immense snake making frantic endeavor to climb up the hill. He was striped brown and gold, had a vicious looking eye, and was at least ten feet long.

Preparing for a jump, I called to Johnstone, just ahead, to look quick, and to my very considerable relief, he sat quietly watching the beast wriggle up and slide back again, and said, "Never mind, doctor, that is only a cribo; he won't hurt you." But I confess that I felt easier when his snakeship finally succeeded in reaching his hole and crawling in out of sight.

Beside the matapire, the coral snake, a pretty fellow with coat of deep scarlet, is the only dangerous one; but both must be rare; for in all my wanderings about the island, I never saw one. Indeed, the aforesaid cribo was my sole snaky acquaintance in Trinidad and no further introductions were requested.

From several points along the way we caught glimpses of the great cascade, but were so sufficiently occupied in keeping the horses straight upon the steep slippery road, and in watching color effects on the hill-side across the ravine, that its full beauty came upon us unprepared.

They sought it where the mountain brook
Its swift way to the valley took :
Along the rugged rocks they clomb,
Their guide a thread of sound and foam.
Height after height they slowly won :
The fiery javelins of the sun
Smote the bare ledge; the tangled shade
With rock and vine their steps delayed.

A sudden turn revealed a deep valley closed by towering cliffs; every face wreathed by clinging vines, flowering orchids and parasitic plants. Its pavement was of rough boulders in such confusion as is made by an earthquake, amongst which trickled pure water from many springs, and across the vale, falling sheer from the brink of the upper rock, a column of foamy water fell noiselessly three hundred feet to where we were standing.

Swaying to and fro with every passing air current, its lace shone with many colors where sunbeams caught it, or grew white against black background as clouds obscured the light. Like the Staubbach, it fell at last in dust, whose cool atoms struck our faces in a refreshing rain, or were driven hundreds of feet away with the changing breezes; and in humor a frisky sprite, it wandered at its own sweet will up and down the pass. At times a considerable cascade, the many dry weeks of summer had dwindled it to a mere thread waving in the air, a ladder for Undines to climb the cliff upon, at which we gazed with delighted eyes.

Next to Port of Spain, San Fernando is the largest city in Trinidad, and in some respects is even more interesting than the capital in certain of the older portions. My first visit to the old town was upon the occasion of the second annual exposition of the Naparima Agricultural Society.

His Excellency the Governor had sent me an invitation to accompany himself and party thither, and we left the station at about eleven for a run of forty miles by special train.

There are few more genial hosts than Sir William, and the little journey gave a clear idea of the parts through which the line goes, aided by a series of running commentaries from the other gentlemen, to whose courtesy I am indebted for many facts. For about half the way, the scenery remains mountainous, and neat stations have plenty of shade, for this is Arima, the well-watered—and there was little new to note.

After that, the hills levelled down to a pretty rolling prairie, with evidences of recent changes on every hand, showing that this portion of the island is of subsequent formation to the northern coast.

Views of the Gulf of Paria glistened more and more frequently through forest vistas until we emerged upon the beach beyond California station and were shortly afterward in San Fernando.

Here the party was welcomed by Mr. Mayor Guppy, as well known in the island as the governor himself, and driven to his pretty home on the hill for luncheon. Mr. Guppy is a naturalist, among his many other acquirements, and has a number of curious native animals in cages. Here was a lapp, a sort of cross between a hog and a racoon, at least in appearance, a beast of peculiar ugliness and succulent flesh; a peccary, and several other animals whose names are gone, all in very comfortable quarters amongst fragrant flowers and shining croton leaves, where they seemed utterly out of place.

The exposition was a revelation. During the voyage down I had been reading Mr. Froude's book upon the West Indies, and from his dismal accounts half expected to see this colony in a very bad way indeed. But after finding Barbados prospering in spite of Mr. Froude, with no evidences of relapse into barbarism perceptible, I lost faith in his prophecies; and when I learned that his acquaintance with matters and things was acquired in a single day at Barbados and three days at Trinidad, with no other personal knowledge whatever of the islands or their capabilities, his statements grew to bear the impress of previous and advised preparation. Indeed, a second careful reading gave me the idea that they were suggested by a Gladstonian desire to attack colonial systems everywhere and thus aid home rule in Ireland. At least, that is the sole value that the volume possesses for an unbiased traveler, who sees in it so many misstatements of facts that conclusions drawn therefrom are set down as unreliable.

Instead of seeing a weakened government with lessening income over a colony that was lapsing into decay, I found an admirable system of rule well administered by a firm hand, and a country whose great natural resources were being steadily developed and increased by a contented people whose number is greater every year.

The Blue Book, dated 30th of June, 1887—the last issue—gives an increased

revenue over the previous year of over \$100,000, with two thousand dollars less expenditure, and the Governor uses these words in closing his official report to the Crown:

"Generally the statistics comprised in the Blue Book under review furnish, I submit, indisputable evidence of the number and capabilities of the resources of this beautiful island, and establish the soundness of its financial position."

There does not seem much room for argument, once both sides are heard.

This San Fernando Exposition, held in a neat building erected for the purpose, and attended by thousands of interested citizens, closely resembled our own county and State fairs. Not only were there many varieties of cocoa, coffee, tobacco, cigars; sugars, molasses, spirits, asphalt and timber, but the exhibit included many and excellent specimens of home industry, showing that it was essentially a popular affair, aided and approved by all classes, and steadily growing in popular favor, something that could not obtain with an enfeebled, decaying race. From the expressions used by prominent citizens, I should judge that Mr. Froude's career as a historian of the Windward Islands is likely to have arrived at a timely end.

Of the many other delightful excursions about Trinidad that are enjoyable, there is only space to speak of one, which is, however, the most curious and interesting of them all.

Leaving Port of Spain, one evening, we steamed down the gulf in a stumpy little boat to San Fernando, and took up our night's quarters in a quaint hotel overhanging the sea, kept by a colored woman, who was herself a curiosity. We were introduced with much ceremony by Mr. Johnstone, and Mrs. Glasson promptly told us how much better off we were under her wing than in the other hotel. "It is kept by a mizzable nigga, sah. I keeps hotel for de superiorities, sah, and dat ar man for de inferiorities." With which compliment she proceeded to serve a dubious dinner, hovering about us all the time like a hen looking after her chickens.

Up betimes in the morning and off again by the "Arthur" for La Brea, where we arrived at ten o'clock, after a



QUARRYING PITCH.

rough encounter with surf that beats in there in an emphatic way, and the

first step on landing was upon a beach of pitch. Sand and rocks and earth were absent; only shining black pitch was visible everywhere. A pleasant odor of asphalt filled the air around, barrels full of it stood in rows farther up the slope, and away through the little village wound a road leading to the famous lake, whose surface was smooth and hard; a natural asphalt pavement, kept in constant repair by a tropical sun. Boats were made fast to pins sunk in the pitch, or were drawn up on shore in a row awaiting employment, loading vessels with the valuable material. There is no scenery, trees are scarce near the landing, and a number of smoking chimneys emphasize the fact that a tourist's business here is the pitch lake only. So, for that matter, is every one's else.

We were taken care of by Mr. Diefenthaler, who gave us a good breakfast, and showed us afterwards a handsome service of plate sent him by the officers of the United States training squadron, in

grateful remembrance of his heroic action in saving a good part of the officers and men from two of their boats which had been capsized near La Brea, in one of those squalls that arise so suddenly in these latitudes.

It is over a mile from the village to the lake, and the midday sun reflected from a black road unprotected by trees, was very hot. Still, a steady breeze made the temperature bearable, and we rode out on the lake, where I set up my camera and secured a number of negatives, which give a clear idea of this wonderful natural curiosity. It is called a lake only by courtesy.

Right and left, a flat surface extends over forty acres of space, dull black in color and intersected every few rods by gullies or fissures whose sides fall in to a point four or five feet down, filled with sweet water, slightly flavored with asphalt. Here and there a few scrawny bushes mark where a little soil has been blown into a fissure and given them a

chance to cling, and a pole or two, half sunken, is a guide to forgotten excavations. There are no birds, no fishes in the water, and the whole scene is singularly desolate and uninviting.

Near the edges, the pitch is so hard as to fracture with a blow, will support carts that carry it away and feels as firm as a rock under foot. Yet it is possessed of a singular quality. If a heap of fragments is piled up, it slowly levels down flat again; and a great hole left by workmen engaged in quarrying it for removal, gradually fills until no trace is visible of the depression. Where my camera stood was apparently quite solid, but the short time needed to make two or three exposures proved sufficient for the tripod to make half-inch deep holes beneath its weight where the feet had rested.

Toward the center of the lake, this mobility increased until it assumed visible speed, seeming to advance toward the middle with a motion like that of a land-slide—slow, steady and gliding. Here the pitch grew so soft as to be perceptibly liquid and hot enough to char paper, yet devoid of adhesive quality. A stick thrust into the mass was withdrawn without any pitch adherent to it, and a ball could be moulded in the hands that remained quite undefiled.

The amount exported last year was about thirty-six thousand tons, without the smallest apparent diminution of quantity, and it may well prove what it appears to be, an inexhaustible source of future supply and of income to the colony.

From the lake a lovely road brought us back to the village, winding between the richest display of tropical verdure I had ever seen, a natural pavement through a natural park. Wonderful

orchids blossomed on wonderful trees. gaily painted birds fluttered amongst wild flowers of gorgeous hues and unknown names, and clear brooks of sweet water wound their way down to the near sea between banks whose dark brown color told of pitchy origin; and when we emerged from those thick recesses upon the beach, our horses' feet sounded hollow as they swiftly trod a shore that was of the same material.

Even under the sea it still exists, and possibly forms ocean's bed across to Venezuela, upon whose shores, only a few miles away, similar deposits of like nature occur. The Indians had a pretty legend of its origin:

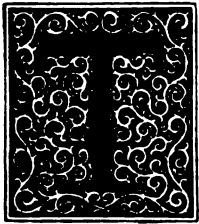
Ages ago the place where is now the lake, was land of such marvellous fertility in yield of pine-apples, that it was chosen by the Chaima tribe for their home. Actuated by some evil spirit, they began to kill the pretty humming-birds ("iere" in their musical tongue) although they knew them to hold in shining coats of feathers their ancestors' spirits; and the Great Father, enraged at such impiety, sank their town and its people in a single night, replacing it with this monument of asphalt as a warning to future sinners.

With this imperfect sketch of the Island of the Trinity, my readers must rest content; a magazine article will not permit more. If it shall give an impetus in that direction to any tourist or seeker after health who has not marked out a path for another winter holiday, it will have fulfilled part of its *raison d'être*; and in conclusion, I can heartily say that of all sunny islands of the south, there is none whose perfect beauty, whose wonderful healthfulness and whose courteous, cordial inhabitants make a more attractive winter home.



THE FIRST CAPITAL OF KANSAS.

BY R. V. HADDEN.



HE traveler by the Union Pacific Railway who crosses the State of Kansas sees, not far from Fort Riley, and a little more than a hundred miles from the Missouri State line,

the ruins of a stone structure standing alone on the hillside which slopes to the Kansas River. Around this ruin are green hills; and glimpses of fertile valleys in the neighborhood, as the train rolls on, give some idea of the beauty of the surrounding country. The building which stands thus isolated on the hillside is an historical monument. It is all that remains of the city of Pawnee, the first capital of Kansas.

There are, perhaps, not many living who, like myself, are familiar with all the brief history of Pawnee. Its life was not long, but it saw some stirring scenes. On its soil took place a memorable encounter in the war between slavery and freedom, in which for the time slavery was worsted. My tender age prevented my being an actual witness of all that encounter; but I heard so much about it from those nearest and dearest to me, that it seems to me as though every incident of the contest must have passed before my eyes. I was a girl but eight years old when my parents took me to Pawnee. But my father and an uncle who accompanied us were animated by a love of freedom, nor was my mother one whit behind them. They were bent on Kansas being a free State, and to assist in that holy work they thought no efforts nor privations too great. We children heard nothing else talked about. It was the atmosphere in which we lived and breathed. We shared the enthusiasm and apprehensions of our elders. "Missourians" and "Georgians" were names that struck terror to every child's heart. I thought no greater ill could befall me than a visit from them. They appeared to my imagination, hideous monsters to

be feared. And such was not the feeling of children alone, for many grown persons were scarcely more courageous when a visit was expected from the bloodthirsty supporters of slavery. The scenes of those days made an indelible impression on my mind, and after the lapse of more than thirty years I still vividly recall the exciting events when at times it was uncertain whether life or death would be our portion.

My parents were among the earliest emigrants to Pawnee. The city—for thus, in confident anticipation of its future, it was called—was but a short distance outside of the land reserved for Fort Riley. Through the town ran the military road, made and kept in repair by the United States, for transporting troops and supplies to the forts along the route. This was the only traveled highway in that part of the Territory. Near this road was the first house built on the town site, erected by a man named Knapp. The second house was built by two brothers named Clutz, who were warm friends of Governor Reeder. Those two houses were of logs. But a stone building, to be used as a store, was begun by one Wilson, sutler at Fort Riley. He never finished it, but nevertheless, rented it in its imperfect condition to a broker by the name of Garret, who there kept a store, which was much frequented by the Indians. For reasons to me unknown one of the brothers shot an Indian in broad daylight, and, jumping upon the murdered man's pony, hurried away, closely followed by members of the tribe. He evaded his pursuers near Oskaloosa, and escaped into Missouri.

The different tribes of Indians made Pawnee a general stopping place on their way to and from the hunting grounds, and sometimes camped there for weeks together.

As soon as it became generally known that Pawnee was to be the capital of the Territory, the tide of immigration began pouring in, and in less than six weeks hundreds of men had pitched their

tents, invested their money, and gone to work with a will. Business began in earnest.

Everywhere were seen shingles, artistically lettered in chalk or charcoal, each recommending the goods or talents of some one to the resident and traveling public.

All day long the cheerful sounds of the broadaxe and hammer were heard. Trees were felled, logs hewn, clapboards made, and house-raising parties dotted the land with sheltering places. Every hour there arrived new recruits, weary, hopeful wanderers, who had staked all to gain all. Some of them were accompanied by wives and young children; others had come alone to make a home for the wives and children they had left behind.

As these tired and worn travelers crossed Three-mile Creek, and rounding a little knoll, set their eyes for the first time on the lovely valley, in which Pawnee stood, it seemed to them a haven of delight, in which they would gladly pass the remainder of their days. As if by magic there sprang into existence a miniature city, full of life and full of hope.

Early in the spring of 1855 the government began work upon a building to be used as a Legislative Hall. Its dimensions were about thirty by fifty feet, two stories high, with one room above and one below. In the ruins, as they may be seen to-day, is a large hole in the top on the west side, and many suppose it to have been made by a cannon ball. But this is not so. This irregular opening was never filled-in, as the building was occupied before completion; it was used as a passage for carrying stone and mortar to the desired height.

The rough inside walls were unplastered, and presented quite a contrast with the comfortable rooms of the present body of Kansas lawmakers.

The floors were made of unplanned cottonwood, unnailed to joists; and when one end of a board was stepped upon the other would fly heavenward. The desks were plain, unpainted tables, of three by five feet, with boxes, nail-kegs, or any convenient article as seats. To be sure there were a few pine chairs, but the governor found his very uncomfortable before he was through presiding over that hot-headed, rabid assembly.

Near the Capitol building stood the house of Governor Reeder, a large two-story roomy mansion—a mansion it was called—for thus it appeared to many a tent-covered dame. To be sure it was built of logs, but these logs were the largest, longest and smoothest in all the region round about. The military road divided these two public houses, the Governor's home and Legislative Hall.

The Capitol building was fast assuming its desired proportions, but those in charge feared the day set for the Legislature to meet would find the Hall unfit for occupancy. Every available man was pressed into service, working early and late, for in those days we heard not of eight hours, nor of ten, but the hours of labor were from early dawn till darkness.

The great issue of the day was thoroughly discussed; high-sounding and ill-flavored words were hurled at opposing parties, and an occasional set-to resulted in tired muscles, black eyes and broken noses. Still all these were only the fore-runners of the disturbances that were to take place when the Government officials came to assume command, and the Capitol was in possession of fraudulently elected legislators.

Great curiosity was evinced to see the Governor and staff, as was but natural. Yet a still greater interest was felt about the work they were coming to do. Conjectures were made, opinions expressed, but no one guessed *they would do nothing*.

Nearer and nearer drew the day for the Legislature to meet, and still the building was not ready for them. It was hurry from morning till night, and the end seemed yet far off.

On a certain Saturday evening it became evident to the contractors that Sunday work would have to be done on the morrow, or the hall be without floors for the Legislature.

Pawnee, though on the frontier, was a Sunday-keeping community, and some hesitation was felt about continuing the work on the next day. The completion of the hall, however, was felt to be an act of necessity, and the workmen did not intermit their labors on the Sunday which followed. But this Sunday work had a ludicrous result. When the Missouri ruffians who had elected them-

selves members of the Legislature arrived in Pawnee and heard what had been done, they immediately became very pious, and held up their hands in holy horror at the profanation of the sacred day. "Why," said one of them after the Legislature assembled, "did not the Almighty slay these wicked men in the midst of their infamous work?" "Why, O Lord," said another, "dost Thou withhold Thy vengeance?" They put it forth as a good reason for abandoning the building and adjourning to Shawnee Mission. One fiery advocate of slavery who came to Pawnee attended by his slaves, and threatened the lives of those who wanted to make Kansas a free State, said, in the course of a lengthy speech: "No good law could ever be enacted within the four walls that had witnessed such desecration." Then looking around as though he really feared that some awful judgment was about to fall on those present, he roared out, "Gentlemen, break not God's commandments."

The Governor and Representatives were the guests of the city of Pawnee. People came in from adjoining claims, and work was generally suspended. Excitement ran high, the men hardly taking time for sleep or nourishment. The resident portion of the population was in favor of free-State principles, while the visiting law-makers were never tired of expressing themselves for slavery, and came armed to the teeth to enforce slave laws.

These visitors brought with them their tents and camping outfits, for hotel accommodations were scarce in that new-made city. They also had their slaves to wait upon them, and were given to contemptuously snubbing those not thus provided with the necessities of life.

The majority of them were aware of their exalted position, and acted well their part.

And so the two great parties met, free-State and pro-slavery, with the former far in the minority. Had it not been for Governor Reeder's inborn sense of honor, of right and of justice, this little handful of men could not have had even an opportunity to express their views.

S. D. Houston, Representative from Riley County, was the only active free-State man on the floor.

The pro-slavery party had the controlling power, and passed measure upon measure over the Governor's veto.

The question of adjourning to Shawnee Mission became the absorbing topic. The overwhelming free-State element that predominated at Pawnee would act as a check on their work—the work they came determined to do. They were surrounded by antagonistic influences, and these they would have to change, for they feared the consequences.

Governor Reeder used every effort to prevent the adjournment, but within a week they passed over his veto a resolution adjourning to Shawnee Mission, and thither they went at once, where they were only four miles from Westport in Missouri.

During the week the Legislature was in session occurred the first and only Fourth of July ever celebrated in Pawnee. The celebration was of such a tempestuous nature that no inhabitant of that city ever desired to see another celebration of the day.

When the Capitol building was abandoned, when all was quiet within the walls that had so recently echoed with loud dissensions, curious parties entered the sacred precincts and investigated the interior. The rough door swung back upon its iron hinges, displaying to the intruders a room full of confusion and disorder.

Everything appeared as though the inmates had hastily gathered together their most valuable belongings, and departed with all possible speed. Torn pamphlets, scraps of papers, and rubbish of all descriptions were scattered about. A careful scrutiny of these bits of tell-tale articles, resulted in the astounding revelation, that a majority of that first body of law-makers could not write, but made their marks opposite their names.

During Governor Reeder's stay in Pawnee, his course of conduct was of such a nature as to endear him to the citizens; and it was with regret, deep and lasting, that they bade this truly conscientious man farewell.

He afterwards visited the place, and was ever received with honor and respect.

But with the pro-slavery party he proved to be anything but a favorite, and when it became necessary for him to flee from the Territory it was as a disguised woodchopper. Aboard a Missouri River steamer, at Jefferson, he sat complacently on his saw-horse, watching the angry scouting party searching the vessel for him. Although giving no outward signs of his inward feelings, he must have had many misgivings as to the success of his plans for escape.

News came slowly back of the doings of the Legislature at Shawnee Mission, but not until the passing of the "Missouri Code of Laws," did the people become thoroughly aroused. Not till then, did they understand the trouble that was in store for them.

They said, "Not while our tongues are left in our heads, not while we breathe the free breath of heaven, will we cease to exert our influence for right. Let them fine, imprison or kill us; we fear none of them."

When the Capitol building could no longer be called such, when it was abandoned by those for whom it was built, all movable articles were taken to the upper story and stored away. The lower story was then occupied jointly as a carpenter shop and a lodging-place for the transient public.

The upper story was used as a dwelling by Mr. Morris, one-half being partitioned off for a bachelors' club. The clubroom was often the scene of hilarious meetings. Mock Legislatures were held, and the members, supposing themselves taking part in realities, and imagining opposing foes, threw whatever came first, hitting whom it may, and the morning found the ground below covered with broken glass-bottles, and all the movable furniture the room contained.

Mr. Morris shortly after taking possession, received an injury, that resulted in dislocating his hip, and until forced to leave at the point of the bayonet, was strapped upon a mattress laid upon tables used by the Legislature. Probably this was the best use that was ever made of them, at least the most humane.

The Reverend Blood, Congregational, Rev. Charles Lovejoy, Methodist, Home Missionaries stationed at Manhattan,

alternated in holding religious services in the upper story at the earnest request of Mr. and Mrs. Morris. Ministers in those days combined some trade with their labors, in order to get the necessities of life. One of these divines cleared quite a profit from the products of his little dairy.

A man named Booth, with a slave, kept the ferry that afforded access to the beautiful valley across the river. He came to the place with quite a large sum of money, and as security against theft, hid it at the foot of a certain cotton-wood tree, but afterwards forgot which one. He spent days in digging, but all to no avail. No doubt the money is still there, long hidden from the eyes of man, and centuries hence may be unearthed, offering new food for the antiquarians.

In September, 1885, an election was held in the room occupied in July by the Legislature. Judges and those in control of the affair were scattered about at desks, with little attention to decorum or ceremony.

Excited men rushed hither and thither—the resident free-State portion being much incensed at the manner in which the whole affair was managed, but feeling powerless to prevent the influx of the illegal votes brought there by the pro-slavery party.

Two dollars a head were charged each vote, and the free-State voters refused to accede to this unjust demand, and held their election on another day: pro-slavery one day, free-State another.

My parents occupied the upper floor at this time, and the noise and confusion nearly frightened my mother to death. Her brother was with the mob, for this is what it was, and she feared harm might befall him, knowing that it was no secret that brother and husband were leaders in the free-State party. She sat upon the floor of her room, near the stair-landing, listening with breathless interest to every word.

I, too, felt within me, that all was not right, and crouched upon the steps, looking about over the crowd of excited men, trying to keep my eyes on my father and uncle, the former resting upon his crutches. Soon the crowd closed about them, and hearing their voices in angry

expostulation, and fearing, I know not what, I rushed down, and on through the throng, all unawares that I had caused a commotion. Men stopped, looked down on me, gave way for me to pass through, not knowing who I was, where I had come from, or where I was going. On I pressed until I grasped the hands of my uncle, and then realizing what I had done, begged for father and uncle to go away.

"Go to your mother," came as a command from the voice of my father; "this is no place for you."

One elderly man, pro-slavery by the way, said: "God bless the little girl; God bless all little girls," and in a low voice, full of home-sickness and love, said: "I have another at home." Another voice said: "Let her stay; we will do her no harm; her presence will do good." And so, perched upon a great hog'shead, I remained throughout, until darkness scattered each and every one.

So closely was the history of Fort Riley connected with that of the City of Pawnee in 1855, that I cannot speak of one without touching upon events connected with the other.

During the winter of '54 and '55, Major Montgomery, commander at the Fort, proved himself to be a true friend of humanity. To the starving settlers, who had located on adjoining claims and were driven hither and thither by savage tribes of Indians, he issued rations, and by his thoughtful generosity helped them in many ways.

His successor, Major Ogden, took command during the following summer. He came from Baltimore, leaving his family behind. During his short stay, he gained the love and respect of all over whom he was placed. Always kind and considerate, he soon gained complete control over his men. A word from him was the law of love.

A man from Cincinnati, by the name of Sawyer, had the contract for erecting barracks, stables, and other buildings at the Fort, and he sent to Cincinnati and St. Louis for mechanics.

The last reinforcement of workmen brought with them the cholera, which soon spread and became epidemic. Labor was entirely suspended, and those who did not fly from the dread

disease were employed as nurses, until they, too, were laid low.

Doctor Simms, the Fort surgeon, hurried away, leaving the poor unfortunates without medical assistance. The commander sent to Manhattan for a physician. Doctor Whitehorn answered the summons. He worked early and late, and to him is much gratitude due. He afterwards became Assistant Surgeon.

Chaplain Reynolds—who grew old in the Fort's service—sent his family away, but remained behind to work for the sick and soothe the pains of the dying. Mr. Wilson, the sutler, locked his store, put his family into an ambulance, jumping in afterwards, and hurried away.

Major Ogden went about among the death-stricken patients, never resting, but devoting every moment to caring for those who were beyond hope. He offered high wages to the citizens at large, as nurses, and even then sufficient help could not be had to dig graves for the decaying bodies. The dying men, in frantic efforts for relief, broke open the door of the sutler's store and carried out whiskey in hats, boots, or anything their hands could rest upon. The long, wide balconies that surround the barracks to-day, were then covered with the dying and the dead, who, no longer able to stand the stifling heat within, had crawled out upon these porches, hoping to find a breath of cool air, and there breathed their last.

Agonizing shrieks rent the air, and death groans were heard at every corner. Major Ogden never wearied nor lagged by the wayside, but all day long brushed the cold damp from the brows, and listened to the last messages of the dying.

One morning he felt himself within the grasp of the dread destroyer, and sending for a citizen who had become his able assistant in caring for the sick, to him Major Ogden confided his belief that his time was short, but enjoined secrecy as to his sickness, to avoid a panic among the men.

Towards noon he died. Those accustomed to seeing him on his hourly rounds of duty, missed him and begged to know the worst.

They reasoned, "Of a surety he must be dead, or our good commander would be with us."

Towards night the fact of his death could no longer be concealed. "Major Ogden dead!" passed from mouth to mouth, the last sentence many ever uttered.

All was confusion, not only at the Fort, but in Pawnee and the adjoining settlements. Everywhere were evidences of grief.

As darkness was approaching, Mr. Morris, with the assistance of Mr. Joseph Myer, lowered the body of Major Ogden into his grave. Those two men, who had done many noble deeds, were physically unable to endure another hour's work, so they went to their homes weary and sad of heart.

A modest monument was afterwards erected to the memory of Major Ogden upon a high knoll at Fort Riley.

But a hard fate was in store for Pawnee. The sturdy defence of freedom by its citizens had given much offense to the authorities at Washington. The town where such a manly struggle had been made for law and order, and which it was evident would become a rallying place for all who desired to see Kansas a free State was odious to the supporters of slavery. It was, therefore, determined to wipe Pawnee from the face of the earth. For bringing about that result there was ample legal machinery, and no delay was made in putting that machinery into operation.

In the original survey for Fort Riley, which had been accepted at headquarters at Washington, a tract three miles square had been laid out for the Fort Reservation. But now President Pierce ordered a new survey for the Reservation of ten miles square, which made the site of Pawnee and miles of the surrounding country Government property. Rumors of this new survey reached Pawnee as the summer was drawing to a close. The people resented this gross injustice, but they were powerless. Many had invested all they had in making improvements and preparing for another year.

One day in September, as evening was approaching, a squad of mounted troops rode into Pawnee. They came to give official notice that the site of Pawnee had been taken for the use of the Government and all of its citizens must vacate their homes on or before the tenth of October.

Many refused to listen to the grievous words of the officer in command and shut themselves in their dwellings. But this course availed them nothing. On every house and structure in the place was found next morning tacked to the door a placard headed "Proclamation," and signed "Franklin Pierce, President of the United States." The angry people, in their rage and despair, pulled down the placards, tore them into shreds and stamped upon them. But unfortunately that did not help the matter in the least.

On the next day the Quartermaster at the Fort made the lower story of the Capitol building a commissary department.

The officer in charge told Mr. Morris, who was still occupying the upper story, and was strapped to his bed with an injured leg, that he would hold him responsible for the goods beneath. This so enraged his friends, that they at once, although late at night, carried him and all his household goods to the vacant house of Governor Reeder.

The following morning found every man scouring the country for shelter for his family, or for the family of a friend. Some abandoned log huts were found, and these were soon taken possession of.

And so the days passed by.

The three weeks of grace were almost over, and the much dreaded tenth of October would soon be upon them, with all its possible horrors and attending miseries. The fall rains prevented much progress in the work of getting out logs and building houses; still every fair hour was made the most of.

The ninth of the month found many still in their homes, if homes these houses could now be called. But they reasoned, "Surely, we will not be turned out; leniency will be shown us, for we are a part of the Government."

What good were the vacant houses, except to be pulled down or burned? And yet the men who had built them, who had invested their hard-earned money in these rough sheltering places, were driven out, with no place to lay their heads, with no protection from the coming winter storms!

At midnight of the ninth, a few of the men feeling reckless, concluded to have some fun, even though to-morrow would be all sadness. Collecting tin

pans, cow bells and every article by which could be made a noise, they went to the house of a man named Knapp, and, at a given signal, commenced to play upon these musical instruments. Knapp had retired, feeling nervous about the morrow, and had but just fallen asleep when he was awakened by this unearthly noise. Without dressing, and but half awake, he quickly arose, and falling upon his knees, begged of "Angel Gabriel"—for this he supposed his visitor to be—"to let him alone until morning, and he would surely vacate."

The night of the tenth found a few families still in Pawnee. Sickness had prevented some from leaving, and utter impossibility to finish or get shelter kept the rest prisoners.

Then it was that the troops came down from the Fort, and committed the outrage of pulling the houses down over the people's heads. When Mr. Morris moved out of Governor Reeder's house, the families of Knapp and Mably moved in, as it afforded them better shelter.

The soldiers threw ropes around the upper story and pulled it over on the ground, causing the women and children to rush out into the cold, with only their night-clothes on.

Going to the house of Mr. Dixon, the soldiers found him away. Mrs. Dixon was sick in bed with an infant three days old.

The soldiers were ordered to take hold of the mattress and carry her out on the prairie, just over the line of the Reservation. She begged and implored to be left alone, but it was useless. On Mr.

Dixon's return, he brought her back to her home. But the soldiers again finding her, took her out, setting fire to the house behind them. The little infant survived all this, and is a woman now.

So the supporters of slavery had their revenge, and Pawnee was in ruins, with but one whole house, and that the Capitol building. This was full of all kinds of provisions.

The people who had staked their all in Pawnee were outcasts, living in holes in the ground, log huts and tents, with the cold, freezing weather upon them, with their children crying for bread, with their cattle dying about them. Can we find heart to condemn them, if the spirit of retaliation took possession of them?

One morning the officers at the Fort were informed that the Commissary at Pawnee had been pillaged, and all the stores of provisions were gone.

No one knew where these things had disappeared, and no one ever told.

Little by little the people carried away the boards, doors and windows, and used them in making their houses more comfortable. Some of those driven from Pawnee located just east of the Reservation, laid out a town and named it Ogden. The logs from Governor Reeder's house were hauled to Ogden, and converted into a house that can be seen to-day.

And thus it is that the stone building which stands not far from Fort Riley is all that is left of the City of Pawnee, the first Capital of Kansas.



AN INDIAN LOVE-SONG.

HIS winter home the bear forsakes,
The red deer swims the shining lakes,
Up foaming falls the salmon leaps,
The wild sheep halts on dizzy steeps,
The swans are northward flying.
With laughing voice the rivers run,
Their billows flashing in the sun:
It is the moon of sprouting grass,
A thousand warm sweet breezes pass,
Through lofty pine-tops sighing.

With bounding steps the antelope
Springs lightly down the mountain slope;
To verdant plains the bison hies,
The eagle mounts the morning skies,
And all the birds are mating.
With life and joy all things are bright,
Come forth, my love! my soul's delight,
Thy wigwam's folds throw wide apart,
For thee, oh dear and tender heart,
Thy lover true is waiting.

E. M. Allen.



A SUMMER EPISODE IN WASHINGTON.

BY ANNA VERNON DORSEY.

FASHION, which in most cities follows the "course of empire," has in Washington capriciously drifted northward, leaving the West End, between Pennsylvania avenue, with that air of gentility which is, in America, the result of the associations of more than one generation.

Here the houses, large, with gardens at the back and sides, are high upon grassy terraces, whence, looking southward between two rows of trees, one sees the river, bounded by the hills of Virginia.

In summer the sun blazes upon the asphalt pavement, upon the deserted streets, quiet save for the cries of the itinerant fruit-venders, and upon the blank walls of closed houses.

On a hot July day, in the cool and shady back parlor of No. 19—F street, sat three old ladies, the Misses Lauderdale, in petticoats and sacques.

A gentle breeze came in the long south windows, opening upon a porch, fanning their grey curls as they sat rocking and sewing.

Between the sisters there was a family likeness. Miss Jane's wrinkled face was softened by suffering; Miss Lyddy's was more negative in expression, while Miss Alice was the handsomest of four sisters, of whom the youngest, Miss Jo, a clerk in one of the Government departments, was the sole support.

Miss Alice, who had been a belle during the administration of Taylor, when she had refused many advantageous offers, was occupied in making for herself a gay gingham gown, with a twinge of conscience in indulging a love for youthful colors and styles.

Life-long intercourse is apt to engender an intimate knowledge of mutual thoughts and opinions which is not favorable to conversation. Little was said as the chairs kept a rhythmic rocking. From the street came the softened *recitativo* of the crab man: "Aint talkin' 'bout Dimmycrats—aint talkin' 'bout 'Publicans. Talkin' 'bout devil crabs!"

"I hear a carriage across the way," said Miss Lyddy, listening. "I expect

'tis Miss Townsend going for a drive with her beau."

She and Miss Alice stole into the parlor and, slanting the Venetian blinds, peered through them.

A moment later they resumed their seats.

"Don't you think he looked at her very tenderly?" said Miss Lyddy. "I declare it did me good to see them. Sister Alice, did you notice the way Miss Townsend had the lace fixed in her body, in a sort of pointed yoke? That would look very pretty on your gingham."

"Tchut, no! I'd look like an old goose," said Miss Alice, figuring the tempting effect to herself, notwithstanding.

The front door was opened by a latch-key.

"Jo's early," said Miss Jane. "It must be a half-holiday."

Into the room, peaceful with that repose which had been the lot of the sisters for years, and which they regarded as the precursor of a yet more peaceful change, entered an element of tragedy, in the person of a short, dark woman, who dropped into a chair wearily.

Her face was pallid with heat and emotion. Untying her bonnet with a quick movement, it fell to the floor, while she sat, her mouth twitching nervously with premonition of ill-news.

"It's come!" she said. "I've been discharged!"

There was an interval of appalled silence as the full significance of the blow struck them all. It had fallen at the worst time, when most of their friends were absent.

"This comes of being a slave to a government without gratitude!" Miss Jo rose and paced the room. "For twenty years I have slaved on a pittance. Our father fought for the country, and now, because we have no influence to bear, no powerful politician to support my interests, I am turned out like an old horse—to starve when I have wasted youth and strength in my drudgery. Heaven knows I did not mind it for your sakes, but it is hard—hard!"

"Bear it patiently," said Miss Jane. "God will provide!"

"Yes; but the Bible doesn't say that He will provide political influence, does it?" asked Miss Jo, sharply. "There is Miss Betts, in the same division, who sat at my desk, a mere chit of a girl, and because she has a friend in some Western Senator, she has been promoted to a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship to enable her to buy real Valenciennes edging for her wedding outfit. The truth is," she continued, bitterly, "that it is unnatural and wrong that all of us should be unmarried, with neither chick nor child to care whether we live or die."

Tears rose to Miss Lyddy's eyes; she considered this an unkindness to Miss Alice, who was the only one of them who had ever had a serious admirer. To her gentle nature there was no misfortune so cruel as that her sister should forget their habitual courtesy and affection toward each other.

Miss Alice mechanically folded up the unfinished dress, the glaring colors of which were offensive to her now, laid it in a drawer of the bureau, and walked beside Miss Jane, who was looking very weak, the excitement telling on her feeble frame.

"My dear Jo," she said, "let us face the matter quietly, and see what can be done. We will have demands enough in the future upon our tempers and strength. Is there no one in town to whom you can apply?"

"No one at all," answered Miss Jo, somewhat calmed and reproached by her elder sister's quiet manner. "We will have to wait until Congress opens and Senator Savage comes back. Four months and four people to feed on nothing, God help us!"

"Not as bad as that. The house belongs to us, and we have the rent of Mrs. Chase's room, twenty-five dollars. There is no chance of selling the house now, even at a sacrifice, I suppose?"

"No, nor of renting rooms. People that are not going away can get houses to take care of for nothing. We must economize," said Miss Jo, hopelessly adding to herself, "on nothing," and looking at Miss Jane, whose delicate health required wines and nourishing food.

"The servant must go at once," said Miss Lyddy, "and we can live on potato soup. They say it is very nourishing."

"None of you are strong enough to work except me," said Miss Jo. "I will go out to-morrow and see if there is any chance of re-appointment or plain sewing to be had."

Miss Jane's lips moved in some silent aspiration. "I cannot live long," she thought, with a feeling of great calm, blaming herself for being a weight upon the "girls." "At least," she said aloud, "do not let us forget that we can pray."

The afternoon sun had sunk behind a neighboring wall and there was a dense shade in the room. A bird chirped among the vines, and the breeze cooler with the evening brought the perfume of honeysuckles from the porch.

The four quiet figures sat motionless, rapt in retrospection of far distant youth and forebodings of the future whose dark decline seemed to have begun in the increasing stillness and dusk.

* * * *

Agnes Townsend, in the intervals of being fitted for new costumes preparatory to leaving for the North, found several alleviations to the tedium and heat of the city from which most of her friends had flown. Many of the men of their set whose business still detained them in town dropped in after dusk, and in the cool of the mornings she and her younger sister, Natalie, drove around in their village cart. They were generally accompanied by Mr. de Silvio of the Brazilian legation, who was quite at their disposal at all times, being devoted to Natalie, who, though only seventeen and not yet "out" in society, was allowed during the summer the privileges of a young lady.

In the third story, where they held complete sway, it was very pleasant to throw open the suite of rooms and lounge in a hammock with a novel from the Library of Congress.

Agnes had been very fond of reading during her school days, and she was glad to be able to indulge a taste for which the season's round of gaieties left her no leisure.

One day, at luncheon, after she had just finished reading Kingsley's "Alton Locke," and was feeling the healthy glow of sentiment and promotion of the moral circulation resultant therefrom, her father looked up from his newspaper and said:

"I see among the list of those discharged yesterday from the departments the name of one of the old ladies across the street."

"What a pity," answered Mrs. Townsend, absorbed in a discussion with Natalie as to the purchase of a new parasol; "it is their only support, but I suppose they have a great many friends. You might have two lace covers for it," she continued, turning to Natalie.

"The lot of these persons in government employ is a very depressing one," said Mr. Townsend. "There is no reward for personal merit, and a man is apt to be turned adrift after a life of faithful service. If the government of this country ever falls out of the hands of stock-jobbing politicians into the power of the educated class we shall have a pension system which will embrace the department clerks who will hold office as a life tenure, dependent solely upon good conduct and efficiency."

He was a small, dark-bearded man who gave the impression of having employed several days upon attaining his majority in formulating opinions upon every subject in the universe, since when they had suffered no change.

Having delivered this oracularly, he retired from the rostrum behind the paper.

The conversation opened to Agnes new vistas into the life around her, which she had seen before purely from a standpoint of society.

Half of the indifference to the suffering surrounding us is the result not so much of unkindness of heart as of want of imagination. With our "mind's eye" turned inwardly, we are so bound in egoism that we fail to enter into the lives of others who thus appear mere automata—not actuated by the same feelings and emotions.

Her imagination once stimulated, Agnes began with interest and sympathy to notice the course of events in the opposite house.

One morning there were two signs at the window: "Rooms for Rent," and "For Sale; Inquire Within," the colored girl disappeared, and in the early mornings one of the old ladies would steal in with a little basket of provisions, which were no longer brought by the grocery wagon. The ice wagon also ceased stop-

ing, and at every meal Agnes thought with a twinge of conscience of what she earned was the meager portion of her grieved neighbors.

Like most girls with good impulses he had passed through a period when he was persuaded that her vocation in life was to alleviate some of the misery of which she read.

Resolves to be a hospital nurse or a member of some religious community had vanished before the claims of her family and society; but she felt a recurrence of the desire to bring happiness into the lives of others when she saw night after night the dreary house, lit only at times by the solitary light of a candle or lamp, and guessed the silent tragedy of proud destitution that was being enacted within its dark walls.

She said nothing to anyone of what was passing in her mind, but after two weeks of increasing interest, she one day decided to go to see the old ladies, and find if there was any help she could give, making a bowl of wine jelly an excuse for the visit. This was placed on a waiter, and carried over by a footman whom she preceded.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when she rang the door-bell. The shutters were closed, and she had time to notice that the paint was off and the whole front needed repair, before the door was opened by Miss Alice.

"Isabelle has gone out, so I came just as I was," she explained, throwing open the parlor blinds. The impotent white lie was pitiful as a revelation of pride which would suffer any deprivations before making it known to the world.

"Mamma sent this to Miss Jane. How is she now?"

"It is so kind of you. Sister is not well to-day; the heat is very trying. I will take it to her," said Miss Alice.

Agnes had time to take in the room, the heavy square furniture, striped matting, the piano evidently never opened, dotted here and there as well as the etagère with bric-à-brac and valuable curios brought by their father, the Captain, from his travels. One or two handsome Chinese vases which she remembered, had disappeared and she suspected their sacrifice.

"I have brought you a rose," said

Miss Alice returning. "Sisters ask to be excused." She looked to Agnes thin and tired, but her manner was as full of gentle dignity as ever, and her interest as to their movements for the summer genuinely and unaffectedly kind.

"You will have such a pleasant summer, my dear," she said. "It is so good for you young people to enjoy yourselves. Age and sorrow come soon enough."

Agnes felt ill at ease at the current of suppressed trouble underlying the conversation, and because of her inability to break through the conventional manner which had become habitual, and express the sympathy she felt.

She had risen to leave when Miss Jo entered. "Good evening," she said. "Sister, Mrs. Chase has given up her room. She is going to the country."

Miss Alice sank into a chair, and a moment later said with a plaintive half-smile:

"Miss Townsend, you must excuse these family affairs for we are in great trouble; my sister has lost her office."

"I know," said Agnes, relieved of her burden of constraint. "I am very sorry. Is there anything I can do to be of assistance?"

"Nothing," said Miss Jo, unless you hear of some one who wants plain sewing done or to rent a room or buy a house. Child, listen to an old woman: You are rich now but if you are ever thrown on the world do any thing honest before you go into a government office. Marry some good, kind man even if he is n't romantic. Look at me, after twenty years of hard service when I am no longer able to learn any other business, turned off without the warning they give to servants." Once started she told the whole story.

"Why do you not go to the Secretary? He is very kind and polite!" asked Agnes. "I received with his daughter once or twice last winter, and he is a perfect gentleman. Surely there never was such a hard case as yours."

"Oh, my dear," answered Miss Jo, wearily, "there are hundreds of the same kind. We have no better claim than many. It is next to impossible to see the Secretary without a lot of red-tape preliminaries, and even if I did there would

be nothing to urge except our necessities. I remember having heard a speech of his to the effect that it was wrong to use public office as a means of dispensing private charities."

Hedged in by difficulties of which, in her circumscribed life, she had not suspected the existence, Agnes felt miserably baffled.

"There is little that a woman when she is old and ugly can effect," said Miss Alice humbly. "If I were as young and pretty as you are—as I once was—my pleadings might have weight. But now—"

Agnes bade them good-bye apologetically with a feeling of shame at their gratitude for such a trifling service, and, what seemed to herself, her selfishness in leaving sad, worn old people to face a dreary future while she went back to an idle existence of pleasure.

At intervals during the rest of the day Miss Alice's words recurred to her with the persistency of an agreeable truth: "If I was as young and pretty as you are." It even seemed to her that they carried some other meaning, a suggestion that she herself might go to the Secretary, which seemed a Quixotic and impossible idea, a thing so much out of the common run as to stamp her as eccentric and peculiar. In the evening Mr. de Silvio and two other gentlemen, one of them bringing his banjo, came to call, and between the music and gay talk she had quite forgotten the impression of the day before she went up-stairs, falling asleep amid a rhodomontade of nonsense from Natalie wafted from the adjoining room. She awoke with the sound of rising wind. Through the night which had weighed heavily with the stillness of intense heat, winds, meeting from all quarters, brought breaths of cool freshness. Rising, she went to the window and stood filled with awe and the sensation of one awakening from a long sleep.

The skies had darkened and masses of dim vapor floated through the blackness lit from the east by the upward glare of the city's lights in which the white shaft of the Washington monument towered like a ghostly index finger pointing upward to the irresistible elements.

It was past midnight. Houses loomed darkly against the sky, trees strained to and fro, and the clouds, as they shifted

rapidly overhead, revealed glimpses of abysmal blue where stars shone. When the heavens again became but a shadowy mystery through which an unseen force rushed she seemed to hear the sound of the shuttle of the Fates, weaving over the earth the destinies of mankind.

The night seemed to purify her soul with its cool breath, and she saw clearly her relations to the eternal and the capabilities for good which lay within her power and to which the whirl of gaiety that had absorbed her attention had blinded her. We live from day to day lost and deadened in a dream-world of routine and excitement until suddenly a flash of God's light strikes us, the world and ourselves become realities and the underlying purpose of our being is seen in its degradation of non-fulfillment.

Across the street a lamp burned in the third story and over it bent Miss Jo, sewing by the feeble light.

Agnes felt the closeness of their joint humanity, and the pathos of the woman sitting amid the silence of night and sleeping multitudes, wearily working to support those she loved. What better claim had she to lead an idle useless existence than thousands of others?

The rules and conventionalities which had bound her seemed petty and shameful; she determined to go to-morrow to see the Secretary, and, unknown to any one, to seize an opportunity for good which seldom fell to her power. Full of resolutions and plans for executing her design and happy in a wave of self-effacing emotion she lay awake while Miss Jo sewed on through the silent watches of the night.

* * * * *

The world looked clearer and fresher the next morning for a cool breeze blowing from the river. Agnes was in a state of suppressed excitement at the prospect of carrying out her design; fearful, knowing herself of old, that her unusual interest and courage would subside before the hour of its realization.

She had ordered the cart for four o'clock, and began her toilette at two amid a running fire of comment from Natalie, who was lying in the hammock, lazy and curious.

Arranging her hair, she was disgusted with her appearance. (As usual when she

wished to look particularly well, her face was colorless and her eyes small and heavy. She surveyed her image for a moment, made a grimace of disgust, and laid down the brush with a sigh. "Natalie, did you ever see such a monster of ugliness? Tell me, honestly, if I were not your sister and you met me, would you think me good-looking or not?"

Natalie straightened her slender dress and fixed her long, brown eyes seriously on Agnes' face:

"Do you want to know really and honestly the whole truth? Well my dear, I should say with my usual acuteness: Here is a girl, very stylish and aristocratic, pretty blonde hair and regular features, eyes grey and not very large, a pale face. Altogether a rather colorless person! Now, you are angry at the truth! What a change! Positively you are pretty. You need interest to make you alive. If I were like you I should stick pins in myself, anything to keep excited. In that new gown you look like a fashion plate. Go! Keep the rendezvous with the fascinating and mysterious stranger who will eventually prove to be a barber. Farewell!"

Agnes dismissed the groom, preferring to drive herself. Engrossed in rehearsing the speech which she fancied she would make to the Secretary she hardly felt the heat of the sun through her light parasol. She tried to recall her impression of him deduced from a conversation of half an hour at a reception, but could remember nothing except that he was a gentlemanly person who had paid her several compliments. These, however, must have been very subtle, for she could not remember the words.

She selected one of three little negroes on the curb-stone in front of the house to hold the horse, and rang the door-bell with an air of assumed bravado.

The white silk blinds in the front were drawn, and an air of absolute quiet foreboded that the Secretary had followed his family to Newport. There seemed a fatality against anything unusual occurring in her life. She was prepared to drive home again without having accomplished her mission, and experienced a feeling of relief when a subservient mulatto man informed her that the Sec-

retary was at home, took her card and ushered her into the drawing-room.

Here there was a subdued white glare from the top blinds, which were opened. The hangings had been taken down and the suite of three rooms extended in a half-lit vista of linen-covered furniture. She walked to the long mirror and surveyed her full-length figure critically.

Lights from above are very unbecoming. Without doubt her costume of ecru India silk, and white sailor hat, was distinguished and irreproachable, but the inevitable tournure at the back, the slender curve of her waist and a general air of being "washed out" depressed her. She felt that Natalie had been right, that she was like a fashion plate, and that it was impossible for so stereotyped a person to effect any change or influence.

With a sigh she sat down with her back to the light, hearing, with an actual fluttering of the heart, a foot-step in the hall.

The Secretary, large and portly with an iron-grey moustache, looked coolly composed in a seersucker suit. He had just come from the bath, had finished his dinner and held in his hand the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

He shook hands with her saying: "Miss Townsend, this is a delightful surprise. You have not left this 'deserted village' then? My family have flown and I am once more enjoying the privileges of bachelorhood."

"We are going to Bar Harbor, day after to-morrow," said Agnes. This was very different from what she had imagined and she was irritated that he had not more the air of a stern power to be conciliated. What she wished to say seemed out of place with the exchange of common-places.

"And in the meantime you find the city a dreary spot, like most young ladies, without Germans and receptions? Probably, however, there are 'mitigating circumstances.' Ha-ha!"

She felt positive contempt for a man, who, holding such a high position, involving almost power of life and death, over any number of dependants, could be so facetious and frivolous.

The Secretary was endeavoring to place her at ease, barely remembering

her as a rather pretty girl who was not remarkable for anything in particular.

He was a man of cultivated taste and it was pleasant, after the freshening medium of the bath to sit opposite her, cool, dainty and in tone with the room. He was curious as to the object of her visit, and amused at her embarrassment evinced in the stiffening of her shoulders and the suppressed mobility of her features.

"It is unutterably stupid," she said; "but one has time to read, which is impossible during the season, though the heat is fiendish."

There was a moment of embarrassing silence, during which a hand-organ began to grind "Sweet-Violets."

"Can I assist you in any way?" asked the Secretary, kindly.

"Yes—no. That is, I wished to tell you. There is a very sad case that I am sure you would be glad to know about. Four old ladies are dependent upon their sister, who has been employed under your department for twenty years. The other day she lost her office, and they have no other support. It is awfully sad. There was nothing they could do; so I thought, may be, you would help them."

Returning to the self-consciousness of her first season, she felt herself losing ground of earnestness in the obscuration of her real self under a mask of manner and society jargon she was powerless to prevent, resulting from a cowardice of the nerves.

His manner changed. There was a curious elevation of one side of the moustache, well known to his subordinates. Taking out a pencil and note-book, he said: "The name, please?"

"Miss Josephine Lauderdale, of Maryland."

"Thank you. I shall have the case investigated, and, if possible, restore her to office. It is very kind of you to take an interest in those old ladies. Why is it?" He began to look at her more attentively, and smiled approval.

Humiliated by the praise which seemed to place her mission in the light of ostentatious charity, she was conscious of talking to two people: to a middle-aged man, who, still wishing to please women, was deferentially complaisant, making

concessions which the official would not fulfil.

Rising and holding the back of the chair, she said:

"Ah! sir, if you only knew the hopelessness of these poor old ladies. They make no sign or sound; they are very proud, and so sweet and gentle to one another, though they suffer. What can they do? Miss Jo has worked faithfully, and there is nothing left them now but starvation, because they have no influence. You can prevent the injustice, and I felt sure you would if you knew."

Hundreds of such cases came before the Secretary; custom and policy had hardened him to petitions, most of which it was impossible for him to grant.

He noticed, however, the flush rising to her cheeks, and that her voice and bearing were fraught with a graceful eloquence and excitement.

He again took out his note-book. This time the official was dominant and in earnest.

"Miss Lauderdale, of Maryland," he said. "Who is her influence?"

"It was so long ago, I don't know. She has been in office all these years."

"There was a civil service examination ordered. She may have failed to pass that, or have lost time?"

"No; there had been no examination, and she has gone every day, rain or shine. You will have the power of giving such happiness. Oh! *please* give Miss Jo back her office!"

Forgetting herself, she made a natural gesture, clasping her hands, a tear at the world's injustice glittering on her cheek.

The tear settled the matter for the Secretary.

"She is positively lovely," he thought, and said aloud: "What is the address? Now, my dear Miss Townshend, rest easy; your friend shall have her office."

"I can never thank you enough."

"Oh, yes," he laughed. "Promise to talk to me for another half-hour sometime next winter, when you are surrounded by whipper-snappers. See how your gratitude will fade and become a bore."

She held out her hand to say good-bye, and he deferentially stooped and kissed it, helping her into the cart and standing on the steps as she drove off.

The sunlight was striking the house-tops as she drove down Connecticut avenue, and the sidewalks were filled with business men and clerks returning to their homes. The sky seemed bluer and brighter than before. She felt that people were looking at her and asking, "Who is that handsome girl?" She sat upright, holding the reins; gratified vanity and the knowledge of having performed a secret good act causing a pleasurable elation of superiority, which lasted all evening.

Three mornings after this, Miss Lyddy, answering the postman's ring, took with trembling hands a large envelope sealed officially and directed to Miss Josephine Lauderdale, and burst into the back room, where Miss Alice and Miss Jo were sitting. Miss Jo opened and read it while the others sat in suspense, watching every muscle of her face.

The hopeless sorrow of the aged is sadder than the wild despair of youth, which seeks relief in action. A change was visible on their features; an intangible

deepening of shadow and age. Friends had been kind in sending trifles, and there had been temporary relief in the shape of plain sewing, but suspense for the future had worked irretrievable ravages.

Miss Jo dropped the letter on the floor.

"Thank God!" she said, "I have been reappointed," flinging herself on the bed and hiding her face in her hands.

Miss Lyddy and Miss Alice looked at each other for a moment. Then Miss Alice, with a determined and disgusted air, pushed aside the coarse cotton skirt she was making for a colored woman, walked to the drawer and extracted a bundle of pink and blue gingham.

"Sister," she said, "I think I will make the yoke like Miss Townsend's."

But Miss Lyddy had hastened to impart the good news to Miss Jane, whose chair had been placed in the shade of the garden, where she sat with her hands folded, watching the swallows flying in and out of the shining ivy-leaves covering the brick wall.

WHERE BURGOYNE SURRENDERED.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

BY C. H. CRANDALL.

I.



RITONS never turn back," was the proud boast made by General John Burgoyne when, in 1777, he had fairly started on his campaign for the division and subjugation of the American colonies. Probably

the most momentous exception to the maxim that ever occurred was his own defeat, retreat and final surrender. The place where he turned his brave troops over to General Gates on October 17, 1777, is now marked by a massive and lofty monument, interesting in design and sculpture, and one of the most important of its kind in the country, marking, as

it does, the climax of the Revolutionary War. The memorial, begun in 1877, is now virtually completed; its three bronze statues of the leading American Generals and sixteen of the tablets designed to illustrate the interior are in place, and it needs only to be better known to become frequently visited. This work of art, of national character and interest, will soon be dedicated, with impressive ceremonies, on which occasion the President and Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, a specially-invited delegation from France, several Governors of States, prominent orators and deputations of military are expected to be present and participate.

The little village of Schuylerville, at the site of the monument, stretches along and under the heights on the western bank of the upper Hudson, where that stream separates the counties of Saratoga

and Washington. It lies twelve miles east of Saratoga Springs, and was called the village of Saratoga in Revolutionary days, but was afterward named in honor of its most illustrious citizen, General Philip Schuyler.

A busy trading mart of some two thousand inhabitants, it is not remarkable in a region noted for thriving villages, with wide shaded streets, handsome school-houses, churches and public buildings. The Champlain Canal winds a gleaming line between the village and the river, and as it stretches along the low, alluvial plain embodies the idea of Goldsmith's picturesque line:

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale.

The place may be reached from Saratoga Springs by a branch of the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western Railway, which follows the valley of Fish Creek, the extremely crooked stream that conveys the waters of Saratoga Lake to the Hudson. From other points of the compass the only means of access is by stage. Fort Edward, on the north, is the nearest point on the "D & H," while Mechanicville is the nearest railroad station on the south. As both points are located on the river it is only a question of a few years when a railway, passing through Schuylerville, will connect them. At Greenwich, five miles to the eastward, is another railroad affording connection with Troy.

Whatever the point of entry to the little town, one cannot well miss the sight of a tall, gray shaft, crowning the heights above, and looking in the distance not unlike the monument at Bunker Hill or the obelisk in Central Park.

Arrived at the monument, one finds a work of noble and elegant proportions, rich in sculptural effects and architectural ornament, and with an interior as attractive as the outside. But Nature presents a still more attractive invitation to the loiterer than the fine handiwork of the artist, and we leave the monument for a while to yield to the charm of the valley, the river and the distant hills and mountains.

The railroads whisk the tide of travel away from the upper Hudson at Troy and Mechanicville, and diverting it to Ballston or Saratoga on the west, or to Cambridge, Bennington, Greenwich, or Salem, on the

east, leave a long stretch of the river valley that is comparatively virgin soil to the pleasure-seeker. Rich in tradition and in beautiful scenery there is no reason why this region should not yield as fine a product to the artist, the poet, or the idler as the fertile bottom-lands do to the Dutch farmers. The Hudson, that a few miles below takes on itself the character of grandeur and noble usefulness of the dignified matron, here, above the reach of commerce, wears the enchanting charm of virginity. With scarce a ripple it winds around many an island crowned with sycamore, elm or alder; combs its silvery tresses in the overhanging willows, and holds with artless grace its gleaming mirror to reflect many a pretty bit of shore or island, Dutch-roofed homesteads or wild ravines.

As one recalls the experience which this valley underwent one hundred and eleven years ago, the panorama spread before us wears a new significance. The spires of Greenwich, the hamlets of Fort Miller Bridge and Clark's Mills, the fertile farms of Easton, across the river, even the silent mountains, cease to interest, except as they recall that earlier, wilder scene of conflict and triumph. As the mist rises from the river it seems to hide the commonplace aspects of to-day, even to blot out the hamlet at our feet; while the glamor of tradition and the light of imagination invest the scene with an interest that involuntarily quickens one's pulses.

What a glorious, natural trap it was into which Burgoyne marched his glittering columns! Here in this vast, natural amphitheatre, stretching fifty miles or more east and west, north and south, from the Green Mountains to the Kayaderosseras, from the Adirondacks and Lake George hills to the Mohawk and Catskills—suggesting, as some suppose it was, a great inland sea—what better place could there have been for a decisive rally and a decisive victory for Independence?

Had Burgoyne known or appreciated the temper of the colonists in this region, sons of the followers of Miles Standish or Roger Williams, as well as hardy Scotch or sturdy Dutch; had he known that the beacon-fires on Willard and Bald mountains could summon such an

array of farmer soldiers, he would not have talked lightly in the London clubs of "parading through America with ten thousand men." Even the encircling mountains seem to conspire to resist and to hem in an invader. The numerous wooded ravines, gullies and intervalles that line the upper Hudson offer admirable opportunities for successful defence, and retreat if necessary; while the high grounds back of the river afford great advantages for artillery and for flanking an enemy pursuing, as Burgoyne did, the low road along the river. These natural advantages, with the fact that the enemy's movements could be plainly watched from across the river, contributed greatly to the success of the Americans at the battles of Bemis Heights and Stillwater. Military students would find a suggestive subject in comparing the expedition of Burgoyne with Sherman's march to the sea. Both were undertaken to divide and subdue a rebellious country, while the main force of the enemy was watched by the chief commander. Certainly that region should be interesting to soldiers, which was not only the scene of momentous battles, but gave to the two great wars on this continent thousands of gallant soldiers and two such typi-

was a source of much pleasure to General Grant while he lingered on Mount McGregor, and one of his last excursions in his rolling chair was to the eastern outlook, where he could get a good view of the shaft.

For so important a battle-field, Saratoga was strangely neglected up to its centennial in 1877. While the lichens grew and the stone colored with age on the monuments at Bunker Hill and other Revolutionary battle-fields, Saratoga had scarce a rude tablet or inscription. The "old battle-ground," as it was called, was indeed a theme for old men to talk of occasionally, and its traditions were treasured with pride by the country folk around. Yet few made a special visit to the field, though born within sight of it, unless a long absence from the scene gave them new appreciation of its importance.

Sir Edward Creacy, in his historical work, ranks Saratoga in the fifteen most decisive battles of the world's history. George William Curtis, speaking on this spot, October 17, 1877, the centennial anniversary of the surrender, aptly defined its importance when he said: "The scattering volley on Lexington green swelled to the triumphant thunder of Saratoga, and the reverberation of Burgoyne's falling arms in New York shook those of Cornwallis in Virginia from his hands." Several incidents of the surrender and

battle mark the spot as peculiarly memorable. "Yankee Doodle," though written some years before, by an Englishman, was first played on this ground as an American martial air; it being suggested as a cheerful



THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

cally able, honest and high-minded officers as General Philip Schuyler and General George H. Thomas. To add to such an interest is the fact that the monument

tune for the paroled British army to march to, as they crossed the river en route for their point of embarkation at Boston. It was also on this ground that

the first regularly made silken American flag was unfurled in the army; the Stars and Stripes taking the honored place of the Cross of St. George in leading the van



GENERAL S. FRASER.

of civilization. Here English conquest, unbroken for hundreds of years, received the decree: "Thus far and no farther!" No wonder that "a fast-sailing vessel" (and it made a wondrously swift passage even for these days) was fitted out for France; that the messenger rushed breathless into the presence of Franklin and the other Commissioners at Passay; that France gave her alliance; that Washington's great heart was cheered, and Yorktown made the result a foregone conclusion!

Standing by the monument, the scene of the surrender, celebrated by Fitz-Greene Halleck as the "Field of the Grounded Arms," lies spread beneath us. As we look up the valley we may discern where the British army crossed the Hudson, September 13, a short distance below the Fort Miller Bridge Falls. The river widens just below the falls, forming Willis's Eddy, a popular fishing resort. Again contracting, it flows on, and is soon joined by the waters of the Batten Kill, or Ondawa Creek. The exact place of crossing is fixed at a point some

eighty rods northwest of the present residence of Mr. Yates Rogers. The latter, whose grandfather lived on the farm at the time and was a member of the militia, delights in showing visitors the entrenchments thrown up to cover the passage of the river. They are three hundred feet long and from four to six feet high, and are now covered with scrub pines. Within thirty years the wooden platforms, built for the British cannon, were visible behind the entrenchments. The Americans paid the British their compliments in the shape of a number of six-pound balls thrown across the river at this point. Persons now living have heard from the elder Mrs. Rogers's lips the story of her tactics during this bombardment. Alone in the house with her child, and having been warned by General Fraser, she improvised barricades of mattresses and feather beds and retired, it is presumed in good order, to the cellar as her safest stronghold. The British camp at this point—now Clark's Mills—was on a flat or intervale north of the sawmill. It is said that the fine crops still grown there are partly due to the location of the camp and the slaughter-pens of Burgoyne. The survey of a railroad from Schuylerville to Greenwich, by way of the Dionondehowa Falls, passes through the entrenchments. Directly opposite the monument the eye rests on the heights on the eastern bank of the Hudson, extending from what is known as the "Big Hill" to the "Hog's Back," near the Batten Kill, which were fortified and defended by General Fellows at the time of the surrender. Nearer, one gazes down on the village and the plain, the site of Fort Hardy, where the British stacked their arms, and on the Schuyler house and other old Dutch farm-houses.

The Marshall house, in the cellar of which the Baroness Riedesel found shelter during the American cannonade, still stands near the north end of the village. Eleven cannon-balls passed through it. One of them relieved the British surgeons of a task by carrying away the only remaining leg of a Sergeant Jones as he lay on the amputating table. These are but a few of the reminders of the campaign that still exist.

Many another, broad, Dutch-roofed manor-house that witnessed the advance of Burgoyne, is still standing in the valley of the upper Hudson. Sheltered by stately trees, time has dealt gently with them, flowing unheeded like the silent, glassy stream in front of their doors. How naturally the Dutch took to these low, rich alluvial flat-lands; so suggestive of the old Netherlands, even in their occasional overflow! There could be no more charming drive than the "river road" to-day. And as one passes under the long lines of poplars or willows an occasional glimpse may be caught of some damsel, leaning over a half-door, whose face Burgoyne might swear was the same that looked askance at him as he clattered past with his red-coat grenadiers!

The Bemis Heights battle-ground is about seven miles south of Schuylerville and nine miles south-east of Saratoga Springs; and will be found a most interesting and picturesque objective-point for a drive. In starting from Saratoga Springs, the tourist passes down Union Avenue to the lake, crosses the bridge and skirts the shore until are reached the ruins of the Cedar Bluff Hotel, where the road starts off easterly up the hill. After a winding and hilly drive, affording many fine views, he arrives at the Quaker Meeting-House. From here to the river the ground is all historic. Not far beyond it on the left one catches a glimpse of Breyman's Hill. Turning to the left, the first house on the right stands on the original clearing of Freeman's Farm. In the woods across the road still remains an old road made for Burgoyne's artillery. The sleepers of a bridge over the great ravine were also recently visible. Traces of breastworks even now mark Breyman's Hill and two tall pines wave over the "great redoubt," where Fraser was buried. The Neilson house, which was the headquarters of General Poor and Colonel Morgan, is still standing. In it Lady Acland found her wounded husband. Cannonballs, buckles, short German carbines, swords and other relics may still be found on the battle-ground or in the houses of neighboring farmers. One farmer re-

cently brought a load of wood to Schuylerville, in one stick of which were twelve grapeshot. Indeed, a farm-house within ten miles of the battle-ground may be considered poorly equipped if it has not an old Revolutionary cannon-ball on which to crack butternuts.

There are many advantageous points for overlooking the battle-field which extends on both sides of a ravine, brook and intervale or low flat, near the river, and stretches back in a large semi-circle that includes many low hills, bluffs, clearings and intersecting ravines and gullies. Nothing could be quieter and lack more in suggestion of combat as one stands to-day and looks over the field with the peaceful river as the key to the picture. Gazing over the extent of the battlefield, recently, a prominent officer of the Civil War said he was surprised that such comparatively small armies could have occupied such extended lines



J. C. MARKHAM.

and fought over so much ground. They must have moved with much celerity and frequently changed front.*

* Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, a granddaughter of Colonel Hardin, who served in Gates's army, has com-

It is interesting to note that the roads in the region of the battle-ground, as well as those leading towards Quaker Springs and Schuylerville, are largely the identical ones made by Burgoyne; and so one drives to-day in the tracks of his artillery. It is to the credit of his engineers that no one since has seen fit to change the direction of the roads they laid out.

II.

The natural features of the line of march and battle-field, as well as the sculptures in the monument, may be better appreciated and identified after reviewing the outlines of Burgoyne's expedition, the battles and surrender.

Burgoyne, himself, was an interesting figure. Handsome, brave and courteous, he had won honors from his king for his services in Portugal and a brilliant charge at Valencia d' Alcantara. Having witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill he had returned to England and was then the lion of London. When George III., in December, 1776, planned the three-fold campaign for the coming summer it is no wonder that the young hero of the hour was one of the leaders selected. Dropping his partly-written dramas, for he was an amateur in literature, he sailed for America with his gayly appareled and finely equipped soldiery. Even the London ladies looked on it as a holiday expedition, several of them accompanying it; and their judgment respecting the hardship and danger to be encountered was somewhat like the expectations of some foreign tourists of to-day who confidently hope to shoot grizzly bear in the suburbs of New York city. Arriving in Canada May 6, 1777, Burgoyne displaced Sir Guy Carleton, one of the ablest of British commanders. The plausible programme for the British operations for the year was for Burgoyne to fight his way up Lake Champlain and down the upper Hudson

to Albany; Sir Henry Clinton was to break through the river forts and so sweep the river from New York to Albany; while St. Leger, beginning at some point on Lake Ontario, was to devastate the Mohawk Valley and join the other two leaders. Ultimate success and a merry Christmas dinner at Albany, the Knickerbocker stronghold, were looked forward to as matters of course.

Lake Champlain will probably never see so brilliant a spectacle as this holiday expedition that lined her shores with a border of scarlet and gold. A fleet of bateaux, gunboats, and pinnaces propelled by expert Canadian boatmen, broke the peaceful lake into a million ripples, while martial music echoed from the green hills of Vermont and the rocky bluffs of the New York shore. At Willsborough, Vt., four hundred Indians in birchbark canoes, under St. Luc and de Langlade, added dusky wings to the martial regatta and spread terror among the settlers in their advance.

Crown Point, the old mason-work fortress, which Burgoyne occupied June 30, is still standing, though it is suffering from neglect. What exultation there was in Burgoyne's army and in Great Britain when Fort Ticonderoga, the scene of the gallant exploit of Ethan Allen—the patron saint of the region to this day—was captured without losing a man!

"I have beaten the Americans," shouted George III., as he rushed into his queen's boudoir.

As the steamboat of to-day stops at the wharf to transfer passengers at the "D. & H." R. R. junction, one can get a good view of Ticonderoga's venerable old stronghold with its cylindrical stone fortress. An old boatman is also ready to row people to the fort and to explain how "the Britishers got their cannon on that air sugar-loaf, Mount Defiance, and made it too hot for the Yankees to stay."

The night of July 6th saw St. Clair

plied a guide-book and maps to the battle-ground. As Chairman of the Committee on Tablets of the Monument Association, she has also had much to do with locating the stones erected on the battle-field. Among the places already marked are Breyman's Hill, the stone being given by General J. W. De Peyster; Morgan's Hill, by a stone erected by Mrs. Taylor, granddaughter of Colonel Morgan; Great Ravine, where Major Acland was wounded, the stone being erected by Mrs. Willoughby; on the river road, a stone for Colonel Hardin, erected by his great-grandson, General Martin D. Hardin, U. S. A. Other points to be seen are General Gates's headquarters, the old barn used

as a hospital; the foundations of the house where Madame Riedesel stayed and where Fraser died; the bass-wood tree, near which Fraser was shot, and the Ensign House, still standing, with a tall Dutch clock in it that ticked off the minutes to the British wounded as they paused there on the retreat, one mile above Wilbur's Basin.

It is proposed to mark a number of other sites. Lord Carnarvon has signified his intention to commemorate the exploit of his relative, Lady Acland, at the Dovogot House, and there has even been a suggestion that the British Government might some day erect a shaft over the grave of the gallant General Fraser.

and his garrison in full retreat from Ticonderoga and Mount Independence; while, as ill-luck would have it, a carelessly-fired building illuminated their departure and brought the British in hot pursuit. The extremely sharp engagement at Hubbardston resulted. Colonel Warner, with the rear-guard, stoutly resisted the best efforts of General Fraser and Major Acland, the latter being wounded. The poetic effect of this battle was greatly heightened by the battle-hymns that were sung, the Americans keeping step to the familiar hymns of their churches, while the Germans rolled forth their own national battle-song. Henceforward Burgoyne's path was to be reddened by blood as well as scarlet coats.

Leaving Lake George on one side, he unluckily chose the more difficult route and toiled on by way of Skenesborough (Whitehall) to Fort Edward over wood roads already obstructed or destroyed by the strategic Schuyler.*

Fort Anne, on July 8, kept up the succession of forts that fell, like a row of blocks when one is started, though there was a stout resistance. Here occurred Burgoyne's second blunder, when the long, weary expedition of Colonel Baum and his Brunswickers was started for Bennington. They struck, on August 16, by the Hoosic river, a solid wall of New England farmer militia, whose spirit was embodied in General Stark's immortal speech, in which he consigned Molly Stark to widowhood, rather than his cause to defeat. Colonel Breymann's relief party was used no

better on the banks of the Little White Creek, and fled back through the lovely Cambridge Valley. Burgoyne's first heavy shot had rebounded from the New



GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.

England hills against him. The sunrise of American Independence was already breaking above the Green Mountains.

Burgoyne, like the traditional Irishman, was fortunate in "having his laugh first."

* Ex-Congressman Henry G. Burleigh, of Whitehall, in a letter to the writer, says: "In breaking ground in this place for the water works, last summer, we came across some of the old corduroy road built by Burgoyne to transport his artillery from this place to Fort Edward. Burgoyne, while here, was the guest of Major Philip Skene, a British officer of note, and it was he who influenced the former to march direct to Fort Edward instead of returning to Ticonderoga and going through Lake George and by the military road

to Fort Edward. Skene was loyal, but wished to establish direct communication from Skenesborough to Fort Edward. It is a historical fact not generally known that the last injunction given Burgoyne by George III, was to take the Lake George route, even if he had to retrace his steps from Skenesborough. His failure to do this lost him his army, as otherwise he would have reached Clinton at Albany long before the Americans gathered forces enough to defeat him."

He had ordered while at Skenesborough, July 10, that Thanksgiving services should be read at the head of the troops and a *feu de joie* fired with cannon and small arms at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Skenesborough and Castleton. This was done amid the general joy of his army and its Tory followers.

As the weeks rolled by, the American *feu de joie* began; but fired with ball instead of blank cartridge! Oriskany, August 6; Bennington, August 16; Bemis Heights, September 19; Still-

ing the unfortunate girl, while another buried his tomahawk in her side. The place of the tragedy is marked by a white cross near the busy thoroughfare, between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill. The above is the latest and most generally credited account of the tragedy. Sir William Johnson with a party of Mohawks joined Burgoyne at Fort Edward, but the latter was now disgusted with the barbarity of the savages. The latter deserted as their opportunity for plunder lessened and their chance of being killed increased.

The British commander was now confined to the river valley, as he had lost all his horses but twenty in the Vermont expedition and had to transport his supplies by boats. The delays at Fort Edward and Fort Miller gave Schuyler and other residents along the river time to destroy stores, remove horses and burn bridges. Mrs. Schuyler fired her own wheat-fields, in her husband's absence, and her example fired many others belonging to the Dutch settlers.*

A beautiful day, the 15th, saw the British army again in holiday attire marching down the river road. They reached the Dovogat house, at Coveville, that evening. Meanwhile a grim reception was preparing for them. Gates, who, owing to jealousies and the injustice of Congress (afterward admitted by that body), had superseded Schuyler on August 19th, had moved the Continental army again up the river. Schuyler accompanied Gates to give the latter the benefit of his knowl-



GENERAL BURGOYNE.

water, October 7; and Old Saratoga, October 17, made up the long tremendous salute of patriot victory.

While Burgoyne was at Fort Anne the sad chapter of Jane McCrea's death was added to the story of his invasion. A party of Indians had been sent by her lover to convey her to a place of safety, but were met by another party of marauding savages, led by De Luc, who wished to carry the young woman to Burgoyne and obtain a ransom. The barrel over the captive and the promised booty was ended by one savage shoot-

* The army of Burgoyne, which had taken the field in July, 1777, consisted of the 30th, 21st, 24th, 47th, 58th and 62nd regiments of British infantry. Out of these were formed a corps of grenadiers and light infantry, commanded by Major Acland and the Earl of Balcarras. Including some 400 artillerymen, the English troops numbered 4,135. The German troops, including rifles, dragoons, Brunswickers and artillerymen, numbered 3,116; the Canadian militia, 148, and Indians 508. Though there were accessions of Indians and Tories along the march, raising the total nearly to 10,000, yet the defeat of Baum, the necessity of garrisoning Ticonderoga with 1,000 men, and desertions after reaching Fort Ann, reduced the army to

edge of the ground. At Bemis Heights, three miles above Stillwater, a strong position was selected, September 8th, and entrenchments begun under the direction of Kosciusko. The line of battle extended along the river edge and curved off to the west upon high ground to a dense wood. The point was protected for a good way by a ravine.

On the morning of the 19th the British started to advance, a reconnoitering party under Burgoyne leading. From accounts in diaries of the British officers and Madame Riedesel, the English seem to have had slight knowledge at any time of the position and strength of the enemy. Baroness Riedesel writes: "The very little that we know of the enemy is told at once to the officers and their wives, but the Americans seem to have a perfect knowledge of our movements." This is partly explained by the fact that a man named Willard, posted on the hill now called Willard's Mountain, commanded with a telescope a full view of the British movements and communicated them to General Gates.

Nevertheless Burgoyne fired a gun, announcing his start to the Americans as well as to his own troops, and advanced to develop the enemy, knowing nothing of the latter's numbers or position. Morgan's rifle-corps was stationed at the extreme left of the American line, protected by woods, while Benedict Arnold commanded the American left of nine regiments. The forces of these two principally fought the battle of the 19th for the American side, about 3,000 men withstanding most of the British forces. Known as the battle of Bemis Heights, it may be better distinguished as the battle of Freeman's Farm. This little clearing was the point fought for; the English with characteristic tactics and love for open ground forming on the field, while the Americans fought under shelter of the woods. The battle was close and spirited and toward the close of the day favored the British, as General Riedesel, coming

of his own accord from the left with fresh troops, made a determined and successful charge. While Fraser and Breyman were eager to follow up this advantage Burgoyne ordered a halt and return to the retrenchments, adding to his list of errors of judgment. The American, as well as his own officers, testified that but for this the contest would have been doubtful, if not indeed an advantage to the British. The comparative efficacy of aim and strength of position is partly indicated by the record of killed and wounded, estimated at 300 or 400 on the American side and 600 to 1,000 on the British.

For over two weeks the armies lay within hearing, if not within sight of each other. Burgoyne again lessened his chances of success by waiting for Sir Henry Clinton to join him, though his officers and troops were ready to fight again on the 21st. It was to him a deadly delay. His supplies ran low and his force decreased, while the Americans received constant reinforcements, enlarged and strengthened their entrenchments, and hemmed in the British.

The more interesting and decisive battle of Oct. 7th—the battle of Saratoga—opened with an advance of 1,500 picked men of the British. They gained the American left, and, as the histories state, began cutting wheat in a field for forage. However, as wheat ripens in July, and would have fallen down before October, it is probable that the grain was Indian corn. Gates directed the American forces from a loghouse in the rear, and held himself in readiness to retreat with the supply wagons. The Americans took the offensive and in a series of charges and flank movements drove the British from a commanding position. In this stage of the fight Major Acland was shot through both legs. General Fraser, the animating spirit on the British side, and conspicuous on an iron-gray horse, was shot by an American sharp-shooter, the identity of whom is still in dispute.

considerably less than its original strength, perhaps as low as 7,000, when it entered the battle of Saratoga. The artillery used by the British included thirty-eight pieces of light artillery, six twenty-four pounders, six twelve-pounders and four howitzers. Major-General Phillips, of the artillery, and Brigadier-Generals Fraser and Hamilton, commanded the three brigades into which the army was divided. Colonel Breyman commanded the reserve corps of German troops, and Major-General Riedesel the Germans distributed in the

three brigades. On the morning of the 19th of September, when the first battle was fought, Burgoyne and Hamilton led the centre; Fraser, Acland and Balcarras, sustained by Breyman, the right wing; and Phillips and Riedesel the left wing, with the artillery under Major Williams. The site of the British encampment, after crossing the river on September 13, was on the plain between the barracks and Fishkill, the barracks standing where are now the red barns of Alonzo Welch.

Major Williams, Sir Francis Clarke and Captain Money also fell on the British side; and his troops were so disheartened that Burgoyne, who had been at the front,

fresh New York militia into the American advance line.

Here the unrestrained ambition of General Arnold showed itself in a series of daring achievements which touch the reader of history with admiration and pity. Refused a command in the morning by General Gates, he could no longer keep in the rear. Mounted on a fine, brown horse, he led first a brigade at the right and then one at the left in impetuous charges on the British position.

"I'll soon put an end to it," he cried, and the soldiers followed him with enthusiasm. Riding up to Col. Latimer's Connecticut regiment, he accosted them:

"Ah! my old friends from New London and Norwich! Come on, boys; if the day is long enough we will have them all in hell before night!"

While charging over the rail breastworks on the British right Arnold received a wound in the same leg that had been struck at Quebec. As he fell under his horse, he shouted: "Go on, boys!"

They "went on," capturing the key of the English position and killing Colonel Breymann. The spot is now known as Burgoyne's, or more properly Breymann's hill. The irony of fate gave Gates, in the rear, the laurels of victory, and destined Arnold, wounded, at the head of the American troops, to an infamous memory. Gates did not even mention Arnold in reporting the battle. Meanwhile, Schuyler, in contrast to Arnold, obeyed orders and stood a silent spectator, sub-

ordered a retreat fifty-two minutes after the first shot was fired. The New York and New Hampshire troops, under Poor, Learned and Cilley, had borne the honors, assisted by Morgan's unerring sharpshooters on the flank. Lincoln, who commanded the American right, saw little fighting. Now, as Burgoyne retreated to the British "great redoubt," leaving nearly all his cannon on the field, General Ten Broeck threw three thousand

ducing his resentment and waiting patiently for the vindication of the future.

Two incidents, one extreme in its sadness, the other a bright contrast in its picture of womanly devotion, illustrated the close of the battle. General Fraser, of noble family, languished in a house by the river all night, attended by the Baroness de Riedesel. As his life ebbed away, he moaned: "My poor wife!" "Poor General Burgoyne!" "Fatal am-



GENERAL GATES.

These do certify that Thomas Mann Gent^l is an Ensign in His Majesty's Service and is in all respects to be treated as a prisoner of War, should he fall into the enemy's hands.

*Given under my hand at the Camp of Button's Hill this
28th day of August 1777—*

Sir. Fraser

B General

*Commanding the advanced
Corps of the Army*

To all concerned

AUTOGRAPH-LETTER OF GENERAL FRASER.

bition!" He was buried at 6 o'clock the next evening in the great redoubt, the place he had designated. In a rude box, wrapped in his martial cloak, with his sword and hat laid on the coffin, he was borne to his grave. As the gloom settled in the valley, the party of officers knelt around the bier. The Americans from the opposite shore, not knowing it was a burial, were throwing cannon-shot at the party, the balls sometimes casting up the dirt in their faces; still the Chaplain read in steady tones the burial service, and the gallant officer received a fitting soldier's burial.*

The accompanying autograph of General Fraser, from the original owned by Mr. Stone, is the only one extant. The certificate was rendered necessary, as British stragglers were apt to be roughly treated by the Americans when caught, if not hanged as spies.

The romantic adventure of Lady Acland, will doubtless be told to as late a day as the story of the battle itself. Her husband, Major John Dyke Acland, was badly wounded in the battle of the

7th and fell into the hands of the Americans. The plucky little Englishwoman was so solicitous for her husband that she started down the river, although in delicate health, in an open boat, and during a driving storm, accompanied only by Mr. Brudenell, the Chaplain, her maid and her husband's valet. When she reached the American sentries, she waved a white kerchief and herself hailed the guard. Major Dearborn, commanding, gave up his room in a log cabin, to the fair visitor, having first prepared a good fire and a cup of tea. Before sunrise her bateau again dropped down the river to the headquarters of General Gates, who received her most respectfully and escorted her to her wounded husband.†

†The notes of the two Generals respecting Lady Acland show that the two commanders were as determined to excel each other in gallantry as on the battle field:

GENERAL BURGOYNE TO GENERAL GATES:

Sir—Lady Harriet Acland, a lady of the first distinction by family rank and by personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Acland, her husband, wounded and a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons acting in your situation and mine to solicit favors, I cannot see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attentions to her will lay me under obligation.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Oct. 9, 1777. MAJ. GEN. GATES.

J. BURGOYNE.

GENERAL GATES TO GENERAL BURGOYNE:

SARATOGA, Oct. 11, 1777.

Sir—I have the honor to receive your Excellency's letter by Lady Acland. The respect due to her ladyship's rank, the tenderness due to her person and sex were alone sufficient securities to entitle her to my

* As late as 1821, says an account printed in the *Old Settler* in 1851, a party came all the way from England to exhume the remains of an English officer buried between the Schuylker house and the river. It seems that a body servant had buried his master there and had carefully marked the place. For many years he had urged the relatives to send him to recover the remains. At last two grandsons of this officer came with the aged servant on the doleful mission. Applying to Mr. Barker, agent of Mr. Schuylker, they secured permission to dig, and so accurately did the old retainer designate the place that their first efforts were successful. This led to the report that General Fraser's remains had been taken to England.



WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Slowly Burgoyne retreated up the river to Fish Creek, the Americans following on his rear and flank. On the night of the 9th, he gave a banquet to his officers and the ladies in the camp, and his headquarters rang with laughter and jingling glasses. But the laughter was of the hysterical kind. General Fellows, whom the British might have successfully struck when on the opposite heights, on the eastern shore, was now fortified at the mouth of the Batten Kill. Gates occupied commanding ground on the

protection, if you consider my preceding conduct with respect to those of your army whom the fortune of war has placed in my hands. I am surprised that your Excellency should think that I could consider the greatest attention to Lady Acland in the light of an obligation.

* * * * *

I am, sir,
Your Excellency's most humble servant,
HORATIO GATES.

LT. GENERAL BURGOYNE.

A romantic tradition that Major Acland met his death in a duel, and that Lady Acland went insane and subsequently married the Chaplain Brudenell, her companion in the adventure on the Hudson, has had to meet the fate of many thrilling romances from William Tell and the apple incident down. Lady Acland lived for over thirty years a widow and died a widow. Her husband died from a cold, the effect of exposure. They were buried side by side in England, both greatly mourned. A contemporaneous journal substantiates these facts.

heights south and west of Schuylerville, and the forts to the north were strongly garrisoned by the Americans. The stage was set for the final scene.

On the day after Burgoyne's orgies the Schuyler mansion, barns and mills were burned, it is claimed, accidentally. The English then moved to the north side of Fish Creek. The British army was now constantly annoyed by random firing. It was necessary to send a soldier's wife to the river for water, as the American sharpshooters picked off the men.

A British council of war on the 12th decided on a retreat, leaving baggage and artillery. But Burgoyne countermanded it that evening when everything was in readiness to start. The next day the Americans fortified

the rocky hill near the road on the west side of the river opposite Clark's mills, and the last avenue of escape was closed. The British now numbered 5,800 men. Another council on the 13th decided to treat with Gates for honorable surrender. Those negotiations lasted several days, and Burgoyne was at one time disposed to repudiate his proposal, on hearing of Sir Henry Clinton's advance up the lower Hudson. His officers, however, urged him to sign the articles, and Gates offered an additional incentive by drawing up his army, 23,000 strong, ready for battle at 9 A.M. on the 17th. At 11 A.M. the articles were signed. The British stacked their guns on the site of old Fort Hardy, near the mouth of the creek; the American commander courteously ordering his command out of sight at the time. Both being sticklers for etiquette, Gates entertained Burgoyne in his tent, and after a banquet, in which Washington and George III. were toasted, the pair stepped outside, and the British officer surrendered his sword in full view of both armies. General Gates bowed and returned the sword.

III.

The monument on the site of the surrender has itself had a history. As early as 1856 its construction was proposed at a banquet held in the old Schuyler house on the anniversary of the surrender. John A. Corey, George Strover, and Alfred B. Street (who read a poem), were among those present then, but all three are now dead. In 1859 the Saratoga Monument Association was formed under perpetual charter from the State, the members being Hamilton Fish, president; Philip Schuyler, vice-president; John A. Corey, secretary; James M. Marvin, treasurer; Horatio Seymour, Benson J. Lossing, George W. Bleeker, George Strover, William Wilcox, Henry Holmes, LeRoy Mowry, Asa C. Tefft Peter Gansevoort and James M. Cook.

The War of the Rebellion and the death of several of the original trustees checked all further proceedings until the spring of 1873, when an act was passed by the Legislature creating a Board of Trustees for the monument, composed of Hamilton Fish and William L. Stone, of New York City; Horatio Seymour, of Utica; Benson J. Lossing, of Poughkeepsie; Asa C. Tefft, of Fort Edward; LeRoy Mowry, of Greenwich; James A. Marvin and John A. Corey, of Saratoga Springs, and Charles H. Payn, of Saratoga (*i. e.*, Schuylerville). Mr. Corey dying just after the Board organized, Mr. Stone was made secretary in his place.

Messrs. Stone and Canning, of the Committee of Design, immediately chose for the architect of the monument Mr. Jared Clark Markham, who by a curious coincidence is a member of the same family as was Archbishop Markham, one of George III.'s advisers. Mr. Markham prepared a stirring address in pamphlet form, and drew plans for a monument before any funds were in prospect.

The late ex-Governor Seymour and C. H. Payn, with Messrs. Stone and Canning, were active in securing the first appropriation from the Legislature. John H. Starin, George William Curtis and Congressman Edward Wemple, of Saratoga, have more recently interested themselves in securing money

from Congress to complete the work. Mr. Starin is now the president; Messrs. Marvin and de Peyster, vice-presidents; D. S. Potter, treasurer; and W. L. Stone, secretary. Other members are Joseph W. Drexel, Charles K. Graham, S. S. Cox, George William Curtis, E. F. Bullard, P. C. Ford, General George S. Batcheller, A. B. Baucus, J. Meredith Read, Mrs. E. H. Walworth, Lemon Thomson, D. F. Ritchie, C. W. Mavhew, C. S. Lester and Horatio Rogers.

The corner-stone of the shaft was laid on October 17, 1877, the centennial anniversary of the surrender. Grand Master Couch performed the Masonic rites, orations were made by George William Curtis, Horatio Seymour, William L. Stone and others, and Alfred B. Street read a poem. The streets and houses of Schuylerville were profusely decorated, and there was a two days' celebration in which thirty thousand visitors joined, several hundred carriages full of people going from Saratoga Springs alone. The presence of several old citizens who had talked with General Schuyler and other survivors of the campaign added interest



LADY ACLAND PASSING AMERICAN CAMP.

to the occasion. For the erection of the monument there has been received and expended, from the Legislature, \$25,000; from Congress, \$70,000; and from private

subscriptions about \$5,000, collected in 1877. Governor Robinson saw fit to veto one appropriation of \$10,000. With the above amounts a plot of four acres was secured, graded and adorned, and the exterior of the monument completed, with its three bronze statues in the niches and sixteen bronze bas-relief tablets placed in the two first stories of the interior. The association boasts that every penny contributed may be seen in the monument in the shape of good, artistic work.

One needs but to travel through the country, or even through one of our large cities, to observe that there are monu-



KING GEORGE AND HIS MINISTERS.

ments and monuments. Often the design or the object commemorated makes one wish that granite and bronze were less enduring. There is cause for congratulation, then, when a memorial is erected which elevates as well as satisfies the artistic instinct, and commemorates events so dear to every American that one could not imagine a vandal so base as to mar the structure.

The time-tested Egyptian idea is honored in the shape of the gray, granite obelisk as well as in the illustrative groups inside. On near view it must be conceded that the chaste Gothic ornamentation of the shaft adds to its attractiveness. It rises 155 feet from its foundation of

concrete, which is thirty-eight feet square and eight feet deep. A winding stair leads to the windows in the top, affording a noble view. At each corner one of the 36 brass 12-pound field pieces, captured from Burgoyne, will be placed as soon as the bronze carriages are ready. There are entrances on four sides, flanked by pillars of black, Maine granite, polished, with carved capitals. Over each entrance is an arched niche, each containing a bronze statue except the one on the south, which is inscribed "Arnold." Orders for the three statues were given

to three different sculptors in order to secure individuality of treatment and to encourage a generous emulation, while giving each an opportunity to fill his niche with a masterpiece. Mr. George E. Bissell's Gates is a well-posed figure, admirable in its effect and in the details of its Continental trappings. Mr. O'Donovan gives in General Morgan an athletic, backwoods rifleman in deerskin dress, typical of the Kentucky marksmen who worried Burgoyne's flank. Perhaps the sense of General Schuyler's wrong at the hands of Congress and the halo of noble qualities which surround the name of this gentleman-soldier make a harder task for his sculptor. Mr. Doyle's dignified figure, draped in a military cloak, may well represent Schuyler as he was. Both statues and bas-reliefs were cast at the National Fine Art Foundry and the Henry Bernard Bronze Foundry in New York city.

Gables rise to the height of 42 feet above the entrance, and are joined at the corners by massive granite eagles, measuring seven feet across their folded wings. Still higher, are double windows, Gothic, arched and gabled, adorning each face of the shaft. The stone over the door bears in large letters, cut in granite, the inscription:

1777. SARATOGA. 1877.

The pictorial groups in bronze that line the first two stories of the interior make the monument unique, and add to its historic, educational and artistic value. Such reminders of the rude but broad and equal foundations of society are not erected too soon. This idea of the archi-

tect's was heartily approved by the committee, and especially by Mr. Seymour, who must have had such a memorial in his mind when he said in his speech at the celebration in 1877: "Monuments make as well as mark the civilization of a people."

Apostles of "realism" will find in this work of Mr. Markham an example of a veteran designer keeping full pace with the foremost and best ideas of to-day. His designs here are indeed much in advance of some work of younger artists, who are yet groping in search of an unknown ideal. In designing the groups he has kept in mind Ruskin's maxim that the only historic art worth a straw is the history of our own times. Avoiding the strained effects that would result from following imaginary conceits of the past, he has availed himself of every help to give these groups a realistic and historic value. The portraits in the groups, the revolutionary rifle, powder-horn, spinning-wheel, British broadaxe, Indian tomahawk, shoe buckles, even the charm on Lady Acland's watch-chain, were copied from carefully preserved originals. These designs, the work of years, have been carefully carried out by the modelers—Hartley, Kelly and Pickett—No. 1 being the work of the architect himself. The moral purpose of the tablets is appar-



BURGOYNE SURRENDERING HIS SWORD TO GENERAL GATES.



DEATH OF GENERAL FRASER.

ent in the contrasting of the unequal social conditions which brought on the Revolution, as in the companion groups representing the pampered ladies of the British Court on one side and the wives of the colonists facing danger and hardship on the other. The temper and spirit of the time, the characteristics of republicanism and royalism, are thus curiously portrayed and embalmed in the sixteen bronze bas-reliefs, each of which is $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ feet in size. Twenty more groups are to be added to the upper stories.

An encomium from so prominent an authority as ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, may be inserted here: "Having much traveled over the world," writes President White, "and seen many monuments erected in honor of distinguished men and in commemoration of noted events, I have difficulty in recalling one more interesting than the Saratoga monument. It presents in its intended sculpture decoration one of the happiest ideas ever embodied in a similar structure, namely, statues of the three Generals who served the country at a most critical period of its history, and the niche left vacant where would have been the statue of the fourth had he not become a traitor to his country."

This vacant niche, like the empty place of the Doge, Marius Falieri, in the Ducal Palace at Venice, is destined to be the most eloquent of all.

The Earl of Carnarvon, recently Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has also taken a lively interest in the monument. He had a portrait, by Joshua Reynolds, of his grand-aunt, Lady Acland, photographed to furnish a portrait for the bronze tablets, and also sent Lady Acland's watchguard, a tiny gold slipper, to enrich Mr. Stone's unique cabinet and library on the Burgoyne campaign.

Whether or not the monument will have potency to draw a large proportion

of the summer visitors at Saratoga to its classic site is yet to be seen. A foil to the gayeties of the ball-rooms and the race-course, its influence may be salutary, even at a distance of twelve miles from the gay capital. Already it has been the Mecca of many a patriot's pilgrimage, and it may yet furnish the most lasting fame to the name of Saratoga. "The Rock of Miraculous Waters," the translation of the Indian word "Saratoga," is not an inappropriate inscription to cut on the stone where, at one mighty blow, such as Moses struck on the rock Horeb, gushed forth the waters of Liberty.

TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE LAURELS.

BEATRICE was awake in that far-away home of hers. She had scarcely slept all night; for a supreme experience awaited her that day. She was going to Sanzio and to see Palazzo Giorgini for the first time since, as a child, she had left them. This last part of the day's adventures was a secret between her and Betta.

Aldegonda Mattei's mother-in-law was going to Sanzio to make some purchases. She was to be accompanied by Betta, and had offered to take Beatrice.

"The child so seldom goes anywhere," she urged, when asking the Signora Alinori's permission.

"Oh! she may go, and welcome," the signora replied tartly. "I am more than willing to be relieved one day from the necessity of looking after her."

"Looking after her!" echoed the other in surprise.

"Wait till you see her smiling at every gentleman she meets!" said the Alinori. "She's a perfect coquette. I have made up my mind to send her to the Signora Anna."

The Signora Mattei smiled, but made no comment. Her thought was—"I should like to see you giving up the child's pension, and her piano, and various other articles that would have to go with her!"

The Signora Anna was the old Countess Alinori.

Beginning to feel the heavy weight of years, and the need of having some young and active person ever beside her, she had more than once proposed to receive Beatrice as companion. Beatrice would save her the expense of another servant, and be just as useful, perhaps more so.

Besides, she had always had an uneasy feeling about the girl, and believed that the more closely they kept her under their own control and observation the better it would be for their interests. The fate of Paulo and the conduct of his mother toward his daughter had always been a weight on her mind.

Why had her sister-in-law allowed Beatrice Lanciani to remain in even an obscure corner of her palace, if she did not believe that she was Paulo's wife, or that he had deceived her by a false marriage? Why had she kept the child there, and visited her secretly as long as

she lived, if she did not at least doubt that she might be Paulo's legitimate heiress? What was the word that she struggled in vain to tell in dying? Charity did not account for it all. Emilia Giorgini was charitable to the poor, and to sinners who did not soil her skirts, but implacably stern to whatever reflected on her own honor.

As she thought over these things, a secret terror seized her of what might happen in the future to her soul, or to her family. She was afraid that the child's mother had been deceived. Francesco's wife, who willingly believed everything evil that was told her, never doubted that the girl was an outcast; and when the young eyes, hungry for affection, turned to every face that seemed to meet them kindly, her opinion of the mother's character aided her natural coarseness in putting a low interpretation on that pathetic look.

"So she is jealous of the child!" thought the Mattei, and laughed inwardly as she turned away to tell Beatrice the success of her intercession.

Betta had already spoken to the girl, and privately arranged the second and most important part of their expedition. Her sister Maria was still housekeeper at Palazzo Giorgini; and from her she knew all the movements of the family. The Count and Countess had gone into the country for a few days. Don Giovanni had been ill, and his anxious wife was going to try change of air for him. The other servants would accompany them to the villa, and Maria alone remain to guard the palace. Betta had arranged that she and Beatrice should enter by the secret door through the apartment where Paulo had taken his wife on their marriage. She did not fear any disapproval on the Signora Mattei's part, but thought better not to tell her their plan till after it should have been accomplished.

Beatrice knew her mother's story and her own, and she was intelligent enough to pretend to be ignorant of them.

"Your only hope is in seeming not to know who you are, and in making them think that you are contented with your lot," the Signora Mattei would whisper to her.

"Don't let them see that you know, not for your life!" said Betta. "Remember what happened to your father!"

"Do you think that *they* did it!" asked Beatrice, when first she heard the story.

They were in the villa of the Advocate Randini, her father's friend; and she pointed her question at the villa Alinori adjoining.

"Oh, no, dear! not directly," Betta had answered, soothingly; "but they profit by it."

"Who did it?" persisted the girl.

"I do not know," said Betta. "I cannot guess. But I think that Lo Zoppo could tell something."

"I will ask him when he comes again!" exclaimed the girl. Betta caught her by the arm. "You are a little fool! Do you think that he will tell you anything? He would go straight to the signora and tell her every word you had said, and ask her what you mean."

"He comes here to reap grain, and he carries the wine to Sanzio," Beatrice said. "The Signor Leonardo hates him."

"He does!" said Betta. "Why?"

"He says that he is always begging. But the Signor Leonardo hates me, too. I heard him ask the signora once what she kept that brat in the house for."

"And what did she answer?" asked Betta, who was listening very intently.

"She laughed," said Beatrice, "and said she had taken me with the intention of pleasing him. What did she mean, Betta?"

"Who knows!" replied Betta carelessly. She had not told the child that part of her mother's story which related to Don Leonardo.

For two years now, Beatrice had known who she was; and at length she was to see the palace of her father, of which she was the rightful mistress! What dreams she had had! What wild plans she had laid to regain her forfeited inheritance! What ambition and hatred had grown up in her heart, side by side! And what a power of concealing both had she acquired in those years of silence and subjection! One charm of the turquoise ring the kind stranger had sent her was that it seemed a tribute to her proper state. Those about her would

have given her an apron, or a handkerchief, "a servant's present!" she thought scornfully.

Unable to rest for excitement, Beatrice rose early on the day of her proposed visit. The family were at their villa, and she went out before the sun was up, and wandered about the grounds. Only the work-people were abroad. Some men were beating the grain with flails on a circle of stone pavement in the field. She went to watch them a few minutes, then passed on to a clump of laurel trees near the hedge which divided the land of the Alinori from that of their neighbor. At the other side of the hedge two men were binding upstraw. These were Lo Zoppo and one of his sons, now a young man. Other men were working farther off on the Advocate Randini's land, and the Advocate himself had come out from town to oversee them for a few days, and breathe the pure country air. He had always been in the habit of making these brief visits to his villa,

even in the winter, as Beatrice's father knew when he accepted that secret invitation, of which no one knew the result.

Beatrice walked to the laurel-grove and looked through the hedge. There was a break in it, made long years before, to enable the Advocate's men to reach a well among the laurels. It had once been a perennial well of fresh, cool water, used on both villas; but the digging of wells lower down had drawn off its waters, which finally dried entirely, and the discovery of a nest of vipers in its upper stone-work had put an end to its usefulness. Being suspected then, as well as no longer needed, it was roughly closed with planks and brush-wood. In addition to these, the laurels had sent their roots out across it, and earth and turf were gathering there and slowly hiding that it had ever been a well.

This had all happened before Beatrice's birth; but the hole in the hedge had continued to be used in passing from one villa to the other



"HOW SPLENDID!" MURMURED THE GIRL."

The girl liked this dusky spot under the thick laurels. It was a privacy, and a post of observation at the same time. Besides, the leaves were used for coronets. She began to make her a coronet of them this morning, selecting the smaller leaves, and trying it on her head to measure the length. A thought grew in her mind as she wove the glossy green together. She would carry it to Sanzio, and crown herself with it in her own palace.

While she stood there, the rising sun struck through the grove, and set a shower of fire-fly lights dancing about her. They showed that she was beginning to be pretty, and that she was now beautiful for the moment. For her head was proudly raised, her eyes shining and steady, and a faint smile from the depth of her heart made her mouth sweet. She was fifteen years of age.

A rustling sound made her start and look up from the leaves she was binding. Lo Zoppo and his son had approached the opening in the hedge, and were looking at her. The father always stared at her, as if fascinated, whenever he met her. He was more pallid and anxious-looking than ever, and his blonde hair was unmistakably grey. He was a smileless man, and his pale blue eyes had something wild in their steady look.

"Good morning!" said Beatrice, half frightened. "Are you coming in here?"

The old man muttered a return to her salutation; but as he did not seem disposed to say anything more, his son, a bright, healthy-looking contadino, answered for him. "No, we're only passing by."

He moved on, and his father took a step to go, then turned again. "I would n't stay in the laurels," he said in a low, hoarse voice.

"Oh! I like them!" said Beatrice brightly. Her heart palpitated as she stood looking at him. Did he want to speak to her? Would he tell her anything?

He went away another step, then came back again. "I would n't stay in the laurels," he repeated. "There's a hole there you might fall into. And there were vipers there once."

He stared into her face with his pale eyes.

"Well, I will go away," she said hastily; and hiding her wreath under her apron, she uttered a tremulous "Addio!" and ran down the slope.

Looking back from the hollow near the house, she could see that he must have left the place as quickly as she, for he was far away with his son, binding up straw, seeming to bind sunbeams as the morning light illumined the fields.

The laurel-wreath was pinned to her petticoat under the pink lawn dress she wore, a lace veil was fastened over her dark braids; and Beatrice drove into town with the Signor Alinori, or Signor Francesco, as he was oftener called, and always called by her. She was on rather pleasant terms with him. His wife said that she flattered him, though the flattery consisted only in smiling when he appeared, and being very attentive to his words and wishes. Francesco, the son, was now studying law in Rome. Perhaps the father seemed more like the son than the mother did, to the eyes of Francesco's adorer.

There was a carriage standing at the portone of Palazzo Mattei when they arrived there, and soon the excited young traveler was off on the pleasant road to Sanzio.

"Why! how it does please you, Bice!" said the Signora Mattei, smiling. "I wish I had brought you before."

"Is it the very same road, Betta?" asked the child.

Then Betta went over again the story of that drive eleven years before, and described the Americans minutely, all but the doctor. "You know how he looks," she said.

"Yes," said Beatrice, smiling at the ring on her finger. "He looks like a Capucin monk. That is, his beard does."

Of course before they reached Sanzio, the Signora Mattei knew of their proposed visit to Palazzo Giorgini, and gave her friendly sympathy. "Poor child!" she said, patting the little girl's head. "It is a shame that you should have to creep in and steal a sight of your own."

They waited till the whole town was silent with its afternoon sleep; then, making many a turn, approached the private door of that apartment where the tragedy of poor Beatrice's Giorgini's life had been consummated. The door had been unlocked for them and they went in.

"Lock the door after you, Betta," said a voice from the head of the stairs. "How long you have been. I've had a luncheon waiting for you this hour, or more."

Maria, Betta's sister, led them at once to a small dining-room, where a table was prepared for them.

But Beatrice, trembling and breathless, would not sit down. She declared that it was impossible for her to eat. She only wanted to see the house. Let them sit down, and leave her to wander about.

She had already exacted a promise from Betta that, once shown the way, she should be left to go about the house by herself. "And I will not sit down to eat with servants *here!*" she thought.

They showed her up and down stairs, through long corridors and secret ways, through a suite of state rooms and the chapel, and through sleeping-rooms and dressing-rooms that seemed to her a labyrinth. Here the "Tessa" of her infancy had slept and died; and this was the children's play-room, and this the dowager's apartment. And lastly, she went back to see the little apartment where she was born, and her mother had died.

She gave but a glance at this humble corner of the palace, passed by unknowing the window where her father had received the fatal letter, and by which he had gone out, never to return, and hastened back to the state rooms.

"Now open the doors as if there were a grand ball, Betta," Beatrice said, taking unconsciously a tone of command. "And then you go away and eat, and talk with your sister; and don't come for me for two hours. You said I might have two hours all to myself."

"If there's a ball, you must eat in the green room," said Betta. "And I will myself bring you your luncheon there, Signora Beatrice Giorgini."

The child's face flushed up and her eyes filled with tears on hearing herself called for the first time by her rightful name; but she said nothing. Walking into the banqueting room, she seated herself there and waited to be served.

"Would it do to let her stay alone?" whispered the sister to Betta as they went away.

"Of course! She won't touch nor hurt anything," said Betta, who had not the fear of the Countess Maria before her eyes,

and to whom Beatrice had always seemed a princess in disguise.

She returned with the luncheon on a tray, set it on one of the marble tables, and Beatrice ate it, while Betta served her in silence. She was impressed by the intense still excitement of the girl's face, and by something haughty and resolute in her air, which she had never seen there before.

"Now leave me alone," said Beatrice.

She was alone. Standing in the door of a chamber hung with fine old arras, she heard Betta's step going up a distant stair, heard for a moment a murmur of voices; then all was silent. For a brief two hours she was mistress of her own palace, she was a countess in her own right, and the owner of a large fortune.

She walked through the long and stately suit of chambers, glancing about her at pictures, draperies and marbles, and up at lofty painted ceilings. For the first time in her life she seemed to breathe fully. She looked at herself in the long mirrors, and seated herself in the great gold and crimson chairs. There was a chair with a red silk canopy at one end of the chief salon. It was a cardinal's chair, bought for a Giorgini of a past generation who had arrived at the purple. She had heard of it, and Betta had said that no one ever occupied that chair, and no one must, unless some cardinal should come to Palazzo Giorgini. There was a red silk cord tied across it, from arm to arm. Beatrice tore the cord away, and seated herself in the chair. Anger was growing in her at sight of all of which she had been robbed. She wished that she could give her commands to some one, give them arrogantly; and seeing a bell-rope that hung near by, moved her hand with the intention of giving it a violent pull. The thought that the two women would come if she did restrained her.

Rising then, she went to the chapel, and after listening a moment, locked herself in.

The chapel was a small chamber on the drawing-room floor, simply prepared for the sacred service, with a paper partition and double doors before the altar, and a few chairs and kneeling-benches. The doors before the altar were open, showing a softly-beaming Madonna and

Child above, and a sanctuary lamp lighted.

Beatrice mechanically bent her knee and blessed herself, then began to search. She knew the last words spoken by the old countess; and though Betta had said that she herself, while the Countess was dying, had searched the chapel from floor to ceiling, there had always lingered a faint hope of some discovery which should change her fortunes. She searched the altar itself now, lifting the heavy candlesticks, and creeping even underneath and behind. She lifted the carpet, though it must have been raised a thousand times since the old woman's death. She searched the one small table there, and her heart leaped as she saw a letter in the drawer.

She opened it with trembling fingers and read, though the letter was but a few days old:

Best Contessa Maria: The doctor assures me that he was quite sincere with you, and that Giovanni's sickness is not serious. He says that his very lack of mental activity is in his favor, his constitution being excellent. Give yourself no uneasiness. The Giorgini have been a long-lived race. Within a hundred years four of them have exceeded ninety years, and ten have lived to be more than eighty. My greatest fear is that Giovanni may outlive his excellent wife. Take care of yourself as well as of him. I predict twenty or thirty years longer for him. Yours devotedly,

ANDREA OF ANCONA.

It was the Superior of the Cappucins, whose convent near by furnished the countess with a confessor and a chaplain.

"If he should live thirty years longer I shall be forty-five years old when he dies," reckoned the girl, putting the letter in its place again. "What shall I care about anything then! Besides, his death makes no difference. If it is mine, it is mine now!"

She stood there in an anguish of longing. For two years a wild sweet dream had been hers. She saw herself mistress of name and wealth, not for herself, but that she might give them to Francesco Alinori. He had been promised to the daughter of a rich farmer. Let him marry her, if he liked, and make a countess of her. He did not love her, and her portion would be nothing beside the Giorgini money. True, Checco might one day have it all without her help, if his uncle Tommasso should have no son. There were only girls as yet; and if he should die before Giovanni—but that was not likely. Giovanni dead, and Tommasso in Sanzio, there was no more hope for Francesco, except through her.

"I would tell him," she dreamed aloud, "that he might marry whom he liked, but everything would be his the same. Would he smile? Of course! Would he take it? I would make him take it. Perhaps he would do as Alfonso Lelli did when Augusta Merimi gave him a rose! It was beautiful!"

She silently contemplated the scene of this rose-giving, when Alfonso had dropped on his knee to kiss the maiden's hand, calling her "*fanciulla adorata*."

"Perhaps he might say that he would marry me!" she whispered, softly and happily smiling at the thought. To have her hand kissed, and to be called "maiden adored" by Francesco Alinori was to be wrapped in the rosy cloud of the immortals, and lifted above the rough earth.

She stood in the little chapel and imagined him kneeling before her with his lustrous eyes uplifted, his curling locks within reach of her hand! Such beautiful eyes! Such soft thick waves of bright hair! Her head swam as the vision formed itself and grew vivid; her breath was oppressed. She staggered, and, recovering herself, looked about, and realized where she was, and what she was—a poor nameless girl visiting secretly a house from which she would be driven with contempt if the mistress should return unawares. She seemed to fall from her rosy cloud into a mire set with thorns. If Francesco Alinori were there he would lift no adoring eyes to her. A careless nod or smile was the best that she could hope for from him. A blush of terror overspread her face at the possibility that he should ever know what vision her fancy had conjured up. Tears of rage and despair filled her eyes, as she began to search again with a fiercer energy.

Once more every nook of the chapel was searched. She even mounted the altar, and taking down the picture of the Madonna, looked at the back of it. "There is nothing!" she said at last in despair. "If there ever was anything here, they have stolen it. They knew what grandmamma said, and of course they have left nothing unsearched. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

She opened the door, and went out into the reception rooms again, curiosity helping to soothe her passion. These rooms were furnished in the old style, and were

some of them fine. The painted ceilings were ugly when looked at: one feared those heavy gods and horses and vases of flowers might fall on one's head; though as color they added to the richness and state of the *ensemble*. But the pale arras were exquisite, and some of great value. Whatever glittered there was gold. The stately gilt chairs and rococo tables were gilded carved wood, not stucco; the flowered red satin was silk all through, the marbles were from Nature's workshop. The pictures on the walls were valueless and old-fashioned, but the frames of some were of beautiful carved wood.

The whole stretched in a dim, richly-colored vista, room after room, where the doors answered each other, till the last was lost in obscurity. There were eleven reception rooms in a line at the front of the palace, the chapel running back at one end. Back of these were four large ante-rooms connected by corridors; and the curious mind puzzled itself in imagining what might occupy the unaccounted-for spaces behind those corridor walls.

This suite occupied all the front of the *piano nobile*, here the second floor. Giovanni and his wife occupied an apartment on the third floor.

Little by little, Beatrice's anguish soothed itself as she wandered about, examining everything, and hope came back. She imagined herself mistress there, and receiving visitors. Seated in a high-backed arm-chair, she bowed slightly to the Signora Alinori, without rising to receive her; then smiled and offered her hand to Signor Francesco, who followed. She rose and kissed the Signora Mattei, and gave a cool and supercilious smile to Aldegonda. A servant entered to say that the Contessa Maria humbly begged to be admitted; and she replied: "I do not know any Contessa Maria. Send her away!"

She gave orders that a purse of gold should be sent to the Franciscan monks to say masses for Count Paulo and Countess Beatrice Giorgini, her parents, and for her grandmother, the Signora Teresa Lanciani. She pronounced these names with emphasis, defying contradiction with look and tone. There was a moment of hesitation; then she ordered masses also for "Grandmama Tessa." She would not have the Cappucius, because they

were friends of the Signora Maria. Besides, it was at a convent of the Cappucins that her mother had been married, and from which the record and the officiating priest had disappeared.

Then she imagined herself dressed for society, with train and coronet, which reminded her of the wreath of laurel leaves pinned to her petticoat. She unpinned it, threw off her veil, and substituted the wreath, enchanted with the effect. Already she looked taller and nobler in the dim long mirror. But a train was necessary. She ran to the chapel, caught a red and gold cope from the vestment bureau, and ran back to the mirror again holding it to her waist and dragging it behind her. "Oh! how splendid!"

It was a grotesque figure; but, with the help of imagination, gave an idea of a splendidly dressed lady. The faint light through closed blinds brought out rosy folds on the heavy satin; and some tiny spots of light, too small for visible radiance in themselves, showed like spots of fire on the gold galloon that bordered the cope.

"How splendid!" murmured the girl again, gazing at her reflection in the mirror.

A step was heard on the stair. Beatrice flew to close herself in the chapel. "I will come in a minute," she replied to Betta's summons. "Wait!"

She folded the cope away and hid her laurel wreath behind the altar, then opened the door.

"Why! Signorina Bice, you have been before the Blessed Sacrament without anything on your head?" the woman exclaimed, much scandalized.

Beatrice threw both arms up over her head, the loose pink sleeves veiling her completely; and so covered, she bent her knee before the altar and went out. "I have been searching," she said then, dropping her arms. "There is nothing!"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Betta. "But, of course, there is nothing now, if ever there was. I told you so. What could you expect to find after eleven years? Now, let me fasten on your veil. We must go!"

Go! oh, better never to have come than come to go again! The rough villa, the cotton frock, the high-pitched voice of the Signora Alinori, the little respect

shown to herself—all made her shrink from going back. "I cannot! I cannot!" she cried. "Oh, Betta, I wish that I could stay with you and the Signora Mattei!"

"Bice, dear, if we do not make haste some one may come," the woman urged. "Have patience; and when Checco marries, perhaps he will take you to Rome to live with him and his wife. You like Checco, don't you?"

The name quieted her at once. After all, she did not wish to leave the house where he might come. He would come soon, and stay at least a month. She cast one more glance around, sighed and went out.

"Well, Contessa, how do you like your palace?" asked the Signora Mattei, jestingly, when they were in their carriage again.

Beatrice looked at her sternly. "You think it something to laugh at!" she said.

"No," said the lady, disconcerted, "I did not mean to laugh. But did you like it?"

"Yes!" said the girl, briefly. And in a moment added: "I thank you for having helped me to go there; but I cannot talk about it."

"Nobody understands!" she thought, with an aching heart. "Nobody understands!"

Their drive home was almost in silence; and fat Giuseppe was waiting at Palazzo Mattei to take Beatrice out to the villa, with certain purchases that had been made in Sanzio for the Signora Alinori. His carriage was a wooden bench on a platform of boards over two wheels. "They think it is good enough for me, but they would not drive in it themselves!" thought Beatrice, as she mounted the unsteady vehicle.

It was already evening. Ave Maria had sounded from all the churches, and heavy clouds had overspread the sky, making the air still more obscure. When they drove out the city gate it was quite dark, a soft summer darkness, stirred from time to time by far-away soundless lightnings.

"I wish it were not so dark," said Beatrice, clinging to Giuseppe's arm. "I am afraid."

"Oh! the dark does not bite," he replied, good-naturedly. "We shall be at

home in five minutes. The horse knows the way. There is nothing to be afraid of."

As he spoke, a soft, sudden illumination from an unseen flash of lightning lifted for a moment all the thick clinging shadows, and disclosed the long white road stretching off before them.

"There is something in the road!" cried Beatrice. "It is like a log, or a man lying down. Oh, stop!"

"Seems to me I saw something," Giuseppe muttered, drawing in his horse.

They waited breathlessly and with straining eyes for another flash; and when it came, there was, indeed, visible at a short distance a dark object lying half across the road.

Not a word was uttered by either: Giuseppe laid the reins in Beatrice's hands, and, descending, led the horse slowly forward, and waited again for a flash. It came, and revealed the figure of a man lying face down, his arms outstretched.

In the darkness that followed, there was no sound but the careful hoof-beats of the horse and the rattle of a wheel against a stone as the wagon was led out past that object of terror. Then Giuseppe mounted to his place again, and, plying the lash, fled as for his life. They were not far from the road that turned off to the villa. Still whipping the horse, they rushed up the incline and reached the house.

The Signor Alinori stood smoking under the grape-trellis, the Signora was visible through the open window of the dining-room, preparing a salad for supper; and through the door beyond blazed a great open kitchen-fire, with half a kid turning on a spit before it.

Beatrice sprang out of the vehicle as soon as it stopped, and rushed into the house to tell her story.

"What is the matter with the girl?" asked the Signor Francesco, taking his pipe from his mouth and turning to look after her.

"You'd better come in!" muttered Giuseppe.

The gentleman entered quickly, without a word, and bolted the oaken door behind him. His wife had already closed the windows and the shutters. The

whole house was hastily locked up for the night.

There was a man lying dead down in the dark road, and his murderer might still be lingering about. There was no question of going to see who he was, or if any breath of life yet lingered in him. The day laborers on the place had all gone home, and there were no men about save the master and Giuseppe. No one dreamed of their going down through the woods at that hour of night.

The family shut themselves in, conversed in whispers and started at every sound. When their belated supper was served, they lingered over it till almost midnight; and going to bed, left all their chamber-doors open. But with the earliest dawn, the masters and workmen of the two villas all went down the winding path, the Signor Francesco and the Advocate Randini carrying their rifles, the others with the inseparable knife in their belts. They looked warily to right and left as they went, and peered into every dark nook under the trees before passing it, till they came to the open road; and there, just as it had lain the night before, was the prone figure with its arms outstretched. The heavy dew of June had fallen on the coarse, patched clothing, gray hair and battered hat, and the birds were flying, curiously peering, round it.

"Lo Zoppo!" exclaimed Giuseppe.

It was Lo Zoppo, lying on his face, with an upward knife-wound under his ribs.

Beatrice, after lying awake nearly all night, was sleeping heavily in the morning, when the noise of excited voices awakened her. She peeped out through her *persiane*, and heard the story told.

Lo Zoppo! He had talked with her only the morning before, and told her not to come to the laurel-grove. And he was dead! How strangely he had acted, as if he wanted to see her, yet shrunk from her! Betta had said that she believed Lo Zoppo could tell something of Paulo Giorgini's disappearance if he would, but had forbidden her asking him.

"How I wish I had asked him yesterday!" she thought. "There is a chance gone forever!"

She sat down on the edge of her bed, and thought: Who had killed this poor

man, who certainly was not killed for his money, and scarcely for revenge? He was a cautious soul, and somewhat over-humble at times. Perhaps he had been killed lest he should tell her what he knew of her father. Perhaps he had been seen talking to her that morning.

She rose, glanced suspiciously about her, and began to dress herself. "I must not say that he spoke to me yesterday," she thought. Then, after a moment's study: "Yes, I must tell it at once. If they know, they will wonder that I do not tell. I must not seem to conceal anything, Betta says. She says, 'If you have secrets to conceal, pretend to be as open as the day, and to tell all that comes into your mind.' And she says: 'If you suspect the people around you, and want to watch them, pretend that you believe them innocent and good, and watch them with the back of your head.'"

She hurried down to hear the news repeated. The police had come out from Ombra, and taken the body away. Lo Zoppo's son, Alfonso, was frantic, and vowed revenge. He declared that Sopraciglia had been dogging his father about for weeks, and had been at Villa Randini the day before.

"Why! Lo Zoppo spoke to me yesterday morning," Beatrice struck in with childish eagerness. "He asked me what made me get up so early, and I told him that I was going to Sanzio."

Her communication excited but the momentary interest that was natural, and her ready lie saved her from being questioned.

"Don't say you saw and talked with him," the Signor Francesco said to her later. "You don't want to be called into court. When a crime is committed, always pretend that you know nothing about it."

She looked at him wistfully. He was kind to her, and he had Checco's eyes and mouth. But she wondered if he knew or guessed at her father's fate, and was pretending not to know.

"The girl is growing pretty," he thought, and pinched her ear playfully.

"Beatrice, where are you!" called out the sharp voice of the Signora Alinori.

The gentleman turned impatiently away as his wife approached, and Beatrice went to meet her. "How I hate her!" she thought; and for the first time dared to look her steadily in the face when she was angry.

That look decided her fate.

"She shall go to the Signora Anna before the week is over," thought the jealous wife. "She'll not have much chance there to play the coquette!"

"I wonder," thought Beatrice, as she walked away through a vigna, "I wonder why Lo Zoppo told me not to go to the laurels!"

CHAPTER XI.

SABBATH MORNING.

The last object on which the eyes of Doctor James Martin rested before he dropped asleep that first night at "Perry's" was the rose-bush outside the window, with a single full-blown white rose shining in the light of the declining moon.

Perhaps that was the reason why, in some soft twilight of consciousness, either sinking into or rising from deep slumber, he had dreamed of white roses, and the sweet breath of their cool petals. A long wreath of white roses seemed to be still twined around him when the first birds waked him with their singing.

There were two in a nest near by, conversing with little silvery interrogatory phrases and dulcet replies. And this is what they seemed to say:

"Sweet?"

"Yes, sweet!"

"Does the dawn peep?"

"Silvery out of the east."

"How did you sleep?"

"So sweet!"

"Three great drops of dew, see!"

"On you, too!"

"Here's a drop on a leaf: drink!"

"Slip it over the barbed edge into my beak. Live, sweet! Health, sweet!"

"Now for a stretch of the wings, head-long into the blue. Make for that tremulous star! What is a star but dew!"

"Dew, sweet! For you, sweet!"

"Dew on the down of an azure bird that hovers and hides the sun, with its white plumes every one spread, and touching the hills!"

"That you may sleep, sweet!"

The family rose quietly, an hour later than usual on Sunday morning. Mr. Perry and his children were going down to Four Corners to meeting; and there was a subdued excitement of dressing through the house, with sudden tip-toe skurryings out of sight of half-dressed youngsters, and low-voiced anxious calls to "marm."

"Where's my pantalettes, marm?"

"Marm, won't you come and hook my gown?"

"Marm, gimme my white stockin's."

All these requests being perfectly audible to the visitor, he concluded to get up and assist at the scene, being quite as curious to behold a rustic interior in his own country as he had been to see one abroad.

He went out therefore into the clean white kitchen, and seated himself by one of the windows. Mr. Perry, in immaculate shirt-sleeves, had just finished shaving himself at a little glass set up in the opposite window, and Mrs. Perry was drawing a pot of baked beans out of the brick oven on a long-handled shovel. Both answered his good-morning, the woman with a smile, the man with a Lord's-day solemnity.

"Make haste, all of you!" Mrs. Perry cried, running toward the pantry with her long, laden shovel. "Breakfast's all ready."

"Wife, fasten my dickey," the husband said, and went to the pantry door with his chin in his shirt-bosom, and his arms up over his shoulders holding the ends of his "dickey" together.

Mrs. Perry fastened her husband's collar at the back.

"And I've lost a button off my galluses," he announced, tipping his head far back to button the dickey down in front.

Mrs. Perry was now drawing a loaf of brown bread from the oven. "Amanda will have to sew the button on for you," she said; "Amanda!" raising her voice, 'come and sew a button on your father's galluses.

"You ought not to leave yer buttons to be sewed on Sabbath-day," she added severely.

The freckled Amanda, in a yellow cambric dress, came out of the girls' bedroom, smiled bashfully in passing the doctor, and went to her father's aid.

The button sewed on, Mr. Perry returned to his looking-glass, put on a high black satin stock, which kept his chin well up, and then stood looking at himself, and assuming expressions of different degrees of solemnity and severity, much to the doctor's amusement.

Breakfast was on the table, and they took their places, Mr. Perry and his sons in their shirt-sleeves. They seemed to look upon a coat as an out-door garment. A blessing was asked, and the first course of a terrible breakfast was served and eaten in silence. Mrs. Perry abused her food in a hushed voice, and pressed the multiplied dishes on her guest in pantomime. The solemnity of the Sabbath was upon them all.

"Such good religious people!" their visitor thought. But he also thought with regret of quiet far-away breakfasts, where the snowy-napkins tray had held only a cup of coffee, a roll, a tiny print of unsalted butter, and the morning paper, and where he had eaten and read in blissful silence, without the misery of being obliged to talk early in the morning.

When breakfast was over, the stage-wagon was driven to the door, and they all piled into it. Amanda, with white pantalettes on her long legs, black lace mitts on her long arms, and an open-worked straw bonnet tied on with a blue ribbon, sat beside Isaac on the back seat, a small girl between them. A large girl and two boys occupied the front seat with their father. On Sunday the elder Mr. Perry drove.

This was their day of glory. Only to go to meeting was a pleasure and an excitement, but to go in the stage imparted something official and exceptional to their position. Old Mr. Perry never assumed any airs on such occasions, and Isaac treated their state with the nonchalance of one to the manner born, though secretly a little mortified at having the reins taken from him on these public occasions, and at his father's jog-trot mode of driving. But Amanda's satisfaction was profound and absorbing. A Faubourg St. Germain mademoiselle in the burr, she sat aloft in her buff dress and blue ribbons, and contemplated her own importance with a serene ecstasy.

The wagon with its load out of sight, and Mrs. Perry employed in giving a later

breakfast to "Granmarm" Perry, who never came to the table with the family, the doctor set off at last to visit his own domain. He had wished to make this visit quite alone.

His land began at ten minutes' walk from Perry's, and a little red school-house marked the dividing-line. Here the forest had never been cut. The trees fell with old age where they grew, and decayed where they fell. The pleasant road lost itself in slight returning curves, and had lines of grass and clover and buttercups between the wheel tracks, and a lace-work of sunshine and shadow over it. The air was still fresh, and the trees at either hand sparkled and splashed with dew.

Dr. Martin looked about him with serious delight. Noble, but vague, ambitions had long been stirring in his heart. It did not seem enough to him to live an honored life, and die a peaceful death. Dearer and higher far than any capricious homage given by man, sweeter and holier by far than the sinking away into his last sleep surrounded by loved ones, was the cherished hope that he might leave the spot of earth he should inhabit better than he found it, that he might bring light into some dark place, and purity where there had been uncleanness. If, then, he should leave children who would continue his work, he would have founded a dynasty more glorious than the Cæsars.

Visions such as these had floated on the current of his blood from childhood, but without ever having taken shape in his brain. He saw no other way before him than to be a doctor, and take his father's place. It was a noble profession, and his father had been a good man. Yet with all his filial reverence and affection, the thought of living such a life as his father had lived filled him with terror.

Visions had risen before him like bubbles, and like bubbles they had burst. But as his disgust grew greater with the life of Southport, he felt a constantly increasing stir beneath the surface of his mind, where the instinctive forces of his nature wrought at the foundations of an edifice not yet at level of his consciousness. Now and then an outline of some superstructure would rise suddenly, like a fountain-jet, and sink again, but often leave

its ghost upon the air; a thing to smile at sadly as it wavered there among common-sense realities, refusing to be exorcised; so fair, and so impossible!

As he walked slowly along the road this sunny morning, with rustling walls of dewy green between him and the spoiled old world, these ghostly lines took life again, and joined themselves into an almost definite shape, beautiful, but desolate. It oppressed him. "It is impossible!" he said, and shook his fancies off, and looked about him.

In his loitering walk, broken by many pauses, he had reached the red school-house. He turned aside, and tried the door. It was locked. He looked in at a window and saw two double rows of seats separated by aisles, one at either side of a wide space. In the centre of this space was an iron stove, with flowers and evergreens almost covering it. At one end of the space the door entered a small vestibule, and at the other end, raised on a platform, was the teacher's desk. In the sunshine of the window a little cloud of flies sailed about in a slow minuet. At intervals two of them would suddenly dash around each other, as if they tied a knot, then drop again into their slow swimming motion. A few large flies, too heavy to sustain this lightly floating measure, buzzed and bumped their heads against the window-panes.

The doctor smiled, recollecting the Italian association of a *moscone* with a coming lover, or, at least, a visitor. "I must visit the school to-morrow," he thought as he pursued his way.

A beautiful ledge, tufted with moss and overgrown with cedar trees, pushed itself out at his right. It had been his favorite haunt during that far-away summer spent with aunt Betsey in the woods. He had dreamed away many an hour there, wandering from chamber to chamber where the cedars ranged themselves in lines to make the walls, and stood apart for doors.

Everywhere at the right the land rose from the road; but at the left it ran moist and level for half a mile till it reached a low, heavily-wooded mountain. Here grew the wide-armed oaks and beeches, and elms sprang into the air and broke into a spray of twigs and verdure, and poplars trembled at themselves, and spruce-trees lifted their dark spires above

the brighter foliage. And here were wolves and bears, and clouds of gray deer.

Next the ledge at the right was a hollow full of beech-trees, and over the round, full tops of these a thin column of smoke rose straight into the air. The doctor stopped to look at it, his heart beating quickly; for it rose from his own hearth.

A few steps farther, and the brown log-house came into sight. It stood back from the road on a smooth rise, with grass and clover waving about, a flower-garden at the southern door at which he looked, and snow-white curtains showing through the small open windows. Behind the house, under a slanting roof, was a line of bee-hives, and a rod of dark pathway leading to a boiling-spring that was overhung by a beautiful silver birch-tree; and there was a long barn, and a corn-field. Framing all, stood the primeval forest.

How well he remembered it! It needed only that a slender, light-footed woman should appear at that southern door, with a white apron over her dark cotton dress, and a white lace kerchief laid smoothly over her grey hair. For one whirling moment the twenty years were a dream, and he was a boy again. Then, with a sigh, he pursued his way.

The land was all surrounded by a fence of cedar poles; and, as at the other farms, the entrance was barred by the same poles. From these bars a path led up to a rough porch over the northern door.

There was no one in sight as the doctor entered, and the silence was so profound that he heard the buzz of a wasp in a pumpkin-blossom beside the path. The door of the porch and the inner door were open, and he tapped lightly with his cane.

There was no reply.

He stepped through the porch into the large kitchen. A log was smouldering in the cavernous fire-place built of stones, a kettle simmered on the crane, a cat lay sleeping on the hearth. One of the walls was bright with tin; and the sun shone in through an eastern and a southern window, both veiled with pink and purple morning-glories.

The owner of this castle of silence tapped on the floor with his cane, and again without receiving an answer; but a faint murmur, like a human voice,

came to him from the parlor, and he went forward.

The parlor was one of four rooms into which the house was divided, and was separated by a little entry from the kitchen. From this entry the south door opened on to the flower garden. The door stood open, wreathed around by a dewy hop-vine. Bees were buzzing about; there was a morning-cloud of pinks outside, and bushes full of opening roses, and a strip of tall waving grass beyond. On to one of these grass blades sank a bob-o-link, and began to sing. The doctor stopped and listened with a smile to the whole aria. "Talk of nightingales!" he said, and then turned toward the parlor.

It was a pleasant corner room, the logs that formed the walls showing in ribs through the pictures pasted over them. For, from having been covered at first with newspapers, the walls had gradually been pasted over with wood and steel engravings, taken from papers and periodicals, every size and variety of picture entering. The fire-place of stones was filled with cedar boughs; the sofa and chairs were covered with gaily flowered copper plate, and there were braided mats on the floor.

In a low rocking-chair by the leaf-embroidered sunshine of the southern window sat an old woman, reading in the Bible. Her white hair was partly covered by a white kerchief; and she wore a blue cotton apron, with the creases of its careful folding still fresh. The face of this woman was strong-featured, wrinkled and tanned by the weather. Her eyes were sunken, her chest flat, her shoulders broad and bent. Yet she was beautiful as she sat there; for while she read, her soul dilated by faith, shone softly out, and filled with light the lacking curves of her poor wasted body. She read in a whisper, her left fore-finger following the text; and from time to time she adjusted her brass-mounted spectacles with the right hand.

"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."

A divine peacefulness filled the room.

Painted so on a large canvas, with a break in the ceiling to admit a beam of

light and a bouquet of cherub faces, she would have made a good altar-piece.

There was a stag outside looking in at the window, his head with its antlers making a finely-outlined shadow on the sunshine at the old woman's feet. He stood as motionless as a statue, his ear bent as he listened to the murmuring voice, scarce louder than the hum of insects round him. But at sound of a man's step, he tossed his head back with a sniff, and was off.

The doctor watched him passing over the green, as noiseless as the shadow of a cloud, then tapped on the floor with his cane till the old woman heard him.

"Pardon me for interrupting your reading!" he said.

Her finger, still on the page, she turned her head with a quiet smile of welcome before seeing who spoke; and at sight of a stranger closed the Bible, leaving her hand inside, and waited a little with the slowness of age, still faintly smiling.

The doctor told her who he was. "Of course, you are Mrs. Winter, the house-keeper," he said.

She rose at once, and looked at him with an earnest gaze. "Poor Miss Martin!" she said. "She was always talking about ye. You're welcome, sir. Sit down. How you have grown since you were here!"

The doctor laughed. "Well, a man ought to grow between ten years old and thirty-one. It is twenty years since I was here. In that time your children have grown and gone away."

"Yes, they have all gone away," she echoed, sadly. "I was in hopes that Nancy would stay with me. I thought she might get a husband here and carry on the place, just as I and her father did. But since Ann White went to the cotton factory, all the other girls are crazy to go. I couldn't keep her back. You see, after a little while she will have two dollars a week; and, besides, she sees a good many people there; and she found it lonesome here; but, as I wrote to you, I can't leave her alone in such a place, and I must go, too. She's got a little chamber where she and I can sleep together."

She sighed unconsciously, and looked out at the broad green field and forest. She had taken off her spectacles, and

her faded eyes, fixed far away on vacancy, had all that melancholy and resignation of old age, which sees nothing before it but death, yet faithfully performs every duty which remains to be done, the more faithfully that they are so few.

They talked of business then; and the doctor went out and walked about the place with his tenant. After a while, she went in to prepare a luncheon for him, and he wandered about alone.

What a paradise might be made of this place! He felt like a man who suddenly finds himself possessed of countless millions. It was only now that he realized that a portion of the earth's surface was his own. That long corn-field running off to a point that cleft the eastern woods, a field they fitly called the "wedge," was his own. He could wall it in, or let it lie with only a stump fence, as now; plant it, or let it run to weeds, as he might choose. That solemn pine-tree that was tall when he was an infant, he could make a bonfire of it, if the fancy took him; and at his word the slender beauty of those silver birches would fall to the ground. The grand old woods reared themselves high and darkling on all sides, seeming to prop the horizon; yet he had the power to wrap them in a wild conflagration, and reduce them to ashes for miles around, sending bears, and wolves, and foxes, and deer, and serpents flying out into the settlements, and showers of sparks to threaten the houses far and near.

Fancy threw her lasso out with a savage strength, and laughed, and let it slip. His will was not to do evil, but good.

He began to lay plans; or, rather, plans began to suggest themselves.

"When you have children, they can come here in the summer, as you did," said a small voice in the midst of his vision of stone-wall building and swamp draining.

"Children should be born in the country."

"Children should spend their first years in the country."

"The luxuries of the country are more exquisite than those of the town. The only necessity it is likely to lack, and which the town is almost sure to furnish, is sympathetic companionship.

There is no companionship here for an educated man. But if——"

"Impossible!" the doctor exclaimed aloud. "Who would——"

There was a momentary break in the colloquy between his outer and inner consciousness. Then the two began together. "Perhaps one of the most serious needs for a family in a country place is to have a doctor in cases of emergency. But if the man were himself a doctor——"

"I will plant clover in that hollow!" exclaimed the doctor almost fiercely.

"Then the railroad:—It isn't as though the place would be always remote."

The railroad sounded like something practical. John Martin had assured his brother that it was almost certain a railroad would be made in that part of the state within a few years, and that it would pass near his land, if not through it. That meant riches, and a town within reach.

"I can make a lot of cider," the doctor said, looking about. "Fortunately, apples grow well here. As our people go abroad, and foreigners come here, we shall gradually give up our abominable tea and coffee as sole beverages at table. Perhaps I could start a little vigna on some sunny spot. It would n't take many grapes to make a hog'shead of mezzo vino. I would fight rum with that and cider. The man who tries to fight rum and gin with cold water and tea is an imbecile."

He went in to his luncheon, which was adorned with the inevitable coffee-pot; and while he ate he went on thinking: "One might have a good dairy here. Why should n't we make as good cheeses as other people?" He knew just how they make their cheeses in England, Switzerland, and Italy. Was it not all written down in his crisp neat hand in one of the library of small note-books at home? And had he not brought home packages of those fragrant herbs with which some people flavor their curds?

"Marry come up, but I have!" he said to himself, and gave a little nod which was not quite sideways, but might be called cornerwise, a movement intended to convey an impression of superior acuteness.

The doctor was getting what his aunt Betsey would have described as "very

high in his mind." His broad shoulders itched to take on the weight of this new world, Atlas-wise, and bear it aloft.

As he went away that afternoon, Mrs. Winter gave him a handful of delicately colored fringed pinks, tied with sweet grass around the stems. They made him think of a fair sweet woman whom he had not yet seen, but should see some day. The petals were the color of a soft blush. "God bless you, dear, whoever you are!" he said fervently; and, kissing the modest flowers, his imagination touched the cheek of his future bride.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEACON.

In the afternoon, Dr. Martin went up to visit the Heath family, whose farm lay a mile beyond his own. He had been there more than once on that wondrous tenth summer of his; but the only clear recollection he had retained was of a laughing young woman searching for four-leaved clover in the field, her mop of loose yellow hair just visible over the grass, like some great flower shining in the sun. Her name was Myra Heath; and he knew from Mrs. Winter that she had inherited the place, and had married her cousin, without changing her name.

He walked along the forest-shaded road shaking his cane at the deer which peeped out at him, and skipped away at his approach. He asked himself what sort of civilization would follow this superb wildness.

"Nations begin well enough. They rise, bloom, and sometimes give us one crop of fair fruit. Then they rot, leaving, perhaps, here and there some sample of perfect civilization. But this sample, instead of being adopted as a model, is ever doomed to destruction by the corrupted majority. Later generations may point backward to it, and praise, even deify it. But do they profit by it? No. The same story of decadence is repeated with the monotony of slow eternal revolution. Christ must have meant this when He said: 'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Where does the evil begin? It must begin in the nation as in the man, and it must begin in the moral as in the physical man. Impurities become lodged in the system, and they corrupt; impedi-

ments gather there and gradually stop the circulation of new life-giving elements. This, within. From without are the withholding of proper food, or the giving of noxious food; and violence.

"What, then, is good for your nation, sir?" pursued the doctor, becoming dramatic, and seeming to address his question to a tall antlered stag which stood between two birch-trees, facing him like a king between two flag-staffs. "Firstly: Clean out your corruption wherever it exists, high or low. Cry aloud and spare not over all and every evil-doing, especially that which hides itself. Secondly: Bury decently and deeply the old bones of all your worn-out institutions, and assume as an axiom that everything which has no motion is dead, and has got to serve as guano, or go under a monument. Thirdly: Give to each one such education and opportunity as he craves for, and don't force a rattle-brain or a pig-head to study Greek."

So far the stag had appeared to listen with great interest, but at the last words he turned with a light disdainful leap and trotted away. The doctor pursued his walk.

"I would like," he said, descending to personalities, "that my children should be bright, strong, sincere and courteous, with a firm hand for a friend and a hard fist for a foe. I do not hope for saints or geniuses, but for a little tribe which shall be lovable of God and man, trustworthy, courageous, and hopeful, and if not always justifiable, at least, never without excuse. They should make their children better than themselves; and those again—"

He ceased speaking, and before his eyes there seemed to flow a widening stream that grew far off into an ocean wherein his thought was drowned.

"*Abraham et semine ejus in sæculum,*" he said laughing.

And then he became aware that he stood before a "pair of bars," and that a barefooted urchin perched there was looking at him with a stolid stare. The boy was about ten years of age, and of a pale flax-color. His figure stood out clearly on a background of dark buildings and green fields.

The doctor asked his name.

"Samuel." The boy opened his mouth far enough to emit this name in a quiet, colorless tone; then shut it again, and continued to stare.

"Samuel what?" asked the doctor.

"Heath."

"Your father's name is Heath?"

A nod answered this rather superfluous question.

"I've come to see him," the doctor said, advancing a step.

"Aint ter home."

"Where is he?"

"Gone to meetin'."

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno."

The calm stare had never relented.

"Look here, boy," said the doctor, losing patience. "You just get down off that bar and open for me. I'm coming in."

With a somewhat provoking deliberation the boy descended and let the bars down.

By this time two or three children, having heard the colloquy, came out of the house and stood on the door-step staring, and as their visitor entered the enclosure, violently hissed at by a flock of geese, a woman appeared behind the children, hastily smoothing back her somewhat disordered hair. It was the yellow hair he remembered shining over the clover-tops.

She waited for him to come within speaking distance, then gave him a smiling welcome, pushing behind her the pretty brood of sunburnt children. She was a magnificent woman, large and beautifully shaped, with dimples in her small brown hands, a dimple in her cheek, and a heap of hair, not golden, but tawny. Her eyes, too, were a pale, yellowish hazel, only speckled with blue, and were full of a soft laughing brightness.

The door opened directly into the kitchen, which was the only reception-room of the house.

Having introduced himself, and received a second welcome full of enthusiasm, Doctor Martin began to make acquaintance with the six children, and ended by taking the youngest, Sylvanus, on his knee. This was a beautiful boy of three or four years, all his mother, except a pair of pathetic brown eyes.

While they talked, Samuel peeped in at the door several times, and withdrew his head suddenly on being observed; and presently a loud hissing, scarcely of geese, was heard from without.

A short silencé followed, then another peep and dodge, and again the fierce hissing.

"Samuel!" cried his mother with a weak assumption of authority.

"What 'm?" said Samuel promptly, putting his head in at the door.

"B'have yourself!" commanded Mrs. Heath, and went on with her conversation.

There was a moment of quiet; then a vociferous cackling of hens was heard. Silence again, Samuel's head, a dodge, and renewed cackling.

"Samuel!" cried Mrs. Heath as before.

"What 'm?"

"B'have yourself."

After a short interval the same scene was repeated, with the substitution of a malignant caterwauling.

The silence which followed was of such long duration that the doctor concluded that young Mr. Heath must be at the end of his repertory. Then a man's heavy step was heard.

Mrs. Heath smilingly interrupted herself to say: "There's the Deacon, now."

Her visitor had already learned that Mr. Heath occupied this dignified position in the church at Four Corners.

A voice was heard outside, solemn and stern from brazen lungs. "Samuel!" and a mild prompt "Whassir?" in response.

"Go in, and take your bible!" said the voice.

Samuel came in instantly, his head meekly in advance of his body, took a small New Testament from a shelf, opened it in the middle upside-down, seated himself bolt upright on the edge of a chair, and stared idiotically at the blank space between the two pages.

After a moment Deacon Heath entered. He was a stern-faced, powerfully-built man, with stiff dark hair slightly grizzled. He wore a black dress suit, a cylinder hat, and very creaking boots. One perceived that his clothes had been carefully preserved from a remote time. He stared at sight of a visitor, and saluted him somewhat coldly.

The doctor had an illumination. It occurred to him that Sunday visits might

be considered impious in that region, especially when made on a deacon. He made haste to explain. His time, he said, was limited; and he had a great deal to do. As the deacon knew, he must find a tenant for his farm, and he wished for advice and information from his nearest neighbors. Mrs. Winter had done very well about the hay, and grain-cutting; but for all that was to follow in autumn harvesting, and for the house itself, he had yet to provide.

At this the deacon unbent, and professed himself willing to give any advice and assistance in his power, if the doctor would wait till he had changed his clothes. That hat and swallow-tailed coat were evidently held to be a strictly official costume.

"So now you may go to mamma, Silvio," the doctor said, putting the child down from his knee. "You are a good boy."

"Yes," said Mrs. Heath, holding out her arms. "My baby is always good Sundays." She cast a significant, reproachful glance at Samuel, who continued to stare at the blank space in his testament. "I don't have to tell Sylvanus"—with emphasis—"more than once to behave himself;" still with a sidelong look of weak severity.

Samuel thrust his head still further forward, and his fixed stare became a glare.

One of his sisters, looking at him, began to giggle.

"Emily Jane," said her mother sternly, "b'have yourself."

Emily Jane's face instantly became a study in consequence of its swift changes from painful solemnity to convulsive mirth. A glance at her brother brought her to a state of strangulation; a glance at her mother changed her features to an expression that was almost fierce in its effort to be serious. The doctor was glad that she did not look at him; for he felt disposed to laugh with her.

"Mudder," murmured the voice of Sylvanus at his mother's apron.

"What, dear?" asked Mrs. Heath, fondly smoothing his fair curls.

"Is n't God 'most rested?" whispered the child.

"Why, Silvy?"

"Cause I'se tired," he answered wearily.

"God rested all day, Sunday," said Mrs. Heath.

The boy sighed and said no more.

The deacon appeared shorn of his rays; and he and the doctor went out to talk business, and look at the farm. They walked about, then leaned on a pole fence enclosing the clover-field. This was a solid mass of trefoil, pink and white with blossoms, and buzzing with bees. The light wind that smoothed the grass into satin waves, tossed the clover in rich clustered masses like wool.

Observing this man, the doctor was reminded of Cotton Mather and witch-burning, medieval monks and heretic-burning. He was upright, but narrow; and in his stern fervor of bigoted belief and stubborn will was every possibility of implacable sincere cruelty.

"I'm glad you can't hold the whip over my conscience!" thought the visitor as they were about to separate.

"I'm going down to visit the school to-morrow," the deacon said. "And I'll go over the place with you in the afternoon." Here he suddenly interrupted himself to exclaim, "Samuel!" stiffening as he spoke, and following his exclamation with a stern stare of at least two minutes' duration.

Samuel, who had come out with the other children, and was sneaking about his father and their visitor, immediately put his head forward, and went straight toward the house, noiseless on his bare feet. When he heard his father again occupied in conversation, he began to lift his feet ludicrously high, and set them down almost in the same spot from which he had lifted them. Sarah Jane watched this performance, giggling convulsively, with her blue cotton tire held over her mouth. Near the door, Samuel turned his face to look back, his feet still going up and down, but making no progress; till, his father showing signs of turning in his direction, he disappeared in a twinkling.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WHITE ROSE.

Walking about his own place the next morning, the doctor, from a high point which commanded a view of "Perry's," saw a carriage drawn by a

pair of horses, dash up to their gate. A gentleman alighted, assisted a lady down, and remounted. There was the wave of a saluting hat, and the carriage dashed away again.

The school-mistress had returned from her visit to Four Corners.

The style of her return much surprised the looker-on from Beechlands. He had not expected to see such a turn-out there; and, moreover, the lightness with which the lady had descended was somewhat at variance with the idea he had formed of Miss Shepherd, the mistress of the red schoolhouse. "Dear old soul!" he had called her. "I must drop in and see her as I go down," he thought.

Some children were passing by his house. The tribe of Heath was on its way to school, with rifle and dinner-basket, all of them, from Adam, the second son, down to Sylvanus, the youngest. Sylvanus was almost into b—a, ba, and Adam was beginning algebra.

Toward noon the doctor started on his leisurely way to dinner. When he reached the schoolhouse, the door and windows were wide open, and there issued from them a buzzing louder than that of the *moscone* of the day before. The loudness of this buzzing seemed to strike some one besides himself; for, as he paused, a clear, sweet voice said, commandingly: "Silence, children?"

It was more authoritative than Monsieur Gambetta's "*Un peu de silence, Messieurs!*" but not more effective with this assembly of small republicans.

The doctor smiled, unconsciously, and waited to hear if the voice would speak again. It did not, and he went to the door and tapped with his cane.

The buzzing ceased instantly. Then the teacher's voice, somewhat subdued, was heard to say, "Thomas Heath, go to the door."

Thomas Heath appeared, and grinned recognition.

"Ask your teacher if she will allow me to visit her school," the doctor said, discreetly abstaining from seeing a group visible through the half-open door. The mistress sat with her back toward him, five little ones clustered about her knee, on which rested a brightly-colored A B C book.

Full of excitement, Thomas went to announce their visitor. "Mistress, doctor wants ter c'min."

In a minute the mistress stood before him, blushing, but dignified. "Will you please to walk in, sir?" she said, in a ceremonious manner, holding the door.

He bowed and entered, unable for the moment to utter a word. This, then, was the good spinster who was to resemble Aunt Betsey!

He saw, instead, the stateliest and loveliest of girls, with a sprig of cedar in the splendid coils of her auburn hair, a pair of lustrous gray eyes, and a neck as white as swan's-down. She wore a simple, dark-colored gown and a white apron.

He felt sun-smitten.

The mistress escorted him to her chair of state behind the desk; and when he had reached it, waved her hand to the children, who had risen at his entrance, to seat themselves.

"I hope that I do not incommode you," he found voice to say.

"Not at all!" she replied, with a fleeting cordiality. Then, resuming her dignified manner, "I am afraid that you will not find my school very interesting."

"I was never more interested in my life!" the visitor declared; and begged her to go on just as though he were not there.

The school-mistress' blush, a soft, sensitive pink all over her face, had not yet faded away. She was, indeed, both embarrassed and frightened. Such a visitor was a formidable object to a young teacher who had no show classes; and, moreover, Adam Heath had announced to her that his father was coming.

The five little ones remained standing where they had been surprised, all staring at the visitor; but when their teacher, a little vexed that they had not melted away unperceived during the stir of his entrance, motioned them somewhat imperatively to their seats, they started so promptly that they ran against each other and upset the chair. One of them went down with a bump and a howl, whereupon a titter ran through the school.

The school-mistress hastened to pick up the unfortunate one, but the doctor was before her. He had recognized little Sylvanus Heath; and presently the child was seated on their visitor's knee, in the mistress' awful desk, with a ticking gold watch open in his hands to console him for a rising bump on his forehead.

Miss Shepherd looked at the child for a moment with a sweet smile as he sat there steadying his quivering lip; and that sweet glance swept the doctor an instant in withdrawing itself. It was his turn to blush now, and he did blush with pleasure at that sign of kind approval.

Then Minerva put on her helmet again.

"First class in arithmetic!" she called out in a voice that had something of a clarion ring through its softness.

"What a beautiful voice!" thought the visitor. "I like a woman's voice which can raise itself without cracking or squealing."

Ten boys and girls came out and seated themselves on the front benches. Among them were Adam Heath, his brother Samuel, and Amanda Perry. They carried books and slates, and all their faces, except Samuel's, showed the suppressed eagerness and elation of anticipated glory. He, as the star performer, assumed a careless, bored look, intended to convey the impression that mathematical triumphs were an old story to him.

Miss Shepherd read out ten problems bristling with difficulties. One full of labyrinthine windings was given to Samuel Heath to work out on the blackboard. But, just as pencils and chalk had begun their work, a second knock at the door, this time from ponderous knuckles, nipped their glories in the bud.

The mistress laid down her book with a trembling hand, and bade Amanda Perry go to the door.

She was frightened, indeed, this time! Deacon Heath was plainly visible, and he was her school-committee man, and had not yet given her a certificate for Beechland. She had passed a good examination at Shepherdsville, and had come here, not only certified as to her acquirements but recommended. A local

examination was quite unnecessary, and a certificate might well be written without asking her a question; but would Deacon Heath understand that?

"He is capable of asking me questions which Solomon himself could not have answered," she thought.

The doctor offered his chair to the deacon, and seated himself on the bench beside Samuel Heath, declining the second chair the mistress offered him. Samuel instantly made a furtive pantomime of smoothing down an imaginary beard, continuing the movement quite to the floor. The doctor had, in fact, a habit of passing his hand down his long beard.

Grins and titterings, painfully disguised as coughs, greeted this exhibition.

"Of course, he won't think of questioning me before the children, and, above all, before a stranger!" the teacher thought, as she stood awaiting the deacon's orders; but her heart fluttered like a bird.

The deacon uttered a loud, preparatory sounding "ahem!" that made her knees tremble.

"Would you like to see the writing-books?" she asked suddenly.

The writing-books might either divert the danger or bring it on, as the teacher herself set the copies; but they would give her a moment's time to get that fire out of her cheeks. Mary Shepherd was a white beauty, with cheeks like a pond lily when nothing agitated her, and to feel herself blushing increased her blushes.

The deacon, after a moment's hesitation, consented, and looked through the pile of pink and blue covered books she took out of the desk and gave him, one by one. Doctor Martin, to relieve the oppressive silence, went and glanced them over also.

"They do very well," he said, cheerfully, looking at the pretty, precise Italian writing of the copies.

The teacher gave him a nervous bow of acknowledgment. He stood so near her that he smelt the fresh odor of the cedar-spray in her hair, and could examine the hair itself. The parting was

One moonbeam from the forehead to the crown, and the rich, red-bronze mass was twisted up into a figure eight, with a wrought

shell comb supporting the upper *loop at the curve of her well-shaped head, making thus a narrow coronet as seen from the front. What a white neck she had! and what a pretty hand!

Deacon Heath made no reply to the doctor's remark, and had such an air of thinking that it was out of order, that the speaker felt as if he had talked aloud in church.

The last book was laid aside, and there was another loud, harsh "ahem!"

"O Lord!" thought Mary Shepherd; and she thought it so nearly aloud, that

cities or States! She was sure that she could not tell. If he should put such a question, she was afraid that she might laugh hysterically; for an Irishman's answer occurred most inopportunist to her mind: "Bedad, that dipends on whedder Mrs. O'Flannigan has had a gyurrl or a b'y."

Oh! suppose that she *should* be unable to answer, and *should* laugh and then cry, and he should refuse her a certificate, and she should have to go back in disgrace to her family!

The deacon made a sudden launch into space, and wished to know the diameter of the sun, and the position of the "Great Dipper," and how far off the moon was, and what were her illustrious habits. Then, returning to his native planet as suddenly as he had left it, he interrogated the mistress sternly regarding greater and lesser circles, diameters, poles and oceans. The agility of his mind contrasted favorably with the ponderosity of his manner.

The teacher answered all triumphantly.

The doctor sat both amused and embarrassed, his eyes fixed on the floor. He suspected the deacon of a wish to show him that all the erudition of the world is not confined to large cities, and that it is not necessary to travel to the antipodes in order to know the secrets of the starry heavens.

The children stared in breathless silence. To them this examination was as the battle of the gods to mortals. Behold the questioner questioned, and as frightened as any one of them with an unlearned lesson. There was, perhaps, some exultation in the thought. And yet they loved her; and had the hysterical scene which she had been imagining taken place, there would have been a unanimous sniffle of sympathy throughout the school-room.



"'I WOULD N'T STAY IN THE LACRELS,' HE SAID."

the sudden explosive breath reached a bearded cheek near by.

"Write your name, and the name of your town, county (taown, caounty, of course,) and State," said the school-committee man to the teacher.

Doctor Martin started, and felt that he ought not to be there, yet saw no escape.

Mary wrote in the midst of an awful silence, her cheeks flaming, her hand unsteady.

"What is the legal interest on money in this State?" pursued the deacon.

She told him in a voice which betrayed the strain.

"How many counties are there in this State?" was the next question.

Her voice faltered in answering. Oh! suppose that he should ask her how many inhabitants there were in the different

"What is the largest city in the world?" asked the deacon, who seemed to read the questions from his thumbs as they stood up side by side against the tightly-closed fists on the desk before him.

It was coming! Of course populations would follow! Mrs. O'Flannigan's possible "b'y" began to dandle itself before her eyes again, and she breathed quickly. Oh! which was the greater? London or Pekin? She could not recollect.

In that awful pause Mary Shepherd glanced at the doctor. He was looking at her, and, his hand shielding his mouth at one side, he silently pronounced a name.

Blushing, she repeated it. She would have repeated it if he had said Four Corners.

"Spell phthysic," said the school-committee-man monotonously, looking at his thumbs.

Mary spelt the ridiculous word with a radiant smile. Good-bye, populations! And yet there were certain words which she never could be quite sure of rightly spelling.

But the deacon gave her no further spelling trial. He probably thought that a person who can spell phthysic can spell anything.

"How wide is the Amazon river at its mouth?" he asked; and a downward movement of the thumbs seemed to indicate that this was the final question.

The teacher's heart and her ideas expanded at the sign. "Three hundred and sixty miles!" she answered with recovered stateliness.

The first class in geography began to giggle. Was not that very question in the lesson of the day?

Deacon Heath looked at the teacher with doubt and surprise in his face. "I thought that it was only one hundred and fifty miles wide," he said.

"Oh!" the doctor put in eagerly, "You are both right. Some friends of mine have just returned from the Amazon. At a certain point the mouth is only one hundred and fifty miles wide, but just outside of that it is three hundred and sixty."

The mistress gave one brief glance at his laughing eyes, and averted her own. He, having thus rescued her, turned a fierce look upon the first class in geo-

graphy, which shrank abashed, not only at the stranger's bold and threatening eyes, but before the fact that they were in the presence of two persons who knew something that had not been revealed to the geography nor to the school-committee.

The deacon, slightly disconcerted, asked no more questions, but set himself laboriously to write a certificate that Miss Mary Shepherd was qualified to teach the district (he called it deestric) school in the town of Beechland. Having presented this paper to the teacher, he rose to go, the children all rising with him. He had meant to make an address; but the slight mortification he suffered changed his mind. It would not do to risk his supremacy a second time.

"Be you going to stay here a few days longer?" he asked, in taking leave of the doctor, who had offered his hand.

Always impressionable, and at that moment absorbed in listening to a soft sigh of relief breathed out in his hearing, the doctor replied, "I be!" then fell to coughing.

Miss Shepherd became radiant as soon as the deacon was fairly outside the door. Her trial safely over, for the first time the stranger within her gates saw her as she was. She was modest, self-possessed, full of a soft energy, white, sound, and soulful. Withal, a young woman not given to foolish laughter, but capable of assuming a very imposing dignity.

The doctor went out, and found the deacon waiting for him. "I suppose it's nigh on to twelve o'clock," he remarked, putting a thumb and fore-finger into his empty watch-pocket.

"It is a quarter past twelve," the doctor said.

"Sho!" said the deacon; and went reluctantly away, promising to go over the doctor's farm with him that afternoon.

"I'll marry that girl, if I have to carry her off by force!" the doctor said to himself excitedly, as he walked up and down waiting for the teacher to come out.

The boys came out, shouting as soon as their feet were on the turf, and the girls came more soberly after with their dinner-baskets or pails. They scattered about to eat their dinners. Some climbed

a great mossy boulder as high as the school-house. Others seated themselves on a low rock overhung by a witch-hazel tree; and others on a bank dotted with tiny yellow violets by the thread of a brook at the road-side. Three little bare-footed ones, with their toes turned in, sat on the door-step, and ate doughnuts and cheese.

The mistress came out, tying on a white muslin sun-bonnet. She had been thinking of her visitor, how bright, strong and helpful he was. She liked doctors. How they all loved their dear old doctor in Shepherdsville! How often he had soothed their fears, and changed their anguish to joy! How many a time they had run, terrified, to call him, day or night, especially for mother, and hung trembling on his looks and words when he came! How their sick ones turned to look at the door by which he was to enter!

They liked him better than they liked the minister, with whom they did not feel at ease. He used to ask them if they loved God; and they did not know whether they loved Him or not, and had to maintain an awkward silence, or say "I dunno!" in an imbecile way. Jack Shepherd always used to run his tongue out at this question, not from disrespect, but from sheer inability to use that organ in any other way.

Miss Mary Shepherd was now twenty years of age, and a very intelligent young woman; but she still shrank a little



"THE NEXT FLASH REVEALED THE FIGURE OF A MAN LYING FACE DOWN."

from the minister, lest he should ask her if she loved God; and though the grammar of her answer would have been more correct, the spirit would still have been the childish, "I dunno!"

"Yes; I like doctors best," she whispered, and went out to the one who awaited her.

"Oh! you dear girl!" he thought as she came toward him with a calm and unaffected modesty.

They walked down the road, side by side.

"It was stupid of Deacon Heath to

question you before the children," the doctor said at once. "You must excuse my remaining. I was taken by surprise."

"I was so afraid of making a mistake!" the teacher said. "I hardly knew what I was saying. In another minute I should have cried."

"How could you feel like crying," exclaimed the doctor, "when you saw before you that jolly Amazon river with its mouth stretched from ear to ear? I have heard of laughing brooks; but, by Jove! the smile of that river was Olympian!"

Oh! the sweet laugh! How it made the birds turn their heads to see what new songster was at hand! "Of course, I knew better!" she said, her head drooping till only the tip of her pretty nose was visible beyond her sun-bonnet.

"Oh, well!" the doctor said, consolingly, "it's all over now; and I'm sure you are glad that it is."

"I be!" retorted the school-mistress slyly; and the sun-bonnet turned just far enough to show her whole profile for an instant, with a flash of gold from the hair and a swift soft beam from the clear gray eye.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MIDSUMMER.

ACROSS the fair midsummer vale
The zephyr floats from sweet to sweet;
What fragrance marks its printless trail
By fields of grass and tossing wheat.

The sky is poised, a perfect cup,
Above the landscape's rich expanse;
And where the morning mists went up,
The hills seem stilled, as in a trance.

No more the boisterous spring-time choirs
Make nature jocund with their notes;
One casual song the heart inspires,
And summer's noon of peace promotes.

I watch the hurrying humble-bee,
Crooning his low-down, mellow bass,
Dart, curving past each fence and tree,
To kiss some floweret's blushing face—

A zigzag wanderer through the air,
Following a path that's all his own,
Without a thought, without a care,
And making every flower a throne!

Deep in the grass the ground-bird hides,
And, where the river winds away,
One little shallop calmly glides
With joy the long midsummer day.

Joel Benton.



THE AMERICAN ARCTIC SAVAGE.

BY FREDERICK SCHWATKA.



KIRTING the rim of the great Arctic Ocean with its area about equal to that of the United States, are to be found several savage communities differing in racial, tribal and other ethnographic elements; and to describe those which are confined to the American continent, or the American Arctic savage, is the object of this article.

While Lapland and Siberia give a number of different tribes having no common language, customs, etc., as the Lapps, Samoyedes, Tchukchees, and others, it is a somewhat singular fact that the American continent gives but one, the Eskimo, although its length of Arctic coast-line is nearly equal to that of the eastern hemisphere, making up in sinuosities almost what it lacks in longitudinal spread. Where the mighty Mackenzie River sweeps into the Arctic, and Alaska's noblest stream, the Yukon, just tips the circle of that zone, both water-courses carry with them the American Indian for a very short distance within the polar regions; but to where this race occupies a mile along the polar parts of these rivers, the Eskimo extends a hundred miles beyond the Arctic circle into the temperate zone. In fact no savage race in the world, or within historic times, has spread over and held such a vast extent of territory as the Eskimo. And yet this vastness, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and facing both those great bodies of water, is insignificant in depth, being merely the coast-line which stretches from one ocean to the other around the northern part of America, and from which the Eskimo dare not depart any distance, as from the sea come three-fourths of the sustenance he manages to wrest from a niggardly nature. From half-way down the cheerless, ice-bound coast of Labrador (once beyond the straits of Belle Isle), the Eskimo is found in straggling numbers and interrupted intervals

along the shore of the northern Atlantic, northern Hudson's Bay, all the Arctic Ocean, the American side of Bering's Sea and the Pacific Ocean to about the mouth of the Copper River of Alaska—from the St. Lawrence to St. Elias.

Politically the Eskimo are under four flags of civilized powers, those of Greenland owing Danish allegiance, the British cross of St. George being over all to Alaska, where our own stars and stripes occasionally greet their sight, while a very few that have found a foothold on the nearest Asian shores are under the great White Czar. Yet with this vast longitudinal stretch of country encompassed, I doubt if all the Eskimo of America would outnumber many of our western Indian tribes which find their homes within much narrower limits of territory.

Why human beings have been found living in this lone land of desolation has given rise to no little theorizing and speculation, the bulk of which seems to be that they are cruelly forced to abide here by the supposed greater strength of the savages to the south of them. My own ideas are with the "respectable minority" which believes that they are found in these regions for the same reasons that we find the reindeer, the musk-ox, and the walrus; that is, it suits their peculiar temperament and disposition better than any other climate or condition possibly could, and they are no more forced into the frigid zone by other savages than the animals named are held there by the antelope, buffalo, or caribou of lower latitudes. When they are taken from their Hyperborean home they are as restless to return as the castaways in their own land are to get back to civilization, and singular enough, despite all their desolate surroundings, they are the most happy and contented race, savage or civilized, in the four corners of the earth; although it is the coldest corner. The tale told by Captain Hall of the deep longing of the sick and sinking Eskimo, Kudlago, to see his land of ice and snow before he



THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE ESKIMO PEOPLE.

(This map, at the best, can only claim to be approximately true, owing to the nomadic character of many of the tribes, the migration of the animals on which they subsist, and other causes. Were all the places marked where old Eskimo ruins have been found, it would cover nearly all the great Arctic Archipelago and extend the other coast-line limits considerably. Their sea-coast abiding character is well shown in following their habitat, although a very few tribes live inland and seldom visit the sea. It should be noted also that some few hybrid types of the Eskimo race are found on the Asiatic coast of Bering's Sea.—THE AUTHOR.)

died, and his joy on being carried to the deck of the Arctic-bound ship when the first iceberg was sighted, is as pathetic as any ever told of the return of Arctic refugees to their land of flowers and forests; and clearly shows that patriotism and love of home is circumscribed by no parallels of latitude nor influenced by climatic conditions. Wherever the Indians and Eskimo have come in contact in an aggressive way, the northern nomads have steadily pushed back their copper-colored neighbors, and the only places where they—the Eskimo—have penetrated far inland to reside, is along the Yukon and Kouskoquim Rivers of Alaska. Here they have elbowed out the Indian for some hundreds of miles, and find a luxuriant living on the swarming fisheries of these streams.

It has been urged by some scientists, with no small degree of ingenious reasoning that the prehistoric cavemen of Europe were the progenitors of the present widely dispersed Eskimo race. At that time much of Europe was overspread by a huge sheet of ice (the glacial epoch of geology) and along its edges a hardy race of people hunted the reindeer and lived in caves. Being a cold-climate-loving race they followed the ice-sheet as it retreated northward until the Arctic Ocean stopped their polar pilgrimage. Then they followed its flat coast east and west until they came to mountainous

country where elevation gave them the cold denied by northern migration, and they stopped in the hilly land of the northern Scandinavian peninsula where the Lapps live, and in the Arctic coast of America, much of which is high and precipitous.

The Eskimo, the Lapps, and ancient cavemen have many points in common. They are nearly all small in stature, while, more important from a scientific standpoint, their crania are so similar as to point to a common origin. The Eskimo are noted for their love of rude sculpture with and drawing on walrus ivory, reindeer horns, and such materials as their lone land furnishes, and this primitive art is found among the relics of the European cavemen; one engraving on a reindeer horn of the prehistoric mammoth exciting a deep interest as showing that that huge animal was contemporaneous with man before history was begun, except by such fragmentary links as this very engraving recorded.

While the Eskimo undoubtedly are a short-statured and small race of people, a two years' residence with them on the Atlantic side and a summer's experience among them on the Pacific coast has convinced me that they are not of such a pygmy growth as popular belief pictures them; and this has been spoken of before by some who have had extended contact with them. One tribe I saw, in fact,

seemed to me to average well with, if not surpass, the Caucasian race, at least in weight. They were located in and around the mouth of Back's Great Fish River, living off seals that there abound, and from which diet they get their tribal name—the Netschilluk, or seal-eaters. Those of the west coast of Greenland, from their accessibility to travelers, have been described the most, and being below even the average height of the Eskimo as a whole race, our general notions have been derived too much from this source. The Eskimo of Alaska, or such as I saw of them, are larger framed than those of Hudson's Bay, Hudson's Strait or Greenland, and yet I do not think they will compare in this particular with the intermediate Netschilluk.

Although the Eskimo are smaller than the white races, I think they will compare very favorably with them in bodily strength, which means, of course, for equal weights they are more muscular. When returning from my sledge journey to King William's Land in the good muscular condition resulting from a walk of over 3,000 miles, and even then weighing 219 pounds, I do not think I had the strength of one of my Eskimo sledgemen, Toolooah by name, who weighed but 20 or 25 pounds over half as much. This was evidenced by our respective handlings of the loaded sledge in "tight pinches," and giving full allowance to him for greater experience in such matters, and amply acknowledging that many assumed feats of strength have more of dexterity and practice in them than that which they are claimed to prove.

When we started on our northern trip Toolooah's sledge had a weight of over 3,000 pounds on it, hauled by nineteen fine dogs, and when he was at its head, with a tight grip in the seal-thong lashings, he would readily sway the head of the vehicle backwards and forwards as it went over snow where occasional projecting stones made it dangerous for the shoe-runners unless quickly and promptly avoided by good guidance. I must say that he was about the average in strength of his own race. Their constant out-door life, winter and summer, doing the hardest work in the healthiest of

climates, is probably sufficient to account for their great muscular development.

Their universal clothing is made from the skin of the reindeer, which animal is fortunately abundant in their land, as a usual thing, for its peculiar fur is undoubtedly the warmest in the world for the same amount of weight. There are often many variations in the trimmings made of other furs, as that of the polar bear, musk ox, Arctic fox, wolverine, or even the downy breasts of the eider-duck, dovekie, or auk, and in some instances they replace the reindeer fur largely; but among the bands of central Eskimo, where the most of my northern travels were cast, the reindeer was the only fur used to warm them as covering day or night, for it was equally used as bedding or clothing, while the flesh of the animal gave them their most delicious meat. Their palates are not very exacting, however, and I doubt if



ESKIMO HEAD.

one-third the reindeer that are now slain would be killed were meat the only object in view, and not the clothing, without which their country would be almost uninhabitable, and with which they can spend the winter far more comfortably than can the savages of so-called temperate regions with their deficient appliances.

It is about equally difficult for the Eskimo hunter to secure a walrus or a reindeer, and as the former will give about a ton of meat, and the latter only about one-tenth as much, it is clear why the walrus would be selected if only the meat and its palatability were concerned.

The walrus forms the principal food of the Eskimo race wherever it is found, and it is so generally distributed over the Arctic part of the North American continent that it undoubtedly makes up the bulk of

sustenance for the whole race, with the various seals following closely

the year, although varying appreciably in this respect during the different seasons, while the reindeer—for musk-oxen are nowhere numerous enough to enter largely as food—are only in good condition for a few months in the fall and early winter, the coldest months in the year, January, February and March, often finding them livid in their leanness.

Yet, in spite of all this, my northern travels threw me in contact with a fair-sized tribe of Eskimo that lived largely on this kind of meat, catching only enough seal from an inlet that cut deep into their country to supply their stone lamps with a little light during the long dark winter night. Those living on seal and walrus had enough oil to warm their houses—though made of snow—many degrees higher than the intense cold outside, and would take off their outside suit of reindeer clothes when in the house, while the reindeer hunters seldom had a temperature even a little above that of the atmos-

phere outside, and often remained double clothed as if in the open.

Their homes were cold and cheerless in the extreme, but they had powers of resisting it that seemed phenomenal and far beyond human endurance as we have found it limited in our own zone. I have known one of these cold-weather cavaliers to take a reindeer hide that had been soaking in the water, and that was frozen as stiff as a plate of boiler-iron, and put it against his bare body, holding it there, not only until it was thawed out, but until it was perfectly dry. The skin was to be used as a drum-head for singing and dancing exercises, and had to be dry and hairless to answer that purpose, the soaking ridding it of the hair, while there were apparently no other means of drying it than the heroic method adopted. From the large number of reindeer killed by these Eskimo they are abundantly supplied with skins for bedding and clothing, and in the making up of these necessities they have displayed so much tact and talent with the limited means at hand that they are the best dressed natives in the North. From one of their fancy dis-



REINDEER COAT OF ESKIMO WOMAN.

behind, and both these kind of meats amply supplemented by salmon, cod, whale, musk-oxen, reindeer and polar bear, with an occasional tribe here and there preponderating in some of these latter foods over the walrus and seal. The walrus will not live where it is so cold that all the water channels are frozen over in the winter, as he cannot cut a breathing hole through the thick ice like the smaller hair-seal, which is found in about every part of the Arctic that man has penetrated, and at about all seasons of the year. The greater amount of fatty tissue in the animals of the sea make them more acceptable as food to the northerner whose system craves such diet during the rigorous winter of that zone. The seal and walrus are fat throughout

plays on certain garments—the boot-tops—they get their distinctive tribal name, the Kinnepetoos.

As I have already hinted, the winter houses of these central Eskimo are built of snow, and I think from a two years life in them that they are healthier and more comfortable than any of wood, which must be peculiarly constructed and generally void of proper ventilation to withstand such a rigorous winter. In some of the portions of territory covered by this widely distributed race timber is found, as along the Yukon and Kouskoquim Rivers of Alaska and where a few of their numbers face the Pacific Coast. In other places also drift-wood is thrown upon the shores of their country, as all over the Alaskan coast and for some distance east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River, as well as parts of Greenland; and wherever these conditions obtain, there these polar people build their winter homes of logs and poles, the most of them being half-subterranean structures to conserve the warmth. In all other parts of their

among us in lower latitudes, and which makes it eminently adapted for the comfort and protection of these northern nomads. These snow-houses are called *igloos* by the natives, and have been so often described by polar travelers that I will only allude to a few of their more interesting features. They vary much in size according to whether they are to be permanently occupied or only for a night or two, for the wandering hunter of that lone land will make a score of *igloos*, in which he will spend only the night, to where one is made for a longer residence. Even the permanent *igloos* are so only relatively to their nomadic habits, and are seldom occupied over a month or six weeks, as in their constant use the snow, by the warmth of the stone lamp, is slowly converted into ice, and then the snow-house becomes chilly and uncomfortable, and is abandoned for a new one that it takes the Eskimo builder but two or three hours to make.

The temporary *igloos* are but mere kennels, where one can hardly turn around without scraping the snow off



ESKIMO VILLAGE OF SNOW-HUTS.

desolate, timberless land they make their homes of the hard snows which the fierce Arctic gales and low temperature have converted into a density and texture unknown in the same material

the walls with the elbows or shoulders. The permanent ones are more commodious, often from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter and half as high. The temporary *igloo* is generally a single



SEAL AND WALRUS HUNTERS.

structure, while the permanent ones often have two, three, or four snow-houses grouped around and emptying into a single one, which might be called the hall. The hall proper, however, of every snow-house is usually a low passage-way of five to twenty feet in length, through which a person has to crawl on his hands and knees, and which is chiefly useful in excluding the intensely cold winds outside, and as a refuge for the numerous dogs whenever particularly stormy weather prevails.

Their almost universal method of transportation is by dogs and sledges, for the good and sufficient reason that the average winter season in Eskimo land, when sledges are used, far exceeds the summer time, when the streams and channels are open, and skin canoes and

boats are employed. In fact, when I was on King William's Land, in 1879, we did not give up sledging on the land until June 22d, and after that used the shore ice of the sea until July 24th, when it broke up. In the early part of September, the first snows again allowed us to resume sledging. McClintock reported that the sea-ice near this point broke up with him as late as August 10th, and the natives told me that occasionally it happened that the ice did not break up at all, so that sledging could have been continuous here the whole year. The most popular fallacy concerning our northern people is that about their being well supplied with tame reindeer to draw their sledges. These



ESKIMO SLEDGE AND TEAM.

trained animals are confined wholly to the Arctic regions of the eastern continent, the wild variety alone being known on the American side.

There is considerable diversity throughout all Eskimo land in even such simple matters as a dog-team and sledge would appear to be. In the far northwest the method employed is to have the dogs in one or two lines harnessed to a double trace on either side, or to a single trace between the two lines. In Greenland they radiate outwards like a fan, each dog having his own trace meeting at the sledge, while among the central Eskimo, where most of my travels were cast, the same general arrangement is maintained, but the traces are of unequal length, the longest one belonging to an unusually well-trained and intelligent dog, called the leader, whose movements as to going to the right or left, faster or slower, stopping or starting, all the others follow. The rate at which a team will travel is about as indefinite as that at which a horse will go. A number

of good dogs, on a light sledge with nothing but the driver to be hauled, can make 50 to 75 miles a day on smooth salt-water ice in the spring months, while a heavily laden sledge of 100 pounds to the dog on the rolling hill lands will do well at 15 to 20 miles a day, if it is to be kept up for a number of days. I have seen a sledge with 3,600 pounds on it, dragged by nineteen fine dogs on smooth salt-water ice.

The northernmost inhabitants of the earth are the Itanese Eskimo of Greenland, numbering between 100 and 150 people. Their wanderings are known to reach to the 79th parallel of latitude, where they are seemingly barred by the huge Humboldt Glacier. The highest reached by white men is not far beyond this, and Eskimo ruins have been found between; and, considering their far greater superiority to the Caucasian in traveling in those regions, it is more than likely that they have extended their excursions beyond any point ever attained by civilized explorers.



FREDERICK III. OF GERMANY.

NOT the bold Brandenburg, at Prussia's birth;
 Nor yet Great Frederick when his fields were won
 And her domain stretched wide beneath the sun;
 Nor William, whose Sedan aroused the earth,
 Was hero, conqueror like the king whose worth
 And woe subdued the world beside his bier.
 Serene he walked with death through year and year
 Slow-measured; bearing torture's deeps in dearth
 Of hope—the faithful, steadfast, lofty soul!
 Ah, chant no dirge for him, but joyful pean!
 While Baltic laves its borders, Rhine doth roll,
 No truer life will seek the empyrean
 Than his whose fame nor realm nor age can span—
 The manliest Emperor, the imperial man!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE COUNTRY IN MIDSUMMER.

BY SARA F. GOODRICH.

"Here is no enemy
But winter and rough weather."

FROM May-day until midsummer-day, the hours, filled as they are with flowers and bird-songs, are one long delight to the lover of nature. The country becomes swathed and muffled in over-topping verdure. The tide of life is scarcely at flood when the earth wheels past the solstitial point; there follows yet a month of fervid heat before we feel that the ebb has fairly begun. According to the prediction furnished by Gen. Greely of the Weather Bureau, in the Northwestern States the week of greatest heat has now passed and a series of nights without dew may be expected—nights when one may easily feign he hears the corn grow. This is a good time to live out of doors. Too often the summer flitting of city folk is postponed until the country has lost most of its attractiveness. By August the farmers themselves should have leisure to visit some of the pleasant mountain or seashore resorts where good music and wide-awake lectures afford much needed relief from the tedium of country life.

Following midsummer-day—the noon of the year—a midday quiet comes over the fields; one by one the birds, busy with flocks of gaping fledgelings, forget to sing; even the shrilling of innumerable grasshoppers seems only to emphasize the sultry silence. The flowers that remain have a certain firmness of petal and tropical wealth of color in place of the dewy freshness of spring blossoms.

The fiery-hearted meadow lilies grow here and there on unmown banks. Later, in a tangled thicket of climbing bitter-sweet, smilax and iron-weed, or by the grassy margin of the creek may be found the rarer and more stately Turk's-Cap lily. In the meadows, the timothy, or herd's-grass, standing close-ranked and tall, is covered with a fine misty purple bloom which has a mealy smell like tasselled corn, only perceived as the wind brings us the breath of the field. If there is any fair and grateful husbandry, it is seen in the hay-field. Every step in the

process of haying is picturesque, from the cutting of the grass to the stowing away of the freshly dried, fragrant hay in the great stacks or mows. Besides, the farmer must keep a weather-wise eye on the summer clouds' slow moving, laden wains, from the hour when the clicking mowing-machine is first sent into the meadow, until the last load is securely put away. While the hay is being cared for, the winter wheat is growing golden and ready for the reaper. The oats which now look as though covered with blue gauze, will ripen next. Then the russet stubble fields will suggest only too forcibly that the summer is on the wane.

In the still mid-summer heat, every green thing gives out a good smell, from the delicious blossoms of the grape to the resinous odor of evergreens. The woodlands have a luxuriance of foliage that makes their recesses look dark and shadowy—almost forbidding. But in the honeyed bloom of the basswood trees, a bait is held out to the bees which those nectar-hunters are not slow to seize upon. Later yet, the chestnut hangs forth its creamy tassels. Ferns are now in greatest perfection, and, in most varieties, the fruitful fronds will be found well covered with spores, while the lover of wild flowers will find some of the less familiar sorts in suitable nooks. In a moist opening in the woods, one may come upon a truss of the great purple fringed orchis—reward enough for one walk—or, failing that, some smaller yellow ones, or meadow lilies like a flame in the dim recesses. Among the glossy leaves that carpet the ground under the trees, there are checker berry (or partridge berry) vines strung with fragrant twin blossoms, and careful search may uncover the waxen bell of the winter-green, a flower rarely seen although the red berries are so familiar. In some rich spot we may find a white plant whose short stalks, growing in little colonies, hold each a single flower either drooping "like sweet soul chidden," or facing directly skyward—a fair chalice before which one involuntarily pauses in won-

der. This is the monotropa or Indian pipe. It lives so without one stain of earthly green in stalk or leaf, only by grace of the trees that spreading their foliage above in the sunshine, elaborate the sap that feeds both tree and flower. So some fair lives are made possible by heritage of others' toil.

The first wild fruit of the season ripens under June suns and is in its prime about midsummer-day. If we go strawberry-ing, we will skirt the meadow, keeping close to the fence (so as not to tread down the farmer's mowing), until we reach a wilder and more weedy field, where the grass looks thin and poor. Here is our prize. But it is well for us if the berries are not too abundant. The gathering of wild fruit is like the angler's art in its gentle associations with nature. If we fill no baskets, we shall

grow the better acquainted with sun and wind, bird and insect. The earth-mother seldom takes close to her heart a child preoccupied with any quest. She can wait, keeping her own counsel, until we come asking only to learn what she deigns to reveal. So leave the berries to the birds; rest awhile on the broad lap of mother earth, with only a hedge of grasses round about you, and gaze into the depths of over-arching sky. Here is time to listen to the meadow larks whistling "O quit you, quit you," in long-drawn cadence; to feel how the warmth of the sun beams upon all lowly things; to have some thought for the swarming insect lives that find a home in the (to them) almost impenetrable jungle of grass-stems; and to take into your heart somewhat of the breadth and peace of the summer fields.

SHE WOULD WRITE FOR THE MAGAZINES.



HE little lady was in despair. It was such a lovely bonnet—so becoming, so faultless, so ravishingly sweet. There it stood on its perch in the modiste's window, beckoning to her, half impatient to

be poised upon her head and shine amid the throngs on the Avenue, or arouse to placid thought at church. She could not resist its entreaty—she had crossed the street, lingered at the window, admiring its fresher beauties from a nearer view, and then—had fled in confusion, closing her eyes to shut out that beatific vision from Paris!

A wise little woman, indeed, and she flushed in triumph when she reached her snug house, and felt an inch or two taller on having gained a moral victory. And when Fred Dennison came home from his law-office that evening, she beamed upon him with more than angelic rapture. There were no bounds to her effusiveness. She never looked more charming. Not every struggling young lawyer could boast of a wife so economical, yet so lovely, as his little queen Alice.

She was only five feet two inches in height, it is true, but *her* brain and *her* heart were larger than the average. She was wisdom and affection personified. And when the meal ended and they had adjourned to a cosy end of the sitting room, his happiness was complete, listening to her terse and suggestive inquiries on the tariff question, which were interrupted by a sudden move to the piano. Then she lingered over Chopin's *Études*, dashed frantically into Brahms, and ended solemnly with Beethoven, while Fred Dennison's eyes after vain efforts to keep open, closed in sympathetic sleep. She was a clever little lady, indeed. A year ago, a prize graduate of Miss Delicatessen's fashionable school, and now a happy wife of the dearest man in the world who was destined to become a judge of the United States Supreme Court, and allow her all the bonnets she wanted.

The next day, Mrs. Dennison by one of those curious coincidences common in this transitory life of ours, found herself on the identical street and gazing at the same bonnet. A sudden resolution seized her. She would enter in a casual way, and unconcernedly ask its price. Its

beauties seemed to have increased over night. An added charm rested upon its every curve. There was something beseeching about it. It yearned to be taken from that passionless window and the atmosphere of a milliner's shop.

Mrs. Dennison hesitated no longer—she entered with bold step and her most critical air. She glanced this way and that, and then in her resolute tones—the admiration of her elocution teacher—asked the price of *that* bonnet.

* * * * *

The little lady was at home again. She was thinking. Her forehead was furrowed with frowns. Something had to be done and that, too, speedily. The bonnet must be bought, and even at the price asked for it. But could she, dared she inflict this expense on Fred? She knew his income was limited. She had purchased a bonnet only the week before, but she thought it so nice to have another, but not at Fred's cost. No. She was determined on that. She would not object to it, if he were a judge or if his army of clients forced him to engage a regiment of clerks, or if his offices were in a magnificent marble edifice on Broadway. Then he might buy a dozen bonnets for her in a single season. But now it was out of the question. What could she do?

So she frowned and frowned, clenched her fist, knitted her brows, walked up and down the room, as if the heroine in some luckless tragedy. Then—then—light dawned. She grew calmer. Her frowns disappeared. Her brows resumed their usual comely expression. She positively smiled, as the clouds of anxiety vanished. The sunbeams danced around her again. She was jubilant as she opened the drawer of her writing-desk and drew forth some folded sheets. She had it! She had it!

“What? The bonnet?” the curious reader exclaims.

“No, madam,” the author must reply, deeply annoyed at the interruption. “No bonnet at all. But an idea, madam, a glorious idea, which is worth a bonnet. And let me whisper, madam—nowadays, when so many ideas are not worth a cent, is it not a subject for the profoundest

congratulation to have an idea worth the exquisite creation of a milliner?”

Mrs. Dennison seized the MSS., read the pages with many a nod of her pretty head, and then laughed with such irresistible grace that the canary bird began to sing in sympathy.

“The very thing,” she said to herself. “The very thing. I am sure it will do. It gained the prize. I will re-write it, and cross every *t* and dot every *i*, and tie it neatly with a blue ribbon to soften the editor's heart. And it will be published in the *Fireaway Magazine*. And I shall receive a handsome check. And then—the bonnet! Oh, oh, oh!” And she laughed once more, while the bird caroled its gayest.

Mrs. Dennison never wasted time. She had all the impulsiveness of youth. She took her graduation essay, copied it in her boldest hand on her stoutest paper, numbered each page carefully, tied it in ribbon of dainty blue, and carried it herself to the post-office. She was sure it would be accepted. In a little note she had requested the article to be published anonymously, enclosing her name and address for the editor only. The deed was done. Mrs. Dennison had a secret.

* * * * *

Fred Dennison was walking to his office after lunch when a strong hand grasped his, and a cheery voice exclaimed: “Fred, you incorrigible fellow. I have you now. Come to my den. You can leave your clients for a few minutes; I am sure you can.”

Fred was of the same opinion on this point, and he was soon in the office of the *Fireaway Magazine*, whose managing editor was his dear old college chum, Harry Reed, now the distinguished author Henry Reed, Esq., for the past three months editor of the magazine in question.

“You have a pleasant position, Harry.” Fred remarked, as he glanced at the surroundings of the office, walled in by books.

“Am abundantly satisfied, old fellow,” Reed replied, “but it is grind, grind all the time.”

“It can't be worse than law, my boy. I am growing prematurely old, there is

so much wear and tear. And, besides, it makes me lachrymose. I live on other people's complaints."

"Complaints! Very good, Fred, for you, but what do you say to this," and Reed opened a huge safe, choked with MSS. "And to that," pointing to shelves upon shelves similarly burdened. "And the next room, my dear boy, is crowded with the same class of occupants. Tales of passion and despair, poems of romance and devotion, essays in every department of literature, sketches, biographies, funny sayings, stories of travel and adventure, all come into my net. And what is most curious, the supply like Keats' 'poetry of earth' is ceasing never. Say, Fred, I ought not to disclose editorial secrets, but have you a literary sister?" And Reed looked oddly at his friend.

"A literary sister?" and Fred laughed. "Why, I have no sister in this blessed world."

"Well, who is this, then?" tossing a card, bearing the name "Alice Dennison," and the address of his residence.

"What has the little woman been doing now?" was Fred's next exclamation.

"You know her then," Reed observed in a teasing tone. "A cousin perhaps, or an aunt."

"What has she been writing? Tell me, Reed. Bother editorial secrets! I shall be dumb. Come, there's a good fellow, don't keep me in suspense."

"Ah! Fred, Fred, you have a literary sister after all, and you have never introduced me. There is her article, my boy; received yesterday. Daintily tied, of course. Bit of blue ribbon to soften the editor's heart. Charming chirography to capture his taste. 'An essay on the beautiful!' Ha! Ha! Why, it's a school-girl's composition. Not a bad idea of hers to send it to the *Fireaway*. Shows her judgment, Fred."

"Reed," Dennison exclaimed after a glance at the MSS. "It's my wife's prize essay at school. I know it by heart. The little woman must have meant it for a joke, I assure you. You know her. You met her at our wedding."

"Your wife!" Reed said in a tone of astonishment. "Of course I met her at your wedding. But why does she want to publish her prize essay?"

"Come, old fellow. Let's read it over

again, and then I'll tell you a capital idea."

So Fred took the essay in hand, read it to the amazed editor. It began "What's Beauty?" and strove to give the philosophy of aesthetics in ten pages. It quoted Plato, then cited Hegel, mentioned Joubert, glanced at Cousin's definition, and contrasted the views of Burke. "Beauty is in the mind, not on the canvas. It must be in the soul, before it can be perceived in the canopy of nature. It is the expression of the highest intelligence. It resists definition, like the dew resists our touch. It is the ideal. It is not mere utility or proportion; 'tis Divine!"

"Bravo!" cried Reed. "Is that all?"

"No, there is one line more: 'Let us follow the Good, the Beautiful, the True.' There's a wife to have."

"I agree with you, Fred. She is a precious treasure, but I could not print the essay, not even for her sake. It must be rejected."

"I have an idea, Reed—a glorious idea. It would break her heart to have the MSS. returned. Come, let me advance the remuneration. Accept the essay, send the usual honorarium, and give me the MSS. I will never breathe a word."

"It is terribly undignified, Fred," said Reed smiling, "and for an editor almost out of the question. But she is a charming little woman, and I am sure she will forgive us the deception."

"Don't let that worry you, my boy. She will be perhaps ashamed to have it published. Anyway, I know you editors hold MSS. on hand ten years and more before you print them. So I don't anticipate any special anxiety on the author's part. Mail the check at once, Reed, and there will be high comedy to-night at dinner."

* * * * *

When Dennison reached home that evening, his wife met him at the door as usual. She seemed a little flushed, however, and her eyes were fairly aflame with suppressed excitement. She controlled herself bravely during dinner, and Fred was wondering whether Reed had really sent the letter, when just as they were about to leave the table, she remarked in a curiously quiet tone:

"Fred, I have news for you."

"Have you, my love? Pleasant news, I hope. Is your mother coming on a visit?"

"Oh, Fred!" with the least bit of reproach in her voice. "It is not about mother. It is—it is—this," and she produced the following letter:

"The Editors of the *Fireaway Magazine* beg to accept for publication your essay entitled, 'What is the Beautiful?' and enclose a check for the same."

"Why, my love, you take my breath away. What is the amount? Twenty-five dollars! Just endorse it, dovey, and I'll cash it for you at once. Twenty-five dollars! Was it your prize essay?"

"Yes, Fred," she said in a low voice.

"About Hegel, Plato, Joubert, Cousin and those other literary fellows?"

"Yes, Fred," and her voice was still lower as she clung to him.

"Well, my dear, I'll tell you frankly that it is worth double the sum. The *Fireaway* pays very poor rates."

"Oh, I don't care about the money, Fred," she whispered.

"Of course not. It's the glory, the reputation. We must give a literary tea next week. Huzzah for the Beautiful!"

"Oh, Fred, do you really and truly think it is worth so much money?" And she looked at him with such a trustful glance, that Fred felt he was a thorough villain, as he answered, "I assure you, my love, any other editor would have been happy to have paid twice as much, but Reed of the *Fireaway* is a crusty bachelor, with a heart of stone. Don't send anything to him again. He doesn't deserve the honor."

Mrs. Dennison bought the bonnet the very next day. Mr. Dennison and Mr. Reed are warmer friends than ever. Mrs. Dennison has never asked why her article does not appear in print, and her husband is in no hurry to tell her.

A. S. Isaacs.

SIX STORY-TELLERS FOR CHILDREN.

BY TREBOR OHL.

IT is now many years since children were perpetually admonished to be "unheard," by their elders, with a manifest deprecation of the physical obstacles to their being, also, "unseen." So long it seems since all this was changed, that we of the generations whose youth was *not* held royal—something to be cherished and guarded as of value to the State—must rub our eyes at the *embarras de richesse* poured out for our children.

"When we were young," say Mr. and Mrs. Methuselah, "'Red Riding-Hood,' 'The Story of the Three Bears,' and 'Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp,' were considered the very acme of polite, juvenile literature. When we grew into that old-young period, classified by the ready-made-clothing man, as 'boys and misses,' our childhood's joy in these and like tales had staled, and we found very little preparation for our healthful, mental hunger."

In your day, dear sir and madam, the immature mind was too often overstimulated by open, or surreptitious, dipping into poetry and romances "never writ for babes." Much of this you could not understand, thanks to the guardian angels of innocence, but much still stirred your childish hearts to an untimely knowledge of life's passions and woes.

He, or she, who gave the first impulse to the present state of the literature prepared for the coming man and woman, finds an enduring epitaph in the universal acceptance of a motto, which seems to govern the publishers of this generation: "For our children—nothing, if not the best."

No country seems too distant, no science too abstruse, no mechanical process too intricate, that one and all may not be held tributary to the amusement and culture of these young sovereigns of ours. Not presented in bare and un-

attractive statement, nor by incompetent minds, either; since travelers, scientists and wits of world-wide fame, think it no unbending of their dignity to adjust their facts and fancies in fascinating and graceful devices of story and essay for the young. Few artists, worthy of the name, but have sometime won the children to smiles or tears by their conceits. The result is, there is so much that is new and bright in books, the school children read more; while ethical stories in their favorite magazine or paper instill quietly, but effectually, into these robust young minds healthful ambitions and wholesome morals of conduct and life.

From whatever fountain-head they first sparkled, from the pens of women—the mothers and the sisters—the sweetest and most numerous streams that swell the wide, fair river, have wound down the mountain side and out into the valley. Having once aroused to the importance of wholesome writing for youth, dominant with the vigor and freshness of Now and To-Day, one and another woman has said to her heart: "Here is something that I know all about." Pen and paper have been made the allies of woman's new motive and purpose, until the brains that devise for, and the pens that feed, the presses of the great publishing houses, are legion.

In writing this article, it is intended to honor all womanhood. For this purpose the "Six Story-Tellers" have been chosen as representatives of distinct elements and forces among book-makers for the young. Each of the six may be accepted as an exponent of hundreds of fascinating writers, whose brains make pastime and instruction for Prince and Princess America.

The youngest of the "Six Story-Tellers" is Louise Imogen Guiney—a name almost as familiar to the readers of English periodicals as American. Her art is rather the poet's and essayist's than the story-teller's. An only child, her contributions were not inspired by the ever-present demands of small hands clutching at her garments, begging for stories.

Something in her bright, sweet air of having God's world always about her, tempted the editor of *Wide-Awake* to say to her, "Write for the children, of

the 'wee folk,' which every nation has believed, sometime, peopled the glens of the woodland, slept upon the mosses, and dwelt in the blossoms that you love."

"What!" said Miss Guiney. "I never believed in fairies, and brownies, and wood-nymphs, and if I dig up their graves in musty old tomes, and prove to the children that they do not exist, and never have, every child who hears my name will detest me."

"Never mind," said the editor, "give us the information in your own way, but *give it*."

And thus began that unique and individual series of papers, "Fairy Folk All," so quaintly illustrated by Edmund Garrett, which first introduced Miss Guiney to a new field for her pen. I wonder if any one who read them dreamed of the wide research and careful selection necessary for these papers. Over two hundred volumes, in German, Italian, Indo-European and the Arian languages, with those of Provence and Bretagne, a few in the original and many translations, were carefully read for the benefit of the babies.

That this was done (as the young writer laughingly said) "with two hundred maledictions on each child" who was to read them, takes nothing from the value of the results of her research; particularly, when we know that the winsome author has a heart so tender that she would lift a cruising beetle out of her path rather than harm it, while the constant companions of her vigorous walks abroad are four beautiful dogs devoted to their young mistress.

There is a vigor and an out-of-dooriness about Miss Guiney's contributions to juvenile literature unlike anything I have met elsewhere. Her "Brownies and Bogles" (by which title these papers appear in book form) peer from the pages, with their native trees swaying above them, and the perfume of their native flowers greets the children as they read. They breathe the same wildwood atmosphere of Miss Guiney's poem "The Wooing Pine":

Dear minions served them in the covert green:
The squirrel coy, the beetle in his mail,
The moth, the bee, the throbbing nightingale
And the gaunt wolf their vassal; to them e'en
The widowed serpent, on her vengeful trail,
Upcast an iridescent eye serene.



Louise Imogen Guiney.

So, for the children, Louise Imogen Guiney gathered from the legends of every land, brownies and fairy-folk all, "from grove and garden old."

Born in Boston, educated in a convent school in Providence, in a much more scholarly way than is customary for girls, the fine intellectual tastes which Louise Guiney inherited from her father, a brilliant lawyer and a brave soldier, naturally predisposed her to literature as a profession.

A young girl, still in her twenties, the scope of her reading is only less unusual than her memory. At seven years,

she selected Charles Lamb from her father's library as her favorite author, and became so intimate with him, that she says now to read him seems too much like reading herself.

Lamb's contemporary, Hazlitt; the poets Drayton, Dr. John Drummond, Sydney, Keats and Shelley are her favorites; while Jeremy Taylor, Thoreau and Robert Louis Stevenson are among the prose authors over whom she grows enthusiastic.

Said I not well, that no gifts or attainments were now too rare to be laid at the feet of the children? Youth is proverbially scornful, yet here is a girl of rare endowments, who, out of the fullness of her young life's ambitions, gives them of her best.

A line from her "Treatise on Plagiarisms," a late sparkling, yet profound, contribution to the older folk, expresses concisely the charac-

teristic quality of her work for the young: "A style of no study, likewise acquired, but acquired as if by sheer healthful exposure to wind and weather."

We touch quite another phase in turning from Miss Guiney's original, but limited writing for the young, to dip into the voluminous works of "Margaret Sidney," whose dearest and almost exclusive audience, is the children. For them she has poured out in story after story, in volume after volume, the abundance of her teeming mental and physical vitality. I know no one among writers,

who carries with her in personal contact, the same healthful equipoise of mind and body so entirely, as does "Margaret Sidney," Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, wife of the Boston publisher.

Her views of life are joyous. The world is a glad world, and the wretchedness and sadness which she may meet, is to her something to be grappled with; to be attacked at its very roots; not something to be contemplated with a lugubrious and impotent shake of the head.

Her first prominent story, which appeared in book form, "Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew," owed its popularity to the very instinct with which, while telling the childish experiences of the "five," she poured sunshine upon the ever recurring problem of the widow, who must *live* without wealth save in her children.

Mrs. Pepper has a sweet and wholesome nature, alive with all womanly instincts. Many a widowed mother, in following the experiences in the "little brown house," finds her own questions and perplexities simplified, since what happened to the widow Pepper, might happen to any one.

Margaret Sidney grew, like Miss Guiney, without immediate association with children. The dear companions of her childhood and youth, also, were the rare volumes of a library gathered through generations of culture. These were her brothers and sisters, and yet, as she drove about the shady streets and environments of New Haven, she drew from these rich resources, as her first contribution to literature—her chosen profession—no scholarly essay, nor ringing epic; but instead, this winning and live narration of the life of the widow Pepper and her children in the "little brown house," with such poems as the "Minute Man," that virile ballad of the "shot heard round the world," and the widely quoted plaint of "The Little Brown Seed":

"I am of no use," said a little brown seed,
"Where shall I go and hide?
I am little, and brown, with nobody's love
And ugly beside."

The little brown seed lay still in the earth,
To herself still sighing,
Till at last with an effort, she roused up and said
"I'll begin by trying."

O, would you believe it? Straightway the dark ground,
Began to tremble and shake:
And make way for the little seed, hopeful now,
Her upward way to take.

In these are taught the same lessons of strength and purity, of patient endeavor and of absolute trust in the goodness of God, which, without being tacked on as a moral, are as the breath of life, vivifying all this author's writings. The delightful humor making sunshine on every page, is essentially Mrs. Lothrop's own characteristic.

One point in which most women writers fail, and many do not attempt, is Margaret Sidney's strongest. Her boys and men are thoroughly boyish and manly. When the young Peppers *yell*, theirs is the aboriginal war-whoop, which every mother recognizes. When Joel Peppers cries "Gee-whoop! Gee-whoa!"—"bringing up occasionally against the four-poster or the high old bureau," with his imaginary steed, one can hear the plastering in the walls of the "little brown house" rattle down. And when the gentlemanly Jasper, delighted to meet a real boy, makes his way to Ben's home, every boy reader receives a lesson in instinctive courtesy, as Jasper "stepping upon the flat stone" by the simple Polly's side, takes off his cap with one hand as he extends the other in greeting.

What a jewel of a baby is "Phronsie!" shaking her yellow head as she inquires gravely of the stately Mr. King, as to his relish of the doughnut-boy, which she had made and sent to her "poor sick man;" Phronsie, too, who played her part, long before the advent of Mrs. Burnett's "Editha" and her "burglar," in a similar drama; Phronsie, with the sun shining through her hair, as she dances a *pas seul* among the drawing materials on the table, because "Benzie" had promised that she too, may join the drawing class.

Said Polly, "Isn't she sweet?" "Sweet," said Jasper, "I should think she *was*."

Was ever a finer inspiration set before an American boy, than that of Tom Pettibone, who puts down his boyish rebellion against leaving home, that he may worthily uphold the honor of the "Pettibone name"; carrying with him a sermon which he never forgot, in his Aunt Judith's last words:

"I would not give much for the religion that has to skulk into a dark hole and pull the coverlids over it. * * * No; if I prayed I'd pray like a man!"

Even in this book, one of the few written ostensibly for older people, Margaret Sidney's younger characters are not used to "fill in," but are made the inspiration of much of the finest action in the story. "Bobby Jane," with her "little stubby head," is no less exquisite in her baby charm, as she dives courageously into Doctor Pitcher's office, than is beautiful Judith Pettibone.

It was not until after the creation in print, of "Phronsie" and "Bobby Jane," that to Mrs. Lothrop came her own little yellow-haired Phronsie, whom she named for the mother of her dream-children,—Margaret; the living embodiment of the child-life in her mother's previous books.

At her summer home at the "Way-side," in Concord, Massachusetts (where Hawthorne settled after his seven years in Europe), in the same room in the tower that Hawthorne built, under the shadow of the larches that he loved,



Margaret Sidney

Margaret Sidney's fertile pen writes, on and on, for the children.

Like Miss Wigthorpe's "little brown box" in "What The Seven Did," her fruitful brain seems to contain "stories, cosy, stories for girls, stories for boys,

stories for little folks, and may be, now and then, a story that will not hurt the old folks, with sometimes a bit of verse thrown in."

The author of "The William Henry Letters," "The Jimmy Johns," "Johnny Spicer's Lectures," and a dozen other books, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, President of the Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, has immortalized in their pages her wealth of experience with boy and girl nature, through two generations. Two sons, and the grandchildren to whom she has been a mother from their earliest childhood, have been the actors in most of the dramatic situations portrayed in her writings; from the bewildering travels and adventures of "Polly Cologne," that rag baby "no bigger than a slate pencil", to the grown-up ventures and experiences of "Lucy Maria" and her cousins. From growing humanity, in every stage of physical and mental progression, rather than from book-knowledge, Mrs. Diaz has acquired that shrewd insight into the thoughts and actions of childhood, which she so graphically describes.

There is, if we may coin a word, a common-sensibleness about all her fictitious children. A country simplicity, and unsophisticated directness of purpose, which appears the same in "William Henry's" letters of his school life, in the doings of the "Jimmy Johns" (those unremarkable, and yet always interesting twins, whose mother could only distinguish them by the blue and red flannel lozenges sewed inside their garments), and in all the management of romantic "Lucy Maria's" interest in the affairs of other lovers, known and "unknown".

If a flaw might be found in Mrs. Diaz's children, it is that among them all, there is not a weak nature, nor a thoroughly naughty child; and we can hardly believe that with so much experience, these have not come within that of Mrs. Diaz. But they are all heartsome stories, and many of them being written almost at the beginning of the new departure in children's books, Mrs. Diaz may be looked upon in one sense, as one of the pioneers.

She led the children over a kind of bridge, from "Cinderella" to her own

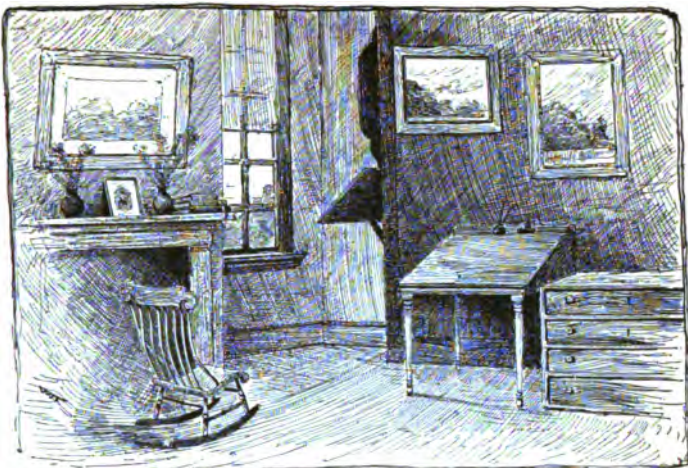
stronger work, when she wrote for them "The Cats' Arabian Nights," whose "Pussy Anita," plays "Scheherazade."

Of Mrs. Diaz's own varied and fascinating youthful experiences, but a suggestion can be given here. Her parents were Ichabod and Patty Morton. What an appetizing, Puritan flavor about the quaint names! Her ancestor, on one

side, landed from the "Mayflower", and on the other from the "good ship Anne." The fervor of philanthropy and desire for universal education, which burned in Ichabod Morton's veins, lost none of its glow in the veins of his daughter Abigail, whose thought from her earliest memory has been for her fellows.

Secretary at fifteen of a juvenile anti-slavery society, whose membership fee was twenty-five cents, she raised half of her contribution by doing without butter, and knitted cotton garters to earn the rest; the funds of the society being put in the contribution box, passed at the anti-slavery meetings, which she attended. Listening to the appeals for the slaves, she "longed with unutterable desire for a gold watch" to give to the "liberation fund," remembering the Roman matrons, who cast in their jewels. This is the mental fibre of the woman whose ingenious mind has found it impossible to perpetuate, upon any page of her writings for the young, a weak nature. Her experiences with other children were so unique, that I must be forgiven for a brief allusion to at least one.

At the age of eighteen, while teaching near her home in Plymouth, the parents of some of her children became ambitious to have the accomplishment of dancing added to the less ornamental branches. Nothing daunted by lack of room or music, young Abigail opened a dancing class in the wood-room adjoin-



SUMMER STUDY AT "THE WAYSIDE."

ing. With no music but her own voice, she merrily led them through the mazes of reel and quadrille, interrupting her singing of the dance-tunes by "calling off" the figures. The fame of the "dancing school" going abroad, the belles and beaux of the village who applied for admission necessitated a larger room.

Without means of paying rent, Abby obtained permission to occupy an unused foundry. This was separated from the road by a brook, which required all attending the class to cross on a plank, a difficult feat on a dark night. She covered the cracks and windows in the building with newspapers, hung up lanterns, which each pupil brought, and opened her class for a season of twelve lessons, charging a dollar for the twelve. After nine o'clock, young married people were admitted, and stepped it briskly to the one squeaky "fiddle" which furnished their music. So popular became her school that the next winter Abby went into a school-hall of the village, where she taught sixteen children, principally girls, whose older brothers were permitted to come to Miss Morton's "After Nines."

Imagine the tiny creature, with brilliant black eyes, and soft, dark brown hair, in which, even now, not a thread of silver appears. In a short, gray dress, which came a little below her knees, to show the "steps," trimmed with rows of red and blue braid, and with straight trousers of the same, "calling off" at the top of her lungs, above the noise of



Abby Norton Diaz.

one hundred and more people, dancing with some clumsy big-boy pupil, clapping her hands briskly to bring the blind fiddler to a stop; inventing new figures for quadrilles, for May-day dances, and gyping parties. She was once invited by the young people of Plymouth to open a dancing class at "The Clifton House." The teamster who brought the message to her small private school said: "I can learn 'em the figgers if you'll come *one night* an' learn 'em the steps." She went, in an express wagon, in her quaint dress, taking her limited orchestra.

There is a strong moral force visible in every one of Mrs. Diaz's characters—a force quite distinct from the quiet religious influences which make the apparently unconscious force of Margaret Sidney's characters. We feel their strong wills, the overcoming mightiness of purpose that impresses others, but is not receptive. "Mr. Carver's" reply to William Henry's grandmother, when she worried about his eating, while away at school, was: "Billy's stomach is his own, and he must learn to have the care of it." These young people learn to attend to their own appetites, and seem to have no

doubt as to what they want. "If a boy is true-hearted he will come out all right" is the character-note all through her writings.

Another feature of all the young people is the sturdiness which smacks of country living, and which no change of years, nor locality, ever eliminates. When William Henry's "red hair" becomes red-brown, with added years; when the "freckles" disappear and a manly beard adds dignity to his round face; when Boston becomes his home; he is still the William Henry of his school-days, taking his love affairs in the same robust, common-sense fashion that he did his early rebuffs and pleasures; giving one always the impression that he is amid alien surroundings. Nothing more deliciously funny than the "William Henry Letters" were ever published or written; and nothing so jolly has ever before or since taught such lessons of honesty or moral pluck in every line.

Mrs. Diaz's gift of rhythm adds pungency to the pages, where one finds "infinite variety."

"Lucy Maria," too, that most intelligent of country girls, when she goes to "Mrs. Calloon" as seamstress—because her "main chance" is to reach advantages of city surroundings otherwise beyond her grasp. She says: "Suppose I wished to go to my sister Hannah's on an important errand, and no vehicle but a cart could be found to take me, would n't I go in that? Yes, I should mind the main chance, which would be to reach Hannah's. The jolting, or sitting on a mail-bag, or the chips in the bottom of the cart, or not taking the pleasantest road, these things would seem of but small account." She never becomes a part of her city surroundings, looking always upon "Emeline Gooding's" gentle refinement as the necessary result of a weak moral nature.

Further on she asks: "Sha' n't I be just Lucy Maria Carver wherever I am?—nothing more, nothing less." That is what all Mrs. Diaz's young people are, wherever transplanted; just themselves, "nothing more, nothing less." None of them seem entirely natural until Thanksgiving time at Summer-Sweeting Place,

when they meet all together in that series of frolics, opening with the Jack-o-Lantern procession, which welcomed William Henry. Such a festival was only possible with the large families and custom of home-gathering for Thanksgiving in the early days of New England. This chronicle of that speedily dying custom would, alone, entitle the book to a place among juvenile classics.

Mrs. Diaz's ideas of the responsibility resting upon those who instruct and entertain the children she puts into the mouth of a young teacher: "When one of those little children looks up into my face in such an innocent, confiding way, I feel, as it were, very close to its soul, and I think, 'O, you precious immortal! How shall such a bungler as I dare to try my skill on you?' Anybody will do for the small ones! Instead of anybody, read nobody. It needs a seraph. The wisest and best, and most angelic, and most beautiful-looking persons in the land ought to be picked out and educated into teachers for the little children, and they ought to be ordained and set apart for their calling and consider it a sacred one."

There are few girls who do not read Nora Perry's name with a thrill of personal interest. Whether the reader has just placed her foot upon the threshold of girlhood, or whether she belong to the "children of a larger growth," whose own daughters look to her with innocent, trustful eyes, the sound of the name is full of the music of happy association. It is because the growing and the grown-up girl alike have one day, as they read that idyl of maidenhood, "After the Ball," embalmed forever in their hearts its writer as the poet of poets for them. The "Mauds and Madges," in every rank of life, have

Sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their wonderful waves of brown and gold,

dreaming their girlish dreams, and waking up to bridal robes, or to hear the wings of the waiting angel.

Nora Perry's fame grew in the same days, but on other lines than that of Louise Chandler Moulton and Harriett Prescott Spofford, although the three women of genius were girls together. Her earliest efforts were not for the children,

although her authorship began at the extremely immature age of eight years; when in the interminable hours of the old-fashioned sermon, she swung her tired little feet from the family pew, and thought out a harrowing tale of shipwreck, which, after having written, she decided not to give to a discerning public. But all along through the garden, growing yearly more beautiful with blossoms of her rich, poetic fancy, each season has some bright, particular flower turned its face toward the children.

In her rare poems, Miss Perry's analytic tendency has touched, as frequently as in her works for older folk, though possibly with a gentler hand, the pet weaknesses of the growing generation. In the "Princess Holiday," when we have followed the childish Princess and her gay young Court, in her fantastic quest, how we reach the whole kernel of its



Nora Perry

common-sense lesson in the two musical lines, as the Princess cries:

I have had enough, for one long day,
Of my own sweet will and the king's highway.

No one has, perhaps, done better service to the children than Nora Perry in setting before their memories, in attrac-

tive guise, the ringing stories of historic days, when the spirit of the fathers awoke in their children. If you are not familiar with them great is your loss, and I pray you quickly read "The Children's Cherry Tree" to your own young flock, and see the swift color rise under the transparent skin, and the flash of healthful excitement in their dancing eyes, as in the poem, the gates of the beleagured city fly open, and the children throng out in fearless innocence for the feast of cherries, which means so much. In all her poems we find the

Sweet words set to deeds,

which make their distinction. In this especial field there is none like her, "no, not one."



Lizzie W. Champney

Miss Perry was already a distinguished woman, when some happy inspiration turned her thoughts, in the morning hours devoted to her prose writings, to the children, and she wrote the first of those unique stories for them, which last season were re-published from *St. Nicholas*,

under the name of "A Flock of Girls." In these stories no definite purpose of instruction was undertaken, nor, indeed did such a purpose enter the mind of the author. Her pervasive, dramatic instinct places Miss Perry *en rapport* with her fictitious children from the instant she sets down the name of "Dolly," or "Tacy," or "Tib Tyler." She becomes for the time the body of her creations and follows their growth, their mishaps, and the variations of character which they develop with an absorbing interest and half-fearful wonder as to the outcome, which entirely accounts for the fascinating actuality of each one.

There never were two alike. How could there be, with such a versatile sponsor?

But whether we read of "The Only Daughter," of "My Nannie," or of sensitive "Marigold," one must cry out with delight:

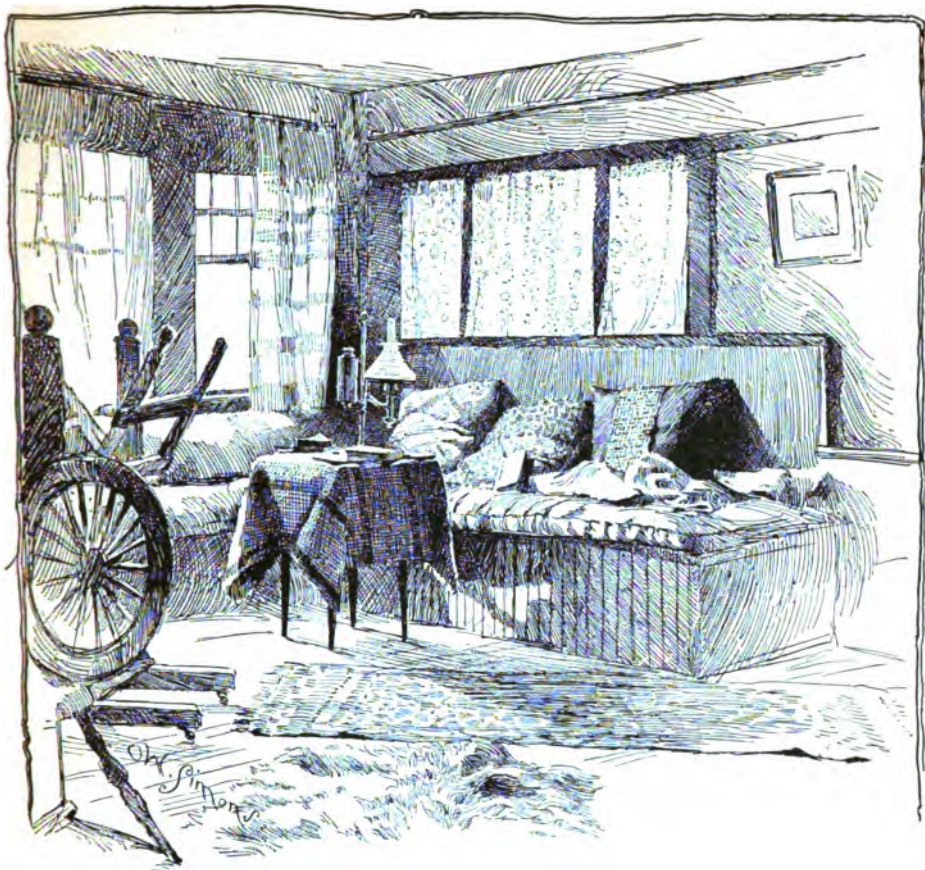
Here's a girl of girls.

No matter what may be the awkward position in which the child or maiden finds herself; she may be saucy, she may be demure, she may be brilliant or sadly stupid, but somehow, when the moral stress comes, even if withheld for a time by weakness of purpose, or untrained moral perceptions, in the end we must say:

Look, how straight she walks,
List, how sweet she talks.

Better than any book of etiquette is the essence of good breeding, of politeness from the heart out, of which Nora Perry's writings are the special gospel. Somehow it seems to our girls, as they read, a higher and a better part to be gentle, to be womanly, to be considerate of one's own age and respectful of one's elders. Not from any reward that is to come, but because it has pleased God to make them girls; and girlhood should be fair within as well as fair without.

Although an American, born in Massachusetts of American parents, the warmth and vivacity of Nora Perry's manner remind one of the French, and her eyes have the mingled softness and sparkle of the true Irish eye, seen rarely outside of the land of the shamrock.



MRS. CHAMPNEY'S DEERFIELD STUDY.

The red-gold of her hair is turning fast to gray, hastened, doubtless, by the ill-health which follows so many of our writers, but the spirit which inspires Nora Perry's pen is one of perennial youth. Every fresh volume from her publisher, which bears her crisp, suggestive name upon its cover, will be opened eagerly, sure that

* to follow where
She doth lightly fare,
Is to set one's feet
In a garden sweet.

The author of the "Vassar Girl" series, Elizabeth W. Champney, better known to the public by the girlish name of Lizzie, signed when fresh from her *alma mater*, she made the object of her earliest books, the fame of what she considered "the best of colleges for women." In these intentionally instruct-

ive volumes, Mrs. Champney has done for girls the same work undertaken in the famous "Zigzag Journeys" of Mr. Butterworth.

Mrs. Champney's first attempt at children's literature was a poem, "How Persimmons Took Cah ob de Baby," which appeared in *St. Nicholas* in 1874. This was soon followed by "In the Sky Garden," her first book for children. Since then she has written some fourteen juvenile books, and more magazine stories than could be easily enumerated.

An ethical purpose is visible in every stroke of Elizabeth Champney's pen. Each volume narrating the travels of the "Vassar Girls in South America," or elsewhere, has been steeped in the inspiration of higher education for women. Even while reading, the girl whose am-

bitions are to be aroused is absorbing, with a thread of fiction, the most carefully culled and accurately stated data of countries and climes; their flora, their geology and the habits of their people.

Before writing one of these books, it is Mrs. Champney's custom to visit all accessible places and consult all reliable authorities for information of the country where the story is to be located.

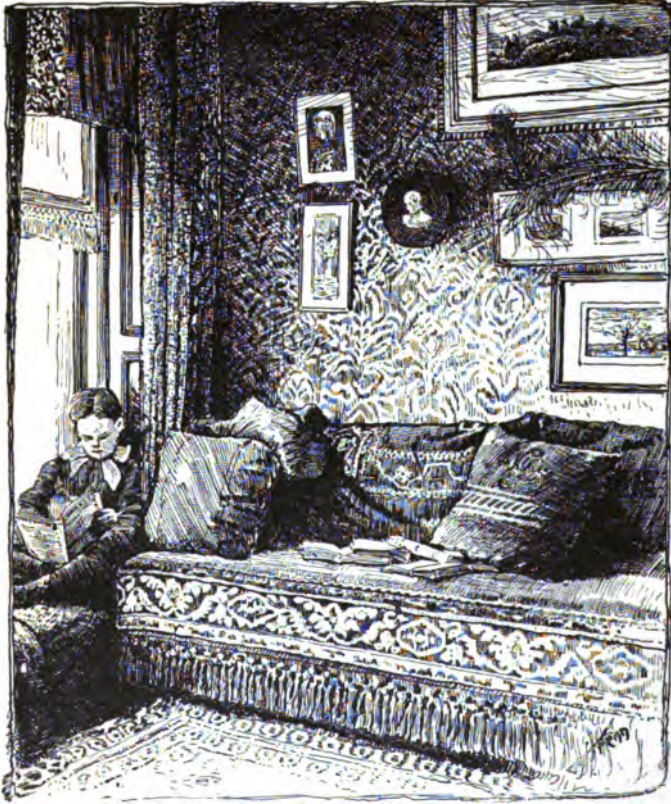
have wondered at her intelligent and comprehensive treatment of the whole situation in this exciting tale.

Mrs. Champney's only son, Edouard Frère Champney, is her severest critic, and does not hesitate to suggest, as in reading the manuscript of "Howling Wolf," anything which he thinks will or will not please boys.

In the "Sunset Seat," in her summer

home in Deerfield, Massachusetts, a number of her stories have been dreamed out, to be set later in vivid pictures upon historic background, laid in, as we have suggested, with patient and toilsome research. In this enchanted nook was planned the first of those original stories which she has commenced under the title of "Great - Grandmother's Girls."

The first of the volume, "Great-Grandmother's Girls in New France," purports to be the history of one of the victims of the celebrated Deerfield massacre of 1704, "Eunice Williams," the daughter of the Deerfield minister. In its preface Mrs. Champ-



SUMMER STUDY OF ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

Doubtful dates are thus verified, or set aside, and dubious legends, smacking too plainly of romance, eliminated from the true, historic version. Becoming interested in the Indians, the natural trend of Elizabeth Champney's mind led her at once to contemplate, as a duty, some method of presenting to the voters of the future, correct ideas of this problem of our political economy. The most careless reader of the resulting serial, "The Lost Medicine of the Utes," must

say: "It is an unworthy thing to tamper with history, to introduce fictitious characters and events to confuse young minds . . . there is in the story one 'made-up' character—she who tells the story."

Only after the most careful investigation, assisted by local historians; converse with the Indian descendants of the tribe which sacked Deerfield; a painstaking perusal of musty French archives, written in cramped script and obsolete



Alice Wellington Rollins.

French, in the library of Parliament at Ottawa, and the "Jesuit Relations" in Montreal; only after all this, did Mrs. Champney feel equipped for giving to her young readers a story, feigned to be written by one "Submit Dare."

She is most fortunate in having for an illustrator her husband, J. W. Champney, under the familiar signature of "Champ." So exquisitely responsive is his pencil to her most delicate fancy, that author and artist seem to have "but a single thought."

The serenity, which is a marked char-

acteristic of Lizzie W. Champney, naturally finds expression in her literary work. There are in it no alternations of dull mediocrity, with flashes of wit, or laughter-provoking absurdity of situation. But through it all is a quiet strength, a subtle humor of that quality called "dry." For instance: "Submit" takes her religious doubts regarding confession to Jeanne le Ber in her cell behind the altar. The holy anchoritess consoles her with the words of Thomas à Kempis: "What great matter is it if thou, who art but dust and nothing, sub-

ject thyself to a man for God's sake? O, dust, learn to be obedient. . . . Consider the fruit of these labors. The end near at hand; for thou shalt always have thy will in heaven."

Could anything be more quaintly human than the manner of Submit's chronicle of her mental attitude: "I mused much over this; and, though I could never bring myself to accept the first part utterly, yet the assurance that I should 'always have my own will in Heaven' was a source of great satisfaction to me."

In the second volume of this series, under the title of "Great-Grandmother's Girls in New Mexico," Mrs. Champney has given to history one of the most valuable compendiums of modern times.

Of two-fold value—first, because of the careful spirit of investigation with which, since visiting personally this weird people, studying their civilization, their architecture and their daily life, Mrs. Champney has spent three years in conscientious study of every record, book and manuscript upon which she could lay her hands, carrying on at the same time an extensive correspondence with competent authorities upon Mexican, Spanish and early American history.

Second, because this wealth of information has been condensed by her trained judgment into a form as readable as the matter is valuable. A history, such as this, that is sure to be read, and equally certain to be remembered, is worth all the musty tomes which lie undisturbed in the sacred vesture of their own dust, in library or cloister.

All that the publisher's skill and illustrator's art could conjure has been brought to the aid of Mrs. Champney's intention. Historic paintings have been copied, original designs made. Portraits, dusky interiors, heathen gods and Mexican beauties have been made to pay pictorial tribute to the instruction of her fortunate young readers. From far and near, upon artists dead and artists living, the publishers have levied with opulent result.

In attempting to present the last of the "Six Story-Tellers," in the immediate atmosphere of her literary work, it is with an especial pride that we write

the name of Alice Wellington Rollins. A Boston girl, Miss Wellington, after a few years spent in private schools, completed her studies in Europe. After her marriage to Mr. Daniel M. Rollins of New York City, she began writing short stories for children, inspired by odd sayings and doings of her own little ones. In her study, looking out upon Central Park, she has varied the serious writing of critical reviews, and essays upon social problems, for which she believes herself best fitted, by those sketches and stories for the children which to many, seem her most enduring claim to fame. A ranch story called "O, Uncle Philip," first drew her into wide notice, bringing many orders from the editors of standard periodicals.

The Christmas of 1886, at the request of Cassell & Co. she prepared a small book entitled "All Sorts of Children." As a curious source of inspiration, they sent her over three hundred pictures from French originals, from which to choose her illustrations, and write her stories. A few were available for those already published, but the most in the volume were quite new. "All Sorts of Children," bright, tender, and pathetic, was received with such acclamation that fifteen hundred copies were sold the first month.

Mrs. Rollins' interest in the little ones, and possibly the defects and failures in our modern manner of father and motherhood, have led her of late, to write more *about* children than directly to them. A tale entitled "Lead us Not" was one of her earliest attempts in this direction.

There were many tears shed, it is stated, over the story in the editorial sanctum, and when it came to reading the proofs aloud, such was its pathos that no one could do it without a breaking voice. The editor of a noted magazine for young people pronounced this sketch "a triumph of narration," and it has also stood the crucial test of public recital by a prominent reader.

The acceptance of her briefer writing has tempted Mrs. Rollins recently into more extended lines. Her first serial appears as a camping-out story for boys, called "Through the Yellowstone Park," founded upon family experiences in that wonderland of the West. Mrs. Rollins'

first novel, now in press, called "Uncle Tom's Tenement," bears two mottoes on the title page from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This may be counted, with her work both *about* and *for* the children, as it is a plea to care for the next generation. It is the expansion of an idea expressed in a paper read last winter before the "Round Table Club," of Boston. She said: "We cannot educate our own grandmothers; but there are grandmothers whom we can educate. The children of to-day are the grandmothers of the generations yet unborn; we can educate them."

The honor that most distinguishes our country-woman is one which will do much to extend the influence of her strong and ethical writings, through every country where dwell those afflicted ones, "who having eyes, see not." Not alone may the bright eyes of the children of our own land eagerly scan her pages, but from across the water came the plea, two years since, that the friends of the blind in England might be permitted to put into raised type for the little ones "that sit in darkness," the stories of Alice Wellington Rollins. The one upon which they laid particu-

lar stress was "Johnny Interviews an Anemone."

The process is an expensive one, and no higher compliment could be paid to the American writer than to say that her stories were best suited, and most worthy to instruct and entertain the afflicted among the children whom she loves, and for whom she has written wisely and well.

It is said that the genius for short story-writing is pre-eminently American, the English short story being but an abbreviated three-volume novel. May it not be a kindred facility for curtailing introductions, and stepping at once into the breezy middle of things, that bids fair to place American writers for children in the front rank? If this be so, England has been quick to recognize a certain something appetizing in the flavor of our children's books. Certain it is that books by all these of whom I have written, have been republished abroad. Being first in the field our own youthful "Princes Charming" can afford to be generously glad of this appreciation of their favorite authors by their English cousins.



FATHER-IN-LAW.

EXPERIENCES OF J. L. SNEEZELTON.

I SUPPOSE my first duty is to introduce myself:

John Littlejohn Sneezelton is the name with which I am afflicted. Afflicted most assuredly is the word; for, from the time of my earliest remembrance, when playmates vied with each other in singing out, "Big John, Little John, Cher-r-cho-o-t-o-n," even unto the present moment, it has never ceased to be to me a burden and an annoyance. We learn from history divers ways in which sur-

names became the inheritance of certain families; and after much reflection and great cogitation, I have arrived at the conclusion that one of my remote ancestors must have been a sufferer from rose-cold or hay-fever. At least, he must have had frequent and violent attacks of influenza.

By profession I am a lawyer. Not one of note; yet I am able to make quite a comfortable living, and also to put away a small amount yearly, for

that ever-dreaded day when the clouds of adversity shall gather and the rain of affliction descend therefrom.

Considering myself, for the present, sufficiently announced, I will, perhaps unnecessarily, call attention to the world-wide repute of mothers-in-law. Such a dread had I conceived of this evolution of the female embryo, that I had always ardently hoped, if ever my affections should centre themselves upon some special object of womanly attractiveness, she might belong to a family from which this dear saint had already departed to reap the reward of her multitudinous virtues.

Happening to be out one evening in compliance with an invitation received, I was introduced to a lady whose charms were such that from that hour all desire to seek further for one to share with me life's happiness and sorrow left me. Such dark, dancing eyes! Such lovely hair! A fresh, sweet face, with the dearest tiny mouth, showing pearls of teeth—and the most dainty little chin with a dimple in it! Even a mother-in-law, I thought, could be borne with for the sake of such a vision of loveliness.

Miss Nellie Bummer. Nellie is an exceedingly pretty name, but—Bummer! Oh, my! No need for a theory about the derivation of Bummer. Only in one way could a family have fallen heir to such an appellation, though it was not at all applicable to this hard-working little school-teacher, the very impersonification of independence.

In spite of the deep interest with which I was inspired by Miss Bummer from the first lifting of her eyes to me, I could not help, after the momentary delirium of the meeting had passed, wondering if, in fact, there loomed in the background that matrimonial bugbear to whom I have referred heretofore; so having noticed that Miss Bummer did not waltz, I very innocently inquired, while we were at supper, if her mother objected to round dancing; and, inhuman as it may seem, when she replied rather sadly that her mother had died before she could remember, my heart leaped for joy.

That evening I devoted my attentions almost exclusively to Miss Bummer, walking with her to her very door when

the company dispersed; and at parting, when, after thanking me for seeing her home in safety, she invited me, very timidly, indeed, to call upon her at some future time, my heart was in a blissful flutter. I promptly answered that I would very soon avail myself of the privilege, and having bowed repeatedly and profoundly, ran down the steps and went swiftly home to dream of the fair Nellie, and of mothers-in-law lying with folded hands and closed lips under green grass and waving willows.

Not to seem in too great haste, I permitted several evenings to pass before allowing my eager heart to influence the direction of my footsteps and bring me again into the presence of the charming Miss Bummer; and when I at last found myself at her door, although I was never considered at all timid or bashful, due regard for the truth compels me to confess it was not without some trepidation that I pulled the bell. A very neat maid appeared, who, guiding me through a very neat hall, ushered me into a very cosy parlor, where the object of my adoration, looking exceedingly lovely, sat alone. She greeted me very gracefully; and after a time, in the course of conversation, she remarked that she would have been pleased to introduce her father to me, but that Thursday night was his lodge night, and nothing ever induced him to stay away from there. This was the first time that the fact of Miss Bummer's having a father ever presented itself, or was presented by any one, for my consideration. I merely wondered, indefinitely, what sort of a man he was, and mentally resolved that I would confine my visits, as far as possible, to Thursday evenings; and so I continued to call for some time upon that night only, but finally included Sunday evenings; fate, or some other unseen power, interfering between the meeting of Mr. Bummer and myself.

At length the time arrived when I thought it proper to lay my heart and fortune, so to speak, at the feet of the fair Nellie. Accordingly, one Thursday night I dressed myself with unusual care; as I stood before the glass, after a triumphant wrestle with collar and necktie, to make, as it were, a recapitulation of my favorable points, I concluded that I was not a

bad-looking fellow after all, and I knew many inammas considered that I was a good catch in a financial sense; but I could not help wishing that my name was some other than John Littlejohn Sneezelton. It was, though, the only name to which I had any claim, so I must offer that, or none. Choosing the lesser of the two evils, I put on my hat, and took my way toward the Bummer abode.

On entering the parlor, my first glance showed plainly that Nellie was not alone. At the cosiest corner of the hearth, in the most comfortable chair in the room, sat a little gentleman slightly past middle age. He was clothed in an entire suit of brown, neat and well-fitting. His linen was spotless, and his hands, though short and not noticeably well-shaped, looked as though carefully cared for, even to the nicely trimmed finger-nails. The face that rose above the snowy purity of collar and tie was of that lifeless brown which suggests leather rather than vital flesh amenable to all the intricacies of circulation and other complicated laws of being. His mouth was covered with a thick stubby mustache, through which showed very large yellow teeth with an unusual amount of space between them. He wore, or rather, appeared to have glued or pasted on the top of his head a piece of false brown hair, below which was visible the sparse natural growth of quite another shade of brown mixed with grey.

His manner was very gracious, indeed, when introduced by Miss Bummer as her father. I thought him far too gracious, for I was wrathful, indeed. What business had he at home? It was Thursday night. He should have been at his lodge. This Thursday night of all others, to remain at home! After telling him I was very happy to meet him, which untruth I hope has been forgiven me ere this, I said something about his having broken through his precedent, absenting himself from his lodge, thus giving me the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He made a complimentary reply; and, after informing me that his lodge was closed for repairs, he leaned back in his chair with an air of settled and easy content, continuing to pour forth a steady stream of talk, which abhorred pauses as completely as nature does a vacuum.

I finally succeeded in rising above the

feeling of vague helplessness that is apt to assail one when compelled to struggle with such a ceaseless current, and succeeded in launching the remark that the night was lovely and that there was an exceedingly fine play at one of the theatres. But he had a headache. I then ventured the suggestion that the best remedy for that ailment was to retire early. This never agreed with him.

I had subsided in sullen despair, when Miss Nellie came to the rescue.

"Papa, suppose you bring in your collection of pipes to show Mr. Sneezelton."

Now, my utter abhorrence is a lot of old pipes; but remembering that she had told me what a hobby he made of his pipes, and the length of time he consumed in sorting and arranging them before exhibition, I joyfully proclaimed my desire to behold them, and had the happiness of seeing him immediately depart upon his errand.

No sooner had he gone than I drew my chair a little nearer Nellie's, and by the time the little old gentleman had returned, which was a full half-hour, we two had settled matters to our mutual satisfaction, and I was able to listen with a fair degree of patience to the history of each particular pipe, and a dissertation upon its merits and value.

Nellie, in the meantime, disappeared; and as soon as I could draw his attention from the pipes, I asked his consent to our engagement, saying, I hoped he would offer no objection to our fixing upon an early date for the marriage. He readily assented, knowing, he said, that I was a worthy young man, fully competent in every respect to provide for his daughter a comfortable home and to give her all necessary things. She soon came back, and as it was rather late I bade the old gentleman good-night; and after whispering many a fond adieu to Nellie at the door, went home feeling that a man condemned to bear even the name of Sneezelton to the end of his days may have moments of supreme happiness.

In due time the wedding came off, a very quiet affair, and Nellie and I started for a tour, leaving father-in-law on the depot platform waving his handkerchief with one hand, lifting his hat with the other, and nearly his whole upper set of large yellow teeth in full view. He ap-

peared a picture of transcendent bliss and fatherly benediction.

Two weeks later we were wending our way back, building air castles of the happy time we two would have all alone in the little nest I had purchased, and with Nellie's tasteful help, furnished, during our brief courtship.

As we drove up to the door of this small abode, there upon the steps stood father-in-law looking cheerful and smiling, rubbing his neat little hands together, apparently an expectant host. Before the carriage had fairly stopped, he hopped down from his perch like a little brown sparrow, and meeting us as we stepped to the pavement, cried out as he embraced us both: "Welcome home, my children, welcome home!"

I had not thought of having his company on this first evening; but, then, he was Nellie's father, and was, of course, impatient to see his only child, after two weeks separation. It would not do to be selfish; so I greeted him cordially, and we were soon all seated around our little tea-table, where we chatted away until the maid of all work began to look weary and anxious, when, retiring to the pretty parlor adjoining, we continued to make merry over the little incidents of our journey, and whatever else came up in the course of conversation.

The evening advanced, but father-in-law did not seem to dream of going. He asked Nellie if she allowed smoking in her parlor. She said she supposed so; she hardly knew yet. He could smoke if he wanted to. She is a timid little thing. He brought forth two pipes, offering me one of them. I thanked him, saying I seldom smoked, and did not feel any inclination to do so that evening. Well, he smoked, pipe after pipe, until the room was a complete haze, and Nellie and I took refuge in the dining-room; but we had not been there very long when in he walked, just as I had my arms around Nellie and was whispering some sweet nonsense in her pretty little ear.

"Are you going?" I asked, trying hard to say it civilly.

"Going, oh, no! Come up stairs. I have a great surprise for you, my children, a great surprise."

Wondering what the surprise could be, we followed him upstairs into the room

next to our own, which we had reserved for a spare room.

There on a table lay his collection of pipes, there by the bed was his trunk. Yes, his trunk. No mistake about it. His name was on the cover in large black letters: "Giles A. Bummer." Speech failed me, and Nellie looked aghast.

"You see," he said, jumping here and there like a grasshopper and rubbing his hands in glee. "I knew Nellie could not be truly happy away from me; so, hard as it is to make changes at my time of life, I gave up the house, sold the furniture, and have come to live with you."

Yes, it was perfectly plain, he had. It was well for him that he was Nellie's father, else I should have had no scruple in taking him by the collar and putting him none too gently on the sidewalk without. There was a mighty struggle within me at the time, but the respect due my wife's father conquered.

"We are certainly surprised," I at length found voice to say. "We wish you good-night."

I dared not trust myself to say more, and taking Nellie by the arm, I walked out, leaving him in possession.

When we were in our own room, Nellie threw her arms around me and burst into tears. "I did not know he was coming," she sobbed. "What shall we do?"

"It would never do," I said, soothing her as best I could in my own excited frame of mind. "It would never do to put your father in the street. I suppose he was lonely without you. We'll try to get along with him."

When we went down stairs the following morning there sat father-in-law in the easiest chair in the breakfast room reading the morning paper. I bit my lip with rage. Was I to enjoy no privileges in my own house? I sat down to the breakfast table in sullen silence, and Nellie looked nervous; but father-in-law, in untroubled sweetness, talked unceasingly throughout the meal, telling us all the news, from stocks and politics to marriages and deaths; so, that when waiting for my second cup of coffee, I glanced at the paper, there was nothing for me to read.

When I started for the office, Nellie, of course, followed me to the door, where I bade her a not very gracious farewell.

In my indignation she seemed not so much my own dear little wife as she seemed the daughter of that man who unasked had thrust himself into my house. I afterward learned that she cried nearly the whole morning.

I had not proceeded far down the street when I heard a little jog-trot behind me, and was soon joined by father-in-law.

"Thought I might as well walk down with you."

He kept up a steady stream of conversation all the way, while I continued to boil inwardly.

When I reached my office, without waiting for an invitation, he followed me in, immediately found a chair and made himself comfortable, while I turned to the pile of unopened letters on my desk.

Presently a gentleman came in on business, and I opened the file case to get some papers. Evidently some one had been meddling. I turned to call the office boy, and found father-in-law at my elbow.

"Don't they look nice?" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands in his usual satisfied manner. "I spent two whole days in fixing them up, so you would find everything in order."

"Order!" I thought. But I merely said in an inflexible tone, enunciating each letter with an unmistakable distinctness, "I always arrange my papers myself." If my client had not been there I might have said more.

I looked through at least twenty pigeon-holes before I found the documents for which I was searching. By this time my rage was getting beyond calm judgment, and I turned to give vent to my wrath in terms suitable to the occasion; but the chair was empty—father-in-law had gone.

"So it is really true that you have married old Bummer's daughter," remarked my client.

"Yes."

"You are fortunate to have gotten the daughter, but I cannot congratulate you upon getting the old man. There's no doubt about your having him. It will be, sooner or later, if he has not come to you already."

I preferred not to enlighten my friend in reference to the steps father-in-law had taken in regard to his present and future abode, but contented myself with saying,

"he is, at least, self-supporting. He has an office of some kind somewhere."

Barton laughed. "Did you ever see any one who knew what is the business, or where the office is?"

I remembered then that I had once asked Nellie where his office was, and she said she did not know, she had never been there—somewhere down town. Very indefinite, of course. She had told me, too, that she did not think he made a great deal of money; for he was compelled to borrow of her quite frequently. In consequence of our short courtship, I had thought very little about the old gentleman. He had seldom intruded himself, and, considering my transported condition of mind just at that time, I could not be expected to be very practical. Mother-in-law having passed from the scene, I thought measures of self-defence unnecessary.

Finding that I should have to search for every paper I needed, I was compelled to close the office and send word to Nellie that I would not be home to dinner; and I worked hard until twelve at night before I had the files arranged so I could put my hand readily upon anything I wanted. I then told the office boy, for I could not at that time afford a clerk, that if he ever gave the key of that case to any one without a written order, I would not answer for the consequences.

Nellie was sitting up for me, almost heart-broken that she had had so little of my company upon our first day at home. I told her how it was, trying hard not to speak harshly of her father, and I promised her a ride the next afternoon.

Accordingly, a handsome open carriage was driven to our door the next day, and Nellie and I went off in an ecstasy of happiness to the park.

Father-in-law was nowhere in sight.

We were riding about, enjoying the society of each other much more than the fine air and lovely scenery, when suddenly we heard some one calling after us, breathlessly. We stopped, and who should come up but father-in-law.

"Well!" he panted, "I certainly am in luck;" and as he spoke he climbed into the carriage, looking as pleased as a child, and threw himself back on the cushioned seat after wiping his moistened

brow and smoothing his little brown false piece, happy and content, his hands resting in luxurious repose on his little fat knees. That he had received no invitation, seemed not in the least to interfere with his delight.

"Well, I am in luck!" he repeated, as the soft breeze blew gently over him, and he inhaled the sweet spring odors. "I came out on the car, never dreaming that you two were coming. It's hard work walking about—can't see a great deal. Just the merest accident that I saw you—had to run to catch you."

When father-in-law was ready we drove home.

Next time I ordered a buggy, taking care it should not be one of those with that convenient back-seat; but my drive was spoiled by the remembrance of the little brown figure we passed on the street corner, and the longing, hopeless look that came over the face that was lifted to us. I am tender-hearted to a fault.

Well, things went on in this way for some months. If we went out, or if we were quietly enjoying ourselves at home, father-in-law was always sure to turn up at the supreme moment. Besides, he began to develop an unpleasant little habit of borrowing five-dollar bills, with verbal promises to pay, which were never fulfilled. Matters were getting, indeed, desperate, when relief came in an unexpected way.

Next door to us lived a couple, married not a great while longer than ourselves. One morning, as part of the front-window conversation, Mrs. Little informed Nellie that a maiden aunt was coming to pay them a visit, and invited us to call during her stay. In due time the aunt arrived and we called, taking father-in-law with us.

From the first I saw that Miss Jerusha had made up her mind that she would be Mrs. Bummer, and no words can do justice in describing the sixteen-years-old graces with which she began and continued the raid upon the old gentleman.

She was fully six feet in height, very broad and muscular; and, certainly, she would never again see fifty-five. Her hair was dyed to a jetty blackness, and the front frizzed in the finest, tightest

little kinks imaginable. Her yellow skin was in innumerable tiny wrinkles, crossing and recrossing, going this way and that, until it was utterly impossible to tell where one began and where in the labyrinth it ended. Small, black and sharp were the watchful eyes set above the long thin nose. As a rule, she dressed in black, with many fluttering yellow ribbons, though sometimes she wore in the evening some delicate shade, or white.

She devoted herself almost exclusively to father-in-law; and one evening, he having refused to go with us to our neighbors, she ran playfully into our house and came back in triumph, bringing him with her.

At last they were engaged. Father-in-law had been growing more and more despondent of late, and now he ceased entirely to assert himself. It was really sad to see him. Actually I was so touched by his look of resignation, that I stopped in his room one night and told him not to marry her unless he wanted to, that while we had a house he was welcome to a spot under the roof.

He looked at me gratefully, and there were tears in his eyes as he thanked me, and said that I had already been very good to him, but he knew she had made up her mind to have him, and it was no use to struggle against it. Even if he ran away she would find him. I could not help some twinges of conscience when he spoke of my goodness, but my predominant feeling was pity, as I went out, leaving him so hopeless and forlorn.

Finally, the wedding morning came. Miss Jerusha had decided not to go home without him. Nellie and I provided him with all things necessary for the occasion, and we and our neighbors went to the church to see the ceremony.

The poor victim looked so pitiful and dejected, in spite of his new dress-suit, and glanced so nervously about him, as though looking for a way of escape, that when the minister asked if there were any who knew just cause why they should not be joined in matrimony, I was on the point of making objection; but while I hesitated as to the propriety of such an act, the service had progressed too far for any interference, so I held my peace.

Miss Jerusha was arrayed in cream-white satin, with a handsome veil, and presided as playfully as ever over the wedding breakfast given by her niece; who, by the way, never spoke to us until long afterward, accusing us of having inveigled her aunt into marrying father-in-law, hoping eventually to get her money.

Breakfast over, we saw Mrs. Bummer in full suit of pearl-grey bear father-in-law away on the train to her northern home, and, at last, Nellie and I were settled cosily, just our two selves, in our

little home. There is no doubt of our enjoyment, even though we were saddened somewhat when we thought of father-in-law; but a month or so later, spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Bummer, we found that father-in-law had regained his spirits, though he winced a little at his wife's caresses. She was very fond of him, and was good and kind to him and everyone. He found means of telling us before we left them, that it was not such a bad thing after all; so Nellie and I went home feeling perfectly happy and contented.

Mary W. Kramer.



AUGUST.

NOW Nature sits with folded hands,
 As resting from the busy year,
 While o'er the wide and teeming lands
 She contemplates the goodly cheer
 She gives; all energizing powers
 Lie mute and still, and drowsy hours
 Move noiselessly, their jocund moods
 And songs foregoing: in deep woods
 And fields, a slum'brous silence broods
 Unbroken, save by beetle's drone
 And o'er-fed bees' dull monotone,
 Or leaves' low rustle as they make
 A pathway for the gliding snake.
 The patient cows seek shadows cool,
 That stretch themselves like giants prone
 Along the edges of the pool—
 And midst the waters stand knee-deep,
 In dreamy, semi-conscious sleep.
 Birds sing no more, but on the hill
 The tender plaint of whip-poor-will,
 Who, telling oft her woeful tale,
 Lingers full late after her time
 While at slow intervals the chime
 Of sheep-bells in the distant vale
 Falls on the ear like tuneful rhyme,
 Lulling the senses, till in idle dreams,
 We half forget the real in the thought of that
 which seems.

THE NEW POETIC FAITH.

BY CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.



TOWARD the end of the last century a new and powerful influence was felt to be at work upon the hearts of men. At first scholastic, it speedily became political, then artistic, and finally vanished into inanity before 1830. A tremendous genius, invoked by some strong soul awakening from the slumber of custom to find itself chained and insulted by the despotism of society, was abroad in the world. Its name was Rebellion. With thinkers and dreamers it took the form of settled melancholy and unrest, evident in every line of the better literature of the day; not only in "Werther" and "Manfred," but in the prosaic walks of philosophy and social science. With the masses it became noisy discontent and open insurrection. In France it ploughed the soil with cannon-shot, manured the furrows with the bones of monarchy, and sowed a strange crop, harvested by the First Consul, and burned by Wellington and Blucher. In Italy the Carbonari arose, shrieked, gesticulated and played a pitiful drama called Liberty, ending with a farce. Secret societies for the emancipation of humanity sprang up all over Europe. Civilization was in a ferment. With revolt against established forms of government, came infidelity to established codes of religion and morals. Out of the heart of the popular convulsion burst a fiery, wayward, tumultuous school of poets, speaking a single language, full of passion, scepticism and defiance.

Looking across the interval of three-quarters of a century, it is perfectly evident that the genius of that period, which in Great Britain began with Burns and ended with Byron, had a common origin and a common tendency. Old social and political barriers had remained fixed, while humanity had been vigorously expanding. All orders of men were

conscious of an abrading sense of oppression; and when one of the sufferers had found the courage to utter an outcry and a defiance, the uproar of complaint became general. The sentimental wailings of Rousseau, the ominous oratory of Desmoulins, the acrid scoldings of Junius, the impetuous challenge of Byron and the sublimated atheism of Shelley were only the variously complexioned children of one parent. If one ran into the streets flourishing a dagger and another shut himself up to dream splendid pantheistical abstractions, the difference was merely quantitative. The impulse was identical. While some beheld their wrongs personified in their kings and rulers, others, professing a deeper insight, saw injustice enthroned among the rigid conditions of life. Hence the two forms of political agitation and artistic pessimism were merely expressions of the same idea.

The poetry of the period, almost without exception, is accusatory, sceptical and despondent. The popular feeling was such, and art became its echo. The true poet is never a teacher; he merely sets the opinions of his age to music. This era, comprising more splendid poetic genius than was ever grouped together in one generation before, produced not one purely didactic poet. Wordsworth outlived his age, and finished his long career in the opening of a calmer period, as a moralist; but in his youth he spoke like the men around him; writing strident republican harmonies and maledictions against kings. I have seen in an old magazine an elaborate apology for "the early mistakes of Mr. Coleridge," which youthful errors, it should seem, he humbly repented in the spirit of grace dispensed by government. Southey, become poet-laureate, would have gladly disowned the sans-culottes he begat in the passion of adolescence and indiscretion. Yet the earlier productions of these converts were in keeping with the spirit of the years in which they were written, as, no doubt, their later works,

brought forth under the wing of conservatism, were good specimens of the article demanded at the time.

It was perhaps a fortunate thing that Byron, the chief of the poetic dissenters, and Shelley, the artist of atheism, should have died as early as they did. It is difficult to believe that they could have carried the current of ideas which created their fame, onward against the counter current which would have met them at middle age. They had gone too far to retract, even if they had been capable of it. Could they have produced new works of artistic value without the original incentive? Would it have been possible for Byron to have created another "Harold" in 1850, or Shelley another "Prometheus" while Tennyson was writing "The Princess?" I doubt it. They died, then, in good time, leaving their beauties to be admired by a generation which no longer believes in the gloomy brow and scornful lip; passing them deprecatingly by, as the affectations of noble but perverted genius.

Yet in their day the sullen Laras and high-minded corsairs were very real people to the multitude. Those sombre gentlemen touched the sympathies of thousands, and drew tears where they now cause smiles. I have spoken with a very old gentleman, who at the age of fourscore could still repeat most of the shorter poems of Byron, learned in his youth; and who, to the day of his death, preserved almost an adoration for the noble poet. This feeling was not uncommon sixty years ago. The fire, the passion, the fury, the hatred of kings, the doubt of Providence, the sledge-hammer blows and the ethereal sarcasms at established things were to contemporary readers what the solemn love of nature and profound faith of living poets are to us.

The public of that period were not doubtful of their tastes; they required no double meanings or delicate abstractions. Witness the sale of thousands of copies of the "Corsair" in a week; and witness, too, the fact that three years after Shelley's death it was a hard matter to procure in London a copy of his works. Yet Shelley was even more truly a representative of his time than Byron. But while Byron spoke a plain,

direct language, with little metaphor and no obscurity, Shelley, the greater poet, intentionally disguised his thoughts in a cryptograph which only those initiated in the higher mysteries of the beautiful might decipher. The difference in the reward meted out to the two men was simply in proportion to the popular capability of appreciation. While Byron has lost little but his stage-paint and foot-lights, Shelley has found admirers, at the present day, able to understand his perfect art.

Whether we have come to a better perception of the truth in life, or whether we have lost courage and dare not face the grisly "thing that hides the past world like to a set sun," we are not in harmony with the poetic pith of such solemn chords as:

—"Go ponder on the skeleton

Death laughs at all you weep for; look upon
This hourly dread of all whose threatened sting
Turns life to terror.—Byron.

Hardly are we prepared to believe that

The flower that smiles to-day

To-morrow dies;

All that we wish to stay

Tempts and then flies.

What is this world's delight?

Lightning that mocks the night

Brief even as bright."—Shelley.

We prefer to dwell upon the springing of the new seed and the bursting of the next year's flowers. Likewise we choose to believe that "this world's delight" is something more substantial than a flash of lightning, even if less brilliant. Nor do we mean to trouble ourselves greatly as to the wherefore,

—Fear and dream and death and birth

Cast on the daylight of this earth

Such gloom; why man has such a scope

For love and hate, despondency and hope.

The great body of modern readers are not prepared to agree that

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever

To sage or poet these responses given;

Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost and Heaven,

Remain the records of their vain endeavor;

Fraill spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,

From all we hear and all we see,

Doubt, chance and mutability.—Shelley.

While it is not to be supposed that such sentiments as these obtained universally, it is certain that they did prevail so generally as to give the deepest tinge to popular opinion.

Descending from the sublimer heights, the same spirit appears permeating the

productions of minor genius. Examples might be quoted sufficient to fill a quarto, but such instances would be mere reiteration—the same theme with variations.

After the death of Byron the mantle of defiant pessimism which had lent an air of sombre majesty to the great, was eagerly divided among the little folk, upon whose dwarfed persons the tatters became ridiculous. For some years longer the magazines and journals continued to print twaddle of a misanthropical and rebellious turn. Hardly a country paper but had its despairing poet. Deformed Harolds, beggarly Conrads and Juans, guiltless of more than a simpering flirtation with a bar-maid, paraded their sins and sorrows before a public which was beginning to laugh at them. A change had taken place in popular ideas. The overthrow of Napoleon had given peace to Europe. The people, decimated and impoverished by a generation of warfare, had nearly forgotten the principles for which they had begun the struggle. Enthusiasm had burnt itself out. Gunpowder and famine had converted many, and the need of quiet and safety had overcome in others the longing for abstract good. Besides, the policy of governments had become more liberal. In the general upheaval many old barriers had been torn down, never to be replaced. Rulers had been taught a salutary lesson; becoming better acquainted with the strength of their subjects, they had learned to respect them. The strain had been taken off the political situation by the enactment of more just laws. The contest had shown the people the remoteness of ideal liberty, and they were ready to accept the compromise offered to them. The clearing up of the political horizon had let the light into private society. Here, too, there had been a mild revolution. Some prejudices, much antiquated superstition, many irritating restraints had disappeared. If to the reformer, things social and political had not arrived at that perfect adjustment for which he had labored and longed, the masses were contented. Men went back to their farms and counting-rooms; commerce absorbed the energies and imaginations of the rising generation, and life became placid and prosaic, as a wild youth lapses into emotionless old age.

Then came an interval of comparative

sterility in poetic art. Wordsworth was still living and occasionally audible. He had his imitators, too—pipers on penny whistles, parodying the serene harmonies of their model. Coleridge was relapsing into what some called philosophy, and others dotage. Goethe, "the sublime Goethe," after a long journey into the arid realms of science, had returned in 1831, weary and old, to put forth the second part of "Faust;" puzzling the critics, but giving no impulse to poetic creation. Leigh Hunt, never a great poet, had shrunk into an essayist. Byron, dead at Missolonghi, once too popular, was now too much neglected. Keats, dead in Italy, was not yet resurrected, and Shelley not yet understood.

But a new generation of poets had been born, some of whom were already trying their hands at prize poems and college odes. These tender plants, rooted in the fresh mould lately thrown over their buried predecessors, were fated to bear a new kind of fruit, less luxuriant but more indigenous than the rich harvest which had just been gathered in. These men were to be English, moral and conservative—in the best sense—where those before them had been tropical, sceptical and insurrectionary. They were to indulge in no tremendous bursts of emotion, little gloom and small affectation. Their law was to be a gentle optimism and a rational acceptance of the conditions of life as they found it. They were to hurl no curses at kings, and to do no battle for Utopian regeneration. Existence was to be to them an unalterable fact; a day of sunshine and shower, to be enjoyed or endured with equal composure. Not in any sense stoical, they were to be philosophers, discovering a balance of good in life for which it is worth while to bear the ill. To possess too little passion, they were to avoid extravagance; speaking in even tones more effective to command than explosive eloquence. These geniuses were, in fact, to bring poetry back from Asia, Italy and the clouds, and to make it a cheerful home among the hills of England. They were generally to be men of larger scope, more learning and wider experience than those before them, with less originality and less fervor. Regarded from the artistic standpoint, excepting Shelley, they were to be truer artists;

and, excepting no one, to follow clearer aims and to earn better rewards. They were destined, too, to reach a greater length of years, with more social happiness and more general recognition. While their predecessors had wasted their short lives in tumultuous warfare with the governing classes, these men were to find themselves in happy accord with all orders. The poets of the preceding generation had been soldiers, or rather guerrillas; their successors were to be apostles of peace, lovers of humanity and interpreters of nature.

In order to give a characteristic tone to contemporaneous literature, public opinion must preserve a constant tendency during a considerable period. Local vibrations and momentary outbursts leave only the shallowest traces upon the intellectual history of the time. While Europe, since 1830, has been visited by several temporary convulsions of no general importance, the prevailing atmosphere has been peaceful. There seems to have been no possibility of one of those widespread and devastating conflagrations which so constantly desolated the world up to the close of the first quarter of the present century. There has been no universal discontent smouldering under the surface of society. Wide steps toward improvement, too, have been taken with very little jar. The masses are contented, or at least seeking contentment by legitimate means.

With this state of social feeling the poetry of the day is in strict keeping. While the poets have occasionally celebrated a battle or a victory with a clarion blast or two, they have constantly preached against the cruelty and folly of war. And while, especially in their younger days, they have uttered random protests against the conditions of government and society, they have generally taught men to look into their own hearts for the secret of regeneration. Nevertheless, their teaching and preaching have been merely reiteration of the sentiments of their readers. A glance into the philosophical literature of the day will show how closely the lines of poetic creation and scholastic system are approximating. From a theological point of view, doubtless, there is much to be lamented in the conclusions which such men as Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley

and Harrison draw from their studies of life. Yet divested of their peculiar dogmas, the ideas of rationalistic philosophy are near relations of modern poetic conceptions, and not distantly connected with popular views. Putting aside the question of revealed religion, poets and philosophers have begun to see a dignity in human nature, a wisdom and beauty in life as we know it, and to abandon those dark and dangerous speculations which most commonly lead thought into gloom and despondency. According to Matthew Arnold:

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done.
To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling
foes—
That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose.

Things exist according to fixed laws, some of which we have discovered and know to be just; we reason, therefore, that those laws which we have not yet penetrated, and may never penetrate, whose manifestations seem cruel and unjust, would, if properly understood, be found equally beneficent. Let us, therefore, obey those laws which we comprehend, bear with patience that which we cannot control, hold fast to the happiness which comes in our way, and not trouble ourselves too much about the mysteries of our existence. Especially let us recognize ourselves as a part of humanity; let us be charitable and sympathetic, so that others will grant us similar favors and the sum of happiness be increased. Let us not curse men for faults for which from the nature of humanity they are not responsible. Let us rather study the causes of those faults, and try if there be remedies for them. Let us consider that nations are only aggregations of single men, each of whom is bound by the same limitations as ourselves.

Men, my brothers, men the workers:

Let us accept what our pride and vanity feel to be an affront, sooner than imbrue our hands in the blood of our fellow mortals, within reasonable limits, be it understood; for though we are men of peace, we know how to fight for a just

cause. Add to these professions such liberal articles of religious faith, or such unaggressive doctrines of rationalism as seem wisest to you, and behold the philosophic, poetic and popular creed of the nineteenth century. Even Eu-phuism, that antic dwarf, which its lovers say came lately from Greece, but which is no more than a fantastic figure cut from a modern wall-paper, set up in a filagree temple and adored with strange writhings and tortured epithets—even this oddity, I say, finds "it joy to look upon the sun" without desiring to stand in any one else's light.

It is a genial faith, not wholly new: since in the midst of his artistic, or, perhaps more truly, pantheistic visions Shelley caught fleeting glimpses of it; but new, at least, in its wide-spread acceptance. There never was an era when the world had more confidence in itself, more trust in the unseen powers which direct it, or more steadfast conviction of inevitable good:

But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow
Which God repeats.—*Whittier.*

It has a constant and cheerful recognition of the predominance of happiness over sorrow in daily life. It persists in looking beyond the clouds; it is able to imagine a clear sky and a bright sun on the darkest day:

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall
Some days be sad and dreary.

—*Longfellow.*

It is indeed difficult to find a sigh in modern poetry, and impossible to discover a curse. We make more of happiness, and we take evil less heavily to heart. Death itself, no longer welcomed as an opiate to intolerable pain, is calmly regarded as a natural event, neither to be coveted nor avoided. Even the death of those dear to us, the most awful form which the destroyer can assume, is powerless to overcome our love and faith.

—I have no fear that thou shouldst die
Albeit I ask no fairer fate than this,—

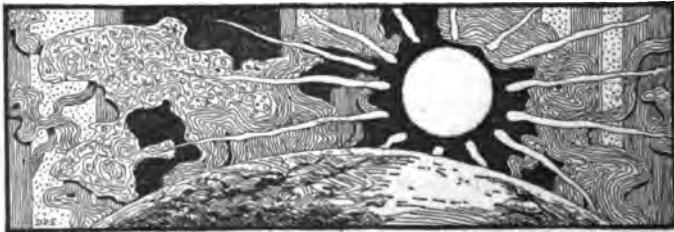
While Time and Peace with hands unlocked fly,—
Yet care I not where in eternity
We live and love, well knowing that there is
No backward step for those who feel the bliss
Of Faith—*Lowell.*

Faith is the word—unalterable faith, be it religious or philosophical; faith, not only in the good which is, but that which inevitably is to be, here or hereafter.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.—*Whittier.*

There is no splendid frenzy in all this; no volcanic outburst of brilliant-hued passion; no statuesque gloom, no stern and repelling majesty. It is no longer the Greek Prometheus, defying the gods in the midst of groans, but a winged genius, living in the pure serene, bathing itself in the sunlight far above the petty tumults of this world, knowing all the human heart, pitying its sorrows but smiling eternal promise.

—Good
Will be the final goal of all,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet
That no one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void.—*Tennyson.*



NOTES FROM HARVARD COLLEGE.

I.—THE PHYSICAL BASIS.

"**H**OW many acres in that college quadrangle at Harvard Square?"

"About a hundred and fifty," answered one of the Divinity School men.

"No; not less than six hundred," rejoined another.

Their answers show our need of definite knowledge.

The little quadrangle in question contains about twenty-three acres. It carries five ample dwelling-houses, two chapels, six big dormitories, four large buildings full of lecture rooms or laboratories, besides the old Dane Law School building, and the huge granite library building known as Gore Hall. These are about half of the college buildings. Others are scattered here and there. Across the road, to the south and west, are other dormitories. Beyond the roads to the north, are Memorial Hall, gymnasiums, the new Law School, the Divinity School, the Scientific School, and the museums. A mile to the west, are the Observatory and the Botanic Garden; while the Medical School and Dental School are three miles away in Boston, and the Farm School, with the School of Veterinary Medicine, is three or four miles farther off, at Jamaica Plain.

The fact that the college works with so many hands and covers so much ground is what keeps her so wretchedly poor. For to suppose that old Harvard is just rolling in wealth and does not know what to do with her cash, is about as correct as that Divinity School estimate of the college quadrangle. Harvard would be rich if she was not ambitious. Lazy colleges grow rich. But at Cambridge a set of very live Yankees know that power means duty—that money brings opportunity and responsibility.

If they see anything good in "Fair Harvard," they see nothing to make men vain, but only the good beginning of something which they intend to make better. Harvard is still growing. It has a future as well as a past; and the most remarkable thing about its life to-day is the pluck, the true grit, with which its sons face the music of to-day.

The school needs about five million dollars to set it well upon its feet, and to make it the great university it is to be. But those millions are sure to come, as others have come, because these live Yankees believe in that practical sense which vigorously abandons the methods of the darker ages and faces the future.

The administration of President Eliot, when it is concluded, will stand as a monument to commemorate this Yankee genius for college building.

But Harvard's glory to-day is seen in her poverty. The pressure upon her resources is simply tremendous. Men less kind and courteous would be ceaselessly wrangling and bitterly jealous, if called to struggle as these men do for their share of the college income, while each department, each scientific school, the gymnasium, the library—all feel that they can get but part of what they need, and that each is just able to pull through each year and not run in debt. This only means that the life of the school is grandly vigorous. These various departments beset the sorely tried President and Treasurer with the appetites of growing boys. But that appetite shows that the family resources are increasing, and that the college loaf will be big enough by and by.

The physical and financial foundation to-day lies about in the following shape: These college grounds, buildings, libraries, laboratories, with their equipments, have cost several million dollars. Nobody asks or cares how many, for all look to the future, not to the past. Their business is carried on in several departments as follows:

	<i>Receives.</i>	<i>Pays out.</i>
Dental School,	\$6,105	\$7,415
Veterinary School,	17,189	17,556
Medical School,	66,379	65,377
Observatory,	18,355	15,168
Library,	22,876	37,684
Scientific School,	42,862	31,069
Law School,	35,408	32,151
Divinity School,	61,449	28,047
The College,	235,214	265,982
The University,	40,912	43,637
Total,	\$673,850	\$620,373
Surplus in 1886,		\$53,477

The year 1887 added about a million dollars to Harvard's productive property by bringing in two large bequests; and

her wealthy sons, all the time dying or preparing to die, always remember their alma mater.

Their confidence in her grows as they see how wisely her affairs are handled. Her treasurer gets more than five per cent. upon her large investments, which men deem a high rate in New England now. And her productive property is set down in the last Treasurer's report as \$5,190,772.35. That amount will soon be doubled, and the financial basis may be counted as already secure.

II. THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

About six million dollars of endowment are now happily invested. Several million dollars' worth of grand buildings, with all that man could ask for in the way of libraries, apparatus, etc., are thronged with students. And there is something here a good deal better yet. It takes more than money to make a college—that is, a college of the future. Wisdom cannot be bought. Experience costs time and tears. And the best thing about Old Harvard is that she has passed her childhood.

Sectarian colleges, and probably all others, have their squabbling age, an age of hair-pulling and scratching, an age of petty jealousies, rivalries and quarrels. If any man doubts that, let him come here and read the story of Fair Harvard's Childhood. It took two hundred years to get over it. It makes a pitiable record, this story of the jealous squabbings of these Puritan Popes who wanted to be president, or wanted a professorship for self or son; or wanted a certain policy pursued, a course of study introduced, or a certain theology banned or coddled here.

The experience of two hundred and fifty years has so bettered all this that affairs here move now with an amazing absence of friction. Personal relations are charmingly free from constraint. Plans are so enlarged that we can have all courses of study that anybody desires. The theologies are welcome, one and all; and no church or sect is "boss," and religion actually exists in some of them.

Of course, this means only that the pioneer work is done, the forests are felled, the stumps are rooted out, fences

are up, buildings are ready, and the harvests are coming in.

The boys now at work here rank as follows:

Freshmen,	256
Sophomores,	234
Juniors,	228
Seniors,	239
Resident graduates and students,	16
Horse Doctors,	2
Dentists,	2
Natural Science,	22
Physicians,	27
Ministers,	2
Lawyers,	180
Number of students,	1,085
Number of teachers,	179

A statement like this may cause surprise that so few are set down as special students of "science." But a grand science-school, like the Institute of Technology in Boston, gathers there a thousand men who might otherwise come here.

And here the thousand young men in the college proper are all students of science in that word's narrowest sense, while they remember, too, that history is a science, and that literature, political economy, and ethics are sciences as well as arts. It is well understood here that a man of science may easily be a narrow-minded bigot and a thoroughly ignorant man. It is often said that a man who is to become a "specialist," to devote his life to one thing, needs, first of all, the broadest possible culture for a foundation to save him from becoming narrow-minded and being left especially ignorant because of his speciality.

Harvard, we say, has passed her childhood; the worries of her teething are over, and she is fairly weaned. The ecclesiastical nurses so kind to her in her tender years have let her go at last—somewhat reluctantly. She knows, meanwhile, that she could n't have passed her babyhood without their help; and her relations with them are sure to remain kindly.

There is no talk here of the conflict of religion and science. Nobody here gives the name "religion" to that dead forest of theology whose dry limbs are cracking and falling with every vigorous wind that stirs. And nobody has done more than the clergy to free Old Harvard from certain false theories as to study which fettered her young feet quite as sorely as any false theology ever tied her hands.

Dr. Bellows sounded a trumpet call for that scholarly advance when he spoke

here, in 1853, of "The Ledger and the Lexicon." He showed that business educates man, and that the best college is only a preparatory school fitting the boy to begin that larger education which lasts through life. That masterly oration might well be taken as a landmark from which to measure the gain in our ideas as to a college boy's training. Dr. Bellows knew right well that danger and difficulty are the two great educators. He knew that nothing else so sharpens the eye, quickens the conscience, trains the judgment, steadies and strengthens the will as does the taking of risks while bearing responsibility. And he held our manufacturers and our merchant princes to be the best educated men in America. Such a view was a novelty here in Cambridge. It might well be thought to cast contempt on scholarship. It did make men open their eyes very wide. But that was just what the orator desired. He knew that the dust of old lexicons had made those eyes feeble and timid. He meant all that he said, and he hoped that those peeping, squinting eyes should be opened so wide that Boston men could see at least as far west as the Hudson River, if they could not see also our people's great need of practical training, in the wilderness beyond the Mississippi. Nothing is truly beautiful, he said, which is not also useful. Virtue does not lose its beauty, "like a Chinese lady's foot," when it is made useful as well as beautiful. "Utility" is a vulgar word only when used in a vulgar way.

Old Harvard's life has never lost the vigorous impulse given by Dr. Bellows' good word. The West has become the teacher of the East. Charles Francis Adams, as president of the Central Pacific Railway, learns more there than he ever learned in college here. It is he who says to-day more loudly than any one else: "A live language is as good as a dead one, if not a good deal better; and you shall not compel our boys to study Greek, unless they wish to study Greek."

Yet the most important thing is not what we study, but how. Greek can be studied here with admirable facilities; so can all the languages and all the sciences, and the best of it all is that good as are the helps and high as are the standards, nobody has such a conceited estimate of

them as not earnestly to strive to make them better. Knowledge is here thoroughly humble over its own ignorance; it knows enough to know its own limitations. The college life is so vigorous as to spend nearly a million dollars a year, and still feel wretchedly pinched in every department by poverty. And the mental life is so vigorous that scholars feel, all the time, mortally ashamed of doing so little.

Men here know right well that a comfortably padded professor's chair makes much too soft a seat for a man. Its embrace is fatal. It makes a soft head and a lazy heart, if a teacher may loaf away his life therein in elegant leisure. Old Harvard knew something of that; it is now largely a thing of the past. The examination of a teacher here is now quite as sharp as that of a student. He is asked every year as to what he is doing. Is he growing? Is he learning? Is he producing anything? If not, "Why cumbereth he the ground?"

In 1881 a list was printed of the publications of Harvard University and its officers for the ten years 1870-1880. Last year a similar list saw the light, giving the publications of the five years, 1881-1885. Books, pamphlets, magazine articles, contributions to newspapers, anything that shows mental life—you find them all in this record. For five years the rate of production was not low when in that time, these publications number nearly 1,800. Of these, about 500 treat literary topics, while over 1,200 deal with questions of science.

When the teachers work like that, the scholars are not idle. Life works by a certain divine contagion. Facilities, opportunities, rules, standards, traditions, all are good; but life itself is better, and a working faculty will make a working school.

That is the central fact of student life here; this is a working school. Space forbids any attempt to show here the courses of study, or to insert examination papers fitted to show what advanced students are expected to do. The chief fact is that the standards are all the time advancing, while methods are improved and facilities are increased.

The library statistics form one index to show student work. Here are over 300,-

000 volumes, and nearly as many pamphlets, which are here for use. They are not kept like the old lady's umbrella, which she boasted she had for twenty-seven years, "and it's never been wet yet." Some libraries are kept like that. But here they wish to see books worn out, so far as honest use will wear them. New atlases, dictionaries, encyclopedias speedily grow ragged, and the bookbinder has a tremendous bill every month.

A new help to student-work is for a professor to gather out of the whole library such books (no matter how many) as he wishes his classes especially to study. These are put in an alcove under his name; his pupils have access to them all day, and take them over-night, returning them next morning. This plan is new, but it grows in favor. In 1880, 35 teachers thus reserved 3,330 books. In 1886, 56 teachers reserved 5,840. All books lent out, numbered in 1880, 41,986;

in 1886, 60,195. This rate of increase greatly outruns that of the number of students. It speaks of an increasing industry and productiveness. And the best thing about the intellectual life here is that it is hopeful and not timid—it looks forward.

Near Memorial Hall was recently set up a charming statue of John Harvard. The young clergyman sits in his chair, his pulpit robe thrown around him, his book open on his knee, his thin face and tranquil, hopeful eyes turned toward the western sky. He is thinking of the days that are to be; he hears nothing of the vigorous tide of life now flowing round his chair; he knows nothing of past success or present attainment; his face shows no trace either of self-distrust or of self-satisfaction. But the quiet unconsciousness with which his trustful hope looks toward the west is something good to see, and is typical of the college life to-day.

Henry C. Badger.



ARISTOCRATIC PARIS.

THE FAUBOURG SAINT-GERMAIN.

BY JESSE SHEPARD.



THE Second Empire came and passed away after having, like a comet, made a commotion among the planets of Imperial France. But the nobles of the *Faubourg Saint-Germain* constitute the only class in the French capital which has baffled the furies of civil war and defied the innovations of the Republic. The denizens of this sybaritic quarter are unique among the cliques and clans of the social universe. The rigidity of their etiquette, the tenacity of their aims and ambitions, have never for a moment been shaken or changed, while their pride has not been humbled by the

rigorous demands of time and circumstance.

The *Faubourg Saint-Germain* creates and sustains every element for the development of the political aristocrat, the polished noble, and the models of politeness, style and fashion. In this peculiar sphere of mind and manners, the spirit of accepted theory, the etiquette of favorite custom and the grace of illusive ideals so penetrate the atmosphere of society, that the outside world is made to follow as a mere imitator, a mimic school of worshippers and pretenders. Once enthroned in this stronghold of ancient titles and privileges, its inhabitants hurl out their pointed arrows of wit and command at the plebeian patrons of other grades of social life. Here are the fashionable gardens of personal

distinction where the flowers of perpetual prosperity bloom, and where the seeds of nature's luxuries are sown in paternal palaces of precedent and aristocratic routine. Here the tall and hardy pines rise above the saplings that creep and vegetate near the roots of material existence. Here Apollo sits in supreme control, and smiles on the mortals who claim the superiority of earthly estate, basking in the love-light of music and song. Here the *feu sacré* of genius warms the altar of inspiration, and illumines the future with fair promises of glory and fame. To the ordinary mind, whose vocation it is to see the mere environments of men and things, it is impossible to delve into the mysteries that surround this place, or dive into the depths of these calm waters, for they run so deep, that were the diver ever to reach the bottom, the force of the unseen current would forbid him rising to the top.

In this Parisian world of fashionable formula, the first lesson in the science of life is that of etiquette, that the dead things of vulgarity may be wrapped in a shroud of politeness, form and custom. The second lesson is given when the perceptions are so developed as to command and control the mystery of illusion, which is the supernal art in this sphinx-like domain of exclusive customs and antiquated formulas. The efforts of a whole lifetime are devoted to this study, which, once begun, never ends. The next lesson is in discretion or tact, which brings the ambitious aspirant into a universal field of social effect and action. And thus it is the basic principles of fashionable life are formed, which render the student of human nature capable of grappling with the most entangled forms of etiquette, the most mystical methods of illusion, and the most subtle devices of diplomats. Yet in these three requirements the essence of each is woven into the other in all their varied rules, modes of application and hypocritical dissimulation. Etiquette is the foundation of policy, and illusion is its framework; yet the mystery of illusion belongs more to the female mind, for the physiological fascination of this strange influence only finds its proper element in the endowments of feminine grace and brilliancy. To know how to enter-

tain a dinner party, how to begin a *soirée musicale*, how to receive one's enemy with uncompromising *sang froid*, how to render a company of antipathic individuals at once comfortable in spirit and smooth of tongue, belongs to tact and etiquette; but the fine sense of perception which is required to comprehend the intricate ways of the illusive world is an accomplishment so rare that but few ever master the art.

Nowhere is the word disillusion so common as in Paris; and this fact goes to prove that with the Parisian's illusion is the art of arts, the science of life itself, the principle upon which hangs the great bulk and burden of life's joys and sorrows, perennial pleasures and perpetual pain. How to make life habitually fascinating is the aim of the women who aspire to lead. This is the theme which fills the intellect with animation and the heart with courage. The facial expression must conform to the needs of the hour, no matter how embarrassing the situation, while the head must never compromise the heart, nor the style of dress conflict with the age and the character of the individual. To disenchant, to break the illusion, is in French society something that is regarded with mortal dread, something to be avoided even at the risk of health, comfort and friends. Years are spent in studying the *raison d'être* of those who at the age of sixty or seventy hold dominion over the affections of youth, confounding the wits, philosophers and mystics of the age. Among this class, imagination and ideality must be wedded to sentiment and emotion; the first two are necessary to give the illusionist a veiling of durable fancy; the last two to give the first a proper stimulant, without which imagination would lack the fire of effect and ideality grow cold, lacking warmth. The *grande dame* with her faultless etiquette, artless grace and ready wit must add to these attainments the gift of discriminating between the fancy of the mind and the feelings of the heart, the flexibility of impressional minds and the subtle understanding of callous ones, before she can achieve universal prestige in the fashionable world. Nothing is so coveted by female diplomats, and there is nothing which causes such envy

and strife among the denizens of the famous old *faubourg*. It is the pinnacle of social ambition, whose spire is built in the fret-work of prolonged and extraordinary sensations; which, when once reached, renders the prying world under it a mere appendage. Even the diplomatic element in politics is impotent to contend with its supremacy. When a woman is crowned on this Olympus of intrigue and fashion, she is invested by nature and experience with a materialistic regalia of etiquette, tact and illusion, whose magic sceptre may influence kings and control the affairs of state.

As in the artistic world, the idea and the execution must harmonize, so in the most cultured French society tact and taste must unite in a perfect conception of the fitness of things. This is the secret summed up in two little words common in every country, but never so thoroughly understood as in the Parisian universe. The ideal not only contrasts but unites with the real, and in the most brilliant society these elements are never separated. Tact without taste displays but the intrigue of the vulgar plotter after distinction. But there is a marked difference between the tactics of a society leader of the *Faubourg Saint-Germain* and the policy in vogue among the ambitious women of the *Champs Elysées*. The two elements rarely meet, and only by chance do they mingle. The old *faubourg*, the cradle of the highest aristocracy, never seeks alliances with the newly titled, the *nouveau riche* of the modern quarter. The old is characterized by artistic refinement, inborn grace, personal repose, cultivated wit; the new is noted for brilliancy, splendor, dash, political vigor and commercial vim. Here the titled plebeian plays a leading part, and the newly-made count often figures in the salons with as much importance as a marquis of the ancient regime acquired at the Court of Louis XIV. A certain gusto marks the parvenu; a certain grace defines the patrician. The *Faubourg Saint-Germain* guesses at nothing, imitates nothing, makes no innovations. The latter-day element, on the contrary, guesses and gropes, imitates and innovates, attempts much and fails often. The modes, habits and style of life among the old *noblesse*

are reduced to a system. Life is a formal routine hedged by religious observances and fashionable formula is restricted to given limits. There is a code of artistic and social intercourse which gives an exact preference to certain occasions and certain circumstances. There are laws of latitude and rules of restriction, and by virtue of a system which has been successfully practiced for centuries, the cream of the intellectual as well as the social aristocracy is extracted from the Parisian world, and the skimmed milk left for Bohemian millionaires.

But art and artists form a bridge that spans the turbid stream of society from one end to the other, and creates a link of harmony forged on common ground. The presence of distinguished talent of whatsoever kind is the great prize that all seek to win. The author, the musician, the actor are eagerly sought for and anxiously expected at every gathering of notables, whether in the *Faubourg Saint-Germain* or the *Champs Elysées*. Genius is the neutral ground where all minds agree, and where every knee bends before the shrine of creative ability. The presence of a single gifted individual is considered of more importance than the company of a half-dozen figure-heads of dilapidated royalty, for these last are always on hand, like the professional beauty, but real talent is rare even in Paris. It was Nilsson who used to charm the fastidious nobles who gathered about the Duchesse de Galliera in years past. The singer was invited to this ancient mansion, not only as an artist but as a friend, to dine and hold intimate conversation with the most exclusive circle of nobility in the French capital. The leaders of the different brilliant coteries possessing no creative gifts themselves, seek the illusive presence and mysterious element which the great meteors of talent lend to party, ball and dinner; and as the French character is intellectual, it makes its most reverential obeisance to the famous lights of art and literature. Wealth figures here only as a means to honor genius; and with all their follies and foibles, the French aristocracy rise superior to the nobility of other nations in the admiration and reverence manifested for the good and great in music, art and literature. ogle



EDITOR'S STUDY.

The Presidential Canvass.

THE current topics of conversation are very naturally the issues involved in the Presidential canvass that now may be fairly said to have commenced, since both the great parties have placed their nominees in the field. Enthusiastic support of his own convictions is the duty of every citizen; and the more the great questions of the day are discussed, the more intelligent will be the verdict of the ballot.

The country is particularly fortunate this year from the fact that there is some decided difference between the Republican and Democratic platforms. This should enable the canvass to be conducted in a dignified manner, without the blot of personal slander. An encouraging feature in this direction is the decided promptness with which the general public, without regard to party affiliations, placed the seal of their condemnation on the efforts of a clergyman named Pendleton to start a domestic scandal. During the last Presidential campaign the Rev. Dr. Ball of Buffalo started the scandal ball and as it rolled it kept on gathering new color until the very end. This year the start is fresh and untainted. At the head of one ticket is the present President of the country, and at the head of the other is a gentleman very highly respected and a grandson of a former President. There is every opportunity, therefore, to keep the canvass a perfectly clean one.

Dynamite in Labor Agitation.

A FEW of our newspaper friends have shown an inclination to regard the forcible article on "Anarchy and Dynamite," which appeared in recent issues of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE, in the light of an attempt at sensationalism. By far the general disposition, however, has been to accept the wholesome truths that are the foundation of the article, one of which was that the unlicensed possession of dynamite should be considered *prima facie* evidence of an intent to commit

murder or other grave crime, and should be punished accordingly.

The recent conspiracy that has been unearthed, in which it was proposed to use dynamite as a factor in the work of forcing the Burlington Railroad to take back the striking engineers, at dictated terms, places the subject of dynamite warfare in a far more serious light than that in which it stood before, especially as the plot to destroy the railroad's property had, apparently, the tacit, if not the open, approval of an organization that had previously been justly held in the very highest esteem—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. It is bad enough to expect the brutal argument of a bomb from a person who has been educated from childhood among anarchists and like malcontents; but when it comes to educated mechanics using the same cowardly means to convince a corporation that their demands are just, it is certainly time for prompt legislative action.

A strike has come to be regarded as a legitimate measure: That is, a man is justified in stopping his work if the terms offered by his employer are unsatisfactory; and a man, as a unit in an organization, has the same privilege as the individual. It is very foolhardy, however, for a laboring man to throw away one position unless he has a better in view, and the same rule applies to a collection of men. In the latter case, it is true, better terms may be forced from the employer if the working force is indispensable, and it is the part of wisdom and one of the chief duties of a labor organization to calculate whether the services of its members will be indispensable before ordering a strike. Should these calculations prove faulty, there are only two courses left for the men, one to seek other employment, and the other to solicit re-employment from the company at the most favorable terms obtainable.

When one individual undertakes by force to prevent some other from doing the work he has refused, then he lays himself liable to punishment; and if he attempts this force at

the instigation of some organization, such organization is assuredly a conspirator with him and is open to punishment.

Labor organizations when properly conducted, as the Brotherhood of Engineers has been heretofore, are a great protection to the working man, against himself as well as against his employer. When such organizations conspire to stop work by force, their usefulness is at an end, and they become institutions that should be suppressed. In the Burlington trouble, it appears that the Grievance Committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers issued a circular recommending the members of that order to conceal their membership and solicit employ-

ment on the Burlington Road, in order that they might disable the locomotives and so prevent business. It is, perhaps, not entirely fair to blame the Brotherhood, as a body, but neither can we exonerate it as a body. The circular was sent throughout the country, and yet no member had regard enough for the honor of the organization to expurgate the Brotherhood of the authors of the circular.

Now, when men of such an intelligent class will, when fired with some disappointment, resort to dynamite, what can be expected of the more ignorant classes? Surely, there is grave cause for legislative action, making even the possession of dynamite a serious offence.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

If Max Müller is right in asserting that thought and language are identical, what force shall we give to Talleyrand's saying, that words are designed to conceal the real purposes of one's mind? It is plain that both the philologist and the diplomatist have said what seems to be at once true and false. It is impossible to prove the absolute truth of the former or the falsity of the latter, but, ordinarily, the mind might easily be persuaded to accept either.

It is certainly a true aim of literary culture to render its forms for expressing thought so transparent that they will be quite lost to view in the thought itself. And yet, the writer and the speaker who are so skilled in the arts of expression as to surprise the mind into wonder or admiration, by unexpected views of things true and beautiful, after long concealment of his purpose, is the one most likely to win the greatest praise from us. We may be beguiled into undue sympathy with that purpose by the very art which for a time conceals it from full view.

It was the art of the poet deeply skilled in the methods of nature, which, by the tongue of Mark Antony, wrought successfully upon the passions of the Roman populace, before the dead body of Cæsar. Both art and philosophy were defiled when the hired rhetorician and the sophist taught their pupils how "to make the worse appear the better reason." This brings into view some phases of literary work now quite prevalent.

Some years prior to the Rebellion, there was engaged as chief editor on one of the leading newspapers of a Western city a writer of great ability. As a political writer he was, perhaps, superior to Mr. Prentice of the *Louisville Journal*, with whom he was contemporary and often compared.

A few years later he transferred his services to another newspaper in the same city,

the chief organ of the opposing political party.

The change of "platform" seemed to have no effect upon this writer's force of expression. He launched his "leaders" upon his old friends, the adopted enemy, with undiminished power. To some curious person who asked how this was possible for him, he replied: "I am only a hired rhetorician." Doubtless, there are not a few writers nowadays who would modestly disclaim any higher merit for themselves. To ascertain by their public teachings who these writers are and what their responsible connections, should it be thought desirable to estimate the intrinsic value of what they say upon a given subject of importance, would often be very difficult. When a writer, or an author, whatsoever his real merits, is paid for an opinion, his sense of duty to his employer requires him as a literary artist to make the opinion to be expressed his own in the most forcible manner, regardless of anything that may appear to be due his own moral sense.

The reading public does not look under or between the lines of a popular writer to find the color of his private conscience. This is assumed and believed to be identical with what he says. Opinions duly charged and put into "print" and shot at the enemy, by virtue of these circumstances, carry the requisite "striking force." They are generally believed. In fact, opinion, as it finds currency in the literature of the day, seems to be quite divested of personal characteristic. The individual is completely merged in the "hired rhetorician," who, morally, is presumed to be colorless. Thus it comes about that much that passes for truth and art, and the good in literature, is as false, really, as the counterfeit coin, which on trial is found to lack the genuine ring. The gen-

eral mind grows more and more credulous. It is difficult to find a man who is intellectually strong and independent enough to read two sides of a political or religious controversy with equal care. It is not so in matters of personal and social conduct. One looks for honesty and sincerity in another before giving faith to words or acts.

"What is 'opinion'?" As soon as the question is raised we at once answer that it is "only opinion," not necessarily truth. Yet we pin our faiths to opinions that daily come to us on paper, artfully spread out, clothed in the finest literary garments, without inquiring further. Because this is so, the Press becomes most powerful, for evil as well as for good. Language and literature may be made the vehicles of poisonous error concealed under the pleasing dress of well-balanced sentences.

Opinion is estimated by the page or column. It is manufactured for any occasion, to suit, by the "rhetorician," who writes upon all subjects equally well. It is a matter of indifference to him whether the subject be Jones's cigarettes or Robert Browning's poetry.

Now, we have said all this, quite discursively let it be confessed, for the sole purpose of showing that much of the literary work of the day lacks honesty and sincerity. And this is especially true where it is calculated to be most able and most influential.

Literature, like art, is drifting into shallow places and areas where thought may easily become indifferent to the inspirations of truth. Out of the heart are the issues of all life. The springs of intellectual life are in the personal conscience. There is nothing great that is not founded on sincerity. The passions of genius are impulses from the heart. The deepest, strongest tendencies in literature begin right here.

Power and Liberty. By Count Leo Tolstoy. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) A better title for this book, perhaps, would have been "Necessity and Liberty," since it is, throughout, a discussion of these two and their relations in human history. The question "What is Power?" is frequently asked, but at no time definitely answered. The author discards the old theory of a divine power, acting through great personages, heroes and kings, leaders of peoples, in whose lives the lives of nations were summed up. In the view of Tolstoy, the "hero-worship" of Carlyle would not serve as a reasonable element in a true philosophy of history.

He also pushes aside the more modern inductive method, urging that the mere collection of innumerable facts in chronological order will not explain the great movements of nations nor disclose the true causes of events. He proposes a new method in the

study of the life of humanity. He begins with the claim that man is conscious of his own freedom as to motives of conduct and action. This consciousness he extends to national life. But man is met, is hedged about, affected, controlled by circumstances, events, the actions of others, in fact, whatever takes place in the world in which he moves. As individuals, as nations, men have set over against the feeling of freedom conditions that cannot be overruled. Man discovers through reason that he is subject to "necessity." Just what the author means by "necessity" is not clear. He assumes, however, that its acceptance as a law in human history will, at first, be regarded as destructive to "our ideas about the soul, about good and evil, and with them all the political and religious institutions depending on these ideas." But this view can be but temporary. In the end our faith in the foundations on which our political and religious institutions rest will be strengthened.

Perhaps, if Count Tolstoy were not a Russian he might have given a larger place to the idea of freedom and less emphasis to the "law of necessity," which looks to us like the nightmare of a consciousness struggling to be awake in a dark night of the world's history.

The Ancient World and Christianity. By E. De Pressensé. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.) In the writings of M. De Pressensé we are reminded of the greatest names in the ethical and philosophical literature of France. His work is characterized by the eclectic spirit of Cousin, the large-minded liberality of Jouffroy, and the historical scholarship of Guizot. In the volume before us there is evidence of an additional quality of mind demanded in the immediate present, viz., an appreciation of all that true science has gained for the human mind, and a sympathy with scientific methods. But the author rightly denies materialism, and justly condemns the extreme votaries of the natural sciences, for ignoring a higher life and reducing all things to the rule of mechanical laws. Man has had a moral history. This is to be explored by methods differing from those used in physical investigations, but not less scientific. The conscience of man is a fact in experience, and it is the organ of knowledge in the moral world. "The law of duty, inseparable from free will is its fundamental axiom."

The main purpose of the author is to explore the moral history of mankind in the religions of antiquity—"as these have come down to us in their sacred books"—tracing in them the manifestations and evolution of a great moral force. In the "Intro-

duction" to the work he broadly considers the preparation for Christianity—found in ancient religions. We find here some profound reflections which seem appropriate to the hour:

"Without entering at all into the scientific question of the transformation of species, by virtue of a power of development inherent in themselves we do refuse absolutely to identify this internal principle (supposing its existence proved) with mere mechanical force. If it could be thus identified, it would follow that there is no power in the world but motion, and motion governed not by mind or will, or moral force, but by a blind mechanical necessity. In such case there could be no history at all in the true sense. We can never admit that mind can be identified with a mere combination of atoms. We maintain, with Tyndall, that between motion, which is the play of mechanical forces, and the consciousness of motion, there is a great gulf. Reason would do violence to its first law if it were to subordinate thought, mind, the moral life, to matter in motion."

The "starting point of religious evolution is as far back as science can carry us—the close of the Tertiary period." Even at this primitive stage, man has all the marks of intellectual and moral superiority. At this time it is not difficult to find ground for a reasonable belief that the religious sentiment is the distinctive trait of humanity. It is a matter of observation, and is, therefore, as clearly entitled to classification in positive knowledge as any other particular fact of science. It is the evolution of this sentiment which characterizes the moral progress of the race.

A particular study of the subject commences in Chaldea. We may safely say that M. De Pressensé is a trustworthy guide in a field of inquiry of commanding interest to the human mind. In recent "Assyrian Discoveries" we shall find some remarkable confirmations of Bible history, but in the Chaldean religion we shall perceive very little that is worthy of imitation. "It is a religion of terror leading to the display of fierce warlike violence, and yet we find running through it purer and higher ideas—the prophetic intuition of a protecting deity of justice, who has pardon for sins confessed."

In his further researches among the antiquities of the world the author makes use of all the available learning of modern days, and finds everywhere in the remains of people that long since passed away, the moral forces that distinguish the human spirit from its surroundings. Social customs, the products of industry, agriculture, architecture and art are brought into requisition, as affording evidence of the intellectual and moral aspirations of the race. The religions of Egypt, Phœnicia, of Zoroaster, the Vedas, Brahmanism, Buddhism, the religions of Greece and Rome, and finally the decline of Paganism are taken in review. The author treats his subject in a spirit that is at the same time philosophic and scientific, which, in his view, are not contradictory terms in thought. He

recognizes fully, to quote his own words, "that in such an investigation facts must not be wrested to support theories, and that impartiality is a sacred duty."

There is an additional chapter on "The Philosophy of Greece," to which we can make but a passing reference. M. De Pressensé gives us an admirable resumé of this, as yet, unsurpassed period of human speculation. For, it remains remarkably true to-day, that modern science in its proudest claims cannot deny its indebtedness to the atomic theory of Heraclitus; that the inductive philosophy, the very guiding principle of invention and discovery, owes its method to the mind of Aristotle, and that all modern art, poetry, social philosophy and religion reflect the intellectual aspirations of a Plato, who more than two thousand years ago was able to say:

"But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty—the divine beauty, I mean pure, and clear, and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollution of mortality, and all the colors and varieties of human life—thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty divine and simple. Do you not see that in that communion, only beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities (for he has hold not of an image, but of a reality), and bringing forth and nourishing true virtue, to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mortal man may. Would that be an ignoble life?"

The Reverberator. By Henry James. (Macmillan & Co.) In this story Mr. James offers some studies of American character, which are, to say the least, singular. The members of the Dosson family, though in a way interesting, must appear to the reader to belong to a class of doubtful reality. Of course one is charmed with the simplicity and directness of the author's style, and, possibly, moved to admiration by his skillful manipulation of such unpromising material, but at the same time often impelled to protest against, as unseemly and uncharacteristic, the actions of these illusory acquaintances.

In the elderly Dosson we have scarcely the material of which successful financiers are made; and when we are told that this weak old man, moping in the courtyard of the hotel for hours at a stretch, absolutely wanting in energy and will, is one who possesses a genius for money-making, we consider it either an intended, but weak joke, or a caricature, on the part of the writer.

And so, too, with the person of "George Flack," the Paris correspondent for an American society journal, who does not impress us as a true representative of anything, but as one concealing his real purpose under a disagreeable mask.

Again the beautiful Francina, with her deplorably limited vocabulary, necessitating parrot-like repetitions in her conversation, and her crude notions of the observances of correct society, seems sadly mismated with

the American-Frenchman "Gaston Probert," and it is very doubtful whether she will prove as plastic, in his hands at least, as his friend the artist predicts. It is easier to imagine George Flack carrying off the prize, since the author compels the reader to believe that he is Francina's natural affinity. He was the most pleasing companion of her old father, and it would not have been impossible to have persuaded her very common-place sister, Delia, to relinquish her ambitious projects of marriage.

It is obvious that Francina would never have given to George Flack for publication those bits of information concerning her new and distinguished "connections" had she doubted his wisdom and friendliness to her.

The author makes a moral heroine of her, in a singular sort of a way, when she refuses, though at the request of the sister of Probert, to whom she is now affianced, and whose family is sorely scandalized at the publicity they have been given in the "Reverberator," to shield herself and deny the part she unwittingly played with a "reporter."

We fail to see, when all has been said, that we have gained anything by making the acquaintance of these people, or should care to know anything more concerning them.

The hours spent in the company of such characters we prefer to regard not as a real experience, but rather a disagreeable though fascinating dream—and the characters themselves as the creations of a morbid spell of the brain, inane inhabitants of "No Man's Land."

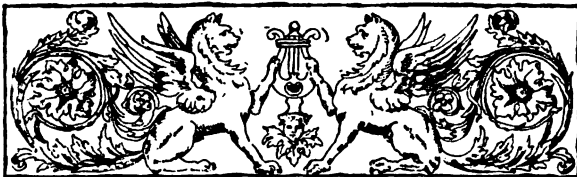
At Home and in War. By Alexander Verestchagin. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) There is much in the first part of this book that reminds one of Count Tolstoï's "Peace and War," and a mere amusement-seeker may possibly tire of its many references to Russian home-life, including the pettiest affairs, some of them in themselves quite uninteresting, not to say disagreeable. But we feel impelled to say that the author has done faithfully and well just what he set out to do—he has given us a correct view of the life of a Russian nobleman's son "at Home and in War." That he writes the truth of himself we must believe, since his earlier

life, especially at school, is so discreditable as to cause pain and disappointment to parents most solicitous for his good. He proves but a poor student at every point, and only saves the reputation of his name and family by entering a school for cadets which is a matter of rubles rather than of scholarship. And when he enters the army and begins the serious work of winning distinction "under fire" his own frank account makes us fear for him a little, for we have become very much interested in himself as a person, as well as in the strange characteristics of Russian life, set forth so plainly in these pages, combining as they do, at home and in war, the barbarisms that, with us, belong to other times, with the refinement of the present.

This historical biography—we can safely so name it—extends from 1853 to 1881, a period of transcendent importance in European affairs, for it includes the Turko-Russian war, the release of Bulgaria from a comparative tyranny, the final capture of Plevna after a second severe struggle, and the triumphant march of the Russian army to the very gates of Constantinople. And as we read of the welcome of the Russian army by the Bulgarians, and connect seemingly insignificant incidents here recounted with evident truthfulness, with the now imminent and portentous European situation, resting as it does upon the government of Bulgaria, we can but sympathize with jealous Russia whose victorious army in 1877 so freely fraternized with the Bulgarians to whom they brought liberation.

M. Verestchagin succeeds in winning from us sympathy with his patriotic regrets that the time had not come for the Russian army to take possession of Constantinople. What a disappointment to the division, men and officers, of the great Skobelev!

The remainder of the work is concerned with the celebrated campaign of Skobelev in Turkomania. The author of this book has won his way to promotion, and evidently has the confidence of his gallant leader, although he leaves the reader to infer his soldierly merits from the circumstances attending a career which is part of contemporary history.



THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for August.

LAST month the Calendar was largely occupied in considering travel matter; where people should go, with regard to the greatest health benefit to be gained. In August, it is fair to presume that all who can escape city heat and environment of streets, are away in the country storing health and strength for next winter's consumption.

But there are many thousands who must remain, to whom mountain valleys and beaches by the sea are marvels to be dreamed of only, to whom these heated nights are tortures of the Inferno after hot days of steady labor. Let me say a few words to the stay-at-homes: During the day, when nervous energy is fully occupied by ordinary toil, and amusement in some small way supplied by friendly gossip at intervals, the man does not get on so badly. But coming home to tired wife and fretful children, to heated house through malodorous streets is enough, as a city acquaintance told me last week, "to drive a man to drink."

For all this, there is but one remedy, and that is the rarely found one—patience. But meanwhile, let no one idly fold his hands; that is to be foolish, not patient.

Advice regarding food and proper clothing for the heated term has been so often given in these columns that its repetition seems useless; yet I may be permitted to say once more that fruit, fresh vegetables and fish are far more important articles of diet than meat in any form, besides being more readily accessible in town even than in country.

Milk should be avoided. Lactic acid, its ferment, begins to develop almost immediately after it is drawn these hot mornings, and goes about its work so swiftly as to render all milk more or less unwholesome. A large part of summer diarrheas may justly be charged to milk used as food.

Saltfish is usually craved for morning meals and is healthful. It agrees, as the word goes, with most stomachs, and is readily digested, though somewhat more slowly than some other foods. Probably the very best way to prepare one's stomach for a day's work in August is to drink a glass of some sparkling water, like Clysmic or Apollinaris. There is a mucous secretion that covers the stomach lining membrane after some hours of inactivity, and this needs to be removed before digestion fairly begins. Nothing does this better than a copious draught of sparkling water, whose carbonic acid sweeps the organ clean and makes it ready for the day's labor. It ordinarily has a slight purgative action also, and it is of the utmost importance now that the bowels do their work well. Neglect of this most important function is almost sure to bring about serious trouble.

Spirits and stimulants of all kinds, except weak coffee with milk for breakfast and diluted claret for dinner, should be abstained from. They only increase fires that need banking rather than filling up, and are actual poisons.

And it is growing hotter all the time. Up and still upward goes the recording column until among the nineties, and then seems loth to stop. Streets and houses glow with absorbed heat that is radiated into hours of darkness until the town is like a furnace. When Phœbus drives his flaming car so hard, it is needful to change habits as well as food and clothing, and arrange hours of exposure so as to avoid as much as possible harmful effects of continuous high temperature.

We are too prone to hurry, we Americans, and walk as swiftly in August as in November. It is not generally understood that sunstroke is by no means due to direct sun-rays alone. As many cases occur among those whose labor is in-doors, if not more than where it is outside; coming from exhaustion from excessive hours of toil without regard to proper food or physical overstrain. And very much of this strain is due to hurry, to needless haste.

When in summer one slacks his pace and goes quietly on the shady side, circulation is not hastened; but rapid action sets it bounding swiftly and up goes bodily heat. Therefore, hurry not.

And if physical care must be doubled, mental hygiene is also essential.

All are prone to discouragement, to depression of spirits, from the baby who frets because his tower of blocks will not stay put, and the youth who finds his glowing schemes for human regeneration old stories, to the statesman whose ungrateful country contemptuously rejects his far-seeing plans for his nation's elevation. It is part of life that no success shall be complete; but depression and enthusiasm are convertible terms, and mental oscillations are as necessary to mental equilibrium as the ocean's swell is to the purity of the sea.

To see the bright side of life when steaming heat depresses, is not always easy, but it must be done, or there will be no ease found. Therefore, go slow.

Most people find sleeping hours made uncomfortable by hot heads, and more than one night has been spent in useless hunting after a cool place on the pillow that was heated through. What was soothing and comfortable in winter is now an instrument of torture; and one's pillow is turned over and over, punched and shaken up, growing hotter with every change. But now, if the feather pillows be packed away in camphor with other winter things, and a pair made

of curled hair be substituted, relief comes promptly. Plentiful air circulation goes on beneath the sweating head, it grows cooler instead of hotter, and an August night is made as comfortable as one in cool October. Try it.

Among disease forms that seem to be upon rapid increase, I find those affecting the heart decidedly in the advance. A few years ago, it was comparatively rare to find organic disease of this organ; now, the stethoscope recognizes significant murmurs in a great number of supposed cases of simple dyspepsia. The human engine of circulation possesses an elasticity and recuperative power that no other organ is endowed with. If simply overtaxed by athletic strain or regular reception of artificial stimulus, it proceeds to enlarge its tissue to meet over demand, like any other muscle, and this is compensating hypertrophy, not disease, although its pressure upon adjacent organs may interfere with them and cause it. But, when finally structural change has come about, and impairment of action follows, it still performs its laborious work patiently and faithfully until the end comes.

It would serve no good end to rehearse symptoms consequent upon such organic change. They are complicated, and can only be made demonstrative by expert ears. But, if any suspicion of heart trouble arises in a reader's mind, his house doctor should be promptly consulted, and the supposed defect verified or promptly dismissed. If an examination should reveal valvular insufficiency, for instance, directions as to diet, exercise and general conduct can be given with such excellent effect that long life may follow and euthanasia end it. Had Matthew Arnold consulted a medical man about the pain in left shoulder and arm that annoyed him, and followed his directions, he still might have been living to show wherein America is a failure.

I do not think that consensus of opinion attributes this increase to any particular cause. To my mind, it is simply a translation to a sensitive muscle organ some of the intense nervous irritability that is our chiefest physical failing as a nation. Climate, food and habits of hurry have reached life's centre, and are sapping its strength to an extent that seems dangerous, and we are in peril of becoming a weak-hearted, as we already are a weak-nerved race.

Once a person's heart has been condemned by medical survey, only total change of causative habits can do anything to remedy. Had our beloved General stayed at home instead of going upon that tiresome railway journey of inspection, his jolly face and wonderful professional skill might have been the nation's for years to come. All severe work must be abandoned, and the strong man learn to be a cared for, warned invalid; no easy task. It seems so hard to give up

action when every nerve and muscle, save one, begs so anxiously for it; but it must be done and done while general health is good, or it is too late.

Protected by steady supervision and released from need of violent labor, there is no terror in heart disease. The patient organ, recognizing its cordon of care, keeps at its lessened work with able regularity and all goes well.

When death does come suddenly, no one is readier than near friends to acknowledge that it is best, after first shock has passed. For the change is usually painless in its swiftness, or at the worst one sharp pang like bullet stroke ushers through portals that usually open only to long suffering and agonizing wrench away of life. Yes, better so.

Among the many mothers who read these lines there may be one or more whose child has scarlet fever—that terrible disease that has come to be so dangerous of late years, and who will be glad to know of anything to help their baby. And this is something so simple, yet so effective, that no physician can object to its employment. It is the application to the entire body of warm sweet oil, well rubbed in. There is something curious in its immediate good effect. Almost twenty years ago, I had five patients in one family sick with the anginose or throat variety of scarlet fever, and had them all brought into one room for convenience-sake as well as seclusion. Five little heads returned my greeting every time a visit was made, and all clamored loudly for their oil bath. It was plentifully used, then a woolen night-gown put on, and nothing else done. No medicine was given, and but little food was needed to supplement absorbed oil. And in recovery, there was an absence of usual complications, so that in my Western town oil baths came to be generally used with excellent result.

Other fats were tried, but none answered the double purpose of nutrition and skin cooler so well as plain olive oil. It is well worth trial.

One word of advice about drinking water, and my task for August is done. If, in any hotel or summer resort to which these mid-summer lines may come, there should occur a single case of typhoid fever or diphtheria, test the drinking water or have it done at once. A few cents will buy an ounce of saturated solution of permanganate of potash at a chemist's. If, when a drop of this solution is added to a tumbler of water, its color changes to brown, it is unfit to drink; if it remain clear, or slightly rose-colored after an hour, it is, broadly speaking, safe.

And with this recipe, which has already done good service, the Calendar tenders its readers hearty wishes for a delightful vacation month.

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.

TIMELY TOPICS.*

The Unification of America.

VIEWING this Republic as the political center, core, or heart of the Western hemisphere, the steadiness of the action of the centripetal force is notable, as it is seen on one of the census maps of the various territorial additions since the Revolution. A quarter of a century ago it seemed as if this force were about to be overcome by the centrifugal, but to-day, whether we look with the bias of patriotism or the judicial mind of a philosopher, it is evident that the cohesive and centripetal forces will predominate for a practically unlimited period in the future. It may be even suspected that the concretion of the other States of this continent around this republic is a law of nature.

The war between the States was prosecuted on the part of the North under the belief that whatever the cost in lives and money it would be less than the ultimate cost of wars against each other if the Union were to become two nations. The growth and development, the increase and wealth in population in any section of the country is a protection to all sections; whereas, under two flags the good fortune of either would be a menace to the other.

Compared with America, Continental Europe is an unstable compound. Descending to particulars and acquainting ourselves personally with the social molecules or families, and atoms, or individuals, our most lively sympathies must awaken for their unhappy condition.

Wondering why the Indians are so kind and indulgent to their boys, a white man asked a Sioux warrior, in the palmy days of that tribe, the reason. With stoical sadness he sententiously replied, "We are rearing them to be killed." Carelessly questioning an acquaintance in Berlin about her brave blue-eyed boy reaching the military age the next year, a never-to-be-forgotten look of anguish came over her face as she cried out in about these words: "Ach! Er ist so klein! Er ist noch immer mein Bébé!"

Such to-day is the case of millions of fathers and mothers on the continent of Europe who are lavishing love and care upon the rearing of their bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked school boys—"to be killed."

Looking backward over the frightful history of our tear and blood-stained planet and comparing it with the industrial age that seems to be dawning, a similarity suggests itself between the nations of to-day and the

formerly-existing species of lower animals. Once, in Western Wyoming, Professor Cope told of the evidences there that the most terribly armed animals of past geologic ages had perished, doubtless mutually destroying each other; and that meeker ones were left to inherit the earth. The condition of Continental Europe and what Lincoln called "the two great branches of the British race" strongly reminds one of those paleozoic contrasts. We, the Western branch, are of so practical a turn of mind that the very individuals among us who once faced each other on the battlefield as bitterest foes, to-day only remember it as history, and have formed the closest ties of business, friendship and marriage. The branch inhabiting the British Isles, influenced by its great thinkers, shows less and less disposition to war, except as ourselves, to protect territorial integrity.

The highest hopes of the human race lie to-day in the English-speaking race. Their language is that of business, and as the world turns from butchery to industry it more and more adopts that language. In their principles of law is found the only law worthy of the name; and for this alone it was of inestimable benefit that the Colonies became English before they became independent.

It is not to be denied that offenses come in the form of injustice to native races here, in India and in Africa, but mainly the spread of the English-speaking race means peace and prosperity or at least amelioration. Not long ago we seemed to face the decline of English and the rise of Russian power and influence in the world, and even our newspapers, accustomed to flings at England, saw the grimness of the situation. It was as if the hand on the dial of time were about to go back five centuries.

In view of all these things, who but the ill-informed, the evil-disposed or the self-seeking would cast a straw in the way of fraternal relations between "the two great branches of the British race"?

Their *rapprochement* is especially apparent among the successful and intelligent. American enterprises are a favorite investment in England; some of the most important articles in the great British cyclopedia are written by American authors; Huxley visits his brother in Tennessee; Tyndall lectures for the benefit of an American society; an American poet is immortalized in Westminster Abbey; Proctor turns from sense-wearying explorations of the starry depths to find rest in the arms of a devoted wife, and Lord Randolph Churchill is aided in his counsels by a New York

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

belle who now ornaments his establishment. Like the striving cowboys of Abraham and Lot, it is in our lower social strata that there is an attempt to make trouble between ourselves and England.

The man who would promptly eject a tenant from his American farm for non-payment of rent preaches another doctrine for his brother landlord in Ireland. A New Orleans paper had a special correspondent to write up the wrongs of Irish tenants who would not pay their rent, whilst in Louisiana thirty resisting tenants were shot to death without the attendance of a special correspondent or any remonstrance from the paper. It is time for us to drag out of its obscurity the legend on some of our American Revolutionary flags: "Mind Your Own Business," it being all on this side of the Atlantic.

Our hereditary policy towards Europe is that of "No entangling alliances with European nations," and opposition to European aggrandizement in America. The time has now come when we should move for American Unity.

At present, all along the boundary from Maine to Puget Sound, we are hindering, where we should be helping, each other. The free-trader cannot shut his eyes to the fact that it is bad policy for us to build up Canada by our trade.

Alaska may prove in the end more costly to keep than it was to buy. The ownership of Canada by a European nation is a menace to us, and must grow to be more and more so. But its entry into the Union would be a menace to England under ordinary circumstances.

In the minds of the Canadians the greatest objection to entry into our Union is the possibility that they or their children might be called on to serve in some war between this nation and Great Britain. Canada with its European connection being a menace to us, we, in turn, are compelled to make it a handicap to England. To the Canadians the situation is exceedingly unpleasant, seeming to require either to be cut off from their natural commercial connection with the States, or to become the antagonist in war with their kith and kin across the sea. Yet this is more in seeming than reality, and there is a way to political union with the United States without any prospect of engaging in war with England. The solution is not difficult, and will be seen to confer upon each of the three parties to the matter the greatest benefit possible to derive from the conditions.

When England shall have signified her willingness to leave the matter to a vote of the Canadians, and they have so expressed their desire to enter our Union, let the event be signalized by a treaty of perpetual peace, with some such provisions as the following:

Each nation agreeing to abstain from all annoying or aggressive acts; providing that when any foreigner shall naturalize in the United States or the United Kingdom, he shall take an oath to refrain from all such acts, to join no secret or other society having such objects; that no resolution or inquiry into the domestic policy of either country may be introduced into any legislative body in the other; and that any and all difficulties that may by misfortune and in good faith arise between the two countries shall be settled by arbitration.

From a military point of view, the reasons for refusing to allow a division in 1861 are about equally strong for the entry of Canada into the Union. From a business point there is no room for discussion. All along the line we would at once begin to help instead of hindering each other, and Seward's wisdom in the purchase of Alaska would be vindicated. The steady influence of Canadian conservatism upon us, and the infusion of American vim and energy into Canadian business circles, would be of vast mutual benefit. Every dollar of Canadian property would increase in value fifty per cent., in the first month after the union. Whatever secrets or wealth is concealed in the trackless North would be wrung from it by the hunters and prospectors of our frontiers, men in whose characters there is courage and persistence little less than sublime.

In Canadians we recognize, like ourselves, true Americans, children of the soil for from one to two and a half centuries, and therefore well fitted to aid us in assimilating the European influx; and of this immigration, Canada would get and retain her full share with all its benefits.

Provisionally it may be said that there should be one State each made of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, Newfoundland; Quebec divided by the St. Lawrence into two States, whilst Ontario might make the States of Niagara and Ontario and the territory of Algoma, the latter to be a State when sufficiently populous. Manitoba, with all that lies between Churchill and Albany rivers, would make one State, and British Columbia and Alaska another. The territories between Manitoba and British Columbia would be States when sufficiently populous. The Dominion debt would be assumed by the Union, the provincial debts remain as State debts. The public domain would be held for actual settlers, as ours is, and subject to our admirable system of surveys.

But as Jefferson bought out France in America, as Seward bought out Russia, so the President elected this year should, before his term expires, buy out all of England's real estate in the Western hemisphere, pay-

ing her, say, \$500,000,000 for her withdrawal. Some of the West India islands could be grouped together as States very soon; whilst Honduras and Guiana would for the present be territories, and would receive attention from our migrating classes.

The theoretical free-trader reluctantly consents to tariffs prohibitory of trade between us and Canada rather than build up a great British empire on our borders. Without a merchant navy we will never have a war navy, no matter what millions we spend in building ships: for the merchant navy educates the sailors. But a prohibitory tariff and a merchant navy, in a country whose parts are not separated by ocean, are two luxuries that can not be enjoyed together. The existence of the former dispenses with the latter. But with the unification of America, it would matter little whether our tariff be for revenue or prohibition; for we would be a world to ourselves. The necessary intercourse between the parts of the Union separated by ocean would bring into existence and keep alive a merchant navy.

Thus we shall have made with England the treaty of Abraham and Lot; and with our friendship and moral support she would go on and save the bulk of the crumbling Moslem State. Peacefully she might finish the Crusaders' work, and once more in the midst of the world's best civilization we might see a spot that must be of interest to all who love mankind, so long as the human race exists. She may control the ancient seats of Iran and deliver a remnant of our Aryan kinsfolk from the long and sore oppressian of Turanians. She may lay hands on China, and opening up new avenues of industry for Mongolian hordes, save us from their inundation by keeping them at home.

Whether we wish it or not, Mexico, of which we have already acquired half, is likely to become a part of our Union. The movement of American population into Mexico, now mere sipage, will soon become a strong stream. Within five years we are likely to purchase Lower California, where American colonies already have a foothold. There are about as many persons of the Aryan stock in Mexico as in the State of Missouri, and the increase of their property tenfold in value will be an unanswerable argument, as will be the increased security of life.

Mexico's five millions of Indians will be found to furnish many useful laborers when

protected by just laws, as they are mainly very different from our nomads.

Juarez was a full-blood Mexican Indian, and another one in the Mexican Congress answered that without railroads France overran Mexico, when it was objected that railroads would enable foreigners to overrun his country. The population of Mexico is almost as small an item as that of Texas and California when we acquired them. There is a world-wide difference between the peaceable acquisition and the old idea of conquest under the "Manifest Destiny" doctrine.

Whatever the objections to the entry of the Mexican States into our Union they are not as great as the disadvantages that may arise from having another nation on our border.

The Spanish-American islands could govern themselves better than Spain governs them: still better could they administer local self-government as members of our Union. And some morning an industrious Frenchman may wake up and find that he has dug a canal in United States territory.

But before any Spanish-American acquisition we should secure the British-American balance wheel. A programme as far-reaching as the Unification of America will be looked on with disfavor by the timid and the inert and by those whose faith in our institutions is small. Some will say that we will break to pieces of our own weight; but those who have better studied our double-system government will see that the world might be federalized under it. What it mainly accomplishes is to group a lot of states together, and bid their population to cease warring and to trade free with each other. The difference between bringing these countries into the Union and keeping them out is the difference between friendship and possible enmity.

During next century Mexico might be so populated from Europe that an alliance between her and England would be exceedingly disastrous for us, attacked as we would be from north and south by land and from east and west by the world's great naval power. Four or five nations in North America may in another century repeat European history and slaughter here. But peace and progress would result from the Unification of America.

The question is a simple one: Shall we repeat Europe's unhappy experience, or try the American plan?

Geo. Wilson.

Lexington, Mo.



OPEN LETTERS.

Diplomats at Washington.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE: I have read with interest the clever article of Mrs. Logan, in your June number, on "The Art of Entertaining."

I do not wish to be captions, yet I beg you will permit me to point out an error into which Mrs. Logan has fallen.

I refer to her remarks concerning the order of precedence to be assigned the diplomats who are sent to Washington. She says: "The placing of the diplomats in line to be presented on occasions of ceremony must be done in strict observance of rank and importance of each," etc.

Such a rule as Mrs. Logan thus creates would simply cause "confusion worse confounded."

Who is to decide as to the relative importance of nations, to say nothing of the manifold perplexities attendant upon a proper discrimination of shades of difference between "little European provinces" and "second-class South American states"?

The fact is, that in order to avoid just such bewildering entanglements, a very simple rule has always prevailed. Allow me to quote from my "Etiquette of Social life in Washington," which thus defines the usage: "This precedence, relatively to each other, is accorded to *priority of residence* among us. The Dean, or *Doyen*, enters upon his functions in virtue of *length of stay* near our Government."

In accordance with this established usage, Bacon Von Gerolt was for years *Doyen*, preceding Lord Lyons and others, at a time when the powerful German empire of to-day was only *Prussia*; and, later on, the *Costa Rican* Minister took precedence. By this simple arrangement, no exceptional or invidious comparison can exist, and harmony is carefully preserved.

Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren.

Eli Perkins on International Copyright.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE:—In regard to the necessity of an international copyright there are good grounds for a diversity of opinion. Some writers need it while others do not. In my individual case I do not care for it. My writings are generally *inventions*, and all inventions are protected by the present patent law. The ordinary historical, philosophical, or theological writer does not invent. He describes—simply describes existing things or facts. If such writers should try to get their descriptions patented, the Patent-office examiners would put them down as infringers. Their descriptions are not patentable. Hence they need the International Copyright law. As my

writings come purely from my own brain, and as the facts stated never existed and are pure inventions by me, of course the ordinary patent law protects them from infringement.

To illustrate: My last article (properly called invention) was patented yesterday. No one can infringe on this invention. It is mine forever. I call it:

ELI PERKINS' CYCLONE INVENTION.

(Patented July 1, Liber XXIII, Patent-office Reports.)

I was out in Kansas City after the last great cyclone they had there.* It was a terrible cyclone. One-half of Kansas City was blown down, and three splendid churches have never returned. But I found the people all happy. Nothing makes a Kansas man feel bad. If they have grasshoppers out there, they telegraph east: "Got grasshoppers!" and then claim that their land is so rich that it raises two crops—grasshoppers and corn.

The next morning, after arriving at Kansas City, I went up on the hill with Deacon Wood. He was going to show me where his house had stood before. Not one brick was left upon another. Trees blown out by the roots.

Said I: "Deacon, you had an awful hurricane yesterday—did n't you?"

"Well," he said, "there was a little draft."

"But, how hard did it blow?"

"Blow!" he said; "how hard did it blow? Why, it blew—it blew my cook-stove way over—blew it seventeen miles, and came back the next morning and got the grid-dles."

"Did it hurt anybody?" I asked.

"Well, to be frank with you, it did. There were some members of the Topeka Legislature over here. We told 'em to keep their mouths closed during the hurricane, but they were careless—left their mouths open, and the wind caught 'em in the mouth and turned 'em inside out."

"D' it kill them?"

"No, it did n't kill 'em, but they were a good deal discouraged. Why, sir, it blew some of them tar legislators right against a stone wall—flattened them out as thin as wafers and—"

"Why, what did you do with them, Deacon?" I gasped.

"Well, we went out the next day, my son, with shovels and spades, and scraped them legislators off—scraped off three or four barrels of 'em and sent 'em to New York and sold 'em for liver-pads."

Eli Perkins (Inventor).

*This is a pure invention.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Advice to Young Housewives.

THE first few months of married life usually are and certainly ought to be passed in a state of happiness as near perfect as can be attained in this world. During that period everything is at its brightest; there is the ennobling sense of the ownership of a home, the brilliant plans of the future that the hard hand of practicability has not yet touched, and, moreover, the inflated sense of importance and capability that is entailed by membership in a Mutual Admiration Society in which there are only two members, each of whom is constantly endeavoring to give the other the position of honor. In some instances, though very rare, the whole married life is a perpetual stream of happiness, and this is the object that should be striven for by all conscientious housewives.

The first real hardship that presents itself to the young wife is usually the care of her first offspring. Trials she will have previously had in plenty; but in no one of them have there been contained the elements of a truly happy household, or the reverse, than in the way the wonderful boy or girl is cared for during the first year or so.

Perhaps the most unfortunate young mother is she who was herself the youngest—the “baby”—of a family, and who has had no practical experience with children. She is very apt to be inconsistent with her little charge, which, as a very natural result, very soon becomes the tyrannical ruler of the household in which the poor misguided mother is an abject slave.

A great and quite general mistake is to believe that an infant, if he be healthy, should be a perpetual sleeper. In vain attempts to influence this unreasonable result, the young mother worries herself to death in order to keep the house quiet. Papa comes home full of news from the city and is warned to “tread softly, baby’s asleep!” He brings a friend, and the friend “enjoys his visit” by feeling as depressed as though he had been to see an invalid. No word must be spoken above a whisper; no joke must be told, as it might cause a laugh; no song must be sung, as it might remove the graveyard solemnity—every and all things pleasant must be sacrificed at the shrine of the first baby.

All this is totally wrong. In the first place, it is nonsense to expect a baby to sleep twenty-four hours in a day; and in the second place if a child is brought up so that perfect quietude is the prime condition under which it will sleep the life of the mother will be a sad one. Rather let the child get used to every-day noises: let it become accustomed to

conversation, to laughter, to singing, and then the first sound link in the grand chain of its character has been forged. It is but a natural step from a tyrannical baby to a spoiled child, and yet what young mother would voluntarily spoil her boy.

Rocking or jouncing the infant in its cradle or on the lap are common practices that should be avoided. They do the child no good, and cause great annoyance and unnecessary trouble to the parents. The moment there is a stir in the cradle a furious rocking is begun, and continued until the poor little innocent is again whirled into unnatural slumber-land.

I remember some time ago visiting at the home of a young couple, after the first baby had arrived: “There never was such a baby in the world before—so intelligent, so healthy, so fat and plump, so strong and energetic, so like both its parents.” Yet with all these qualities in her offspring, the young mother wearied herself and worried her husband and friends. She was very irritable because the baby would not do what everyone else failed to do—sleep during the extremely warm nights. She thought it “the crossiest baby ever born,” and in answer to my questions made the frank avowal that she believed that if a baby was properly washed, clothed and fed it ought never to cry. She did not take into consideration that the poor little thing suffered from inconvenience as much, if not more, than older folks, and had no way other than by crying of making its suffering known.

One very warm night the same young mother, who will serve as a good specimen of thousands of others, was seated with her husband and a party of guests on the veranda. Baby was uncomfortably asleep in a warm room where the over-cautious mother had huddled it up with numberless flannels to prevent its taking cold. Flannels are very good in their place, but should be used with reason. Baby naturally soon began to cry, and in like a flash went the worried mother to try and rock it to sleep. But baby *would* cry, and after considerable coaxing, scolding and fretting the very tired mother called her husband to take care of “the cross little thing.” He tried, but soon came to the very sensible conclusion that baby was too warm and could not sleep; so wrapping it in still another flannel he took it on the veranda for a change. The wife indignantly took the little monarch from him, saying, crossly, that she would take care of it herself, and immediately retired to the warm bedroom where she and her husband spent a long weary night with a cross baby.

Under such circumstances, friends, while they love and respect the young wife and mother, are apt to limit the number of their visits, as every pleasure is sacrificed to the whim and will of a mismanaged baby. Father and friend alike are politely asked to adjourn to another room while the weary mother endeavors to sing the poor little fellow to sleep.

In the light of these examples it will be seen that the care of the first baby is the turning point towards success or failure in every household. Young wives should bear in mind the serious results that in the majority of instances follow the making of a home

miserable simply because there is a baby to care for. Their husband's comfort should find some consideration. After a hard day's work and worry it is very little incentive for him to go home and find his wife irritable, fretted and cross, and perhaps so out of sorts that she has not even made herself look neat. The average man will soon find a more congenial place to spend his evenings; and while the wife may grieve, she has only her own ignorance or want of common sense to thank for her troubles, for nothing in a household is more depressing than a fretful, long-faced woman.

Emily Corden.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

Christ and the Poor.

CHRIST's fundamental thought with regard to the poor was their complete manhood, their possession of all human possibilities. Unlike materialism, socialism, and anarchism, Christianity does not look on the poor man as an organized appetite, as a mere fact of physiology. His body may be a holy temple for the indwelling of God Himself. His fundamental need is Christ, restoration to God, a new heart, a new hope, a disposition in accord with the divine mind. Having such a foundation you may build upon it securely, and any other foundation will crumble into moral chaos. The best friend which the poor men of England had in the last generation, the late Lord Shaftesbury, was not a man who believed that the great need of England's poor is the immediate supply of pressing physical wants, though his plans always included the feeding of the hungry and the furnishing of more favorable outward conditions. Of course this wise-hearted man was tremendously in earnest in changing bad laws and in carrying immediate comfort to the distressed, but above all things, he desired to build up Christian character, to strengthen the foundations of morality and plant new desires and aspirations in the hearts of the lowliest. He organized Boot-black Brigades, and built Ragged Schools and opened preaching stations, thereby showing that true remedies strike at the sources of human poverty, disease and suffering. These sources are largely intellectual and moral. I speak to rich men who were once poor. What helped you in the early days of your struggle? The gift of bread? No. The breaking up of other men's fortunes and the giving to you of your proportion? No. Any practical results from an unwise socialism? No. The lessening of the hours of labor? No, you gladly increased them. What helped you was the true food of the soul—courage, hope, inspiration and

high purpose and determination, a character which may have been partly an inheritance, but which you made your own by personal decision, by fidelity in little things. Ultimately it will be found that the forces which have entered into the building of your life-structure were intellectual and moral, the product of the Word of God. When Abraham Lincoln was a poor farmer's son in his Hoosier cabin, what he needed was not a new suit of clothes, or a barrel of flour, or a chance to go to the theatre, or a house on Michigan Avenue. What he needed was what came to him: a love of the Bible, the reading of Bunyan and of Shakspeare, the reinforcing of his great natural powers by the immeasurable inspiration of God's Word, by the study of that masterpiece of prose fiction, "The Tinker's Allegory," which has pictured the pilgrim's journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial Jerusalem, and by that world of practical wisdom and wondrous imagination by which the English poet has made three centuries his debtors. God is wiser in the training of the world than the Socialist Proudhon, who supposed that the physical comforts of men are yet to be so multiplied that, as he prophesies, the time will come when the oceans will be great reservoirs of lemonade for the thirsty nations. A boy's silly paradise which he enters every year when the circus comes around!

Heaven is not higher above hell, than is this death-hymn loftier than the "Long live anarchy," of the dying atheist ruffian. The spiritual influence and consolation which Christ has brought to the poor, are not greater, however, than the ennoblement which He has brought to our conceptions of man, in lifting us above our slavery to the formal and the external. The soul is sovereign over rank and dress, and the highest art finds passion and suffering love, and joy, as significant and sublime among the miners of Cornwall, and the huts of Ireland as among the draw-

ing-rooms of London; amid the mountains of Tennessee as in the palaces of Fifth Avenue; amid the slave cabins of Louisiana as along the boulevards of Paris; in Millet's portraiture of the Norman peasantry, as in Paul Veronese's gorgeous picture of Venetian splendor.

There are solemn problems facing the Christian Church to-day, and remembering what the poor man of Nazareth has already effected in lifting us to higher thoughts of mankind and in bringing hostile interests and classes into oneness and harmony, I do not tremble with the least doubt lest He be unable to meet and conquer the perilous forces which are arraying one portion of the modern poor not only against the Church but against the very citadels of law and government. Christian wisdom and benevolence will lead us to apply all remedies which a desperate disease may require. The baleful agitations which have shocked our civilization and which led to the Haymarket tragedy, were born in part out of hatred to the Church as existing in European lands. The Church here, unhampered by the State, must continue to show with ampler evidence its practical and earnest sympathy with all human need. Every hospital that you build and endow, every kindergarten, mission school, industrial school or training school which you plant is a beneficent inroad into the ranks of anarchy. Knowing that ignorance and a misleading literature are at the root of much of our trouble, men of wealth will be forced to reach the misguided with some of the fundamental truths of political and social economy and of our republican institutions. Perceiving that above all other external causes, drunkenness and its accompanying waste and crime are the sources of pauperism and misery, the Church of Christ will not fail at the weakest point of the modern world. When the greatest of New England's orators had made his last speech in the Old South Church, a friend of mine, coming out with him, said, "If I had lived in those days of which you were speaking, I think that I too might have been heroic." Mr. Phillips answered, "No man would have been heroic then who is not heroic now. I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston, over which my mother held up my baby feet, and when I was young I made a vow that if God gave me time enough I would make them too pure for the footsteps of a slave. But look around to-day, and see these terrible houses of temptation and death on every side. If I were young again I would record another vow, that if God gave me time enough I would make these streets safe for the weakest brother that walks them;" and the Christian spirit spoke through these words. But Christianity has a grander and higher

1 more radical work than that. It is to

reform men, not through better conditions merely, but by bringing Christ Himself to the hearts of the neediest, and begetting within them the power of Christian manhood and the consolation of Christian hope. The best of all anti-poverty societies, as Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has said, is an anti-poverty society of one. Such societies were founded by the fathers of New England. True manhood in the individual is the Christian cure for the miseries of all men alike. The agitators of to-day act on the false theory that what the poor need in order to be happy is to step into the places of the rich. Henry George opens his wonderful book with the teaching that the marvelous physical progress of the last century ought to have swept crime, ignorance, poverty and class-hates all away, had there been a proper division among all of the world's growing material prosperity. There can be no greater delusion. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." The material leads to the material. Virtue, enlightenment, self-control, love, self-denial are not to be produced by telegraph-wires and locomotives, mowing machines and phonographs, any more than you can reform the character of certain well-known domestic animals by moving them into a cleaner sty. And Mr. George goes on to repeat the error that modern progress has made the rich richer and the poor poorer, whereas it has lifted the average well-being of all classes, leaving at the bottom of the social fabric a smaller proportion of degraded pauperism than you meet in studying earlier conditions of society. And this benevolent and high-minded theorist completes his work by advocating as the cure for these inequalities, the holding of all land as public property, a theory now practiced in parts of Asia and Africa, where property has no security, where individual enterprise has no reward and where savagery is an inevitable result. Thank God there is no prospect whatever that our nation will return to the condition of things from which we are now trying to rescue the Indian tribes, raising them from the barbarism of tribal ownership of land, into the individual possession which helps towards self-reliant manhood. ("Natural Law in the Business World," p. 218.) Every form of socialism is a step away from God's laws. Christianized individualism and not a heathenized communism is the world's chief need. Let there be a common ownership of property, and the worthless man becomes more worthless still, a parasite on the community; the man of energy and industry is robbed of his incentives to action, and the virtuous man who is forced to share his goods with others, loses all the virtue of voluntary benevolence and takes moral rank with the pauper whose furniture is knocked down at a sheriff's sale. Communism is an

abyss of darkness into which the modern world is invited to deposit all that is worthy in the growth of more than six thousand years. The world is not to be saved by an organized raid on the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." The path of human progress does not lie over the dethronement of God, over the ruins of Mt. Sinai. Nor is there anything in the New Testament to furnish foundations for a godless communism. The temporary community of goods after Pentecost in the Church of Jerusalem was the outgrowth of divine love and not the mandate of human law, and the apostles expressly recognized each man's right to his own, if he chose to exercise it. Nor is there anything in the teachings of the "Carpenter of Palestine, who made all *work* divine" (not

laziness and robbery), to upset the economic laws on which human society is built. Jesus once had an opportunity to abolish the private holding of property, when one came to him and said, "Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me." That was Christ's chance to have anticipated Karl Marx and Ferdinand La Salle, and all who have followed and fatally improved on their teachings. What did He reply? "Man, who made me a judge and a divider over you?" and, turning to the multitude, "Take heed, beware of covetousness." Organize covetousness into law and you have not regenerated the world, but plunged it into hell.

John H. Barrows, D. D.

Chicago.

THE PORTFOLIO.

Confessions of a Ghoul.

II.

BY CURTIS DUNHAM.

HAVE recently been made aware that the ghoulish faculties with which I am credited, so much against my will, do not alone commend themselves to persons who are out of literature and want to get in. The discovery happened in this manner:

The day was bright and not too warm, and, having evaded for a number of weeks past the necessity of exercising my hated functions, I decided to risk a stroll through Central Park. The fresh air, the smell of the green turf, then undergoing its first mowing, the trees, the birds, the pretty children and prettier nurse-maids, and a clean conscience combined to raise me to a pitch of exhilaration seldom attained by persons who have a secret grief constantly gnawing at their vitals. My contentment

was so great, in fact, that I could not forbear an occasional hop, skip, and a jump as I walked. I even whistled a bar or two of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and was about to follow it with some such novel and appropriate sentiment as "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," when I encountered a new diversion. This was the mixture of unusual lankness and amiability suggested by a rear view of a loose-jointed individual who entered the road ahead of me from an intersecting by-path. There was a slight droop of the shoulders, a sauntering style of locomotion, and a peculiar swing of the long arms that made me laugh, while they conveyed a shadowy remembrance of some one I had known. A little, round, soft hat perched rakishly on a head not too abundantly supplied with hair nearly brushed the rims of a pair of ears which—. The ears were the connecting link. Having once seen them no one could forget the ears. There was nothing miserly about them. They are noble, generous ears. Ears for mirth and laughter. Ears—

But here my reflections were interrupted.



The ears flapped twice, and their owner came to a full stop. Then he turned around leisurely, recognized me and remarked, as he held out his hand:

"Bright day."

I acknowledged the rich vein of humor underlying his statement, whereupon he continued:

"I had a presentiment that you were in the neighborhood. In fact, I've been looking for you lately, and, fortunately, have the manuscript with me."

He drew from his breast-pocket a dozen closely written sheets; then noting the expression of dismay which I could not conceal, inquired:

"Why, what's the matter? Early cucumbers? Lobster and champagne?"

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed. "You are the last person in the world—"

"Oh, I understand. But this is a story, you see. I've never published a story, and the editors won't have it. I've tried it on a dozen of 'em. 'Stick to your statistics,' some of 'em say, while the others implore me with tears in their eyes not to lose my grip on that philosophical method of treating weighty questions, which has made me so deservedly famous. I am grateful for the interest they manifest in my welfare, but I have written a story and it must be published. Take it with my blessing, and may heaven reward you."

There was no help for it. I took the manuscript and here it is, with such additions as will, I trust, establish the identity of the real author and relieve me of a responsibility which I naturally do not covet:

THE QUICK OR THE SLOW?

A STUDY.

BY B-L-L N-E,

With apologies to Amelie Rives.

The skirt of the sky had been badly hemmed, and its tattered edges draped unevenly the feet and ankle hills in the direction of the coming dawn. The snow-clad peaks to the right and left showed dimly through the dirling sheets of sleet dashed against their sides, for there was a blizzard asweep, and it shook the office of the *Weekly Avalanche* to its foundations.

It was five o'clock of a February morning, and the *Weekly Avalanche* had gone to press. The edition of three hundred and nineteen—not including the exchanges—was being slowly ground out by weird, uncanny Bolter who turned the machine with one hand while with the other he fed it with blank sheets of paper. Bolter was not an attractive person. Early in his career he had been blown up in a mine, and his subsequent experiences with

grizzlies, Indians and other devastators of physical beauty, had left him so hideous that whole galleys of type had been known to pi at his unexpected approach. But Bolter could set type sixteen hours a day, and run the job press the other eight. He could read proof at an unheard-of rate of speed, and collect cash subscriptions in localities whence no other man could hope to escape with his life. Bolter was ugly, but Bolter was not slow.

Moses turned from the window with a sigh. The scurrying blasts still threatened to annihilate the valuable plant of the *Weekly Avalanche*, but they were as the zephyrs of May compared to the blizzard raging in the soul of Moses. Moses was editor of the *Weekly Avalanche*. Ah, but there was more than this, clutching with leaden, icy fingers the tense chords of his being. He loved, passionately, hopelessly, despairingly! With long, nervous strides he reached his case and took reverently from a drawer a composing stick. It was nearly new and brightly polished. He raised it to his parched lips like one in a trance, then started much as he had done when Sanguinary Joe of the Gulch had pressed a cold tube of steel against his temple in mute support of his demand for a retraction of the statement that he had fired twice to kill the parson. A faint perfume derived from contact with Rosamond's beautiful fingers still clung to the bit of polished iron. For a moment Moses was in ecstasy. He kissed the enchanted metal a hundred times. He pressed it convulsively to his heart. He drew ragged uneven breaths. What more could he do? Nothing. He might tremble intoxicated a whole day from the effect of a casual touch of her finger tips, and that was all. She was beyond, above him, immeasurably. With an agonized gasp of despair he threw himself across the imposing stone, pressed his fevered cheek against its cold, smooth surface, and yearned for death.

He was awakened some hours later by a section of the blizzard which was passing in under the door and wafting itself through the blown-up swirls of Moses' whiskers. A polar chill was in the room. The fire had gone out, the press was silent, and Bolter and the entire edition of the *Weekly Avalanche* had disappeared.

"He is carrying the route up the gulch, but I think he might have filled up the stove before he went," grumbled Moses as he rubbed his stiffened knees.

The enchanted composing stick made sacred to him by the touch of Rosamond Stacy's fingers still lay on the imposing stone where he had dropped it. Moses seized and pressed it to his lips. It froze there, and when torn violently away, took with it large sections of editorial cuticle.

"Emblem of my shattered hopes!" Moses shrieked in pain and desperation. "You mock with icy touch alike the chaste caress and burning passion that consumes me!—And yet she seemed not unkind."

He stuffed a file of the *Weekly Avalanche* under the door and built a fire. Then he scraped a peep-hole through the frost which hung upon the window panes in strange devices, and looked out. The blizzard was terrific. It was impossible to see a hundred feet into the the midst of scurrying, swirling snow and dirt.

"Heaven preserve Bolter," Moses said to himself with a shudder. "It was madness to leave the office in such a storm. And Rosamond! Rosamond!"

Moses paled at the thought of Rosamond out in the blinding snow and deadly cold. She was indefatigable. Nothing less than the exertion of physical force, he knew, could prevent her departure from Muggins' combination hotel and general store where she boarded, punctually at half past eight, for her school a mile down the gulch. Moses glanced at his Waterbury, which, providentially, was running. It indicated ten minutes past nine! The office of the *Weekly Avalanche* was midway between Muggins' outfit and the school-house. Perhaps Rosamond was within a few yards of its door at that moment dying from cold and despair! He threw open the door, and with the roaring rush of snow came a faint cry. It was a woman's voice and the tone he knew well. Hatless and coatless he dashed out into the storm and quickly returned burdened with the beautiful, inanimate form of Rosamond Stacy.

Rosamond had been widowed twice, through the gentle offices of Sanguinary Joe of the gulch, and the shrewd Bolter had mentally catalogued her as "no chicken." But to the mind of Moses, who was comparatively a newcomer from still less enlightened regions, she was a divinity whom gods might adore while men worshiped at a distance.

When the widow discovered that Moses, having deposited her respectfully in a large chair near the now red-hot stove, had, to all appearances, permanently removed his arm from her waist, she came to and proceeded to turn on the full strength of the batteries which had been harrowing the soul of the editor of the *Weekly Avalanche* ever since her first visit, made for the ostensible purpose of "learning to set type."

"You hero!" she began ecstatically, clapping her hands and bathing him in a melting glance. "My preserver! How can I ever reward you?"

Moses' heart leaped into his throat.

"Oh, don't mention it, I beg of you," he

said, abashed and trembling. "You are quite welcome."

"But think. You risked your life for mine. I should have perished!"

She drew off her gloves and came toward him.

"Feel my hands—how cold they are. See how I tremble. I am so frightened yet. I feel as though I should fall if I took another step."

Moses took the hands offered him and trembled so violently that the floor shook and the stove rattled. The widow saw that under present circumstances the fainting expedient would be disastrous. So she resumed her seat, and arranging her skirts so as to reveal a number of inches of trim ankle, again addressed the palpitating editor:

"See, the snow is packed around the tops of my boots. It will melt and my feet will be wet. I shall catch cold and die, and you will not have saved my life after all."

Moses turned his head discreetly.

"They are so hard to unbutton," resumed the widow. "Would n't you kindly—"

"Certainly," said Moses, blushing. "I'll go over to my case and set up Muggins' 'ad' while you are drying your feet. Or, I'll go out doors if you prefer."

Moses was in a condition bordering on insanity. How beautiful she was!—And now he had offended her. When he offered to go out into the storm while she dried her lovely feet she stamped them sharply on the floor. Perhaps his offer reminded her of his presumption in remaining in the office at all when she was compelled by the violence of the storm to invade it with her sweet presence. No, she would not exact that of him surely. So he turned to his case, and proceeded to set up Muggins' "ad."

From time to time he cast timid glances at the widow. She seemed pensive and sad. What a halo of perfection there was about her! Lived the man who would yet bask in its radiance? The very notion of the thing made him giddy, and reduced Muggins' "ad" to pi. Patiently he went over his work again, but a new disaster overtook the startling announcement that Muggins' flour was down to seven dollars a barrel. A soft hand stretched out from behind him was laid lightly on the back of his own. Rosamond's breath warmed the nape of his neck and his knees shook again.

"Come," said the widow, "give me my lesson. Where is my stick."

Moses produced the stick, and the widow stood up beside him at the case.

"Are you sure I hold it right?" she asked. "It does n't seem to me that I hold it as you do."

"Oh, yes, you hold it all right, except that you spread your fingers too much. Hold it easily like this."

The widow spread her fingers more than ever, and glanced at her instructor with a pout.

"How clumsy I am! I can't seem to place my fingers properly however much I try."

And still the editor of the *Weekly Avalanche* could n't take a hint. Finally, holding both hands well up over the case, the widow said, as though by inspiration:

"Won't you fix my fingers for me, please? Then I'll be sure to keep them right afterwards. No, you can't do it with that hand;" as Moses made an awkward attempt to reach the widow's fingers with the hand farthest from her—"take your other—around behind me." And she leaned lightly against his waistcoat by way of making the hint more palpable.

It being impossible for Moses to get between the widow and the imposing stone to her other side, the thing in all its enormity was forced upon him. Most circumspcctly he put his arm behind her, and had barely touched the fingers which held the stick when she gave a little sigh and fell on his breast in a heap.

Moses was panic-stricken. She had fainted from the effects of her exposure to the storm! Hastily propping her against a corner of the imposing stone, he ran for a dipper of water and dashed a full pint of the icy fluid in the widow's face. It brought her to. Moses' divinity rose in mighty wrath, nearly annihilated him with a glance, then betook herself to her chair by the stove and deliberately turned her back on the editor of the *Weekly Avalanche*.

"I held her in my arms too long. I should have dropped her at once. She is offended."

The editor returned hopelessly to his announcement regarding Muggins' flour.

Presently he ventured a timid glance in her direction. The widow was regarding him with a reproachful look which Moses interpreted with an accuracy peculiar to himself.

"She wishes to be alone. Very likely she desires to dry her collar which is quite wet. I will go out for a walk."

So he donned cap, overcoat and gloves, and with true delicacy committed himself silently to the tender mercies of the blizzard.

An hour later he returned half blinded and frozen. As he was about to knock at the door to prepare the widow for his approach, he noticed fresh tracks in the snow on the topmost step.

"They are Bolter's," he said to himself. "Number sixteens. Left foot toes out, right foot toes in. That's Bolter ever since the grizzily twisted him. Tracks are not five minutes old, either. Rosamond has never seen him; I hope she won't be frightened."

The glowing stove had melted the frost from the window. Moses glanced within.

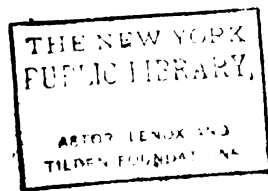
"Yes, it's Bolter. He's got my stick in his hand and is setting up Muggins' 'ad.'—Rosamond is looking at him.—Why, he's grinning at her!—She has gone to his side, fascinated as a bird by a horrible, venomous serpent.—Thunder and lightning! Her hand is on his shoulder!—Muggins' ad is pi again.—What! His arm about her waist!—Hold!—Help!—Mur—"

Moses' tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and his knees knocked together helplessly. Bolter had not been slow. When the widow's head touched his shoulder he kissed her on the mouth with a smack that shook the window.

And Rosamond?

Rosamond reciprocated promptly and with earnestness.







DEAD MAN'S LAKE. (See Poem.)

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 5.

THE AMERICAN NAVY OF TO-DAY.

BY LIEUTENANT WILLIAM F. FULLAM, U. S. NAVY.

I.



BETWEEN the years 1865 and 1883 not a single ship of any power was added to the United States navy. The five double-turretted monitors were begun in 1875, but were never completed. The appro-

priations made by Congress seldom permitted the building of new ships, comparatively large sums being devoted each year to repairing and patching the old wooden ships that had survived the war. About \$65,000,000 spent in repairs could not furnish us with an efficient navy during the period of greatest improvement in naval material of all kinds. Patching will not produce a new or formidable cruiser, and it is not at all strange that such a shortsighted policy should have resulted in the steady decline of our naval strength, the small sum of \$5,000,000 appropriated in eighteen years for new vessels only permitting us to add a few new wooden and two small iron ships to the list of obsolete war-veterans that comprised our cruising force, while their batteries were made up of old smooth-bore guns and a few converted rifles.

During all these years foreign nations pursued the opposite and truly economical course of building new ships with improvements which practically placed us at the mercy of many third-rate powers.

A new policy, however, was put in operation during the last administration by the passage of a bill forbidding repairs to old vessels when the expense of such repairs would exceed 20 per cent. of the original cost. The result of the application of this rule is, that in six years only four of the old cruisers will remain upon the navy list, while in nine years all will have been condemned to rotten row.

The building of new vessels being, therefore, an imperative necessity and demanded by the people and the press, Congress has responded since 1883 with appropriations providing for the completion of the five double-turretted monitors, and the building of two sea-going ironclads and fourteen unarmored steel ships of different sizes, all to be armed with new high-powered rifles and modern weapons.

While most of these ships are built after the models of the latest and most successful foreign cruisers, there is one small vessel among them, an American design, which embodies a principle as yet unheard of in naval warfare, a germ

which may make the advent of the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius" as important as was that of the monitor in 1862. Many conservative authorities are a little afraid to predict a great future for this cruiser and its gun; nevertheless it is probable that none of the wonderful inventions that have been developed during the present century gave better promise of success in the beginning.

The "Vesuvius" was launched at Cramp's shipyard April 28th, and is intended to demonstrate the practicability of using Captain Zalinski's dynamite gun afloat in naval warfare. She is a small, mastless vessel of 725 tons displacement, long and arrow-like, drawing only nine feet of water, and with powerful twin-screw triple-expansion engines designed to give a speed of twenty knots. Her length is two hundred and fifty-two feet, and breadth twenty-six feet. A small central superstructure and a thinly-armored conning tower are built upon the upper deck, which is five feet above the water-line. The after part of the ship is devoted to the quarters for the captain and officers, the middle compartments to the engines and boilers, and the forward compartments to the crew and to the three 15-inch dynamite guns, which are built into the ship at a

to rifle these guns, as it would cause additional strain upon the gun and projectile, and increase, by friction, the heat and consequent danger. To keep the shell steady in its flight there is a tail tube with spiral vanes attached, which act much on the principle of the feather on an arrow. The shell is made of thin-drawn brass tubing, and is $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and about seven feet long, exclusive of the tail tube. The operation of loading is very simple, as shown in the sketch.

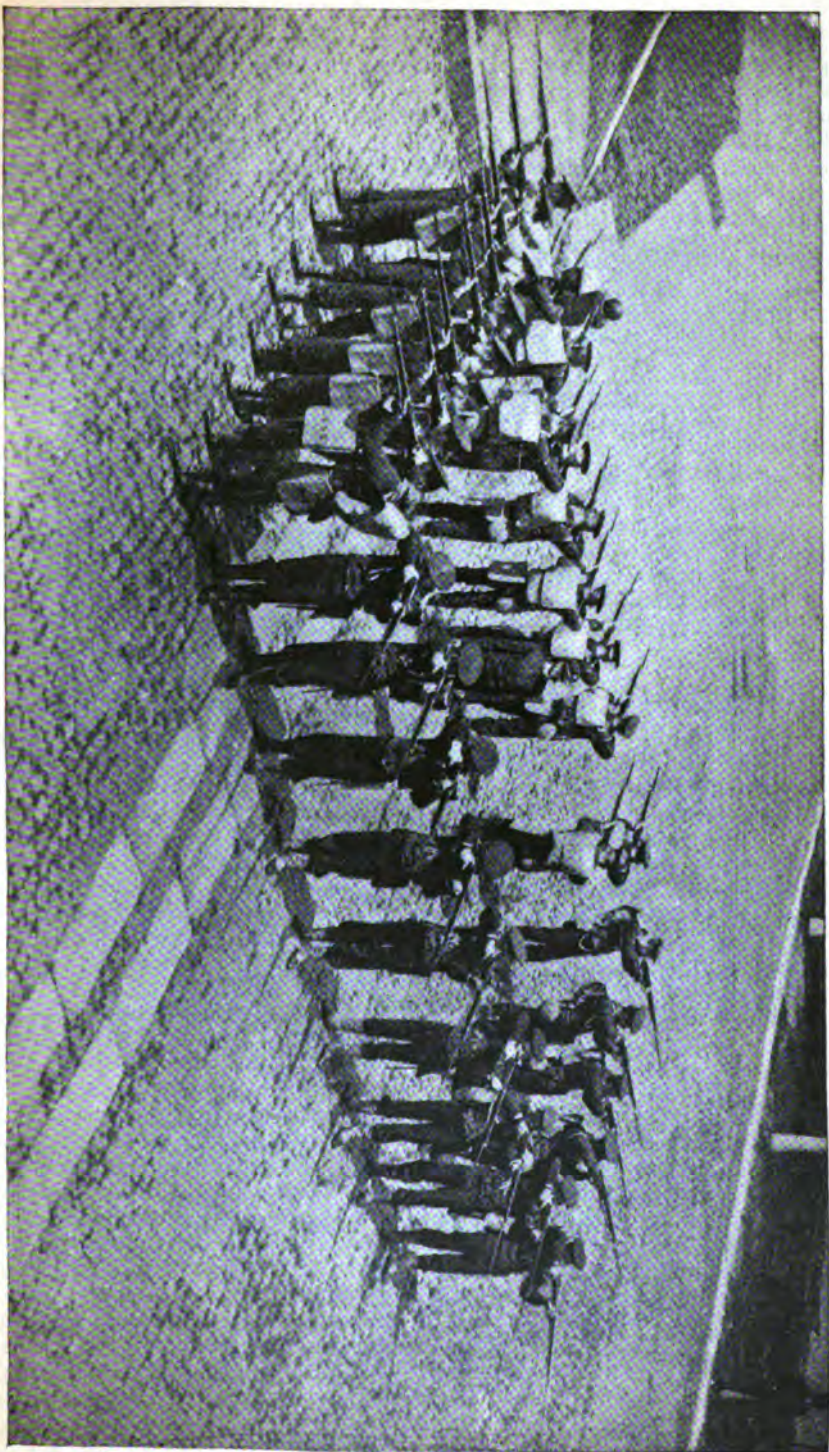
The breech-section *B* of the gun barrel is hinged at the lower end, and the upper end may be lowered into the loading position by the hydraulic ram *C*. A rammer then pushes a shell from the loading revolver case *A* into the breech-section *B*, which is then raised by the ram *C* and joined to the gun barrel ready for firing. The cases *A* and *A*¹ work on the principle of the case in an ordinary revolver, turning on a central spindle which successively brings the shells in line with the breech of the gun. As fast as the loading case *A* is emptied it is filled from the reservoir case *A*¹. Thirty shells are thus stowed and handled with ease. It is claimed that the gun may be fired twice a minute, and its range will be more than a mile. Compressed air is the firing medium. A storage reservoir near the keel contains air at a pressure of 1,000 pounds a square inch. From the storage reservoir the air is admitted to the firing reservoir near the breech of the gun. A valve *V* admits the air



DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

fixed elevation of 18°, projecting above the upper deck near the bow, and extending down nearly to the keel. The angle of elevation has been recently increased from 16° to 18°, to diminish the chances of ricochet and thus ensure the torpedo action of the shell. The guns are side by side, and must be pointed by the helm, the steam steering-gear and twin screws contributing quick turning power. The guns are smooth-bores, fifty-four feet long, made in sections of thin cast-iron. It is as yet thought best not

from the firing reservoir to the gun barrel in the rear of the shell, and starts the latter on its journey. The man at the firing lever controls the valve *V*, so that it may be opened to any extent he may desire, thus regulating the amount of air that is to be admitted to the gun barrel. The greater the amount admitted, the greater will be the range of the projectile. Experiments will readily determine the size of the opening for any desired range, thus bringing the gun under the complete control of the operator.



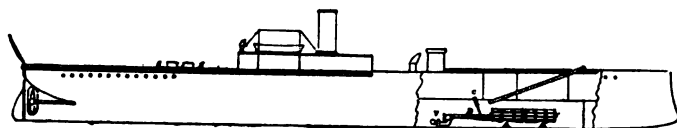
MOH TACTICS : FORMED IN SQUARE TO COMMAND TWO INTERSECTING STREETS.

(From Photograph by E. H. Hart.)

The shell will contain 600 pounds of explosive gelatine and dynamite, equivalent in power to 850 pounds of pure dynamite, or 940 pounds of gun cotton. This charge is about four times as powerful as that carried by the largest of the White-

get. They claimed that "at a distance of one mile we will destroy any vessel now in the U. S. Navy, and with larger guns which we can construct we will destroy any vessel that is or can be built." It is by no means certain that this is an ex-

aggerated claim. A distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, who has had much experience in the matter of high explosives and submarine mines, has recently declared to Captain Zalinski his belief that the im-



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS," SHOWING POSITION OF DYNAMITE GUN.

A—Loading Revolver Case containing Shell.
A'—Reservoir Revolver Case containing Shell.
B—Breach Section of Barrel lowered to Loading Position.
C—Ram for operating B.
V—Valve.

head torpedoes, and eight times as heavy as the charges contained in any of the torpedoes now in use in European navies, the idea being to produce an explosive effect sufficient to destroy several watertight compartments and thus sink an ironclad with a single shell notwithstanding the minute subdivision of the hulls of modern ships.

The shell is provided with two fuses, one to explode on impact with the hull of a vessel above water, and the other to allow the shell to sink a few feet before exploding in case it strikes the water before it hits the ship, thus causing it to act as an ordinary torpedo. This arrangement of the fuses constitutes an essential feature of the system since it gives the shell a double field of action—the underwater hull as well as the part above water.

The destruction of the schooner "Silliman" at a distance of more than a mile by a charge of only 55 lbs. was sufficient to demonstrate the wonderful accuracy of the gun when fired at a fixed target from a fixed platform. The fact that the "Silliman" was a wooden craft should not be urged against the gun, since, being light and unballasted, she would rise like a cork from the application of force from below. The manufacturers were anxious to demonstrate the power of their weapon to the satisfaction of the most incredulous, and asked that one of the old monitors be braced and rendered as unsinkable as possible for a tar-

get. They claimed that "at a distance of one mile we will destroy any vessel now in the U. S. Navy, and with larger guns which we can construct we will destroy any vessel that is or can be built." It is by no means certain that this is an exaggerated claim. A distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, who has had much experience in the matter of high explosives and submarine mines, has recently declared to Captain Zalinski his belief that the immense charges carried by these dynamite shells will be effective against the underwater hulls of formidable ships at much greater distances than is now expected. It is probable that 600 pounds of gelatine and dynamite—ten times the charge that destroyed the "Silliman"—will be fatal against any ship's bottom at a horizontal distance of twenty feet. The gun is, therefore, more destructive than any of the present submarine torpedoes like the Whitehead, and much more reliable in its action. The upward effect of the explosion on the "Silliman" is shown by the fact that the large iron water-tank in the hold was lifted and forced through the decks above, as shown in the photograph taken after the explosion.



SHELL USED IN DYNAMITE GUN.

Against vertical armor the effect of such a charge has yet to be determined. Comparatively small charges of dynamite have been exploded in contact with vertical plates, by Commander Folger of the Navy, with no serious damage—only a bulging in of the plates; but it has been estimated that 600 pounds would break through 16 inches of armor. Should it break through half that thickness it is a powerful weapon, and it is held by officers of experience that men behind armor which is not broken through will be prostrated or stunned by the concussion of such an immense charge. The

moral effect cannot, therefore, be overestimated.

A twenty-five pound charge of gun cotton was found sufficient to break through a two-inch steel deck in the experiments by Commander Folger. It is certain, therefore, that 600 pounds will blow a hole through the heaviest armored deck afloat and produce great havoc below. Against unarmored ships there can be no doubt of the result—the sides will be blown in by one of these shells. Few of the most powerful ships in the world are completely armored; their ends are frequently unarmored, they have light unprotected superstructures, and many

tributed to the failure of the attack. Admiral Porter says of this instance: "Being unable to pass the obstructions the monitors were obliged to turn, which threw the line into confusion." The dynamite shell, with its water fuse, which delays the explosion until it sinks to the desired depth, would, at the distance of a mile, destroy all such obstructions, whether booms, sunken ships, or torpedoes, and thus clear a safe passage for ships. While doing this work the cruiser could, if necessary, lie behind a heavily armored ship for protection against the guns of the enemy. This use of the dynamite gun would alone render it valuable as a naval weapon.

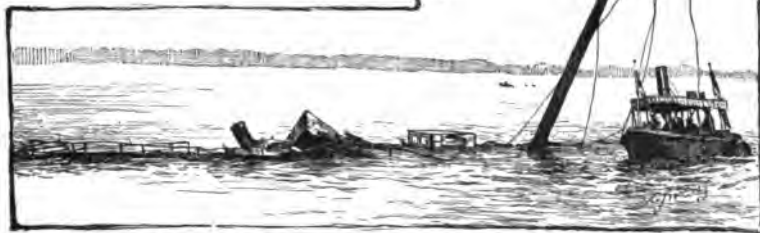
The high angle fire of the gun will also be useful in other ways. Many modern shore defences will consist



of their medium and small calibre guns with their crews are without the protection of armor. All these

parts will be quite vulnerable to the dynamite shell, which will blow down masts, smoke-pipes, destroy boats and superstructures, disable machine guns and place their crews *hors de combat*.

The gun has still another important use in naval warfare. Farragut was compelled to remove at night a heavy chain and other obstructions across the Mississippi before he could pass the forts at New Orleans. At Mobile one of his monitors was sunk, and some delay resulted from sunken mines or torpedoes. In the attack of the monitors on Charleston, under Dupont, obstructions and torpedoes hampered their action and con-



THE "SILLIMAN." DURING AND AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

of sunken emplacements, against which mortar fire will alone be effective, since rifled high-powered guns will throw their shells horizontally over the top of such forts. Rifled mortars firing ordinary shells charged with powder and gun cotton will be used of course, but charges as heavy as 600 pounds of gelatine will not be fired except by the dynamite gun, and such projectiles landed inside a fort will produce great damage.

It is by no means improbable that short dynamite guns may be built into the bows of iron-clads for use at close range when ramming, as proposed by Captain Zalinski. The idea merits

careful consideration. The gun could be protected by heavy armor, and the shells stowed in cushioned magazines to avoid shock and consequent danger. A 20-inch gun would throw 1,000 pounds of high explosive; and if two vessels seek to ram, one armed with this gun and the other without it, there can be no question as to which will have the advantage. By holding one shot in reserve for close quarters, and firing others as we approach, the enemy's nerves would be severely tested if his ship was not destroyed before the ram did its work.

Quickly moving targets and the pitching and rolling of a ship will increase the uncertainty of a successful shot, but the same conditions embarrass the working of other guns and torpedoes, and will by no means render the dynamite gun unserviceable.

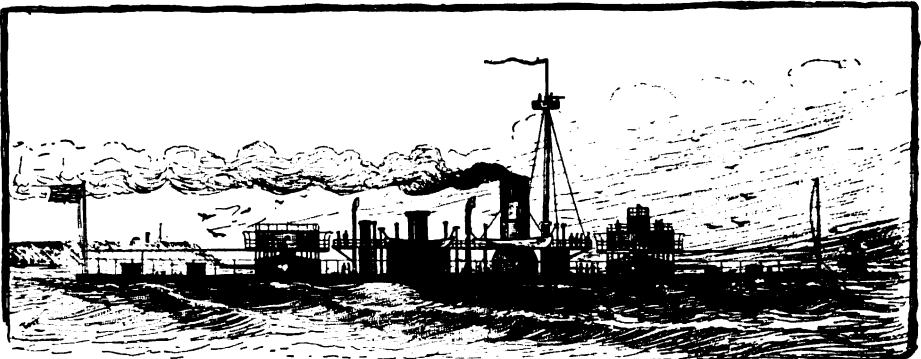
The light draught and great speed of the "Vesuvius" will enable her to take advantage of all inner passages and shoal places, where she cannot be followed, and from which she can dart out to deliver her fire. We have n't a fort between Maine and Texas, nor a gun mounted, nor a ship afloat that can resist a modern iron-clad; but the "Vesuvius" may sink the most formidable ship with a single shell. However remote the chances of a successful shot, therefore, officers will be found ready to take all risks, and the obstacles to be overcome will be no greater than those encountered by Cushing when he sank the "Albemarle." If war were forced upon us now, unprepared as we are, our naval officers would be called upon

to attack an enemy's ships with the crudest weapons—even with the spar torpedo. They should be quite willing, therefore, to make the most of a weapon that may accomplish, with less danger, the destruction of a vessel at the distance of a mile.

The vulnerability of the "Vesuvius" is not a subject for adverse criticism, since she has been built merely as a floating gun-carriage to demonstrate to the most conservative the possibility of using this weapon afloat. Nearly all foreign torpedo boats are unarmored and quite as vulnerable as the "Vesuvius." Besides, what is more to their disadvantage, they must approach to within four hundred yards of an enemy to be efficient, while the "Vesuvius" may remain at four times that distance.

Modifications will be made in future vessels. Guns will be placed to fire astern as well as ahead; armor protection will be sought either by armoring the bow and stern, encasing the guns in a heavily-armored tube, or building the ship with nothing above water but a turtle back. One gun may be mounted nearly horizontal for use at close quarters or against other torpedo boats.

Lieutenant Commander F. M. Barber, U. S. Navy, in a recent article, states that the preliminary designs have been already prepared for a large vessel of 3300 tons displacement, with sufficient coal capacity for cruising purposes, and with a supply of 800 projectiles stowed well below the water line, which would be sufficient to clear a channel five miles long of mines or obstructions. Her dynamite guns may also be used for



DOUBLE-TURRETTED MONITOR "PURITAN."



MANNING YARDS ON BOARD THE "ATLANTA" IN HONOR OF QUEEN KAPIOLANI.

(From Photograph by E. H. Hart.)

general purposes, and she will have a large battery of machine guns. This ship will be divided into water-tight compartments and have a double bottom. A heavy turtle-back of steel 5 inches thick constitutes the striking feature, extending entirely over the vessel in every part and down to 4 feet below the water line. Such a vessel will be formidable in offensive as well as in defensive operations.

It is not claimed that the dynamite cruiser will revolutionize naval warfare, but that it will prove a most important auxiliary and perform a duty that no other weapon can perform.

In 1874-75 the keels of five double-turreted monitors were laid, and although the ships were launched they were never completed. In 1886 Congress made an appropriation to finish these monitors and provide them with rifled guns and armor

protection as coast defence vessels. The work has begun and will be pushed as fast as armor can be supplied. The "Puritan," the largest of the monitors, has a displacement of 6,000 tons, while the "Miantonomoh," "Monadnock," "Amphitrite" and "Terror," sister-ships, have each a displacement of 3,815 tons. The turrets are plated with $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches of armor, and the armored decks are two inches thick. The ventilators and lower parts of smoke pipes are protected by ten inches of armor and the pilot houses are plated with from 9 to 12 inches of steel. The "Puritan" is 296 feet long with a breadth of 60 feet, while the "Miantonomoh" and class are 262 feet long with 55 feet beam. The "Puritan" has 12-inch armor on her side and the other ships 7-inch, the former showing 30 inches of her side above water and the latter only 25 inches.

The monitors will each carry four 10-inch breech-loading ri-

the maximum thickness being restricted to the waterline, it follows that there are but few ships afloat that may not be pierced by the guns of our monitors. The armor of the "Puritan" is thicker than that of two-thirds of the armored ships of France or England, from which it will be seen that she is by comparison a formidable ship. Another point is that the "Puritan" presents such a small target for an enemy's guns. Her side, only 30 inches out of water, will be difficult to hit, and her turrets, circular in shape and only 9 feet above the water line, present but little surface. Foreign ironclads, particularly those that have more armor than the "Puritan," have immense hulls from 20 to 30 feet out of water, thus presenting a target about ten times as large as the "Puritan." The latter will evidently have a great advantage in this respect, since most shot that strike her will ricochet harmlessly over her deck,



STEEL CRUISER "CHARLESTON."

fles throwing 500-pound shells, which will pierce 23 inches of wrought iron at close quarters and $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the distance of a mile. It is interesting to note in this connection that of the seventy ironclads in the English navy there are only eleven that have more than $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches of armor, and only one that has 23 inches. Since few modern ships are completely armored, and

whereas they would pierce the side of any other vessel. The monitors are comparatively slow, the speed varying from 11 to 13 knots, but being intended merely for coast defence, speed is not so important. Since their light draught, 14 to 18 feet, enables them to take advantage of shoal water and thus choose their distance from more powerful opponents. No foreign ships of this armor and gun-power draw less than from 20 to 30 feet of water, and could not, therefore, follow them into

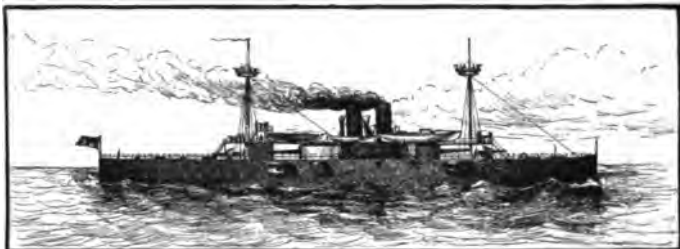
shoal places. For this reason the important rôle of the monitors is apparent. As floating batteries stationed along the shores of the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and in shoal water off our principal ports, they may harass an attacking or blockading fleet.

Above each turret is a pilot-house, conical in shape, to deflect striking shot, and above each pilot-house, supported by iron stanchions, is a circular wooden house, containing quarters for officers, chart-rooms, etc. In the old monitors the turrets rested on the upper deck, from which they were lifted and revolved by a central spindle. This method has been done away with, and the turrets now pass through the upper deck and rest and revolve upon conical rollers in a circular track on the next deck below.

Between the two turrets is a hurricane deck supported on iron stanchions. Upon this deck, boats and hammocks will be stowed and machine guns mounted. At sea in heavy weather the seas will sweep freely over the deck and under the hurricane deck. Under these circumstances all hatches will be closed and the blower engines will ventilate the ship, air being supplied by the ventilators which project above the hurricane deck.

The seaworthiness of the monitors has been thoroughly tested. The old "Monadnock" rounded Cape Horn in 1866 and behaved admirably in the long seas of the Pacific Ocean. Soon after the Civil War the old "Miantonomoh" made a cruise to Europe, encountering heavy weather. The seas would come over bow and stern four feet deep at times but pass off quickly without even preventing the use of her guns. She rolled but 7°, while the two ships accompanying her rolled 20 to 30°. In the report of this cruise by Assistant-Secretary Fox we find: "A vessel which attacks a monitor in a seaway must approach very close to have any chance of hitting such a low hull; and even then the monitor is half the time covered up with three or four feet of water, protecting herself and disturbing her opponent's

fire." Nor are the monitors unhealthful. During the war the medical reports during a period of thirty months showed that "so far from being unhealthful, there was less sickness on board the monitors



ARMORED BATTLE SHIP "TEXAS."

than on the same number of wooden ships with an equal number of men and in similarly exposed positions." Even when sealed up in bad weather there have been so many improvements in ventilation that fresh air will be forced to all parts of the ship, while electric lights will add much to the comfort and healthfulness of the monitors.

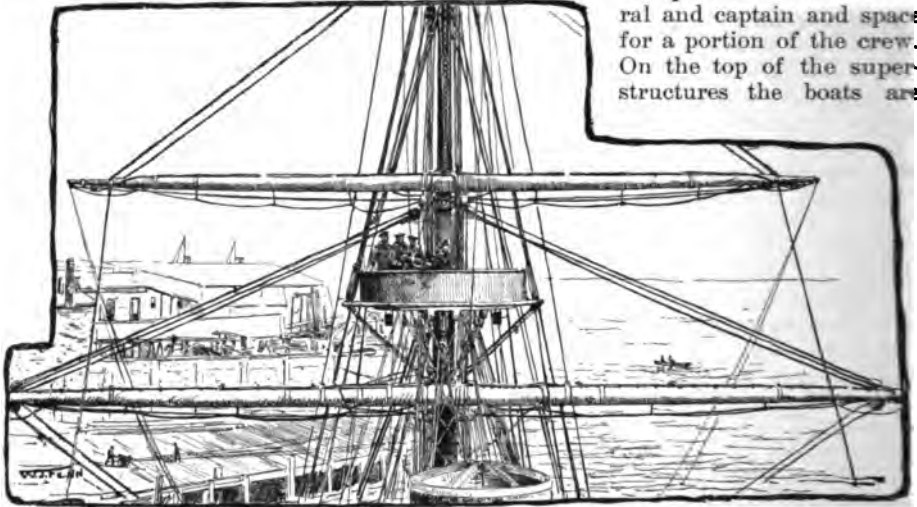
The monitor is in many respects the best possible type for a coast defence vessel. The present ships, however, while they will be efficient against the navies of weak powers, will, with the exception of the "Puritan," be too vulnerable to withstand the large-calibre high-powered rifles which will pierce their armor. Improvements could be made in future ships. By giving the vessel a single turret its armor may be doubled, and the sides and deck should be much thicker to enable these monitors to come to close quarters and endure safely the heavy plunging fire from the guns of cruising ships. Intended for coast defence, they need carry but little coal and provisions, thus saving space for powerful machinery and every appliance of modern warfare. A rendezvous selected off each port in shoal water could supply coal, the vessels running in whenever necessary. All these improvements, with a more minutely subdivided hull, will render the monitor more invulnerable, and it is probable that the result may be accomplished without greatly increasing the draught of water, which should be as light as possible.

The monitors have only one short-mast for signaling purposes, with a mili-

tary top where a machine gun may be mounted.

The plans are now being prepared for two single-turretted monitors of 3,500 tons displacement, designed for a speed of 18 knots. Their armor will be very thick, and they will each carry a dyna-

On the upper deck are two revolving turrets, with 10½ inch armor, one on each side of the ship *en echelon* to permit all turret guns to fire directly ahead and astern as well as on both sides. In the central line between these two turrets are superstructures within which are quarters for the admiral and captain and space for a portion of the crew. On the top of the superstructures the boats are



HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON MOUNTED IN MILITARY TOP.

mite gun and a 16-inch rifle throwing a shell weighing about a ton, which will pierce more than thirty inches of wrought iron.

The only armored cruising ships as yet designed for the navy are the "Maine," building at the New York Navy Yard, and the "Texas," to be built at Norfolk.

The "Maine" has a displacement of 6,000 tons; length, 310 feet; breadth, 57 feet, and average draught 21½ feet. For a distance of 180 feet in the wake of the machinery, there is a belt of steel armor 11 inches thick extending from 3 feet above to 4 feet below the water line. Built across the ship, joining the forward ends of this belt, is an armored bulkhead 6 inches thick for protection when fighting bows on. An armored steel deck, from 2 to 4 inches thick, is worked over the armor belt for additional protection to the machinery, and slopes down from the ends of the belt to 2 feet below the water line at the bow and stern to protect the steering gear and support the ram bow.

carried, there being two 60-foot torpedo boats. The superstructures are cut away abreast the turrets to allow the turret guns to fire across the upper deck. There are 174 water-tight compartments in the ship, with all the facilities for ventilation and drainage. Four sets of dynamos run the electric lights throughout the ship, as well as three powerful search lights for use in battle at night. On the central superstructure is an elliptical conning tower composed of 10-inch steel plates, from which the captain will manœuvre the ship in battle. The ship has three masts, bark rigged, spreading 7,000 square feet of canvas, and she can carry 850 tons of coal; which will enable her to steam a distance of 5,000 miles.

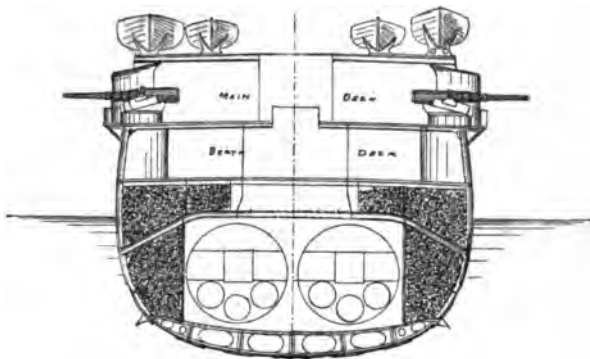
There are to be two 10-inch steel rifles in each turret, having an extreme range of about 9 miles, the charge of powder being 250 pounds and the shell weighing 500 pounds. There are six 6-inch rifles, two mounted under the forward superstructure, firing directly ahead and on each side; two under the after superstructure, firing directly astern and on

each side, and the remaining two on the top of the central superstructure, one on each side. All these guns are protected from machine-gun fire by semi-circular steel shields. The secondary battery comprises twenty-five machine guns and gatlings, mounted inside and on top of the superstructures, and two in each military top aloft, several firing ahead and several firing astern. One of the features of this ship is the heavy fire ahead and astern from all guns, one volley throwing 2,200 lbs. of metal in line with the keel, and 2,300 pounds at right angles to the keel. There are also seven torpedo-launching tubes, some being above and some below the water line.

The "Maine" is designed for a speed of seventeen knots, and will have good manoeuvring power, the engines being of the twin-screw triple-expansion type, to develop 8,750 horse-power.

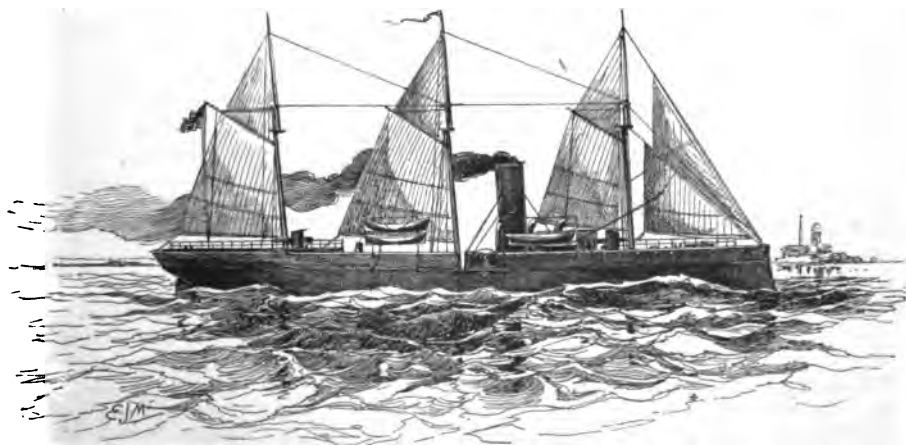
The armored battle ship "Texas" differs from the "Maine" in several respects. Her displacement is 6,300 tons; length, 290 feet; breadth, 64 feet, and average draught of water 22½ feet. She has no sail power, but two short military masts with platforms, each mounting two machine guns. The engines, boilers and magazines are protected by a belt of 12-inch steel armor extending from 2 feet

above to 4½ feet below the water line. Both the forward and after ends of this belt are connected by transverse steel breastworks six inches thick. An armored deck three inches thick is worked

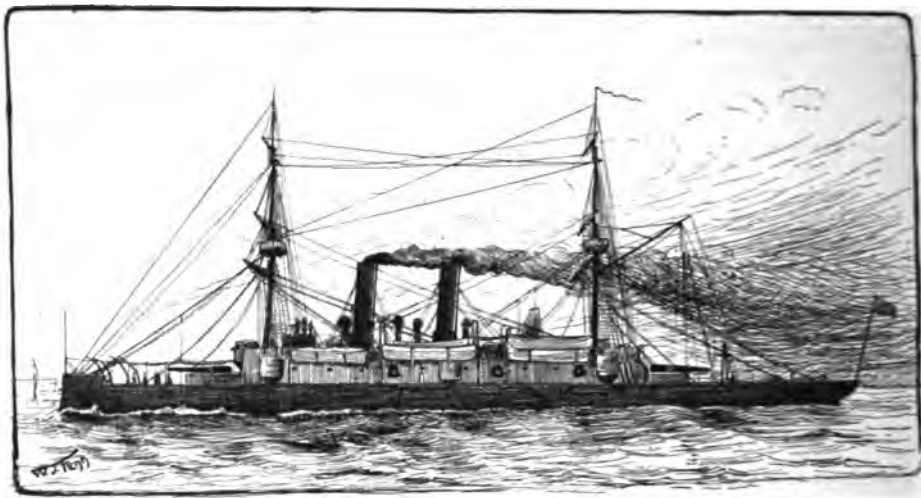


CROSS SECTION OF STEEL CRUISER "NEWARK," SHOWING TURTLE-BACK STEEL DECK, AND COAL PROTECTION FOR MACHINERY AND VITALS.

over the armored belt, and curves down below the water line at the bow and stern. There is a small central superstructure with bridges and a hurricane deck. On a level with the hurricane deck is the conning tower, protected by ten inches of steel. The two revolving turrets are placed *en echelon*, as in the "Maine," but closer together, under the hurricane deck, at opposite ends of the superstructure. The turrets are of 12-inch steel plates, and each contains one 12-inch gun, each gun firing ahead, astern and on both sides across the deck. There are six 6-inch guns, two mounted on the



U. S. S. "YORKTOWN."



THE CRUISER "ATLANTA."

same deck as the turrets, one forward and the other aft, and the remaining four on the gun deck below the turrets, in projecting sponsons. There are twenty-one machine guns and gatlings, twelve mounted on the gun deck, five on the top of superstructure and four aloft in the tops. There are six tubes for launching torpedoes above and below water. The 6-inch guns are all protected by steel shields. The engines are of the twin-screw triple-expansion type, designed to develop 8,600 horse-power and a speed of seventeen knots, and with 850 tons of coal the ship will be able to steam a distance of 7,000 miles. The "Texas" will be fitted as a flagship.

Although the "Maine" and "Texas" are by no means the equals in power and armament of many ships in foreign navies, some of which have displacements of from 10,000 to 15,000 tons, with twenty to twenty-six inches of armor and 100-ton guns, they belong to the class of cruising ironclads that are advocated by many as most useful and efficient. They will be superior to more than half the ironclads of France and England, while few of the less powerful nations have ships of greater offensive strength.

II.

Of the unarmored cruisers, the "Chicago," "Baltimore" and "Philadelphia" are the largest, and are similar in some features of construction.

The "Chicago," built by John Roach, now lies at the New York Navy Yard, and will soon be completed. Her displacement is 4,500 tons, length, 334 feet; breadth, 48 feet, and mean draught 19 feet. Her engines are of the beam type, with twin screws, and although they were severely criticized by foreign authorities because of their novelty, they developed the required power and a maximum speed of 16 knots. The "Chicago" will carry 900 tons of coal, and can keep the sea for twenty days, steaming a distance of 5,500 miles. She has considerable sail power also, spreading 15,000 feet of canvas, bark rigged. Her sail power will enable her to economize coal somewhat in cruising. The coal is stowed around the machinery, and as an additional protection there is a 1½-inch steel protective deck over the machinery. The steam steering-gear is well below the water line, and is also protected by a steel covering. There are many water-tight compartments, and a complete system of ventilation and drainage. The ship is well lighted with electric lights, there being two sets of dynamos.

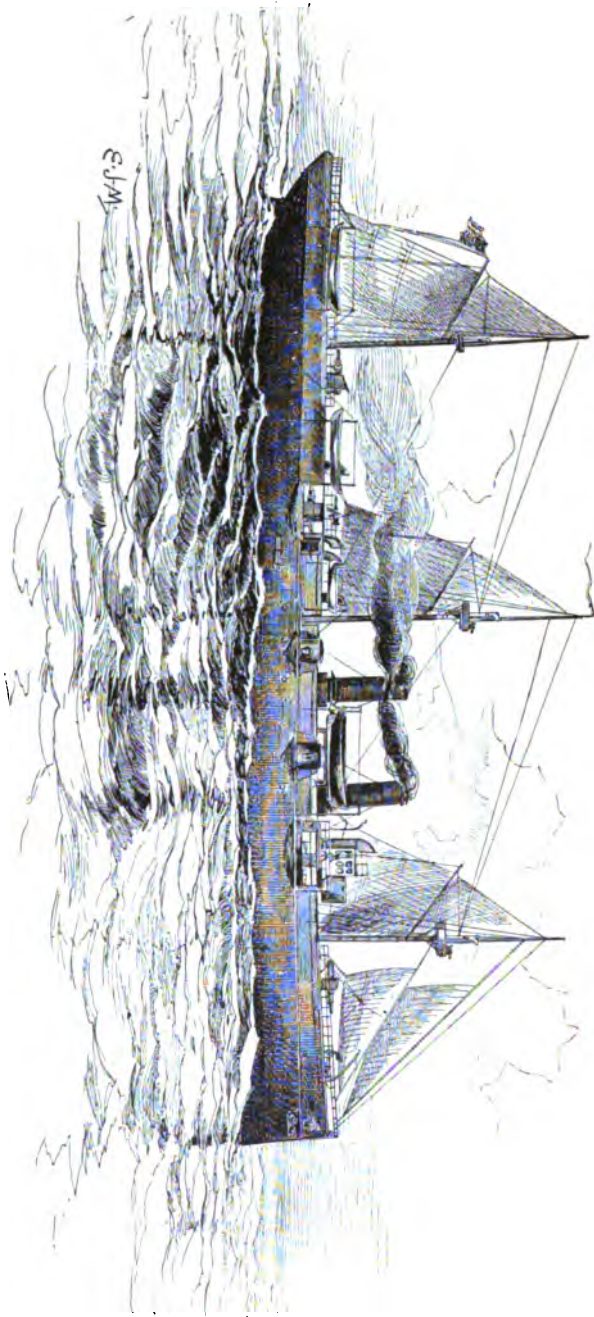
There are four 8-inch rifles mounted on the spar deck, two on each side, in projecting sponsons that permit bow and stern fire. There are eight 6-inch guns on the gun deck, three on each side, and two mounted forward, firing directly ahead and on each bow. On the same

deck are two 5-inch guns mounted aft in the admiral's cabin, firing astern. There is also a secondary battery of six machine-guns. A conning tower on the forward bridge is protected by four inches of steel. On her trial the "Chicago" was very steady, and manoeuvred very well. She will be fitted as a flagship.

The "Baltimore," building at Cramp's, has about the same dimensions as the "Chicago." Her engines are more powerful, being of the twin-screw triple expansion type, designed for a speed of 19 knots with forced draft. She will have no sail power, there being two short masts for signalling purposes, with military tops or platforms where machine guns will be mounted in battle. She has forecastle and poop decks with an uncovered gun-deck between. The protective deck, extending from bow to stern, covering the machinery and steering gear, is much thicker than that of the "Chicago," being formed of steel plates from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 inches thick, which will give ample protection for the vitals. Stowed around the machinery she will carry 850 tons of coal, which will enable her to steam for 33 days at a speed of 10 knots, covering a distance of 8,000 miles. The main battery consists of four 8-inch rifles, two mounted forward on the forecastle and two aft on the poop, for bow and stern fire, and six 6-inch rifles mounted in projecting sponsons on the main deck, the forward pair firing

ahead and the after pair firing astern. The "Baltimore" will have five tubes for launching torpedoes, two firing ahead one firing astern, and one on each side

STEEL CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."





BOWS OF THE CRUISER "BOSTON": OFFICERS AND CREW STATIONED TO MEET AN ATTACK BY TORPEDO-BOATS

(From Photograph by E. H. Hart.)

The secondary battery will be powerful, comprising 16 machine guns. The conning tower on the forecastle deck will be 3 inches thick. The "Baltimore" will be fitted as a flagship, and if she makes the speed for which she is designed, she will be the equal of any unarmored ship of her tonnage afloat.

The "Philadelphia," also building at Cramp's, will have the same speed and be very similar to the "Baltimore." Her battery, however, will consist of twelve 6-inch guns, mounted the same as the "Baltimore's," except that there are two more in broadside. The rig of the "Philadelphia" will be that of a three-masted schooner, spreading 5,500 square feet of canvas.

Next in size are the "Newark" and "San Francisco." The "Newark" is

building at Cramp's. She has a displacement of 4,100 tons; length, 338 feet; breadth, 49 feet; draught, 19 feet, and with triple expansion twin-screw engines she is designed for a speed of 18 knots. The "Newark" has a stout protective deck of steel plates, from 2 to 3 inches thick, extending from bow to stern, forming a turtle-back over machinery, steering gear and magazines, and supporting the ram bow. The accompanying section of the "Newark" will illustrate very well the system of coal protection and the protective deck in all unarmored ships.

The "Newark" is like the "Baltimore" in having a poop and forecastle with an uncovered gun-deck between. The rig will be that of a bark spreading 11,900 square feet of canvas. With 850

tons of coal she can steam 34 days at 10 knots and cover 9,000 miles. The main battery consists of 126-inch rifles mounted on the main deck in projecting sponsons, the four forward and four after guns firing ahead and astern, respectively. These guns are all protected by semi-circular steel shields 2 inches thick, and the shot will pierce 13 inches of iron at close quarters. The secondary battery will comprise eleven machine guns, two being mounted aloft in the military tops. There will be six tubes for launching torpedoes. The ship is divided into 147 watertight compartments, and like all the unarmored ships now building, the system of ventilation, drainage and electric lighting will be complete. The "Newark" will be fitted as a flagship.

The "San Francisco," building at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, California, has the same displacement as the "Newark," but is designed for a speed of 19 knots. The battery is the same as that of the "Newark," but the two forward guns are mounted on the forecastle and the two after guns on the poop, as in the case of the "Philadelphia." The rig will be that of a three-masted schooner, spreading 5,400 square feet of canvas. In all other respects she is the counterpart of the "Newark."

The "Charleston," building at San Francisco, and launched July 18th, differs somewhat from all the ships previously described. She is built after the plans of the Japanese cruiser "Naniwa Kan," bought from the firm of Armstrong, in England. Her displacement is 3,700 tons; length, 320 feet; breadth, 46 feet, and draught 18 feet. She has compound twin-screw engines in separate watertight compartments, designed to give a speed of 19 knots. The "Charleston" has a steel turtle-back from 2 to 3 inches thick, extending from bow to stern over the engines, steering gear and vital parts, supporting the ram and giving strength and stiffness to the whole structure.

There is a central uncovered superstructure, or breastwork, built on the upper deck, in which six 6-inch guns are mounted in projecting sponsons. At each end of this superstructure is a circular barbette in which an 8-inch gun is mounted, firing ahead or astern, as the

case may be, and on both sides as well. The secondary battery will comprise fourteen machine guns mounted around on the rail of the superstructure, on the bridge and aloft in the military tops. There are two short masts for signaling purposes, with the platforms for machine guns. The conning tower of 2-inch steel plates is built on the bridge, near the forward part of the superstructure. There are four launching-tubes for torpedoes. All modern improvements are provided as to ventilation, drainage and electric lighting, with water-tight compartments and steam steering-gear.

The "Boston" and "Atlanta" are sister ships, built by John Roach, the former nearing completion at the New York Navy Yard, and the latter has been cruising with the home squadron. Their displacement is 3,200 tons; length, 283 feet; breadth, 42 feet, and mean draught 17 feet. They are brig-rigged, spreading 10,400 square feet of canvas, which will enable them to economise coal in making long passages at sea. The "Atlanta" is reported to have made six knots under sail alone.

The guns are mounted in a central curved superstructure, the ends of the ships being low and unobstructed to permit the fore and aft fire of the guns. Mounted in low barbettes *en echelon*, at the opposite ends of the superstructure, are the two 8-inch rifles, which can fire ahead or astern, as the case may be, and on both sides also. The forward and after 6-inch guns under the superstructure are shifting guns, that may fire in line with the keel and on one side as well. There are four more 6-inch guns under the superstructure, two firing on each side, making in all six 6-inch and two 8-inch guns—the same battery as the "Charleston's."

At the four corners of the superstructure are circular towers in which 3-pounder Hotchkiss guns are mounted, while two 6-pounders are mounted amidships in broadside. On top of these towers are two 1-pounders and two electric search-lights for use at night. In addition, two revolving cannon will be mounted in the military tops, and two gatlings on the rail, making a powerful secondary battery of twelve guns. These ships are steered by steam, lighted

throughout with electric lights, provided with complete systems of ventilation and drainage, with many water-tight compartments and a 1½-inch steel protective deck over the machinery. The coal is also stowed around the engines and boilers for protection.

During the recent cruise of the "Atlanta" she was reported to be an excellent sea-boat and a steady gun platform. The defects developed in the trial of her guns were very much exaggerated by the press, and will be remedied without difficulty. The "Atlanta" made a maximum speed of sixteen knots, and it is confidently reported that the "Boston" will do as well, if not better. The circular conning tower at the forward end of the superstructure is protected by four inches of steel, and from this tower the captain can manœuvre the ship and direct the fire of her guns.

The "Yorktown," "Bennington" and "Concord" are smaller sister ships of 1,700 tons displacement, built for general cruising purposes and for commerce destroyers in time of war. The "Yorktown" was launched at Cramp's shipyard April 28th, and the "Bennington" and "Concord" are building at Roach's shipyard.

These ships are 226 feet long, 36 feet beam, and draw 14 feet of water. They have twin-screw triple-expansion engines of the latest type, designed to give a speed of seventeen knots. There is a ¾-inch water-tight steel deck extending from bow to stern below the water line, covering the machinery, magazines and steering-gear, and curving down to support the ram bow, giving stiffness to the whole structure. Sufficient coal is stowed around the machinery to enable these ships to keep the sea for thirty-six days and steam 8,500 miles. Rigged as three-masted schooners, spreading 6,000 square feet of canvas, their sail power will assist greatly while cruising, and it is apparent that these ships may maintain themselves for many weeks at sea before being compelled to run into port for coal and thus betray their whereabouts in time of war. Great speed and coal endurance are matters of importance, as we learned during the Civil War, in vessels designed to avoid battle and devote themselves to the destruction of an en-

emy's commerce. It takes many ships to catch one fast rover skillfully commanded, as was the "Alabama."

Few of the great nations whose navies are more powerful than ours have so little foreign commerce to protect in time of war, and they would therefore suffer more from commerce destroyers. This being about our only point of advantage in our present defenceless condition, it is evident that we should make the most of it, and with a large number of ships like the "Yorktown" we may play havoc with an enemy's commerce, and commercial interests are of vital importance to many nations.

The light draught of these vessels makes them particularly serviceable, as they can navigate in comparatively shoal water and visit many ports that cannot be reached by larger ships.

The armament of these ships is very formidable, for their tonnage. There are two 6-inch guns mounted on the fore-castle, firing ahead and on each side; two 6-inch guns on the poop, firing astern and on each quarter, and two mounted in broadside. All these guns are protected by steel shields. There are two machine guns firing ahead, two firing astern, and two mounted on the rail. In addition there are eight torpedo launching tubes: one fixed in the bow firing ahead, one fixed in the stern firing aft, and three movable tubes on each side of the ship. As the 6-inch gun will pierce 13 inches of wrought iron at close quarters, it is apparent that these cruisers, with their torpedoes, will prove no mean antagonist for many larger ships. The heavy fire ahead and astern are strong points in vessels destined to chase fast merchantmen and to run away from more powerful foes, keeping up a harassing fire at the same time. England has a number of these vessels called "torpedo cruisers," and their trials at sea have been very satisfactory.

The "Dolphin" was built as a despatch boat by John Roach, and is now cruising in the Pacific. Her displacement is 1,500 tons, length 265 feet, breadth 32 feet and draught 14 feet. The engines are compound with a single screw, and the maximum speed is about 16 knots. The rig is that of a three-masted schooner. The armament consists of one 6-inch rifle

mounted forward, firing on both sides and ahead; two 6-pounder and four 3-pounder Hotchkiss guns. These Hotchkiss guns, many of which are mounted on all the new ships, are very powerful weapons, as the 6-pounder will pierce $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of armor and the 3-pounder 2 inches at a distance of 1,000 yards.

The "Petrel" is a small gunboat of 870 tons displacement, length 175 feet, breadth 31 feet, and draught 12 feet, building at Baltimore. She is designed for a speed of 13 knots, with single-screw engines. A water-tight steel deck is worked over the machinery, and the coal is stowed for additional protection. The armament consists of four 6-inch rifles mounted in projecting sponsons; 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns mounted on the poop and forecastle, and 3-pounders mounted on the rail. The rig is that of a barkentine spreading 4,800 square feet of canvas. Ships of this class are very useful for cruising service, particularly for river navigation in China and other countries, owing to their light draught and handiness.

It may be said that the fourteen unarmored ships are all excellent in design and the equals of any of their class in the world. The fact that they are only partially protected from shot, and that their crews will be somewhat exposed in battle is remarked by many of our people, but it must be remembered that such unarmored ships form the bulk of all foreign navies. England and France each has about 70 ironclads, while they would equip in time of war at least two or three hundred unarmored ships and fast mail-steamer for cruising purposes.

It is a source of great satisfaction that all the heavy guns for our new ships are designed by the Bureau of Ordnance and built in this country at the Washington Navy Yard, the South Boston Iron Works and the West Point Foundry. Those thus far finished and tested have given excellent results, and are the equals of any guns of their calibre in the world.

The matter of torpedoes is being considered by the Bureau of Ordnance, at the Torpedo Station, and by officers specially interested in the subject, and we may rest assured that the result will be satisfactory. The "Stiletto," a fast boat built by Herreshoff, has been purchased for

the navy, and Cramp & Sons have taken the contract for a new submarine torpedo boat.

Our sailors have been supplied with magazine rifles and all the accoutrements necessary in service on shore. There have been numerous instances in the history of this country, of important service rendered on shore by our sailors in all parts of the world, and the necessity for such service is likely to arise at any time. Our sailors are accordingly drilled in infantry and machine-gun tactics, and prepared for duty in dispersing mobs, in street fighting, and in camping for a limited time.

The completion of all the ships now building will give us seven ironclads and fourteen unarmored cruisers of different sizes. This fleet will be about one-tenth the effective force of England and France and much inferior to the navies of Italy, Germany and Russia, and it is probable that each succeeding Congress will add to our fleet. In the appropriation bill this year the House provided for three fine steel cruisers and one large ironclad. The Senate, it is said, will strike out the provision for the ironclad and provide instead for three additional cruisers like the "Yorktown."

Since unarmored ships are not equal to the duty of defending a coast against heavy ironclads it would seem manifest that seven armored ships, two of which will not be finished for years to come, will be insufficient for the protection of about 7,000 miles of coast—1,000 miles to each ship. Spain, a country with which we may have complications, as in the affair of the "Virginus," owing to the proximity of the West Indies, is building up a powerful navy, five of her unarmored ships being larger and therefore superior to ours, while one magnificent ironclad, the "Pelayo," of 9,000 tons, will be far more powerful than our "Maine" or "Texas." These are cogent reasons for adding a few more armored vessels to our navy.

A navy is a source of economy. A strong fleet in 1861 would have enabled us to seize the Southern seaports, control the Mississippi and the James, cut off supplies from abroad, prevent the exportation of cotton, and bring the war to a close in half the time with far less ex-

pense and with less loss of life. This fact is conceded by military men who appreciated the strategic advantage of the Southern coast during the Civil War, and who knew that its possession from the start greatly encouraged the South, protecting their communications and giving them hope of foreign recognition. Without the coast defences they would have been hemmed in from the beginning—attacked in front and rear—and could not have held out as they did.

Our strong navy in 1868 alone induced England to accede to the policy of arbitration. Nothing else will explain Justin McCarthy's admission in his "History of Our Own Times": "They [the

English] were somewhat in the position of a government who have to submit to rigorous and humiliating terms of peace." Will an Englishman ever submit to "rigorous and humiliating terms" if he can help himself?

We can never enforce the Monroe Doctrine without a strong navy. This fact must be apparent. No foreign power that may seek to violate its principles will pay any attention to our protests if we have no force to back our policy. A lion will not arbitrate with a lamb when he may eat the latter. We must either abandon the Monroe Doctrine entirely, or provide ourselves with the navy necessary to its enforcement.



INTO THE DARK.

I GAZE into the dark, O love!
 I gaze into the dark.
 The creeping shadows chill me, and the night,
 With wide outreaching arms, holds thee afar.
 O yearning eyes! Your love midst wondrous light,
 More fair than falls from moon-ray or from star,
 Smiles out into the dark.

I reach into the dark, O love!
 I reach into the dark.
 I cannot find thee, and my groping hands
 Touch only memories and phantom shapes.
 O empty arms! Be glad of those sweet lands
 Wherein your love all loneliness escapes,
 And smiles into the dark.

I call into the dark, O love!
 I call into the dark.
 There comes from out the hush below, above,
 No answer but my own quick-fluttered breath.
 O doubting heart! dost thou not know thy love,
 Across the awful silentness of death,
 Smiles at thee through the dark?

Jessie F. O'Donnell. 

THE PRESIDENT'S ERROR.*

BY JAMES G. BLAINE.

IN speaking of the effect produced by a Protective Tariff on the wages of Labor, President Cleveland makes some remarkable statements in his now historic message of December last. Among the most curious assertions are those contained in the two following paragraphs which are quoted without abridgment:

By the last census it is made to appear that of the 17,392,099 of our population engaged in all kinds of industries, 7,670,493 are employed in agriculture, 4,074,238 in professional and personal service (2,934,876 of whom are domestic servants and laborers), while 1,810,256 are employed in trade and transportation, and 8,837,112 are classed as employed in manufacturing and mining.

For present purposes, however, the last number given should be considerably reduced. Without attempting to enumerate all, it will be conceded that there should be deducted from those which it includes 375,143 carpenters and joiners, 285,401 milliners, dressmakers and seamstresses, 172,726 blacksmiths, 133,756 tailors and tailoresses, 102,473 masons, 76,341 butchers, 41,309 bakers, 22,063 plasterers, and 4,891 engaged in manufacturing agricultural implements, amounting in the aggregate to 1,214,033, leaving 2,623,069 persons employed in such manufacturing industries as are claimed to be benefited by a high tariff.

The argument of the President, plainly, though indirectly, expressed, is that those not employed in what may be termed "protected industries" have no interest in maintaining a Protective Tariff. A very slight analysis will serve to show that in this deduction the President is in error. Take, for instance, the "375,143 carpenters and joiners." Where does the President suppose that this large host of intelligent mechanics—with, perhaps, nearly two millions of persons dependent on their earnings—will find work if the destruction or serious impairment of the Protective system shall arrest the building of great factories and storehouses, with the thousands of dwellings required for workmen and the enlarged and widening demand for all kinds of structures for the inhabitants of the village which always springs up around the factory?

The inquiry in regard to the "375,143 carpenters and joiners" is equally perti-

nent and equally strong when applied to the "102,473 masons" and the "22,083 plasterers" who the President assumes have no interest in a Protective Tariff. If the whole number of masons and plasterers could be interrogated as to the amount of work which they have done in the last twenty years in connection with buildings for manufacturing ventures and investments directly and indirectly encouraged and sustained by Protective duties, their answer would probably surprise the President. Indeed the President might well be astounded by the proportion of total earnings which these masons—with half a million of people dependent on them—have derived from enterprises which would never have come into existence but for the beneficent influence of a Protective Tariff.

According to the President's theory the "285,401 milliners, dressmakers and seamstresses" and the "133,756 tailors and tailoresses" are not to be affected by reductions in the tariff. That statement is really equivalent to saying that the earnings of tailors and dressmakers are not at all dependent upon the ability of the communities wherein they reside to pay for good clothes; and the further deduction is involved from the President's statement that even if the thrift and wealth of these communities are dependent upon protection the removal of the cause of the thrift and wealth will not affect the fortunes of the dressmakers and the tailors.

Before the President concluded that "172,726 blacksmiths" were not to be affected in their work and wages by the impairment of the Protective system, it might have been well to inquire how largely they were connected in their daily employment with the growth and spread of that system? The blacksmith is not employed merely in shoeing horses, but he is the most widely and variously engaged of all mechanics, and is as

largely paid as any other skilled worker. The arrest of manufacturing enterprises in the country by unwise reductions of the tariff would undoubtedly reduce the aggregate earnings of the 172,726 blacksmiths by several millions of dollars annually, and to a great extent affect the comfort of the eight hundred thousand persons dependent upon them for support.

Are the "76,241 butchers" (whom the President adduces as not at all dependent upon the Protective Tariff) just as certain to find a good market for porterhouse steaks and sirloin roasts if an injurious reduction in tariff duties shall cripple the resources and reduce the wages of many thousands of men engaged in the protected industries? A ranchman largely interested in the growth of cattle on the Western plain said to me last week that a serious and prolonged strike of the laboring men in but one large city affected the selling price of cattle in Chicago, because the inability to buy and consume beef was one of the first effects of the strike. If, instead of a voluntary and temporary strike, laboring men should be *struck* and permanently crippled by Democratic hostility to the Protective system, the "76,241 butchers" who, the President thinks, are not to be affected by the tariff, would at least find a good deal of leisure on their hands, and the shipment of beef to unprofitable markets abroad would undoubtedly increase.

Not to go into useless detail, it may be safely asserted that every class which the President has placed in the list of those unaffected by tariff reduction would in fact be immediately influenced thereby—sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, and often disastrously. The entire argument of the President is based on the old and often refuted Democratic argument that the tariff helps only those engaged in the "protected industries," and that it is injurious to all outside that number. The opponents of Protection refuse to see the remarkable inter-dependence of industries which constantly grows closer in every community and every State, and which may be now seen throughout the Union in harmonious adaptation and effective co-operation.

Strangely enough, the President neglects, either from design or oversight, to notice what effect the serious reduction

of the tariff would have on the 1,810,256 men employed in transportation, viz., on the railroads, coast-wise vessels, river steamers and barges, canal, wagon and stagelines. These varied modes of transportation represent an investment of thousands of millions of dollars of American money and give employment to nearly two millions of men, whose earnings support nine millions of people. Whatever impairs American manufacturing, strikes at the great transportation interests. Iron ore, admitted free from Spain, coal admitted free from Nova Scotia, wool admitted free from Australia, all favor British ships at the expense of American railroads. The further the President goes in the direction of the doctrine laid down in his message, the more direct and the more deadly is the assault upon the whole organization of American industries.

It might have proved advantageous to the President, as it would assuredly have proved interesting to the people, if he had caused an accurate official inquiry to be made into the close connection of the transportation and manufacturing interests, and how both in turn are indissolubly linked with the agricultural interest, to the great profit of all three. The very figures which the President quotes prove the immense home market which the farmers have in the United States. In round numbers, over seven millions are engaged in agriculture, while nearly ten millions are engaged in other industrial pursuits, and constitute, with the families dependent on them, an enormous market for the products of the farm. Every enlargement of that home market is a boon to the farmer, while its diminution would be his direct and irreparable loss.

It might also have been interesting if the President had extended his inquiries into the number of "carpenters," and "masons," and "plasterers," and "dress-makers," and "tailors," and "blacksmiths," and "butchers," who have been called to their respective employments in consequence of the general prosperity of the country brought about by the influence of the tariff, and whose earnings would be seriously reduced by the destruction of Protection. At that point the President would perhaps have found

the scope of his inquiries so enlarged that he would have been compelled to take into consideration every class of laborers in the country, and might, perhaps, have received new impressions as to the unity of Labor's demands and Labor's interests. He would certainly have found that the reduction of the tariff, which he recommended, strikes Labor a far more severe blow than it inflicts upon Capital, and that in the end its most baleful effect, if enacted into law, would be in giving Capital an exasperating control of Labor—a result already attained where Free Trade is complete. It is not asserted that the President consciously designed or anticipated this result, but the voters of the country must hold him responsible for the obvious effects of his official recommendation. They have neither time nor inclination to question motives.

James G. Blaine



REFLECTED.

YOUR heart is like a beautiful smooth pool,
 That mirrors clear whatever bends above—
 Warm with the sun, and with the evening cool—
 So, love it gives me, if I bring it love.

My grief lies in your heart as in my own,
 My gladness flashes back from you to me;
 No passing cloud of thought is mine alone,
 Reflected in your mind each thought I see.

Why is it, then, that I am not content?
 What do I long for? Is there more than this—
 That you should know each unsaid thing I meant,
 And give me thought for thought, and kiss for kiss?

And yet, sometimes, I grow to hate the thing
 That, imaged in your heart, lies clear and fair;
 What is beneath the love or thought I bring?
 What hidden in the depths or shallows there?

Bessie Chandler.

SOME SANE WORDS ABOUT BROWNING.

BY EMILY SHAW FORMAN.



O clearly comprehend the work of any artist, whether painter, poet or musician, we must first put ourselves in sympathy with his motive or intention; and, if we would judge him fairly, make this the measure of his success. Nothing short of this attains to the dignity of criticism, though much that is wholly unworthy, lacking this essential, goes by that name.

Perhaps Robert Browning has suffered more than most artists from the hands of shallow and superficial critics, because in motive and method he has departed from well-worn and obvious paths, and struck out a new way for himself. Nothing is more common than to hear him depreciated because he is not Tennyson, or decried because some of his admirers, led by brave, scholarly Landor, have dared to utter his name in nearness to Shakespeare's.

For the last three or four years the magazines and papers, both in England and America, have been flooded with silly talk and cheap wit about the "Browning Craze." It is doubtful whether any such thing has existed except on paper. The phrase may have originated in the empty brain of some "funny man" of the newspapers, who, seeing it stated that a society had been formed in London for the study of Browning, and, having never heard of Browning, concluded that the members must be crazy. The phrase was taking and catchy, and, once started, it has led a lively career; but the thing for which it stands is as hard to find as a genuine case of hydrophobia.

It is true that there are in England and America many societies and clubs giving time and serious study to the works of Robert Browning; these include eminent scholars, well-known artists, learned professors and eager students; but there are similar societies and clubs for the study

of Shakespeare, Shelley, Goethe and Dante. Why should one be styled a craze and not the others? Partly, perhaps, because the age has a greater reverence for the dead than for the living; and partly, no doubt, because the public is so ignorant of Browning's poetry and his purpose. It is so easy to ridicule that of which we know nothing!

It is not at all strange that the general public should be ignorant of a poet who demands so much. Browning has not written lightly, and is not to be lightly read. Into his work he has put the varied learning of a ripe scholar, the solid thought of a profound thinker, the vivid imagination of a great poet, and has infused it all with the vitality of a remarkably vigorous nature.

We are bound to give him in return careful study, an unprejudiced mind, and, as far as possible, a sympathetic comprehension. We have an excellent example of the opposite treatment in an article entitled "The Browning Craze," which has recently appeared in magazine literature. The writer, who has acquired some reputation as the author of sketches of New York fashionable society, and who, in pursuit of this absorbing branch of literature, has, I think, not found time to do more than skim the surface of Browning's books, seems to take it for granted that this method is quite sufficient, and all that the poet deserves. He quite ignores all earnest students of Browning, styles his admirers "inflammable zealots" and "loyal maniacs," and intimates that the admiration is chiefly a pretence and the result of anglomania or snobbishness. He is much mixed at "the placing of Mr. Browning above Lord Tennyson," and cannot understand how any artist should hesitate to decide that "In Memoriam" and "The Princess," those "two inestimable marvels," must be retained even at the cost of all that Browning has written. He speaks of "the craze which Browning has succeeded in raising," as if that had been the

effort of Browning's life, and Browning himself were wholly responsible for it. In his despair over the hopelessness of the situation, he regrets that Browning was not born in France, as in that case he would have been taught "healthy, rigid, uncompromising lessons in style." After hurling many remarkable epithets at the English poet, such as "conscious trickster," "eccentric attitudinizing," "deliberated oddity," "rank affectation," "artistic laziness," "insufferable vanity" and "the frivolity inseparable from his temperament," he calls him a "*poseur*." The French word flies airily forth from that dainty hand that flings it, but rebounds with a droll effect from the sturdy, sincere English poet, who has the misfortune not to have been born in France. Why "*poseur*"? Why not, in plain English, *poser*? That would express quite clearly the attitude of the poet to his critic.

The article is very amusing, but so far as it exerts any influence, utterly misleading.

May not a sincere word be said for Robert Browning? What, then, is his motive or intention? He stated it himself, with serious frankness, as long ago as when he dedicated "*Sordello*" to his friend, M. Milsaud, saying: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so,—you, with many known and unknown to me, think so,—others may one day think so." This is the key to all his work. He does not propose to build up ideal character, to carve a complete and rounded life, to paint lovely landscapes or sing melodious songs; he "works in fresco," he "blows through bronze." His thought centres upon some "incident in the development of a soul;" some "rebuff," it may be, "that turns earth's smoothness rough;" some "sting that bids not sit nor stand, but *go!*" some instant that flashes the truth out as by a lightning-stroke; some moment of revelation,

"When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong one;"

some voice that sways and controls the deep under-currents of life, as the sordid

voice that changed the whole purpose of "*Pictor Ignotus*;" some unconscious influence that determines a destiny, as the look of Pompilia, which lifted Caponsacchi to the level of her, and the "passing by" of the trustful, singing little Pippa. Sometimes it is a crucial test, like the agony of the girl in "*The Confessional*," or that of the Russian mother in "*Ivan Ivanovitch*," or of the "unhappy Martin Relph." Sometimes it is an exalted experience, as that of the risen Lazarus, or of the Duchess in "*The Flight*," when she meets the Gypsy Queen and "drinks life" from the eyes of the crone. But whether it happen on the heights or in the depths, this crisis, this turning point in a soul's progress, this

"Moment one and infinite,
When a soul declares itself—to wit,
By its fruit, the thing it does:"

this it is that centralizes all the best energies of our poet.

In Browning's Essay on Shelley, a choice bit of writing, interesting both as the only piece of solid prose from his pen that has yet been put into print, and, still more, as his statement of the work of the subjective poet, he says:

"The objective poet is one whose endeavor has been to reproduce things external (whether the phenomena of the scenic universe, or the manifested action of the human heart and brain) with an immediate reference, in every case, to the common eye and apprehension of his fellow-men, assumed capable of receiving and profiting by this reproduction. It has been obtained through the poet's double faculty of seeing external objects more clearly, widely and deeply, than is possible to the average mind, at the same time that he is so acquainted and in sympathy with its narrow comprehension, as to be careful to supply it with no other materials than it can combine into an intelligible whole. Such a poet is properly the *poietes*, the fashioner; and the thing fashioned, his poetry, will of necessity be substantive, projected from himself and distinct.

"Gifted, like the objective poet, with the fuller perception of nature and man, the subjective poet is impelled to embody the thing he perceives, not so much with re-

ference to the many below as to the One above him, the Supreme Intelligence, which apprehends all things in their absolute truth—an ultimate view ever aspired to, if but partially attained, by the poet's own soul. Not what man sees, but what God sees—the *Ideas* of Plato, seeds of creation lying burningly on the Divine Hand—it is toward these that he struggles. Not with the combination of humanity in action, but with the personal elements of humanity he has to do; and he digs where he stands—preferring to seek them in his own soul as the nearest reflex of that absolute Mind, according to the intuitions of which he desires to perceive and speak. Such a poet does not habitually deal with the picturesque groupings and tempestuous twinings of the forest-trees, but with their roots and fibres naked to the chalk and stone. He does not paint pictures and hang them on the walls, but rather carries them on the retina of his own eyes. We must look deep into his human eyes, to see those pictures on them. He is rather a seer, accordingly, than a fashioner, and what he produces will be less a work than an effluence."

This statement of the work of the subjective poet, although referring immediately to Shelley, is certainly broad enough to be applied to all poets of the subjective school, and, therefore, to Browning himself, who is, without question, essentially a subjective poet. Vividly as he can depict, and has depicted, the external and visible, this finds its chief value as a type or revelation of the inmost and invisible. The landscape interests him as a reflection or suggestion of the varying moods of mind and heart.

Art is valuable to him as the result of the highest striving of the artist, and the effect of this endeavor upon other lives.

The world is chiefly interesting to him as the environment of man. Life, the human soul and the relation of these to God are his constant theme, his absorbing problem, his profound study.

So he looks not at the surface but at the centre of things; he seeks not effect but cause; he holds up for our consideration not a pictured ideal but a living reality. He deals with human beings—their motives, purposes and cross pur-

poses; their strength and weakness, failure and success; as he says, with

"Man's thoughts, and loves and hates!
Earth is my vineyard, these grew there:
From grape of the ground, I made or
marred

My vintage; easy the task or hard,
Who set it—his praise be my reward!"

More than half the misapprehension of Browning comes from ignorance or forgetfulness of his purpose and method. No objection is more frequently offered than this: "Poetry should deal only with beautiful and inspiring themes; why does Browning choose the ugly and repulsive? These are out of the domain of poetry." Certainly not out of the domain of poetry, if we define it as a criticism or transcript of life; not out of the domain of the poet of the human soul, so long as any distorted, cramped or crippled soul exists. To see beauty in these, to breathe our breath of love upon the divine spark that smoulders within, to lift them up and restore them to their place in the divine order, is not this worthy work for the poet as well as the philanthropist? And why not psychical poetry? Can poetry reach a higher height than the noblest mood of man? Can the poet sound a deeper depth than the mystery of the embodied soul? Does not art, in all its forms, find its best attainment when it serves as an environment or reflection of humanity? As M. Taine has admirably shown in his work on English Literature, the leading literature of any period reflects the character of that period—its tastes, attainment and endeavor. Our own time is, before everything else, humanitarian. Our inventions, our institutions, our charitable associations, are all based upon the protection and progress of mankind. Our literature already shapes itself accordingly. We have not only a large accession of works purely ethical or psychological, but our novels and romances begin to deal with life analytically and subjectively. It is said that the demand for George Eliot's novels steadily increases. Also an interest springs up here, at last, in the works of George Meredith, for some years greatly admired by the best English critics;—a novelist of rare ability, who unites to a keen

penetrative power of analysis, a fine gift of imagination, and a delightful good humor; a not unworthy disciple of Robert Browning, whom he resembles somewhat in manner and purpose. All great poets are in part prophets, and forerun their age. The poet of the future will sing *not of arms, but of men*. As Wagner has composed the music of the future, so has Browning written its poetry.

A word about the form of Browning's work. Speaking of the play of "Stratford," he says: "It is a play of action in character rather than character in action." This terse, epigrammatic phrase serves not only to mark the difference between Browning's plays and plays which are written expressly for action upon the stage, but it also helps to explain why Browning gradually dropped the usual dramatic form and adopted that of the dramatic monologue, in the use of which he stands unequalled and almost alone. To vary Mr. Browning's words a little: He outgrew

"The simulation of the painted scene,
Boards, actors, prompters, gaslight and
costume,
And [took] for a nobler stage the soul
itself."

The dramatic monologue may almost be regarded as the resultant invention of Browning's necessity. He found the "trappings and the suits" of the legitimate drama too cumbrous for his purpose, and the ordinary soliloquy too monotonous and lifeless for his vivid imagination; so he took the soliloquy, and, infusing it with dramatic fire, produced the dramatic monologue, which blends the best elements of both. Some of these monologues are marvels of concentrated thought and feeling—a life-time in a page—a five-act tragedy in a single scene; witness "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Count Gismond," "Cristina," and "A Forgiveness." These are sublimated plays, freed from act and scene, entrance and exit, curtain and prompter. With some human soul for stage, its tones, notes, hopes, fears for "incidents," and only words for actors, the master sets the living drama before our eyes.

How they flock to do his bidding, these tried and trusty minions, "one crowd but

with many a crest," as the keys at the touch of Abt Vogler "pressed and importuned" to build his "structure brain," his "manifold music, as if

"Zealous to hasten the work,
Heighten their master his praise"!

For the earnest student of Browning the dramatic monologues possess an absorbing fascination; in these the poet turns "seer," and the poem seems not so much a work as "an effluence."

It is noticeable that Browning's critics invariably attack the form rather than the thought of his work. They are never weary of harping upon his obscurity, his involved sentences, his rugged rhymes, his clashing consonants and his monotonous blank verse. John Ruskin has said an apt word in regard to the comparative value of form and thought in poetry:

"The strength of poetry is in its thought, not in its form; and with great lyrists their music is always secondary and their substance of saying primary; so much so that they will even daringly and wilfully leave a syllable or two rough, or even mean, and avoid a perfect rhythm, or sweetness, rather than let the reader's mind be drawn away to lean too definitely on sound. On the other hand, the lower order of singers cast themselves primarily into their *song*, and are swept away with it (thinking themselves often finer folks for so losing their legs in the stream), and are in the end little concerned though there be an extremely minute dash and infusion of meaning in the jingle, so only that the words come tuneably."

It is to be said for Browning that he has not been neglectful of form. He has given us great variety of form, measure and rhythm, and a new revelation of the possibilities of rhyme. Often when the style seems uncouth, bizarre or grotesque, we find upon a close reading that this is a part of the poet's purpose and that the style is admirably adapted to the thought. Take, for example, the rugged, rolling measure of "Master Hugues," the vivid picturesqueness of "Childe Roland," and the rough, unrhymed, savage method of "Caliban upon Setebos." Browning somewhere speaks of "The irremissible sin of poets who please themselves, not us." He has chosen his own way, and

in so doing has invented a style eminently unique, as is his thought; truthful, vigorous, sympathetic, replete with knowledge, vivid with poetic fancy, manly, sincere, and aglow with humanity.

Since Browning's style is formed and cannot be changed to suit our caprices, is it not the part of wisdom to accept it as his, instead of wrangling over it because it is not Tennyson's or Swinburne's?

Are we not better helped by the poet who has something to say, though he may not say it to our liking, than by the poet (or rather versifier) who has nothing to say but says it prettily?

There can be no doubt about the helpfulness of Robert Browning.

He is first and before all a poet. It is a mistake to speak of him as a preacher in the guise of a poet; he is rather a poet with a message to deliver. Our own Lowell has named him "by far the richest nature of our time."

Possessed of a vigorous mind in a vigorous body, gifted with keen perception and penetrative insight, endowed with very rare qualities of fancy and imagination and a most genial humor, he has brought all his gifts and energies to bear upon the great problems of life and destiny. With a faith too broadly based and too universal to be crowded into the limits of any sect or creed, he has sought the truth wherever it may be found, and given us the essence of truth, hope, love, embodied in varied and attractive forms. He stands up bravely for the individual soul; he believes in its here and its hereafter, its affiliation to God and man. With all due reverence, and with a living faith that inspires faith he makes the spiritual world very near and very present to us.

Browning is the most cheerful of optimists; there is no note of despair in his song; it is resonant with hope and cheer. At Paris he visits the Morgue, and, gazing upon the dead bodies of

"The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris, yesterday,
So killed themselves,"

he can say:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, return the First,

Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove ac-
cursed."

He believes in doubt, mistake and failure, as the steps by which we climb.

"Imperfection means perfection hid,
Reserved in part, to grace the after-time."

He "counts life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on, educe the man." The whole purpose of "Sordello" is "to tell the story of a soul, and how it gained, out of all in which it seemed only to fail."

He sees always the soul of good in seeming evil, and teaches that only through contest with evil can we attain to wisdom and power. He has faith in the regeneration of the soul, that is, in the revelation of a soul unto itself, an awakening, a quickening of its power, which sets it gravitating towards the divine. This may come in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, from a word or a look; it may come in this life or another. All that matters not at all; it must come. Caponsacchi feels it when Pompilia looks at him, and speaks of it as: "This new thing that had been struck into me by the look of the lady." We find it in that magnificent passage in "The Ring and the Book," describing a thunder-storm at Naples, in the course of which the Pope says:

"So may the truth be flashed out by one
blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved."

The admirers of Browning are often asked wherein lies his charm. Charm is a thing more easily felt than defined; but at least one great charm of Browning's poetry is, that if you read down into the core of it, you find yourself face to face and hand in hand with Browning himself; a grand, noble, yet gracious and loving presence, health-giving and uplifting, who puts you into nearer and truer relations with yourself, with mankind and with the universe. Another charm is that, having found him, we find in him that we "would fain call master," something real to rest upon, something strong to build upon, something helpful to lean upon. To those

who are sick of the sensuous and fleshly school of verse-makers and would hear songs of noble love and pure passion, exalted and inspiring; to such as desire not so much to be sung to sleep as to be awakened and aroused to a new delight in life; to any who care to look into human hearts and souls, read their impulses and motives, and consider their relations to each other and to their creator; to all who do not yet know the master-poet of our century, let me commend the careful study of Robert Browning.



IRISH COURTING.

“FROM spinning at the threshold,
From knitting at the stile,”
The lover sang, “Draw nearer, girl,
Bring close to me that smile!

“Let Moira weed the garden,
Let Nora milk the cow;
I hate to see thee bend and drop
The seed behind the plough.

“Spring calls the wakening lily;
The lilac calls the bee;
The goldfinch calls her bright-eyed mate;
And Love and I call thee.

“It is that wheel still droning
That will not let thee hear,
Though laughs the gold-weed from the lake,
The blossom from the breer.”

Aubrey De Vere.

TARIFF AND LABOR.*

BY JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.



PROTECTIVE tariff is based upon the idea that there is an inequality of conditions to be overcome. If all nations had the same kind of government, the same character of population and the same sort of labor, and paid to these laborers the same compensation, free trade might be insisted upon with very different force from what it can be with the situation as it is. The trouble is that different nations have different governments, some good and some bad. They have different kinds of people, and they do especially have different standards of compensation for labor. In some countries labor is much better rewarded than in others, and the consequence is that those countries which most poorly pay their labor can prepare a product for market, other things being equal, more cheaply than others. It is with nations precisely as with individuals. If two rival manufacturers are situated opposite each other on the same street, in the same city, and one can command labor at fifty cents per day and the other at not less than \$1 per day, it will be an easy matter, if they must sell in the same market, for the man who commands the cheaper labor to drive the other to the wall. It is the same when nations are situated on opposite sides of the ocean. It is the same, to be more specific, with the United States and England. Modern facilities for transportation are such that the markets of the world are practically as accessible to the one as to the other. England was a great manufacturing center when our government was organized. Our fathers, who were brave enough to give us our independence, and wise enough to provide our free institutions, were also wise enough to see that it was possible to make this as great a manufacturing country as any in the world. They saw here all the natural advantages necessary therefor. But they saw also, and understood that it was impossible to do so unless the inequalities of conditions

which then existed could be overcome. England was already an old country and a rich country. Her people had large accumulations of capital, and her great manufacturing industries were thoroughly established. On the other hand, this country was new and weak. It was, consequently, within the power of England, by flooding the market here with cheap goods, sold temporarily at a loss if need be, as her statesmen openly advised should be done, to destroy every manufacturing enterprise that might be undertaken. Our fathers appreciated this inequality of condition and they sought to and did overcome it in great part by the enactment of a protective tariff law, the second statute signed by George Washington, which required the payment of such duties upon all products imported into this country, that came into competition with products of our own, as made it impossible to destroy our enterprises. In that way Alexander Hamilton and Washington and their associates acted in the earliest days, and the consequence was the development of our resources, diversity of employment, and great prosperity for the youthful American republic.

This policy of protecting our industries never became a party question until John C. Calhoun made it such after the election of Jackson, in 1828. It was then that the present Democratic party, under the leadership of Calhoun, was reorganized and based on three distinguishing ideas or principles.

They were Slavery, Free Trade and Secession, or Nullification, as it was then called. Slavery and secession are dead, and it would be well for us if free trade were dead also. But it is not. It has been revived and brought forth to be again battled for in the canvass now current. While it is a matter of regret that any considerable number of our fellow-citizens should believe in this doctrine, yet on the other hand, it is to Republicans a matter of congratulation that their Democratic friends have at last openly espoused their own cause,

and that as a consequence the lines have been definitely drawn, and the opportunity fairly given to win a victory that will have some significance. In considering this question, it should be remembered that the primary idea of a protective tariff is to-day just what it was when the government commenced.

It is to overcome an inequality of conditions. The inequality that now chiefly occasions its necessity is in the matter of wages paid for labor. Much might be said to show the disparity between the wages paid here and in other countries. But it is sufficient to call attention in a general way to the conceded fact that while labor is better paid in England than in any of the other countries with which we must compete, yet it is there paid less by from twenty-five to fifty per cent. than here. The consequence is that we must either reduce wages to correspond, must make good the difference by protection, or as in the case of the individual mentioned, go to the wall. We are not willing to reduce wages, neither are we willing to go to the wall. Hence it is that the Republican party believes in a protective tariff policy. We are not responsible for the bad governments, surplus population and consequent cheap labor of Europe, and we are not willing to inflict upon our people the hardship of the conditions that obtain there, in order that we may compete with them on their footing; nor are we willing that the resources of our country shall remain undeveloped because we are unwilling to enter upon such competition. But we seek to overcome this unnatural advantage only as a necessary means to the accomplishment of important, but otherwise impossible, ends. The great purposes of a protective tariff lie beyond this first step to which I have referred. That but prepares the conditions. The further purposes are the development of our resources, the diversity of our employment, the development of the skill and ingenuity of our citizens and the making of ourselves independent, as a people, among the nations of the earth. So that the question, after all, is whether or not it is worth anything to the American people to have our own resources developed, to have manufacturing establishments on every hand throughout the country, to have the

artisans and mechanics who supply our necessities drawn from our own ranks, and to have produced in our midst and by our own hands everything necessary to enable us as a nation to provide for our wants, both in peace and war.

The time is gone by, it ever it was, when it is necessary to deal in argument to show the advantages of such results. Therefore, it is enough to say, we favor a protective policy because we do not believe in bringing iron ore to this country while our own hills are full of it. We do not believe in bringing coal from across three thousand miles of water when exhaustless quantities are buried in the ground beneath our feet; and as we do not believe in importing these products, neither do we believe in going to Australia, India or South America for our wool or wheat, or anything else that we can raise as well as they. Neither do we believe in going to England, France, Germany, or any other country for our machinery, cutlery, pottery, silks, carpets, or anything else which we can and may produce as well as not. On the contrary, we think iron and coal were intended to be used here. We do not think the coal and iron of Europe should supply the wants of America, or that America should surrender or ignore any of her natural advantages. We believe we should make the most of our opportunities, and that it is wise statesmanship to act accordingly. The advantages of a diversity of employment are manifest. If we were all farmers we would all be in competition with each other. We would have a far larger product and a greatly lessened demand for it. Our internal commerce would consist chiefly of a hurrying and jostling rivalry to get to the seaboard with the small portion, which foreign nations would take, of our greatly increased surplus.

We believe it better for the whole people, and especially better for our farming interests, to have all kinds of trades and occupations, and, therefore, we want furnaces, forges, foundries, factories, and workshops on every hand, and we want them full of busy, well-paid mechanics and artisans. In this way, competition of the farmers with each other is lessened, and they are given a greater market and a better one, because our own, for

all their products. The consequence is, not simply a better price for their lands and their crops, but also less cost to them, as experience has demonstrated, for practically all they may have occasion to buy. And as it is with the farmers, so it is with everybody else. As individuals, all derive benefit, and prosperity is universal. But to us as a nation, there is still another gain. The result is the upbuilding of a great internal commerce that makes us acquainted with each other, depend upon each other, and profit by each other.

But this is not all. By means of protection, we are rapidly reaching a point, not otherwise attainable, where, as to many of our products, we can undersell the whole world, in spite of pauper labor, and ultimately have free trade without detriment to our labor, our country or its interests. Take any industry you may, and you will find that it has such home competition that there is a continual struggle to cheapen production. The consequence is, that we have so far cheapened the production of many of our leading manufactures that we not only can buy them at less cost than we could before the tariff duty was imposed, but we can also export them and sell them in successful competition in other countries.

This is true of hardware, cutlery, clocks, watches, farm implements, glassware, crockery ware, axes, saws, machinery, fire-arms, nails, stoves, lamps, cotton goods and cloths, and various other things that might as appropriately be mentioned. The consequence is, that instead of only exporting raw cotton, grain, live stock and such commodities, we are sending abroad our manufactured products, and thus are selling our labor and skill, which have been expended upon them, as well as that which the Creator gave us, and as a result we have a far larger foreign commerce than ever before, and such a surplus of revenue that we have been able to put coffee, spices and other articles of food and necessity, with which we do not compete, on the free list. We want to continue this policy, revising the duties from time to time, as changed conditions may require, until we have completely outgrown the necessity for it. By means of it the farmers have a home market that takes more than 90 per cent. of their

entire product, and, as every farmer knows, it largely increases the prices for his products over and above those realized by him in free-trade times. Every farmer knows, too, that when he buys a farming implement, no matter what it may be, from a pitchfork to a reaper, he gets it of better quality and at less cost. Give the American people a chance, and they will outstrip all the world in manufactures, as in everything else. Universal education, the responsibility of citizenship and civil and political equality, all alike combine to make our people intelligent, enterprising, inventive, self-reliant and progressive. The result is that we can devise better facilities and invent better machinery, produce the most skilled and ingenious workers, and ultimately successfully challenge all the world to competition with us, even should the rest of the world continue to stand where it is. But the rest of the world will not stand still. The battle we are fighting is not and has not been for us alone. It has been and is for all humanity. By refusing to let our labor down to the condition of labor in other countries we have not only done a good thing for our people, but for humanity all the world over.

From every country the people are looking to us, and in every land they are struggling to lift themselves to our plane. As a result, they have a republic in France, universal manhood suffrage in Germany and by and by they will have home rule in Ireland, and great advancement for the masses in every civilized country of the globe. Let us continue to hold up the standard. We have truly a great country. This wise policy has made it such. We have sixty millions of people now, and shall have hundreds of millions who are coming with the swift fleeting years of time. Let us do our duty with the same patriotism, zeal and fidelity that have been displayed in the past, and there will be for the coming generations, not only a union of States, with one flag and one Constitution, but a union of hearts, filled with gratitude for the work we have accomplished and a determined purpose that it shall abide through the centuries, to bestow its unspeakable blessings on all those who may come after us.

ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

"ROCK OF AGES cleft for me!" The words swept along on the air as though borne on wings. "Let me—" A rushing of real wings from amongst the reeds along the river side drowned for a moment the melody. Again it came to us with fuller force: "Let me hide myself in—in Thee!" "*In Thee!*" There seemed in those pleading words a deeper pathos than when I had heard them closed about by conventional walls. Here we were under the broad archway of the heavens, the grass stretching out around us for miles, like an ocean of emerald tints, and to our ears came the "winged words" of prayer.

My companion turned towards me. "That's powerful sweet!" he said.

"Yes, it finds response in all hearts," I replied.

"Yes, I say, too, it kinder lifts me up."

"I like it for its simplicity, and that it is a Christian prayer not bound by human creeds."

"Well, you say all that different to me, but, I tell you, I feel it all the same."

The man who rode beside me was about twenty-five years of age. His face was browned by the winds of the plains. His eyes were very bright. The large white hat was pushed up from his forehead, the breadth of which was one single span of beauty. I admired the roundness of his form and the breadth of his shoulders, clothed about as they were by that peculiar style of dress adopted by the handsome young cowboy of the period. I say handsome and young, because the natural love of color, and a certain artistic arrangement and attention to detail, seem to belong to those young fellows, from whom I have received so many courtesies—so much, in fact, that gives pleasurable zest to remembrance. I liked to look on my companion seated in his Mexican saddle, yet I liked best the ringing laugh that came sometimes from his handsome mouth, or better, perhaps, was the curving of his lips to a half smile, showing, as he did so, the glitter of well-shaped, white teeth.

We were silent awhile after the hymn ceased coming to us; then I asked:

"Where did that hymn come from?"

"Not from no spirit, you bet! It come from Rob Ridwell. He'd sing the shoes off 'n Pat-i. You've heard that Italian woman, I suppose? Yes? Well, Rob and me heard her oncet in San Francisco. We were there along in the winter time, a year or so ago, when she was there. She sung everything around pretty nigh to pieces; but, I tell you, Rob just got even with her when we come away. He's made a good bit by it, too."

"How has he benefited by it?" I asked, in surprise.

"Oh! he's made himself a name. I think that's the way the tender-foot language would give it;" and with that the merry laugh rang out clearly on the breeze.

"He's sung me to sleep many a time."

"There it is again," I said, as another air came floating along with such indescribable sweetness as can only be felt in a lonely, wild place.

"This 'll be one of his sweep-stake nights."

"Where?" I asked.

"Down there at Bluff Point. We'll be there directly;" and as he spoke, a collection of shocks, in the midst of which extended a long log cabin, came to view. Many men moved here and there before us as we entered the narrow opening, which, like a street, ran lengthwise of the smaller huts arrayed on either side. The longer cabin, formed of logs in their rough state, stood back of these, and this was surrounded by smaller cabins or shocks ranged at the back.

"This gentleman is a stranger," said my companion to an elderly man who approached. "Let me make you acquainted with Captain Tinner, but I be blest if I know your name. West, did you say? All right. Captain West, Captain Tinner."

"I am pleased to meet you, Captain West."

"I'm not a captain," I replied.

"Well, it's all one. You're a stranger anyways, and you've got a hearty welcome."

"Here, boys!"

In response a half dozen young men approached, wearing large hats, long

boots, broad belts bound about their waists, each having for adornment whatever suited best the particular taste of the wearer.

"Boys," continued Captain Tinner, "this here gentleman is a stranger, and you jest do his wishin' for 'im. I don't want no hack work. I trust 'im to you."

"Ef you'd like to wash," said a delicate looking boy, "come this way." I entered the shock near by, and was left alone. The room contained a cot bed which was clean; a tin basin upon a box in the corner, a bucket of water and a dipper. The hard earth floor had no covering, but the small window was tastefully draped with newspapers in imitation of a lambrequin. After refreshing myself with a wash, and a rub of the dark crash towel, I stepped out and joined "the boys" once again. This was my first trip to the prairie-lands, and I enjoyed the "newness" of old Nature as only a town-bred man may. "Take a seat, stranger," said a young man rising from a log near by. I seated myself beside him. He was small of stature, though well built. His features were regular and handsome. Dark eyes, dark hair and a dark complexion gave him a noticeably foreign look. "Are you an American?" I asked. "Oh, yes," he replied gravely, for he never beat the ambient airs with his laughter as did most of his companions. "Yes, I am an American. My father was an officer of the United States Navy. He's dead now. I've got Spanish blood. My grand-mother was a Spanish lady. I came out here just to try it, as so many do. We read of cowboy life and came out to try it. My people in the East are always writing to me to come back. Some day I will go."

"Here, Jimmy!" called my companion of the afternoon and evening, with whom I had crossed the prairie. "Jimmy, bring the captain to supper."

Entering the long log cabin we seated ourselves at a rough table extending the length of the room. Although the manner of arranging the table and serving the meal was novel to me, I was hungry and the food and dishes looked clean. Butter knives were not used, but I being a stranger was helped first. My traveling companion sat beside me. Jimmy sat facing me.

My neighbor remarked: "Jimmy was an out an' out tender-foot till he got broke in. He kicked a good bit, but we drew him in, and now he's as good as you'll find."

"There's some things he aint come to yet," remarked Captain Tinner; "he aint stuck on your cookin'."

"No!" shouted my happy-hearted companion. "He's too partickeler. He wants the dishes washed twicet-a-day."

Jimmy quietly remarked to me, afterwards, in his grave manner, that when his friend cooked he always turned his back towards him and looked out of the window.

When we had finished our supper and discussed awhile the best traits of the cowboy and his steed, we crossed the plain about one hundred rods from that point to a tent which was surmounted by a flag. The seats, which were arranged for about fifty people, were of boards which were supported by rough stones, or else they were formed of logs covered with the natural bark. The stage consisted of a broad wagon, turned bottom upwards. The seats were soon filled by the people living within a range of ten miles around the camp, the boys sitting along on the ground, there being a narrow aisle on either side the tent.

When the singer made his appearance through a small opening near the stage, the uproar in the way of applause was deafening. "Hurrah for Ridwell!" "Rob's the man to sing Pat-i hol-low!" "Three cheers for our pry-me-doner!" and other appeals to the vanity of their hero rent the air. He stood smiling and nodding in a cheerful way, until silence prevailed. Stepping to the centre of the stage he began in a minor key the national hymn of Italy. Gradually his voice, as though responsive to the promptings of his spirit, rose, bearing the melody upwards with that spiritualistic fervor which takes its tone from the motherhood of Genius. The wild life of the prairie seemed for the time closed about by the atmosphere of some hallowed region, so rapt seemed the singer in the power of song, so silently uplifted were the hearts of his listeners. The faces of the audience were indicative of the passions aroused or soothed, according to the nature that received the

impression; yet to all, the melody had brought something tender, something good: *Peace, Regret, or Tears*. He ceased. The silence was for one moment unbroken; then, as though by one impulse, the little crowd arose to its feet shouting its fullest approbation. The delicate boy who had invited me to "wash" on my arrival, stepped forth with a large bunch of wild flowers, interspersed with the shining leaves of water plants and the crisp curled buffalo grass. He placed it before the feet of the singer with that half timid, reverential air that a boy shows when making an offering to the hero of his choice. Dropping upon one knee, Rob Ridwell took up the bouquet with a smile and pleasant bow, and with such grace of action and manner as would have done justice to a "child of song" trained in the way of worldly training.

Song followed song—some of them being those best known to the audience, others of a more cultivated style, which had struck his fancy whilst attending the operatic or theatrical performances in San Francisco, Denver, or Cheyenne. They were all "shows," it mattered not

who stood as a star before the footlights. The whirligig on the stage, deluding with its tinsel and gauze, is a "show;" the minstrel *troupe*, be they ringers or singers, are combined into a "show;" and the opera, with its volume of song outpoured for the world before it, that listens and waits to applaud and caress with its praise (if the singers be successful), is to the cowboy only a "show." Rob Ridwell sang as I have heard few untutored men sing, and the glory of that melody comes to me often amid the changeful scenes of my life.

Though of a much more material character in its way, the presentations made after the concluding song, showed me the generosity of the honest fellows amongst whom I had fallen by chance. Purses holding from \$2 to \$10 were emptied into a gay silk kerchief, which my riding companion took from his neck. Ungrudgingly given and uncounted, the "pile" was handed to Rob with the simple injunction: "Here, ole fellow, take what you have earned;" and he, with a pleasant laugh, merely took it, and that was all.

Hamish West.



THE LEGEND OF DEAD MAN'S LAKE.*

EVER a gray haze waketh the morn,
 In a region that all forsake,
 And the noons they follow the desolate noons,
 On the shores of the Dead Man's Lake.

'Tis a world of forest all withered and bleak,
 Where never a leaf doth grow;
 But a gray mist broods over water and woods,
 Twixt heaven and earth below;
 And never a sound in all the world round,
 But the desolate call of a crow.

* Dead Man's Lake, a lonely sheet of water that lies in a desolate region of the Indian Peninsula, between Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. It is situated in a forest of dead pines and hemlocks, blighted by bush fires long before the memory of any living man, and this adds materially to the desolation of an already dreary region of swamp and rock. The Indians have a legend that a chief was treacherously murdered on this lake, and that his body still lies with upturned face at the bottom. Hence its name and the dread curse they believe hangs over the vicinity, which they always shun.

THE LEGEND OF DEAD MAN'S LAKE.

And there in a mist, by clammy winds kissed,
Where never a creature is seen,
All fringed in with weeds and dank marsh reeds
The lake it lieth between.

The golden summers they go and they come;
The seasons they wake and they sleep;
The partridge drum, and the wild bees' hum,
Are heard over meadow and deep;
But never the golden summers that come,
Or the seasons that sleep and wake,
Can waken the rest that broods on the breast
Of the desolate Dead Man's Lake.

There is never a ray of the sun by day,
But ever that horrible haze,
That hangs like a shroud or the ghost of a cloud
All about the dread hush of its days:
And ever the moon at her midnight noon,
Half a cloak doth her cloud-veil make,
As she peers with a pallid and startled look
In the bosom of Dead Man's Lake.

And ever, 'tis said, that she seeth a dread
White face of a long-dead man,
That floateth down there, with the weeds in its hair,
And a look so fixed and wan;
Like the ghost of a hate, that lieth in wait,
Through the years that it longeth to span.

And ever at midnight, white and drear,
When the dim moon sheddeth her light,
Will the startled deer, as they speed by here,
Slacken their phantom-like flight;
And into the shade that the forest hath made,
A wider circle they take;
For they dread lest their tread wake the sleep of the dead
In the bosom of Dead Man's Lake.

And as long as it lies with that prayer in its eyes,
And that curse on its white sealed lips,
Will the lake lie wan, and the years drift on,
In their horrible, hushed eclipse,
Will the lake lie under the strange mute wonder
Of the moon as she pallidly dips;

Will the song of bird there never be heard,
Nor the music of wind-swept tree,
But only the dread of the skies overhead,
That the mists will never set free,
From the terrible spell that there ever will dwell
As long as the ages be.

And there it lies and holdeth the skies,
In a trance they never can break,
While the years, they follow the desolate years,
On the shores of the Dead Man's Lake.

William Wilfred Campbell.



RAMBLES ABOUT NAPLES.

BY GUY B. SEELY.



WHILE other Italian cities may surpass Naples in the wealth of their historic monuments, or their treasures of art, she has a peculiar attraction for the traveler in being

one warm summer morning, after sauntering through the pretty park of the "Villa Nazionale" at the city's western end, and along the gentle ascent of the coast road, I accepted the pressing invitation of a cabman who had patiently followed me, and chartered him and his trap for the day, for a sum which, to one of his calling in America, or to the fellow himself, should he ever emigrate, would seem none too generous a *pourboire*. The guide-books admonish strangers in Italy to limit fees and payments to the sums established by law, or by custom, but to one from northern nations these often seem pitifully small. The natives, however, do not always take this view, as in the case of one who accompanied me across the city and engaged a carriage for the two-mile trip and back for the sum of fifty centesimi, or ten cents. The regular fare would have been but four cents more. It does one good to read in the papers, as I did lately, that the Naples hackmen had struck for higher pay.

the centre of a district combining a splendor of natural scenery with points of profound antiquarian and geologic interest. In every direction the tourist finds an embarrassment of riches. To the east and south is a region, in plain view from the town and quickly and easily reached, which the archæologist, the geologist and the lover of nature have found of inexhaustible interest; but immediately to the west, as though to force upon the attention the more renowned eastern outlook, the high promontory of Posilippo limits the view. Running south from the city's southern water-front, it forms a fine background for the brilliant tones of the buildings that cover the plateau at its foot. Here, embowered in dark-green foliage, are many villas and buildings of historic note, dotting the eastern face of the hill and commanding as from a grand stand the panorama of the bay with its glories of color and mountain form. It is from this hill that the more famous views of the city and bay have been taken; and here,

The Posilippo road is bordered with the villas of the Neapolitans, and one may well be perplexed in the choice of location, whether to the left by the shores of that wonderfully translucent sea whose waves, of a luminous emerald hue in the shallows, bathe the very foundations of a villa and the walls of a garden

here and there; or above, on the right, where the view is more extended and the seclusion greater. The roadway is excellent, being of hard whitish tufa soil, although in dry weather not lacking in dust. The entire peninsula is a formation of tufa, which has the convenient property of being treated as rock if you want rock, or as dirt if you want that. This light-yellow volcanic product varies in hardness in different places. One unfamiliar with it is puzzled by seeing rising from the sea great cliffs and headlands composed of what appears to be loose, yellow sand, or clay, on which, in apparently reckless proximity to the edge, are solid buildings and beacons. It is the rock-like tufa, and it withstands the action of the sea moderately well. The humbler inhabitants of the Posilippo hill have taken advantage of its peculiar texture, and made for themselves by no means uncomfortable dwellings by excavating the perpendicular bank that borders the road, and boarding up the front of the habitations so formed. As their families increase and more room is needed, what is easier than to hew out another alcove or two? Some of the more enterprising keep *trattorie* in such places, and offer the way-farer refreshment at prices commensurate with the low scale of business expenses and ground rent.

Slowly moving up the slope, we pass many a villa of note, or historic ruins, such as the uncompleted palace designed and erected two centuries ago for a duchess who never occupied it, and named after her, "Donna Anna." Its foundations stand in the water, and its high walls, pierced with staring black windows, are plainly visible from the city—a memento of the past, which at once excites the curiosity of the visitor to Naples. It gives no sign of the splendor of which it was designed to be the scene, but like many another home of the high and lordly, it has come to an humble use as the home of lazzarone and the site of a *trattoria* which, in the upper story, is on a level with the coast road.

Compared to the superb outlook from this gradually ascending road, the view from the town below seems meagre. The widened sea, growing misty with

distance, forms a setting of the purest azure for the pink and yellow tints of the city, the graceful slopes of smoking Vesuvius, the gem-like mass of the Sorrento peninsula, and the hazy Capri to the south. Not until it nears the southern point of the headland does the road leave this scene of unrivalled splendor. There we linger to trace in a final view the myriad points of interest spread before us as in a map—from the grim old Castello dell'Ovo, projecting from the city's sea wall in the left middle distance, along the shore crowded with light colored buildings that harmonize in tint so perfectly with the deeper tones of the purple slopes and heights, to the towns and villages that dot the coast line under the volcano's symmetrical cone; southward, to where on the long, low incline of the ancient lava deposits, the site of Pompeii may be seen—a reminder in its terrible doom of the slumbering power of the near volcano which, on a day, mayhap, as peaceful and lovely as this, dealt death and destruction to the trusting people under its shadow; while to the south is beautiful Mount St. Angelo, the summit of the rugged Sorrento sierra, along which are seen groups of buildings, mere white specks on the dark mountain flanks and on the light cliffs of the shore—the towns of Castellamare, Meta, Sorrento and others, with many scattered villas between—a panorama of exquisite beauty, seen as it is through an air that establishes a tender harmony of tint among its myriad colors.

Through deep cuts in the homogeneous tufa-rock which rises almost perpendicularly for scores of feet on either side, through clouds of white dust which would effectually obscure the view could one be had, at about three miles from the Villa Nazionale we emerge upon a plateau overlooking an entirely different scene. The Posilippo height is behind us, and the islands and headlands of the Phlegrean coast are in plain view. Down this western side of the verdure-clad ridge the smooth, white road, protected by a low wall, zig-zags to the level beach that leads westward to the Pozzuoli cliffs. Every foot of the plain below us, as well as the terraced slope below the road, is under cultivation—a seeming oasis in contrast with the many evidences, on all sides, of

the tremendous seismic changes that this region has undergone in modern times. Directly in front and almost a part of the cape is the island of Nisida, a volcano sunk in the sea which now enters its circular crater. It rests on the sea like a sleeping lion, which its eastern end closely resembles; and a beautiful picture it forms with its densely wooded heights, its scarred cliffs and the many government and other buildings along the shore that repeat

tan fleets. A near view, as in the approach to Naples by sea from the north, shows it to be a precipitous headland of the yellow tufa-rock in which this region abounds, with a symmetrical strip of turf falling like a queenly train down its long



A DISTANT VIEW OF NAPLES.



CASTELLO DELL'OVO.

themselves in clear reflections in the calm waters of the bay formed by the island and cape. Somehow it seems, with a peculiar fitness, that the Government has chosen the highest point of this long-slumbering old crater as a site for a prison.

Farther to the west is a long, serrated pyramid of monochrome lavender, the volcanic island of Ischia, as treacherous an abode for man as the flanks of Vesuvius itself. A few years ago the most terrific earthquake that the island has experienced in modern times occurred, when in some of the towns not a building was left standing and many lives were lost. It gives no hint of the awful scenes of which it has been the theatre, as it rests like a cloud of pearly gray on the shimmering ocean. Against it is clearly relieved the nearer pyramid of Cape Miseno—the ancient naval station of the Augus-

tan fleets. In the middle distance are high cliffs and hills on which the sun paints gleaming colors of opal and amethyst, relieved by the tender blues that fill their gorges and rocky recesses. At each turn of the broad, smooth road some new and charming effect of composition or color is presented.

Near the end of the road's seaward slope the driver stops at what appears to be a lofty cavern in the face of the Posilippo cliff, which is here very high and steep. A door opens in the wall that closes the end of the excavation, and a guide appears, eager to welcome the *rara avis* of a sightseer in midsummer, and to show him through this curious "Grotto of Sejanus," as this ancient highway between the eastern and western sides of the cape is termed. It is supposed to have been excavated in the first century of this era. In the restoration of ancient monuments which the modern spirit of research has led to, this tunnel has received attention, and now, cleared of the earth and débris that had accumulated in it during the long centuries in which it remained neglected or forgotten, it

has again become a practicable avenue, though one of interest to the antiquary and the tourist rather than of use as a commercial highway. It is nearly one thousand yards in length by, originally, twenty to forty feet in width, and its height varies from sixty to one hundred feet. At frequent intervals the ancient walls have been buttressed with columns of square tufa blocks, between which the guide shows by the dim light of his lantern the lozenge-shaped blocks with which the builders of nearly two thousand years ago lined and strengthened the walls. The path gradually rises to the centre, though in the intense darkness of the place, which the glow-worm light of the lantern only seems to intensify, no change of grade can be seen. One realizes in such a place what blackness is. The place is cool almost to the point of discomfort, although outside the air is excessively warm. On we go in the black void, hoping no earthquake or other cataclysm has disturbed the level and opened a pitfall in the invisible path since last the guide went through. At a point some rods beyond the middle of the "Grotto," the guide stops, and turning in the direction from which we had been coming, a star of dazzling brilliancy is seen. It is difficult to believe that it is the western entrance of the tunnel, so small is it and so luminous in contrast with the profound blackness of the place.

A gleam of light soon appears on the left wall as we resume our walk, and it is seen to enter from a short side-gallery to the right, entering which a few steps brings us into the dazzling light of day. We are on a little platform on the southern face of the promontory, overlooking the sea and the bay of Trentaremi, well below us. A great wall of fantastically carved tufa forms the bay's western shore, which from its resemblance—now very faint indeed—to a horse, is called the Punta di Cavallo.

The precipitous and savage shores enclose a bay a few acres in extent. Beautiful is the contrast of the purple shadows cast on the water with the subdued-gold color of the opposite sunlit bank; the glorious blue of the shining sea fades away to the high horizon line, broken only by the beautiful pearly mass of distant Capri, faint, yet well marked, against

the southern sky. Lateen-sailed boats move slowly across the scene, their bright sails repeated in glimmering lines in the gently rippled sea. Over all is a cloudless sky whose tender tint all these objects seem designed to complement in a pictorial composition which art may vainly seek to portray.

Down by the water at the end of the left-hand bank are seen steps leading from an opening in the rock to a path ending at the fragments of a tower. Here the trustful may believe that Virgil was wont to come from the villa above to meditate and to compose, mayhap, those works which millions of youthful students have wished he had chosen to write in some other language. If you doubt it, you are shown on the knoll above, his "School," as the Italian "Scoglio," or rock, from its similarity to "Scuola," is rather freely rendered. Certain it is that the poet frequented this promontory, and that his tomb is to-day shown the traveler on the northern end of the Posilippo hill, near the city.

The eastern outlet of the grotto brings us to an uneven plateau sheltered by the rugged, verdure-clad heights of the cape. Here in a small vineyard is the dwelling of another guide, to whom you are handed over for an inspection of the antiquities of the adjacent shore. From here it is but a short walk to the crumbled remains of the Theatre of Lucullus. Although few of the stone benches remain, the amphitheatre's outline is plainly seen in the tangle of brush and the debris that time has thrown over the place. Where once the players stood and amused or thrilled the crowded benches is now enacted the prosaic drama of vegetable-raising, and the hut and outbuildings of the occupant of the place now furnish more realistic scenery and stage-setting than haply were ever mounted thereon by the stage carpenters and scene-shifters of a score of centuries ago.

From this point we look back upon the Trentaremi cove and the high wall at its head, far up on which is the mouth of the grotto. To the right, rising directly from the water, is a tall, square column of tufa standing like a chimney a few yards from the steep shore, with which a ridge of the yellow earth-rock connects it at or about half way of its height. Some dare-devil

has mounted the crumbling column from this point and cut steps in its seaward side some yards down from the top.

Returning through the grotto after a short rest made more grateful by a few bunches of the guide's muscatels, at a point a short distance from the exit, the landscape of the Pozzuoli hills and cliffs, seen through the opening over the grotto door, has the effect of a brilliant painting framed in the intense black of the interior of the tunnel.

The warmth of the sun is not unwelcome after the quarter-hour stay in the cool cavern. A few turns of the road bring us to the beach, which here trends to the north and west, with small hotels scattered along it where hot mineral springs have attracted the ailing from time immemorial, and formed *nuclei* for little settlements. The road is now approaching a district which has been the scene of great seismic disturbances, and of successive subsidences and elevations in comparatively recent times. The precipitous, rocky height round which the road curves shows to the geologist at a height of thirty feet above the present sea-level an ancient sea line in which marine organisms have been found. The ground we are driving over was, not many centuries ago, the bottom of the sea which washed the cliff many feet above us; while fragments of the works of man both above and below the stratum of marine forms attest the alteration of the coast line in historic times.

We are approaching the site of the first Greek settlements in Italy, whence there emigrated nearly three thousand years ago to the eastern side of the Posilippo ridge the founders of Neapolis—the "new city," or Naples of to-day. The entire district, including the town of Pozzuoli and Baja and ancient Cumæ on the western shore north of cape Miseno, is known as the Phlegreæan plain—a place rich in classic lore, where the student of Virgil may see the fabled localities which his hero frequented, and the place of his descent to the infernal regions. It abounds in traces of the works of the ancient dwellers, but the traveler will seek vainly to identify the innumerable fragments of statues and of architectural handiwork with which the soil fairly teems, and which excite so lively an

interest regarding their original place and purpose.

Up the slope, past an old decaying castle in the water on the left, we reach the arched entrance to the town of Pozzuoli. Like thrifty pilots who make long trips to sea in search of incoming vessels, the importunate guides of these more famous Italian towns stand ready to seize the tourist all along the streets leading to the city's entrances. Through long practice they are able to "spot" a stranger, and particularly a foreigner, at an incredible distance. A peculiar and, as it were, intermittent deafness seems to afflict them. Any question put to them as well as the affirmative "Yes," they readily comprehend; but the little word "No!" however loudly shouted or however emphasized with desperate gesticulation they seem utterly unable to hear. I know not how many miles these fellows might have trotted beside the carriage with their glib repertoire of sights and antiquities, and of dangers and difficulties besetting the lone tourist, had I not in sheer weariness ceased declining their proffers, stopped the carriage and taken refuge behind a newspaper. Then I had peace.

The Pozzuoli of to-day is of interest to the stranger only by reason of its exhumed antiquities and its many evidences of seismic changes. Little indication does it give of the prosperity it once enjoyed as one of the chief commercial cities of this part of the world. One of the first places the tourist visits is the Temple of Serapis, immediately upon the northern border of the town. Hidden from view and practically unknown for centuries, this fine example of the old dipteral temples was brought to light in the last century, and found to possess a double interest in being at once a monument of unusual archaeological interest and an indisputable record for the geologist of the changes of level which this district has experienced in historic times. In a space a few score feet square to which the aged custodian admits you, is all that the sea and the volcano have left of this once beautiful temple. Of the original forty-six columns of marble and granite that formed its double colonnade, and whose fragments, together with broken capitals,

entablatures and other architectural relics, are gathered in the level centre of the place, only three remain upright. These noble shafts, over forty feet in height and five in diameter, each carved from a single block, protrude a few feet from the deep accumulation of soil and volcanic ejection which for seventeen centuries had rested on and in a measure preserved this and other structures, while the daily life of the unheeding inhabitants went on above them. Until 1750 they appear to have excited no interest, or at any rate led to no systematic attempt at restoration. Then the antiquary saw their meaning. *Ex pede Herculem*; the work of excavation was undertaken, and the ruin which possesses such an interest for the student again saw the day.

The floor was found to be below the sea-level, and the three columns still stand in the water, which percolates through the soil from the sea only a few yards distant. An artificial floor has been constructed around them, a few feet above the water level.

The temple takes its name from the discovery among the ruins of an image of the god Serapis, which may now be

seen in the Naples Museum. Sir Edmund Heade, who studied the antiquities of this region early in the present century, remarked the similarity of this temple to the one at Alexandria, which was dedicated to this god. The form and arrangement of both were substantially identical, and this, taken with the widespread worship of Serapis, gives weight to the opinion—which has been vigorously disputed—that the Pozzuoli temple is rightly to be considered as one of the seats of worship of the Egyptian god.

Lyell, who visited this place in 1828, thus states some of the considerations that have established the belief that this district has but recently—geologically speaking—undergone great seismic changes:

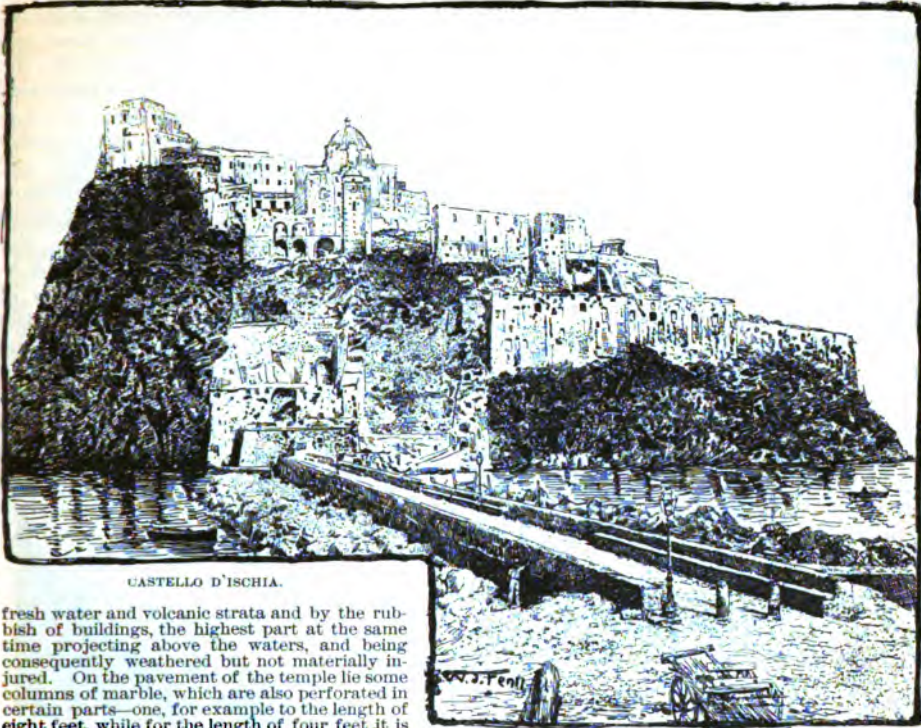
The three pillars are slightly out of the perpendicular, inclining somewhat to the south-west. Their surface is smooth and uninjured to the height of about twelve feet above the pedestals. Above this is a zone about nine feet in height where the marble has been pierced by a species of a marine perforating bivalve. At the bottom of the cavities many shells are still found.

The perforations are so considerable in depth and size that they manifest a long-continued abode of the lithodomi in the columns, for as the inhabitant grows older and increases in size it bores a larger cavity. We must consequently infer a long-continued immersion of the pillars in the sea water at a time when the lowest part was covered and protected by marine



THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, APRIL 30TH, 1872.

(From a Photograph taken at the time.)



CASTELLO D'ISCHIA.

fresh water and volcanic strata and by the rubbish of buildings, the highest part at the same time projecting above the waters, and being consequently weathered but not materially injured. On the pavement of the temple lie some columns of marble, which are also perforated in certain parts—one, for example to the length of eight feet, while for the length of four feet it is uninjured. Several of the broken columns are eaten into not only on the exterior but on the cross fracture, and on some of them other marine animals have fixed themselves.

From these indications, as well as the change of level of the pavement, he concluded that the upper part of the perforation was at least twenty-three feet above high-water mark; that the columns had remained upright for years, immersed in the sea, and that the submerged portion must have been raised twenty-three feet above the sea-level. Besides this, the discovery of another pavement of mosaic at the depth of about five feet below that which is seen in the water at the base of the three columns, shows that convulsions of the earth took place after the temple was first constructed, thus rendering necessary another higher pavement. He estimated the occurrence of the change of level at some time before the middle of the third century, as inscriptions found among the ruins indicate that Septimius Severus and Alexander Severus contributed to its adornment, from 194 to 235 A.D. It is supposed that the subsidence of the ground was due to a gradual movement

rather than to a sudden cataclysm, and recent measurements indicate that this cause is still slowly at work. Long periods of rest in which limestone deposits were formed alternated with upheavals from the Solfatara, which lies a mile to the east, and which helped by its showers of ashes, scoriæ and tufa to obliterate or to conceal every vestige of the structures that once were reared here. A few more feet of the deposit might have concealed for all time the columns of the temple which now forms one of the most interesting objects of this region; and who knows what other treasures of archæology the soil all about may conceal? Those fearful showers of millions of tons of earth and ashes which brought death in one of its most horrible forms to every living being overtaken by them, have yet been kinder to the works of man than the pure air which is his life. The absorbing interest of Pompeii and Herculaneum would diminish to a passing curiosity were it not for the many details of the life and works of their inhabitants which the all-covering ashes so faithfully preserved.

It is supposed that the date of the greatest depression of the Pozzuoli region was prior to the close of the fifteenth century. In 1530 Loffredo records that the sea reached the foot of the cliffs, along the base of which now runs the road to Naples, twenty feet above the water. In a region like this, one has ocular evidence, and is, as it were, a contemporary witness of the changes in the earth's crust which we are wont to refer to an age too remote to give us assurance of their terrible reality.

Climbing the steep hill that runs north from the town, we reach the entrance to

wander long through these finely planned and constructed labyrinthine passages, impressed by the solid nature of the work and the skill the builders possessed in realizing their architectural conceptions. But first to the top, over the many rows of crumbling benches: Here and there were slopes of turf or covered with their own débris. A precarious flight of steps leads to the northern rim of the immense oval. Standing here and looking down upon the focusing sweep of the long tiers of seats and upon the arena's perfect ellipse far below, as the scenes these stones have witnessed throng in the imagination, the mind is confronted with the antithesis of the structure's grand artistic conception and the horrible uses it was so often



LACCO ISCHIA.

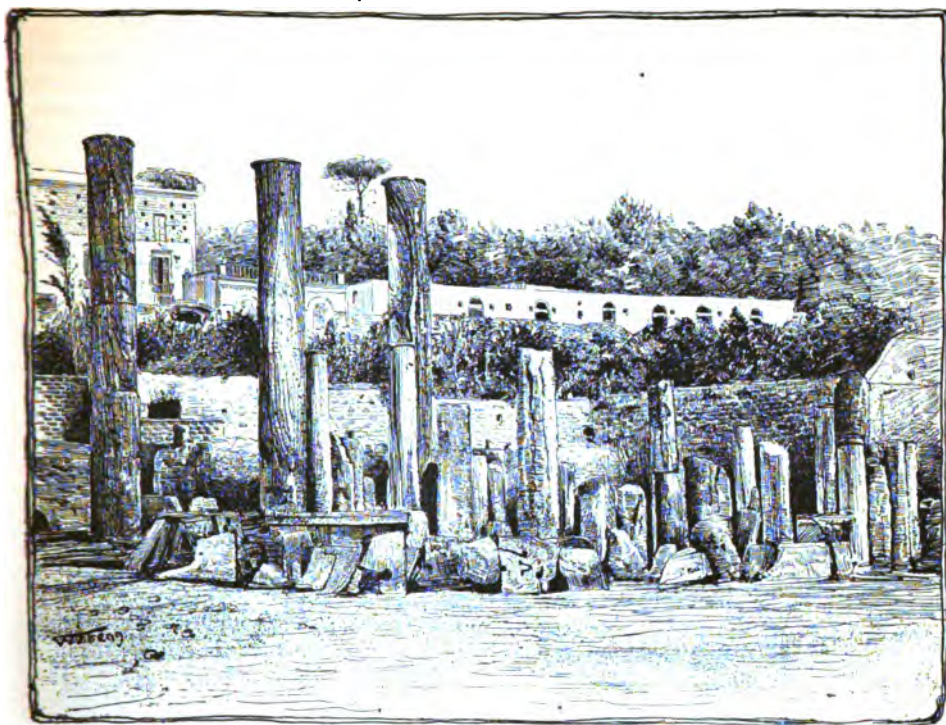
the Amphitheatre—in many respects a more interesting ruin than its larger counterpart in Rome. The volcanic eruptions that covered the temples and town by the water-side, also buried that magnificently built theatre. Not until 1838 was its interior excavated, and, perhaps, no other ruin of the kind has served to convey so clear an idea of the construction and arrangement of these colossal playhouses of the ancients. A guide is at hand, as at all of these ancient monuments that the government has charge of, and with him for an exceedingly doubtful authority, plus a guide-book, which often traversed his testimony, I stepped under the crumbled arch at the northwestern entrance, which once supported a palace or villa of Nero, himself at times an actor here. The thin red tiles, of which so many of these ancient buildings were constructed, are still in excellent preservation in many places, and no great effort of the fancy is needed to people the dim galleries with the eager audiences that here sought their favorite entertainment. One may



SORRENTO.

put to—it is perplexed by the effort to conceive the constitution of a mind which could at once demand and delight in so perfect an æsthetic expression, and desecrate it by such acts of inhuman cruelty as history records of these old amphitheatres.

One turns with relief to the smiling landscape which this elevated point commands. To the west is the symmetrical cone of Monte Nuovo, a mountain about half a mile in diameter at its base and four hundred and forty feet in height. In a single September night, in the year 1538, this mountain rose from the plain like a mushroom. The cataclysm that produced it wrought other changes: the sea withdrew for some hundreds of feet, and the inhabitants, fleeing for their lives from the death that threatened



TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

them both by fire and sea, yet found time to go fishing—rather hurriedly—on the exposed shore, where every kind of “sea fruit,” as the Italians concisely term the sea’s edible products, was ready to their hand. Of the rival theories that the mountain is a pile of stones, scorix, mud and ashes emitted from a crater to the west of Lake Averno, and that it is a huge mass of the plain that was bodily uplifted by the confined gases in some vast subterranean chamber, the latter appears to be favored by geologists. There appears to be a connection between the channels through which the subterranean forces work on this side of the Posilippo ridge and the Vesuvian region—a rhythmical agitation with an amplitude of centuries, as though the respective propagators of the disturbances took turns under a grim compact at upsetting the works of man after years of security have led him to repeat his labor of construction. Between times, *Ætna* now and then takes a hand in the disturbance.

We carefully descend the flight of steps to the level arena. Through the three hundred and sixty-nine feet of its long diameter runs a deep trench several yards wide. Here the arena was flooded for representations of naval combats, and below is shown an outlet where the water was allowed to run off to the sea. Around the oval’s edge are openings which admitted light to the passages and cells below. Descending, one finds himself in a vast series of arched passages with heavy walls and supports; in galleries and chambers the exact uses of which are matters of question; in dark cells where the torch is needed, and in which were confined the ferocious four-footed actors that played so prominent and essential a part in the Romans’ entertainments. Here you can see the slides in the mason-work where the huge gates were lifted when it was desired to bring the animals forth. No danger now in those dark, time-stained holes where the impatient, famished beasts awaited the signal for their dreadful banquet. In the stillness of the place the

imagination has free play; ghostly beasts seem to lurk in the corners; the spectral keepers enter; up go the mouldering gates and the cavernous arches are filled with the deafening roar of the brutes as they rush to the car that is to lift them to their work. Where are their victims? Come; there through the increasing gloom is seen an opening blacker than the black walls around us. We follow the torch of the guide, up dark, narrow steps worn by the tread of the hapless prisoners who went from here to their horrible fate; over the rubbish of centuries, into cell after cell where the light of day has never entered—a Cimmerian labyrinth where a would-be fugitive might ceaselessly wander without finding an exit. Can human beings ever have lived in these horrible pens? Yes; here man's inhumanity to man found the theatre for its worst exercise; here he imprisoned his fellow beings and kept them for his entertainment as his descendant of to-day keeps rats for the pit. Death in the arena could not have been altogether unwel-

come to those who passed days and weeks in these living sepulchres.

We hasten above to the pure air and light of Heaven, and dream of worthier scenes enacted in this immense arena, when the vast slopes of benches rising above us were filled with a multitude gathered to witness a pageant in honor of some hero whose triumphs were commemorated by festivities that involved suffering to none; or to witness games and exploits that strengthened the courage without brutalizing the soul of the Roman youth. Now the entrances for the gladiators yawn upon the forsaken floor, and little lizards—the sole denizens of the place—dart about among the decaying stones. Grass and weeds grow among the crumbling seats, and in the arches the maidenhair fern clings to the cool, damp walls. Time with patient hand is obliterating even this solid monument of human grandeur, and slowly mingling it with the soil from which it was evolved to minister to the pleasures and passions of a race long dead.



CONCEALMENT.

IF thy dear, searching eyes could to my heart
 Find but the subtle way, its truth to see,
 Thou wouldst not then in silence grieve apart
 That thy great love should unrequited be;
 For 'tis but seeming, dear, that I am cold
 And irresponsive to thy yearning still.
 I need must seal my lips, lest they, o'erbold,
 Should open wide the barred gates of the will,
 And all that deep and restless prisoned tide
 Which hidden lies, in its impassioned sway,
 Burst forth so swift and strong that else beside
 Might strive and strive in vain, its force to stay.

Dost thou not know with what persistent hold
 The smouldering fire burns its steadfast way,
 That of its might no warning tale is told
 The careless eye which seeks alone the ray,
 The light, to say if fire be or no,
 Until by chance some wandering breath of air
 Wakes with its touch to fiery crimson glow
 The unseen thing which all the while was there?
 So, hidden love, a smouldering fire burns,
 Nor gives from out the breast a tell-tale gleam,
 Till some magnetic current swiftly turns
 Its unseen light to wondrous glowing beam.

Nay then, dear love, think not that thou canst read
 My heart and soul by looking in my face;
 Or weigh their worth by every careless deed,
 That thou canst thus all depth of feeling trace.
 Nay 'tis too sacred far for common eye,
 This love I hold for thy dear self alone;
 Alone for thee shall my heart open lie,
 To none but thee its tenderness be known;
 So if thou wait some outward sign to see,
 Ah, then, I need must wait because thou hast
 So willed, till fate—or chance—which'er it be
 Shall kindly bring us heart to heart at last.

Annie C. McQueen.



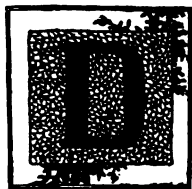
TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FLOWER-DE-LUCE.



DOCTOR MARTIN walked on clouds. He had to hold himself by the wrists, as it were, not to say more than he ought, or do something extravagant. Oh! the fresh, sweet

air! the wild, grand woods! and, oh! the woman at his side. The dear, intrepid little bread-winner, venturing and persisting in spite of blushes and tremors.

They ate their dinner together; and he left her at her school-room door in the afternoon. When she came out again at five o'clock, there he was, seated on a rock near by, whittling a stick.

"It is something in the air," he said. "Whittling is to the woods what cigar-smoking is to the city. See, I have made a whistle. I haven't made one for twenty years, and had almost forgotten how."

He put the whistle to his mouth, and blew it.

"I hope that your sense of fitness may not lead you to seat yourself on

* Copyright, 1888, by Mary Agnes Tincker. [BEGUN IN THE APRIL ISSUE.]

the topmost rail of a cedar-fence," Miss Shepherd said.

He smiled slightly as he closed with care a wondrous knife that was in itself

have given it to her class in grammar as a model. And she was lecturing him, teaching him decorum, the dear little school-mistress! He found it charming



He imagined himself receiving punishment from her, an old-fashioned castigation with the ferule. She could give a ringing blow, he did not doubt, this future mother of stalwart men.

While thinking, he pocketed his polyglot knife, and threw away the guilty stick.

"Are you inclined to take a little

almost a set of tools, enclosed in one large ivory handle; and he went over her little speech mentally. What a correct little speech it was! She might

walk?" he asked. "Would n't you like to go up and see Mrs. Winter? Poor old soul! She is very solitary; and she is going away soon."

The teacher consented brightly. It was easy to see when she was pleased. Her heavens were all in sight, with their clouds or sunshine, their storms and stars.

They went slowly up the road, the Heath tribe following them.

"Beau!" whispered Samuel; and he assumed such a languishing expression that the others tittered audibly.

Miss Shepherd turned at the sound. "Children, you can go on before," she said; and her glance rested severely for a moment on Samuel, whose innocent, appealing eyes stared wildly at her.

"How does the place look to you?" the doctor asked.

"It is beautiful!" she said with emphasis. "I always thought it picturesque. A good log-house is prettier than a poor frame one. This reminds me of an old medal my father has, a gilt bronze medal, with the gilding almost worn off. See how the sunset flecks it over!"

"It is a perfect comparison!" the doctor said, delighted. "I should think that you have traveled."

"My thoughts and hopes have traveled," said the school-mistress with a faint sigh.

The house was picturesque, especially at that hour. Its bronzed walls rose from a mass of delicate flowers and fresh green. Light birch-groves beyond veiled the outhouses, and the woods were a noble background. There were many screens made of vine-covered trellises; an oaken crown showed at one point; a curve of emerald grass at another; or a gray stone wall; or a fence of cedar-poles; or a curve of brown road.

"I like to live in a house like that," the teacher said. "I would like it."

"Would you?" exclaimed the doctor. "Would you?"

"Very much!" replied Mary Shepherd with composure.

"Our house at home has an idea of this. It is brown, and covered with vines."

On their way back to Perry's the doctor led Miss Shepherd to speak of her family. He had already prepared the

way by speaking of his own with great frankness; and had awakened her sympathy by the tearful tribute he paid to his aunt and benefactress.

Mr. Shepherd had been Miss Martin's legal adviser, had visited her place more than once, and had drawn up her will; therefore her nephew and heir could scarcely be quite a stranger to Mr. Shepherd's daughter.

She described their household with the pleasure of an exile who finds at length a countryman of his own.

Her father had a great deal of business; but he had a generous hand and eight children, and these did not permit him to become rich. She, Mary, was the fourth child. Anne, the eldest, had been married several years, and had two children. Anne had kept school a whole year in the town of Shepherdsville, and earned money enough to buy her own wedding things. Anne's husband was a member of the State legislature. Andrew, her eldest brother, was to be a lawyer, and was studying with his father. Andrew had a good deal of vim. Jane, two years older than herself, helped mother at home.

"I wanted to assist father a little by partly supporting myself," she said. "This is my fourth school. I began when I was fifteen years old. I buy and make all my own and Kitty's clothes. Kitty is the baby. She is only five."

The doctor looked down at her clothing as she spoke. He had often examined machinery with interest, and studied the branches and boughs of trees; but it had never occurred to him to look and see how a woman's garments are made. What a number of stitches in the white muslin sun-bonnet, with all its slender reeds, and the tiny ruffle at the edge; and what skill in cutting! And the brown and white gingham dress, with its hem, gathers, bands, all the seams that followed so well the noble lines of the wearer—her pretty hand had fashioned it, and traveled over it all, two motions for every one of those tiny stitches! Why was the neck curved downward a half inch at the back? and why did the lines of the long waist, after sloping nearly their whole length, move straightly for an inch, then make a faint curve outward?

Why, it was grace! It was high art! It was the result of artistic study! It was wonderful! He found himself wishing that he could get one of Mary Shepherd's dresses to himself, and study it from the neck to the hem.

"The mother of Christ was a seamstress," he said.

"Yes," replied the teacher. "And He must have learned from her that one should not put new cloth into old garments. I think He would like to let her teach Him all the little things she knew. He may have been sitting by her while she mended, seeing what poor humble things mortals have to do, and asking why and how. He would be a little boy sitting with his head on a level with her knee, a sober little boy with a low voice. I've often thought of it."

The doctor took his hat off, and stood uncovered.

Presently they seated themselves on a mossy rock, in sight of Perry's, and talked again of the Shepherd family, till the doctor seemed to see them all. He imagined their busy, industrious lives, their economies, their managements; the young heads about the table, the breezy girls chatting, singing, calling through the house; the pale mother, "not very well," under all these cares; Andrew ordering about, and having all his own way; and Henry, whom the doctor would have liked to shake, though his sister spoke of him pityingly. "Poor Henry" was dissatisfied, and did n't know what to do. Father could n't afford to send him to college.

"Why does n't he keep school, as you do?" the doctor asked. "Men are paid twice as much as women. He could pay his own way through college so. I've known men to do it."

"So have I," the teacher replied, with a troubled look. "But poor Henry does n't seem to have a talent that way. Father helped himself so. Grandfather Shepherd had a great deal of land. Shepherdsville was named for him; but he had n't much money. Almost everybody had land in those days, so there was n't much of a market near. Mother came from another town, Castine on the sea. Her grandfather was English, and his grandfather was a duke. Mother's grandfather came over in colony times,

and had a township given him. He was a younger son. Well, I was going to say, father used to study his Latin at night, after all the family were a-bed, when he had worked by day. He studied in the kitchen when it was winter, with a pitch-pine knot set up in the great chimney for a light; and he says that even now, when he reads Virgil and some other of his early books, he seems to smell pitch-pine and see a great glare of red light. By day he sometimes worked on the farm, and declined Latin nouns while mowing grass; and he says that he fixed himself with some in a bad accent, because the syllable at the end of the scythe-swing came out with a jerk."

"It seems to me that Henry lacks energy, and needs a little shaking up," the doctor said. "You must n't coddle him too much. It often happens in large families, where the girls are in the majority, that they get the spirit away from the boys. You have got Henry's portion in addition to your own."

"I have no more than I need," she said. "Sometimes I don't seem to have enough—when the larger boys are unruly, or when—" She broke off the sentence.

"Or when the school committee comes," the doctor added.

She smiled slightly, but said nothing. It did not become her to laugh at Deacon Heath, except in the privacy of her own family, with the domestic audience well shut in; when, doubtless, the examination scene would be made the subject of much mirth.

A bird, which had its nest in the tree over their heads, came flying home, paused in the air on whirring wing to view them, concluded that all was right, and, sinking to its wide-mouthed nestlings, gave them their supper.

Doctor Martin was taking a new mental measure of his companion, in view of her noble ancestry, and saying to himself that noble blood and high character are two forces which may give an impetus for centuries to the descendants of him who possesses them. He had seen a few of these well-born Americans. Descended from a more chivalric England than the nineteenth century shows, they yet preserved, in some of

their members, at least, the idea of *noblesse oblige* and something of that adventurous eagle spirit which had first prompted their bold flight across the sea.

The girl beside him was something more than beautiful to him, something more than a girl for whom he had conceived a sudden passionate affection. She was a typical New England woman, a product of culture set down alone with nature, refined and laborious, spirited and innocent.

They went to the house, and the teacher disappeared into her room, coming out with her hair newly coiled up, and a spray of silken aspen-leaves in place of the discarded cedar spray. When supper was over, she retired again. But when the long twilight began to lose its rose tints, all the family gathered about the door, inside and out, on the step, on the wood-pile, and in the entry. This was their summer-evening drawing-room.

The doctor sat beside Miss Shepherd on the door-step. He had spread a shawl for her to sit on, and requested her to lay a handkerchief on her head.

"He don't seem to mind *my* catching cold," Mrs. Perry whispered facetiously to her husband.

It was evident to them all that the schoolmistress had got a "beau."

The large gibbous moon shone white-ly, the forest rustled with a sound of steps, perhaps, as well as foliage, and faintly from afar could be heard the long-drawn howl of a wolf.

The doctor spoke of his travels, describing the scenes which, to his fascinated hearers, seemed to belong to another planet. Mr. Perry and Isaac smoked long clay pipes, interrupting their audible puffing now and then with a "Sho!" or "You don't say so!" The children leaned on their elbows, and listened with eyes, mouth and ears. Mrs. Perry knit rapidly on a stocking in the dim entry-way, her position defined by the snapping of her needles.

"I don't see how you can put up with *us*, after all that," she remarked, somewhat jealously, in one of the pauses.

"I value America all the more for what I have seen abroad," the doctor said; "though I am sometimes afraid

that we may not grow better as we grow older."

"Who knows what our children may do when we are dead and gone!" said Mr. Perry, mournfully, between two whiffs of his pipe.

"They will probably do what we teach them to do while we are here and alive," the doctor said.

"Who knows what to teach 'em?" said Mrs. Perry, in an injured tone. "Here's Amandy sot on goin' to a cotton factory, because Nancy Winter's gone, and gets two dollars a week. I don't know what to do about it. She's sot on going."

"I like to see a girl willing to help herself," said their visitor; "but I think that Amanda would be very foolish to go to a factory to work. The work is hard, the place unwholesome."

"Besides," added the schoolmistress, "it will spoil your complexion and make you look thin and old."

Under her freckles Amanda had a skin like an apple-blossom, as she well knew, and the warning of the schoolmistress was more terrible to her than any argument the doctor could bring forward.

"You do need something more than you have," he added. "You ought to have a singing-school, a band, and a debating society."

Mrs. Perry spoke in a depressed tone. "Who's to start 'em?"

The doctor almost uttered aloud the answer that woke in his heart: "Mary and I!" as he turned quickly toward the girl beside him.

"It's a pity they have so few amusements and opportunities of meeting," she said, thinking that he wanted her opinion. "Of course it does need some one to make a start. I should think that the Haslems might do something. I find that all the young people want to go away."

"Yes; that's the trouble," said Mr. Perry. "They all want to go away. Here's Isaac, now, has got a notion into his head that he might do better out West. They say that a good many folks are going out there."

"Why not try to improve the place where you were born?" the doctor asked. "It is likely that there may be a great tide of travel and prosperity westward;

but wait and you will see fortune's tide swashing back again. Keep what you've got, and try to build up your native place. It would be a pity to cut down such trees as these, if a fine wholesome society is not to be planted in their stead."

"It is a pooty piece of woods," Mr. Perry remarked, glancing about, and ceasing for a moment to puff smoke out of his mouth.

They rose to go in, and the doctor ventured to offer his hand to the school-mistress in bidding her good-night. She had become very silent. Had his stories made her life seem too dull? Did she dream how one as beautiful as she might be adored in that society where beauty is a power!

She gave him her hand with a serious "Good-night!" and went to her chamber.

The next day again they walked to and from school together; and at evening there was another gathering about the door-step. But this time the doctor was not chief speaker. Mrs. Perry told ghost stories, and stories of signs and warnings; and Mr. Perry told of adventures with bears and wolves, and of a caged fox which went mad like a dog, and bit a man, who afterward died of hydrophobia. Then he related his adventures as stage-driver, and entertained them with break-downs, snow-blocks and strange passengers.

The doctor followed with a German ghost-story.

"And now it is your turn," he said to the teacher.

Miss Shepherd declared that she did not know a story worth telling.

"She can sing," Mrs. Perry said; and they all raised their voices emphatically: "Yes, the mistress can sing!"

She had, in fact, a voice like a lark's, full, strong and ringingly clear. She was the unsalaried prima donna of the Shepherdsville Congregational choir, which now mourned her absence; and only the Sunday before she had electrified the assembled worshippers of Four Corners by singing Mendelssohn's trio: "Lift thine eyes," with the Misses Haslem. The congregation had heard it sung before, and thought it very pretty; but when Mary Shepherd sang it every heart was thrilled. "It should be sung

firmly, not softly," she insisted. "It is an assurance, not a lullaby. 'Thy keeper will never slumber,' is addressed to struggling men and women, not to a baby in its cradle;" and she had sung accordingly.

"It was like Miriam singing to the Israelites," Deacon Heath said when they came out of the meeting-house, and as music plays upon each of us according to the instrument that we are, he had walked home through the lonely woods in a state of stern religious fervor, and sent his son Samuel into the house to study his Bible upside-down.

"I will sing, though I am afraid that you will find my style rustic," Mary Shepherd said in answer to the doctor's request, and without more ado, sang Moore's "Meeting of the Waters."

Her voice trembled a little; but there was an exquisite pathos in the slowly murmured song, of which every word seemed to be weighed like a jewel.

As the last one died away, Mr. Perry drew the back of his hand across his eyes; and an audible sniff replaced the sound of Mrs. Perry's knitting-needles in the dim entry. Dr. Martin turned toward the singer as she ended, drew a quick breath as if to speak, and turned away again without having spoken.

Mary wiped her own eyes, and smiled, well pleased with her audience. "And now you are going to sing us the 'Marseillaise,'" she said to the doctor.

He roused himself and sang, but with less of spirit than he might have shown in a less softened mood.

The young Perrys nudged each other and tittered; and at the end Mrs. Perry uttered a wondering "Lor!" She had suspended her knitting, and listened throughout with scarcely less amusement than her children displayed. Her secret thought was that she should be dreadfully ashamed to pronounce such gabbling words as those before folks.

"Mighty cur'us language!" Mr. Perry remarked.

"Now, mistress, sing us 'The Breaking Waves,'" he added.

A swallow or a thrush darts away at a breath; but the eagle makes a pause before its lifted wings can strike the air.

"I cannot sing that hymn sitting," the teacher said, and getting up, walked

off to a little distance. "Talk! Don't mind me!" she called back.

Her white dress glimmered and disappeared under the trees; and the company she left began obediently to talk. Presently she reappeared from another direction, and standing under a broad oak-tree facing them, flung her first electric notes into the air. They flashed out with a sudden brightness that gave a shock to the listeners—

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast!
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

Her voice might well have gone back from the oak-tree above her to those Plymouth woods, leaping like the sacred fire from Ilium back to Ida; and "the sounding isles of the dim woods" about her did, indeed, ring back to her wild, sweet singing.

Ending, she disappeared again under the trees.

Dr. Martin had heard all the great singers of his time, but he had never before felt the full power of song. How trivial seemed their bird-like trills and mimicry of domestic sentiment and passion compared with this story of heroic adventure with a sublime motive sung in the very voice of heroism! "She would have come out with the Puritans," he thought. "She would have been the first to stir them up to such a pilgrimage."

Presently the teacher came and seated herself on the step again. She held a cluster of elder-flowers in her hand, and the sweet perfume of it was diffused around her as she came. "It looked like a moon gone to sleep there in the dark," she said. "I was almost afraid that it might wake up and burn my fingers."

The doctor looked steadily at the fair downcast face beside him. How lovely she was with that faint nimbus shining round her bronze hair where the moon lay! The bright line curved from ear to ear. What pretty ears! He would buy two pear-shaped pearls for them, though they should cost the half of his fortune, and they should be hung so as not to pierce through those rosy lobes. Every nerve of him was resolute to have this soft, white, fiery creature for his own.

"You have never had your ears bored?" he asked abruptly, and touched the one next him.

"No," she replied, with a glance of surprise which was the gentlest of checks.

"I fancy," he went on, "that the ear and the voice may be in harmony, and that a well-shaped ear goes with a sensitiveness to musical sounds. I must examine the subject."

While they talked a discussion had been going on in the family. Mr. and Mrs. Perry wished their daughter Amanda to sing, and their two guests had already said all that politeness required. After a good deal of hanging back, she yielded to paternal authority, and brought forth her accordion.

"Oh!" sighed the doctor. He had not expected an accordion. Amanda sang with a certain rustic skill, in a voice not naturally bad. She sang a lamentable ballad of a false young woman who, having engaged to marry a good young man, basely deserted him for a richer suitor. This rich suitor won her by the promise of two gown-patterns (she pronounced the word *patrons*), one "in hand," the other to be given on their wedding-day. The story was told by the deserted lover himself; and he ended by declaring his intention to dress himself "in some forsaken hue," and go away where no one would ever hear of him more. It was, evidently, a story founded on fact.

The doctor was one of those happy mortals who find a grain of gold in every sand-heap. "You must go to singing-school," he said. "Your voice is high soprano."

Inebriated by the musical atmosphere about him, Mr. Perry intimated that he also could sing. He had been a sailor in a coasting-vessel in his youth, and he consented to favor the company with a sea-song.

Doubtless he ran up the ropes in those days with more agility than he now displayed in reaching the higher notes of his song, to which he hoisted himself with an effort; and sometimes the note cracked as he caught it, but his voice was heavy and solemn, and the air he sang had the changes of a storm-wind with that indefinable suggestion of the supernatural so often felt in sea-songs.

They separated late that night, and the doctor was going to Shepherdsville the next morning with Isaac. He had business there, he said, but did not explain that his chief errand was to make acquaintance with Mary Shepherd's family.

She sent letters and messages to them by him, and watched him go away with tears in her eyes. "I should so like to see them all!" she explained to Mrs. Perry, who saw her wipe the tears away.

It still lacked an hour of school-time, for the stage had started as soon as their early breakfast was over; and the teacher shut herself into her bed-room again. As she entered, her eyes fell upon an object that she surely had not left there. It was a single large white flower-de-luce in a tumbler of water. She had left the door open, having put her room in order at early dawn; so there was no great trespass on the part of him who had placed the flower on her little table.

Doctor Martin had taken a rather long walk before the sun was up, in search of this flower. Isaac had said the day before at table that the plant was to be found in a meadow nearly a mile away. She knew well who must have got it for her, and blushed with pleasure as she stood at a little distance admiring its proud pure beauty.

Then she went near, and bent over it; and as she did so, her blush swept up again. For there was an inscription in rose-color on one of the shining white petals.

The doctor had found her box of colors and brushes on the parlor mantel-piece, and had painted these words with crimson on the flower he offered:

"To the sweetest and noblest of women."

It was her first love-letter.

"He is very complimentary!" she said with dignity. "He is very kind!" she added. And she trembled.

CHAPTER XV.

"CHAINS OF LOVE BINDING."

Doctor Martin knew enough about domestic affairs in modest households not to make that odious thing, a morning call, on the Shepherd family. But he passed by on the other side of the street,

and made a brief reconnaissance of the premises.

He saw a long brown cottage with picturesque additions, all draped in woodbine and honeysuckle, and with plenty of garden room about it.

Having got this pleasing glimpse of his lady's home, he went to see the town. It was a pretty, thriving white village which owed its prosperity entirely to the lumber trade, and where the whole river and river-street were given up to lumber. From a half-dozen saw-mills could be heard day and night the harsh d-z-z-z of the saws and the mellow crash of the wine-colored fall. Down the long, dusty road, a slow procession, came the great lumber-wagons, a blinding yellow-white in the sunshine. Below the town were wharfs piled high with planks and boards, and vessels going out laden to the water's edge; and all the river was whitened with saw-dust and lath-edgings. Above the mills the river was black with logs floated down from northern forests. When they came down with the ice in the spring, they would sometimes crowd and rear their heads like leviathans, threatening boom, mills and bridge.

To run across the river on the logs that bobbed under their feet was the darling pastime of venturesome boys; and to steal away to the saw-mills, and have a ride on the carriage beside the great log that was being sawn, hitching slowly down almost out over the river, and sliding quickly back almost into the jaws of the machine—this was the tremulous wild adventure of spirited girls.

Dr. Martin saw all these things, and viewed the town from every point, and asked questions concerning its trade from the chief tradesmen, and sounded two or three of the wealthiest inhabitants on the subject of a railroad, and learned the price of land and produce and stock and many other things. Then he knocked at the door of the vine-covered cottage, and was shown into what seemed to him a Dorcas-society, gathered in a very pleasant sitting-room.

Mrs. Shepherd was seated in a high-backed rocking-chair, basting some work, and Kitty sat on a stool at her feet sewing patch-work. Jane stood before a table cutting out some garment by a set of complicated patterns. Helen was sew-

ing by a window, and Julia had laid down her work to open the door.

Their visitor saw where Mary had learned her deportment when Mrs. Shepherd rose to meet him with a rather grand politeness.

"She shall not grow old like that," he thought, as he bowed before this grey and faded model of the beautiful teacher.

He introduced himself, and presented Mary's letter.

Instantly all faces brightened. The sisters began to question him, while Mrs. Shepherd read. They had placed him an arm-chair opposite their mother, and the young ones all clustered around. They spoke of his aunt, whom they had seen, and she became another link to draw them together.

It was more than pleasant for him to sit in their midst; see how neat, and modest, and intelligent they were; hear them call their sister Molly, and "poor Mame," and pity her for being off there in the woods.

"She is the flower of them all," he thought.

"I hated to have her go," the mother said, folding her letter. "But our family is large, and Mary wanted to help her father."

"Oh! she is getting along bravely!" the doctor declared with a cheerful face. Then he described Perry's, the school, the deacon, his long walks with Mary, and Mary's singing. He told them that he already knew their names, and who made Kitty's dresses, and that he found them strange in only one respect. All had dark hair. Where had Mary got her beautiful auburn locks?

"From me," said Mrs. Shepherd, touching her own grey hair, which had yet faint clouds of brown, but not a tinge of gold. The gold is first to go.

He had to stay to supper with them, and Mrs. Shepherd sent out to invite her father to bear them company.

The doctor was impressed by the face and manner of this gentleman, who was not the great-grandson of a duke for nothing. He was a grandfather calculated to give a girl position in society, small, finely Roman-nosed, clear and somewhat sarcastic of speech, and ceremoniously courteous. Mr. Jennings had spent several years in Europe in his youth.

Then came Mary's father, a gentleman of another type, dark, unassuming, and with signs of quiet humor.

Never had the doctor spent a more delightful evening; and when he went to his hotel, escorted by both Mr. Jennings and his son-in-law, he mentally declared that he had never known a more charming family. "Why, there isn't their equal in Southport," he thought.

And then his thoughts flew off to their absent treasure. "Bless her beautiful head!" he said. "May the trees wave lightly, the sunshine fall softly, and the wind touch her tenderly!"

The doctor had said a good deal about his family and his own affairs that evening; and but for a suspicion which began to dawn on Mr. Shepherd's mind, and which had already reached high noon in the minds of his wife and daughters, this frankness might have seemed a little odd. The lawyer listened to him with the strict attention which he was wont to give to a client stating his case; and the longer he listened, the more he became convinced that there was a case to try.

Nor had he long to wait, for on saying good-night to him the doctor asked the favor of a personal interview the next day "on particular business."

"Molly has done pretty well," the father thought as he went homeward.

And so it happened that two days after, as Mary was in her school-house, setting copies in the writing-books after the children were gone home, there was a step at the door, and Doctor Martin entered.

"Oh! you have come back!" she said, and rose to meet him.

He gave her a package of letters. "Don't read them here," he said. "Come out."

He had come feeling almost sure of success. Mr. Shepherd had told him frankly that they could not hope for a better match for Mary, and the family had received him with enthusiasm. Mary was not engaged; and, so far from giving encouragement to any of the young men who approached her, she had "turned up her nose at them," her father said. Then, he was accustomed to success; and Mary certainly liked him. On taking leave of the Shepherd family, he looked upon the matter as about settled, and Mary his promised bride.

But when he entered her presence again, and found her composed and ceremoniously polite, his heart sank. After all, what had he to build upon? The change of feeling was so abrupt that a momentary faintness came over him; and as they came out of the schoolhouse together, Mary, had she looked at him, would have been startled to see how pale he was. But her eyes turned persistently in some other direction.

"Come down to the cascade," he said. "There you can read your letters, and I will tell you all about the family. I have seen a good deal of them."

There was, possibly, some flutter under the teacher's calm exterior as she locked the schoolhouse door, and went a few steps down the road to where, in a green niche, a slender thread of water fell beside a mossy stone. She had not forgotten the message left on her lily-petal. And if she had not looked to see the change in Doctor Martin's face, she could not be insensible to the emotion betrayed by his voice.

The doctor brushed away some little twigs from the moss, and she seated herself, and took first the letter he indicated. It was from her father. She read it through, folded it, and took up the rest without uttering a word, or raising her eyes.

The doctor had stood before her, eagerly watching her face; but when he saw the first start and blush, which looked more like alarm than bashfulness, change to a look of determined reserve, he walked away a few steps, and wandered uneasily up and down. As she folded the letter he stopped again; but when she took up the second, he resumed his walk.

Her mother's letter came next, then Jane's, then Andrew's. They had all written, even Kitty! And how they all praised him? He was manly and honorable. He was handsome, strong and healthy. He was frank and courageous, kind and true. He was everything that was most amiable and honorable.

Her face softened while she read. Mary Shepherd was not one to find a lover more fascinating for being forbidden. Doctor Martin could have had no greater claim to her affection than this—that he came to her borne, as it were, in

the arms of her family. When she read Kitty's pen-printed missive: "I should like to have Dr. James Martin for a brother," with the large O in which an invisible kiss was enclosed for her dear sister Molly, the sister's eyes filled with tears; and those tears were in her eyes as she looked up with a faint smile.

"They all like you so much," she said, tremulously.

"Bless you!" he exclaimed. "And you, Mary?"

She rose. "I like you just as they do," she answered, with a sweet reserve, casting her eyes down as she passed him by.

He silently followed her to the open road.

Presently she looked up again. "I thank you!" she said. "You have done me an honor. But, of course, I am not prepared to answer now. We must be better acquainted. Now, tell me how you liked Shepherdsville, and whom you saw there? You came back with Mr. Haslem, did not you?"

Five happy days went by, in which the lover watched his mistress bending over more and more toward him. They were constantly together; they talked of everything but love; they learned all there was to tell each other of their past lives; and Mary began to ask the doctor's advice, and he to direct her in those trifles which may be made to mean so much.

Mrs. Perry thought them a very "cur'us" pair of lovers, and was of opinion that the mistress had become "stuck up" since Dr. Martin had begun to "pay attention" to her. There was no giggling and blushing, and the jokes the family ventured at first were nipped in the bud by an untimely frost. The teacher was lofty and serious, the doctor serious and watchful; and neither of them spoke of the other. A very "cur'us" pair of lovers!

But between the two the bond grew gradually to be taken as a matter of course; and when, on the fifth evening, as they sat on the door-step, and the doctor wrapped her shawl about her, he did not at once withdraw his arm, the teacher made no motion to repel it, but after a while, leaned lightly against his shoulder.

And then he knew that he had won her.

The next evening, instead of joining the family on the door-step, they walked up and down the road together, in sight of the house, but out of hearing.

"That looks a little more *like*," remarked Mrs. Perry. "But I never saw engaged folks so polite to each other. They are as polite as a basket of chips. I don't believe he has kissed her yet."

He had not. But when, two days later, he took leave of them to go to Southport, and Mary Shepherd stood in the yard looking at him, and trying hard to swallow down the tears that would rise, he kissed her tenderly before them all, printing a red spot on each delicate white cheek, and she clung a moment to his hand.

She was his promised wife then, and they were to be married in the spring. They had other plans, too, which as yet no one suspected. It was to these plans the doctor referred at the last moment.

"Mary," he said, "if you don't believe in it down to the soles of your shoes, don't let us bind ourselves to it?"

She smiled through her tears. "I believe in it down to the centre of the earth!" she answered.

CHAPTER XVI.

WEDDING-CAKE.

The doctor's family did not believe in it. They disliked his engagement; for they had settled that he was to marry Edith Selwyn, and have Selwyn place. But still less could they endure, or even believe, the second part of his astonishing announcement. They were aghast at the idea of his going to live on Aunt Betsey's township. Was it for that, all his advantages of study and travel!

"Yes; just for that!" he answered.

"It will be the last part of the Pied Piper's story over again," Mr. Francis Elder said. "A later generation will see a troop of people, half savage, and speaking a strange patois, issue from the eastern forests; and it will be said: 'These are the descendants of a Doctor Martin who was bewitched away from civilization a hundred years ago.' They will say 'haow, naow and sho!' and

they will call sauce 'sass'; and they will wear blue home-spun, sit down to table in their shirt-sleeves, and will eat with their knives."

"I will bet a saddle-horse for your Frank against a white satin wedding-dress for my eldest girl, that my children will speak as good English and have as good manners as yours," the doctor said, not without heat. "And you shall be the judge."

"But who are these people, this Shepherd family?" Mrs. Elder asked in what she meant for a very aristocratic manner.

"Now, don't! don't!" her brother said, holding up his hands persuasively. "If you should fall from such a height you might hurt yourself!"

"But, who are they?" she repeated rather sharply.

"They are people," replied the doctor, "who, I am anxiously hoping, may find my family as well-bred as themselves."

"Well, really, James!" his mother said, reddening, "I think we may be allowed to make some inquiries, when you tell us that you are going to marry a country schoolmistress, who has, it seems, been glad to accept you after only a week's acquaintance."

"She might have had me after twenty-four hours of acquaintance," the doctor said, restraining his anger. "Her father and family accepted me a week before she did. I was afraid she might refuse."

A chorus of derisive laughter answered him.

"Stop that!" he broke out. "I won't have her insulted," and he turned his back upon them.

"Of course we have got to accept her," Mrs. Martin said privately to her daughter. "And we may as well make the best of it. We might invite her to come up here for a month in the autumn or winter, and then talk her over. If she once sees Southport, she will never let James take her into the backwoods to live."

The result was that two letters were written to Miss Mary Shepherd; and very civil letters they turned out to be, to the doctor's contentment.

"She writes a pretty letter, mother," Mrs. Elder said, when the answers came

The letters were not only pretty. The sweet modesty of the writer touched the hearts that were angry with her. She thankfully accepted their vague invitation, and would be ready to come when they should send for her.

A few days after New Year's she came, accompanied by her grandfather. The doctor's triumph was complete. If his mother and sister had not melted at once when his beautiful betrothed met them with a blushing, affectionate eagerness, unsuspecting of their reluctance to receive her, and that tremulous, "How I hope that you will not be disappointed in me!" they most certainly would not have dared to freeze in the presence of that very decided, ceremonious, Roman-nosed gentleman, Mr. Jennings, who could not help seeming to do them an honor in consenting to the alliance. But they did melt. They had kind hearts beneath their foolish affectations and ambitions; and before she came they had heard the story of her ancestry.

It amused the doctor to perceive how, in the light of this story, they, and everybody else, found his Mary stately and distinguished looking. He wondered if the same terms would have been employed if she had been only a country school-mistress and nothing more.

Mary had been invited for a month, and she stayed no longer, though urged to prolong her visit; but Mr. Jennings, who had come only to escort his granddaughter, was persuaded to remain till she returned, being Mr. John Martin's guest.

"The girl is fit for a king," John said; "and I would n't object to having such a grandfather myself. I believe he isn't rich; but some way he impresses you as having a palace in town, and a castle in the country. As to James' notion of living in that wild place, it is the plan of a visionary idiot. He will get sick of it in a year or two, and then come back here and find himself entirely cut out in his profession. It is one thing to land from Europe, and another to land from Beechland down East. The women are already beginning to find Charles Selwyn a sweet doctor. I did n't think James was such a fool. But it is of no use to say anything. He is a stubborn fool."

"You think that you will be content to live in so solitary a place," softly asked Edith Selwyn of the bride-elect. And she looked at her white, gold-crowned beauty with a melancholy smile.

"O, yes!" said Mary. "I am sure that we shall be happy there! Some day when we have made it prettier, I hope that you will come and see us. You would like it for a summer visit."

She had conceived a tender friendship for this quiet girl, whose smile was so faint and sad.

"If you would come and stay a month with me now!" said Edith eagerly.

Mary shook her head. "You are so kind! But I must go home now. I have so much to do. I shall have only three months. You know we are to be married in May."

"We," and always "We"! Edith Selwyn sighed, and said no more.

The visit was over, and Mary went home, escorted by her lover half way. In another month he would go to Shepherdsville to see her; and a week before the wedding he would return with his mother and sister.

His mother and sister were in very high feather about the engagement, and even began to talk of "James' estate," which needed his presence for a while, as it was likely that a railroad would be run through it soon. And they missed no opportunity of making it known that James was to marry the great-granddaughter of a duke.

"Oh! there are three greats, mother," the doctor would say. "For short, you might say the superlatively great granddaughter."

"She is the superlative great granddaughter of a duke," Mrs. Martin said with a most flattering emphasis.

They were in family council; and their talk led to English titles, and from those to titles in other lands, and from thence to their foreign travels and impressions, and from thence to the impressions that foreigners have of America.

"I think that in geography we are the only intelligent nation on earth," the doctor said: "Why, our little boys and girls can tell you all the lakes and rivers and cities of every land; while the inhabitants of those lands,—why!

even the educated classes hardly seem to know that there is a Mississippi River, or a range of mountains called the Rocky, or a city that would make any show beside their little country towns. When our tourists stare and wander round their half-dead little hill-cities, they don't know that we are wondering at the dinginess and rags; they think it's admiration.

"There was that sindaco of Ombra, now. You remember him, Bessie. He was a very fine gentleman; but he gave me the impression of thinking that though the earth may be round, his side is always uppermost. He expressed the greatest interest in this country, and said that he believed the territory of the United States was somewhat larger than that of Italy. I answered hesitatingly that I thought it might be. I always meant to give him a lesson in some way, but hardly knew how. Last month Mary gave me an idea, and we carried it out between us. I could not well send the maps to the Signor Alinori himself; so I sent them to the little girl." The doctor laughed. "It will be crushing. There are two maps of the world, giving the two continents. Of course Italy shows like a wart on the edge of Europe. Then come the separate countries, with the square miles of them printed, the United States cutting all the bulk out of North America. Lastly, a map of the States alone, again with square miles. Those maps will create a sensation in the town of Ombra. I should like to see the Signor Alinori's face when he reads those figures."

And the doctor laughed again.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SMILE.

The large roll of highly-colored maps did, indeed, make a sensation in Ombra. Not a notable person there but wished to see them; and as they had been sent to Beatrice in Signor Alinori's care, that gentleman had ample leisure to examine them, and show them to his friends. They hung a full week in the sindaco's town drawing-room before being sent to Palazzo Alinori.

For the Signora Anna had carried out

her threat; and Beatrice was now acting as companion to the old countess.

The maps were brought there at length, and hung in one of the large ante-chambers; and for a day Beatrice was a sort of heroine as their possessor. The Signor Francesco came, and pointed out the countries with his cane, and told his mother that an Italian had discovered the under half of the world, which she already knew.

But the old countess was scandalized to see Italy so small in comparison to the rest of the world, and thought there must be some mistake.

"Mamma," said the sindaco, "which is the larger, your ring, or the diamond that is set in it?"

This happy comparison restored the old lady's complacency, and satisfied her sense of fitness.

The Signor Mattei came to see the strange present that Beatrice had received from America, and gazed with admiration on the bright and shining pictures, without well understanding them. Her soul, proud science had never taught to stray beyond an only half-credited theory that the earth is round.

Betta, who had accompanied her mistress, was much taken by the map of the United States, which she immediately began to explain. The red-colored parts were, of course, the wine-growing districts; the yellow, the olive countries; and the blue and green, the wheat. Did n't everybody know the agricultural meaning of these colors? And did n't everybody look at the first rainbow of the season to see what the crops were going to be? They had all known that the olives were going to turn out badly the year before, when they saw that rainbow with the narrow yellow streak; while the red of the same rainbow shone so deep a color, and spread out so wide, that it seemed to be on the point of overflowing the sky, just as the wine overflowed their botti in the autumn following.

"Ah! the wine does n't overflow our botti any more!" sighed the old countess, shaking her head. "Our best vigna is old; and the contadini steal half of the rest. I have seen the time when we had to throw away wine because we had n't wood enough to put it in; and if a

passer-by asked a farmer's wife for a glass of water, she would ask him if he would n't just as lief take wine, as she had no fresh water in the house."

While speaking, she had been leading the Signora Mattei away for a private conversation in her own chamber. But on the threshold she paused and looked back with an uneasy expression. Only Beatrice and Betta remained in the room; and she did not like to leave them together. There was no knowing what Betta might say to the girl. To be sure, she had sworn by all the saints that she never had, and never would tell her a word about her parents; but perhaps Betta lied.

"Don't you want to go down to the kitchen and see Giuseppina?" the countess asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Betta with alacrity, and hastened to make her way toward the far-away kitchen.

But when the old lady and her companion had disappeared, Beatrice heard her name whispered, and saw Betta's head looking into the ante-room. "Come up stairs!" she said, and made a sign of silence.

The two stole out of the room, and up a narrow stair leading to an attic over the countess' chamber and chapel. Here they were not likely to be surprised; for the family of Tommaso Alinori had their apartment in another part of the palace; and besides, they could hear when the conference in the room beneath broke up, and be ready to run down.

The attic was large and rough, with dark beams above, and a brick floor. Through interstices in the boarding over the beams could be seen the heavy yellow tiles that covered the roof. There was a small square window under the eaves.

"She wants me to go into a convent!" whispered Beatrice the moment they were inside the place.

"What did you say?" asked Betta anxiously.

"Just as you told me to do, in case she should propose it. I did n't let her see that I was angry; and I said that I should want to think a long time before making up my mind. She talked a good while; but I made no other answer.

She said that I should not be hastened. I told her that I had no *dota*; and she said that they would see to that. I told her that Mrs. Nelson did n't want me to enter a convent, and that my pension was paid on condition I should n't. She said Mrs. Nelson was a heretic, and her wishes of no consequence; but that it was true the money might be stopped. I said: 'Mrs. Nelson was, perhaps, a heretic; but she was my benefactress.' Then the countess smiled and kissed me and said that she was glad to see me grateful. Betta, do you really believe that she had nothing to do with it?"

"Of course I do!" Betta said with emphasis. "But that makes no difference. Her children profit by it."

"I should like to believe in her," the girl said sadly. "She is kind—for a mistress! I said I would not eat with the servants; and she has me eat with her alone. She kisses me morning and night, as I remember Tessa did, and grandmother."

Tears rushed to her eyes, and her voice became choked. To her whom nobody owned, who was not sure of any foothold upon the earth, it was like a shield in time of battle to live with one who kissed her morning and evening. She had had no kisses at any hour of day at the Francesco Alinori's.

"She ought to be good to you," Betta said. "She is your father's aunt; and she expects Checco Alinori to have your name and property."

Beatrice's brows darkened, and the tears sank out of sight as if they had withdrawn to their fountain again. Betta smiled at the sight.

"Don't let yourself be flattered!" she whispered sharply. "Don't let them make any plans for you. Keep free, but be secret. Let them think that perhaps you will one day enter a convent. Pretend to be interested in convents, but don't let the nuns flatter you. When they come round you playing the angel, remember it is for an object. By and by, some proper man will marry you, and get your inheritance back. It needs a strong man, some one who has friends and if he hates the Alinori, all the better. It must never be suspected that you think of marrying. They would be afraid of your husband."

"Don Leonardo hates me," the girl said dreamily.

Betta lifted her head with a start, and sat staring at Beatrice. Her eyes snapped with the sudden entrance of a new train of thought into her mind. "What does he do?" she asked.

"He never speaks first, and he looks at me in a queer way, and looks away quickly when he thinks that I notice him; and he doesn't stay alone in the room with me." She tried to recollect the items of that mountain of evidence which had been more than enough to convince herself.

Betta's hand was on her arm. "Never let him know that you think so!" she whispered. "Pretend to think that he likes you. Smile when you see him. Speak to him whenever you get a chance. Make much of him, but don't give him a chance to say anything against you. There's something I didn't tell you. You know that he was in love with your mother, but never offered to marry her till just before you were born. Your mother refused him scornfully. I heard it all, and she told me besides. He came secretly in the evening, and appeared to worry her as soon as her child was born. It was after that, that he talked against her, and said that he knew nothing of the marriage, and did n't believe it."

"He talked against her!" exclaimed Beatrice with anger blazing out in her eyes.

"Hush!"

Betta glanced about, bent her neck to see that the outer door was securely shut, then whispered into Beatrice's ear the last insult that her mother had had to bear, and that there were persons who believed, or pretended to believe, that Don Leonardo was her own father.

There was not a word of reply. Her story was listened to in a perfect silence that was almost stupor. The girl's slender shoulders seemed even to bend, as if she felt a physical weight from the heaped-up burdens that fell, one by one, on her heart.

"Don't mind it, dear!" said Betta soothingly. "Some day we'll pay him. Wait till you get a clever husband to right you. But now, pretend to know nothing. Be as sweet with him as you can. Never, for your life, let him know

that I have told you anything. If the subject should ever come up, let them believe that you think there is no proof of your mother's marriage."

Beatrice nodded. She could not speak.

Betta put her hand to the floor in front of them, and softly picked up two frayed ends of soiled tape that were tucked down, one at either side of one of the bricks. Till she pulled them up, showing an inch or two of tape at either side, they might have been passed over unnoticed, as bits of lint fallen into the interstices. Taking them, then, firmly and carefully, she lifted the brick they surrounded, and laid it noiselessly by her side.

These floors are usually made of two thicknesses of bricks, sustained on slender beams of wood between larger ones, the beam supporting the joining of the bricks; and a more treacherous floor and ceiling would be hard to invent. The bricks may be plastered or papered underneath, but are often only whitewashed or painted.

As Betta lifted the upper brick from its place, two small round holes were disclosed in the lower one, and through those holes came the sound of voices. The countess had taken their visitor into the chapel for greater privacy. Betta bent her head to the perforated brick, and listened.

"I want to do as well as I can for the child," the countess was saying, "and I can think of nothing else. As a nun, she begins a new life, and takes a new name. Her past will be forgotten, and she might reach a high position. But in the world, what can she do? Her *dota* is not enough to get any but a poor man, and a poor man with any ambition would n't want to marry a girl in her position. I should be sorry to see her the wife of a *contadino*, forced to labor all her life. But she is doomed to that, if she does not become a nun."

"It might be best," the Signora Mattei said slowly, as if considering the matter, while she inwardly raged at the "*contadino*" and "*doomed*." "As you say, she might rise to be a superior in some convent. Of course you would give her all your influence."

"Oh, yes!" the countess said eagerly. She was most anxious to secure the Signora Mattei's influence and to show her

own good-will. The existence of Beatrice was a thorn in her hopes and her conscience. In the depths of her soul she knew that she and her sons were robbing the girl.

"You can speak to her about it when you have a chance," she said, laying a hand on the visitor's arm, and smiling affectionately. "Beatrice thinks so much of you, and we all love her. Of course she isn't to know that we have spoken together on the subject. I am sorry to find that she is a little suspicious in disposition. It is almost the only fault she has. Though Checco's wife tells me that she is coquettish."

"Checco's wife is jealous of everything in the shape of a woman," said the Signora Mattei angrily. "I declare I hardly dare to be civil to her husband when she is by."

The countess sighed. "What could you expect from her birth?" she said, seeming to forget that the person she addressed had come from the same class. "Poor Nanna was not brought up to be treated with courtesy by gentlemen. The courtesy that a lady receives, as a matter of course, from her gentleman acquaintances she had seen paid only in love-making."

Betta hastily and noiselessly replaced the brick, for the scraping of a chair told that her mistress had risen to terminate a conversation which could scarcely be pleasing to her.

"Mind what I tell you about Don Leonardo," she whispered. "Make much of him! Make much of him! But never stay alone with him one moment."

She tip-toed down the stair with a light foot, and reached the kitchen three minutes before she was called to accompany her mistress. And when the two ladies came out into the ante-room where they had left Beatrice, she was still there, quietly sewing by a window.

She rose respectfully when they appeared, and smiled at their approach; but when the Signora Mattei took her hand in saying good-bye, her own was grasped with a sudden force which almost drew a cry from her. "Oh! Oh! Signora!" murmured Beatrice, trembling.

The countess had left them for a moment.

"Don't be afraid, Bice!" the visitor

whispered, kissing her. "You shall never go into a convent."

The countess returned with Betta, and the visitor departed.

"Bice, dear," the countess said, "would you go up into the garden and get me a half dozen of the best lemons you can find? I want them for Fra Antonio. Then we will go down and carry them."

Beatrice wondered at herself that the ready smile came dimpling to her lips as she rose to obey. She knew that, without having made an effort, her face expressed contentment and affection; yet her heart was as a stone to this woman, and all her household.

She went upstairs to the garden, which was on a level with the second story, the palace being on the hill-side of the street. It was a long garden supported in the usual way by a stone wall and buttresses against the house on the lower side, and shut in by a high stone-wall that supported the street on the upper side. There were flowers, cultivated chiefly to please the daughters of Tommaso Alinori, whose family were all daughters; but nearly all the land was thriftily given over to the production of food. A fig-tree, two or three olive-trees, a peach and an apricot-tree, served for fruit. A grape-walk was jealously guarded for the barrel of vin santo the countess always made in the house, and the lemons from the half-dozen lemon-trees were nearly all sold to the one confectioner in the town.

These lemon-trees were now under cover in a rough glass-house built against the upper wall of the garden, where they ripened in the south sun, which, even in winter, gave them a few tropical hours every clear day.

Beatrice searched among the shining leaves, thick hung with hard, green balls, for some which should have begun to yellow; and looking so, now from one side, now from another, she glanced toward the house, and saw Don Leonardo sitting by a window, deeply engaged in some papers he was looking over.

Palazzo Alinori was so apportioned that each of its independent inmates had an apartment; and that of Don Leonardo was across one end from street to garden. Beatrice had gone up by a stair at the other end of the palace;

but the lemons were opposite Don Leonardo's windows.

She looked at him steadfastly, growing old as she gazed. He had slandered her mother vilely, and slandered her to death. Betta had said that the Signora Beatrice went into convulsions and died on hearing what he had said. He had robbed her own life of all honor and all ease. Every pain she had ever suffered was because of him. What else had he done? What else did he know?

"Who killed my father?" she whispered through her teeth, gazing fiercely at him.

He bent lower over his papers.

"Who killed my father?" she repeated; her eyes fixed upon his face.

He looked up quickly from the papers in his hand, and glanced about, as if he had been called. His eyes roved over the garden, but did not see the figure motionlessly watching him from behind the lemon-trees. He looked up at the sky, and, rising, down into the dark court below; but no one was in sight.

He returned to his papers.

"Could he have heard me?" Beatrice thought, trembling with fear. "No; that was impossible. But why did he look about so? I must try to please him, as Betta told me."

She gathered the lemons into her apron, and went out into the garden. "If he looks at me, I will smile," she thought. "Then he will know that I said nothing ugly to him. I will try to find a rose."

She looked at him once more, to be sure that he did not see her, then ran back the length of the garden, and slowly returned.

Don Leonardo perceived her after a while, and frowned as he drew back a little out of sight, and sat looking at her. And as he looked, the frown presently relented, and an expression of surprise and interest took its place.

Beatrice was not beautiful, but had the promise of a fine, spirited beauty. She was tall, and though beautifully shaped and proportioned, was too slender as yet. Her waist was round, but absurdly small; her arms round, but fleshless. Her complexion was not clear, and she had no color in her cheeks. But beautiful waves of dark chestnut hair

covered her head, and curled low on an exquisite forehead; fine white teeth filled her red-lipped, sweetly sensuous mouth; and extraordinarily brilliant dark eyes looked warily out from under a stern, straight pair of brows, that seemed to change their shape and arch themselves when she smiled.

But it was not so much a perception of her dawning beauty which kept Don Leonardo's eyes fixed on the girl, as the fact that she was lingering there for some hidden motive. Of course, the motive was a man or a boy, according to his mind. He was incapable of imagining any other. And for once he was partly in the right, though grossly in error as to the nature of her seeming coquetry.

"Who is she flirting with?" he muttered, calling her an evil name, not from anger, but from the habit of a bad tongue.

He watched her eyes, but they looked only at the trees. He glanced along the house-fronts high above the garden, and saw no one; and he could recollect no young man living there who seemed likely to attract her interest. The buildings were chiefly convents. The chambers over his own were store-rooms and servants' bed-rooms only. The cook was a rather handsome young fellow, and the kitchen looked out on the garden. Could she be displaying herself for him? No; she was too proud for that. The tacit firmness with which she had always held herself aloof from the servant class, preferring solitude to their company, had been remarked in the family, and, though seldom commented on verbally, had caused many a significant glance among them.

Suddenly Beatrice seemed to remember that she was neglecting some duty. The smile changed to seriousness, and she hastened to the house.

Her nearest way was by a stair in front of Don Leonardo's window. She skipped lightly along toward it, her short dress suffering a pair of very neat feet to be seen, and her quick motion tossing thick waves and rings of dark hair about her forehead. As she reached the stair, she glanced upward at the same moment that he stepped nearer to watch her.

Instantly a bright smile lit up her face. With a quick, graceful gesture, she held out the corners of her apron to display its contents; then ran lightly down-stairs, and disappeared into the house.

He stood confounded. Never before had she smiled in looking at him, or volunteered a remark or salutation.

Don Leonardo was now fifty years of age, and a fine-looking man, though his face bore evident marks of dissipation. He was tall, well made and blonde, and could assume an agreeable, even fascinating, manner. It was by no means difficult for him to believe that he had made a conquest.

But, of this girl! It was outrageous to think of! The possibility did not at first please even his unscrupulous vanity. He sat down and stared blankly out of his window again, his thoughts busy with the past.

"What a fool Paulo was to marry a girl of that class!" he muttered. "It was all his own fault!"

He threw his papers aside. The shirt of Nessus was upon him.

"I had nothing to do with it!" he whispered, shaking his fist at an invisible adversary. "The fellow wanted to buy a little piece of garden-land next to his house, and I lent him the money, thirty scudi. He never paid it. The other hated Paulo. Paulo got him five years in the galleys, and he had just come out."

He became aware that he was talking aloud, and cast a fearful glance around; then seated himself, and took up his papers again. But instead of reading and writing, as before, he began to make certain letters and flourishes with a slow, painstaking hand. R, and again R, and at last the whole name—Randini. When he had finished a certain flourish at the last letter, even a person well acquainted with the Advocate Randini's signature would have believed it his autograph.

Again the papers were flung aside. Don Leonardo dressed himself to go out. But instead of going by the nearest way, he passed through a corridor leading to his mother's apartment and the grand stairway. He had got a new package of snuff as strong as pepper, just the sort that his mother liked; and he

wanted to fill her box, so he told himself.

The truth was that he wanted to see Beatrice again.

Ventura was passing the corridor.

"Where is mamma?" asked Don Leonardo, arrogantly. He was beginning to dislike this fellow. He was too handsome a servant to have in a house where there were young girls. And what was he hanging about the corridors for?

"The Signora is in the chapel with her confessor," the cook said, obsequiously. "Fra Luigi came just as she was going out."

"Very well!" Don Leonardo looked with a scowling brow at the young man, who smilingly retired kitchenward. Then he bethought himself of the maps.

"Let us improve our minds!" he muttered with a laugh, and went to the ante-room where they hung.

Beatrice sat there by a window with her sewing. The room led to the apartment of the old countess, and she was waiting for Fra Luigi to come out.

Don Leonardo paused on the threshold and looked at the child. She rose immediately, and smiled; but it was not the bright, almost familiar, smile he had received an hour before. She wore an air of respectful reserve. "The Signora is at confession, Don Leonardo," she said.

He nodded, and went toward the maps. "I want to find something here," he said, half over his shoulder. He felt a certain embarrassment, and knew not how to treat this girl, whom he had heretofore passed without notice.

Beatrice resumed her seat, and bent her head over her work again. The furtive glance he cast her now and then showed her apparently unconscious of his presence. Two or three times he opened his mouth to address her, but shut it without having uttered a word. And so after a few minutes his mother and her confessor, coming out, found him.

"I am searching for the western boundary-line of Turkey," he said, with a very studious look.

"The western boundary-line of Turkey!" repeated the countess, glancing rapidly from her son to Beatrice, and from her back to him again.

"The western boundary-line of Turkey!" said Fra Luigi, glancing in his turn from the man to the girl, and back again, as he slowly inhaled a pinch of snuff. "It is a very movable line, I believe!" And he went to assist Don Leonardo in his search.

"Do you find it so, *reverendissimo padre*?" asked Don Leonardo, still studying the map. "Perhaps, then, I had better not waste any more time in searching. Mama, I have brought you some tobacco."

The old lady smilingly produced her box; and Fra Luigi, looking on while it was being filled, repented him of his significant speech. It was beautiful snuff, and his box was almost empty.

The countess offered him a pinch.

"Oh! I will fill your box, too," Don Leonardo said to the monk. He had been thinking that it might be just as well to conciliate him. He was aware that he was not in very good odor with the *frati*, though he scrupulously performed his Easter duties, telling some one of them all the sins which they knew that he had committed, with as many extenuating circumstances as he could invent. As for the sins which he had been able to conceal—"Let them find them out for themselves, if they will!" he said.

Fra Luigi took his snuff with a satisfied face; and the two went out together. Don Leonardo, bowing to his mother from the threshold, glanced at the silent figure in the window. Her work suspended in her hand, she stood looking after them; and as she met his glance, a smile full of innocent sweetness greeted him.

"Has Leonardo been talking to you,

Bice?" the countess asked her the moment they were alone.

"No, Signora. He only said that he wanted to look at the maps."

"You had better not sit here when you are alone," the old lady went on. "Everybody who comes passes through this room."

"Don't you want me to see people?" Beatrice asked in a quiet tone, her face closely bent over her work.



"FATHER USED TO STUDY HIS LATIN AT NIGHT."

The countess glanced at her sharply. Was it possible that the girl was making a cutting observation?

"It is n't proper that a young girl should remain alone with gentlemen," she said coldly.

"I am never alone with gentlemen by my own fault!" the girl exclaimed with a sudden passion that dyed her face crimson. "You will all lie about me, as you lied about my mother! I will not stay here any longer. I will ask the Signora Chiara to take me."

A burst of wild sobs put a stop to her speech.

The countess was astonished, no less at the flash of truth through the girl's words, than at her violence and daring. "Who says that your mother was ever slandered?" she asked.

Beatrice remained silent, terrified at what she had been surprised into saying.

"Who has told you such a thing?" persisted the countess.

Beatrice wiped her eyes, and shut her lips close.

"Will you answer me, Beatrice?" said the countess.

The girl looked her firmly in the face. "The Signora Nanna said that I was a *civetta*, just like my mother," she said. "And I hate her for it!"

The recollection of this speech of Francesco's wife was fortunate. It allayed the suspicions she had roused.

"The Signora Nanna is a very coarse, rude woman," said the old countess. "I am sorry she should have spoken so of your mother. It was wrong. And now, let us not think of it any more."

Beatrice drew a long breath. She had had an escape.

But Don Leonardo, who had listened, went out with a troubled face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IN HIAWATHA'S COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BURR TODD.

By the shores of Gitche Gumeë,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.



AUNCE chanted the melodious lines as we stood on one of the mighty crags overlooking the pretty wilderness city of Marquette, metropolis of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

"We are on the threshold of Hiawatha's country, do you know?" observed the Antiquary, as Launce concluded. "Yonder, forty miles south, near the picturesque little village of Munising, Indian tradition places the site of old Nokomis

cottage. Easily reached, too, by railroad to New Munising, thence by stage to Old Munising, four miles to eastward on the shore of the lake." The propinquity so wrought on us that one August afternoon we found ourselves alighting at the little station of New Munising, on the borders of that enchanted land where the exploits of "the god-man" had been performed. There were, perhaps, a dozen frame structures in the hamlet, all built since the railroad "went through;" their shingled roofs and pine clap-boards gleaming in the sunlight—a typical Western village, with none of the mosses and neutral tints of age about it. Antiquity was there, however, in the solemn pine forest that extended for hundreds of miles in every

direction, save on the east. A road, a thread of white, uncoiled itself through the forest to the eastward. We asked for the mail carrier, and a barefooted, hirsute fellow in hunting shirt and buckskin breeches was pointed out, plodding into the forest with a leather mail-bag over his shoulder. He had come on foot that day, not expecting passengers. What should we do? for there was neither horse nor vehicle in the hamlet. "Foot it," said the bluff station-master. "Here is Mr. Nah-be-nay-ask going over to show you the way." A tall, straight Ojibway Indian in suit of clerical black, even to the stiff hat, who had been pacing the platform, came up at the words and shook hands; great, indeed, was our pleasure to find in him the Rev. Thomas Nah-be-nay-ask, the Indian preacher of Munising, to whom we bore a letter of introduction from a friend in Marquette, and of whom we had heard much as the friend and spiritual guide of the various Indian remnants gathered in missions and reservations along the western shore of Lake Superior; a man as much famed for eloquence, tact and shrewdness as for his skill in the Ojibway language and traditions. He aspired, our friend thought, to become a second Tecumseh or Pontiac to his people, though in a more peaceful way, his aim being to induce them to give up their nomadic habits and adopt the arts and customs, as well as the religion, of the whites.

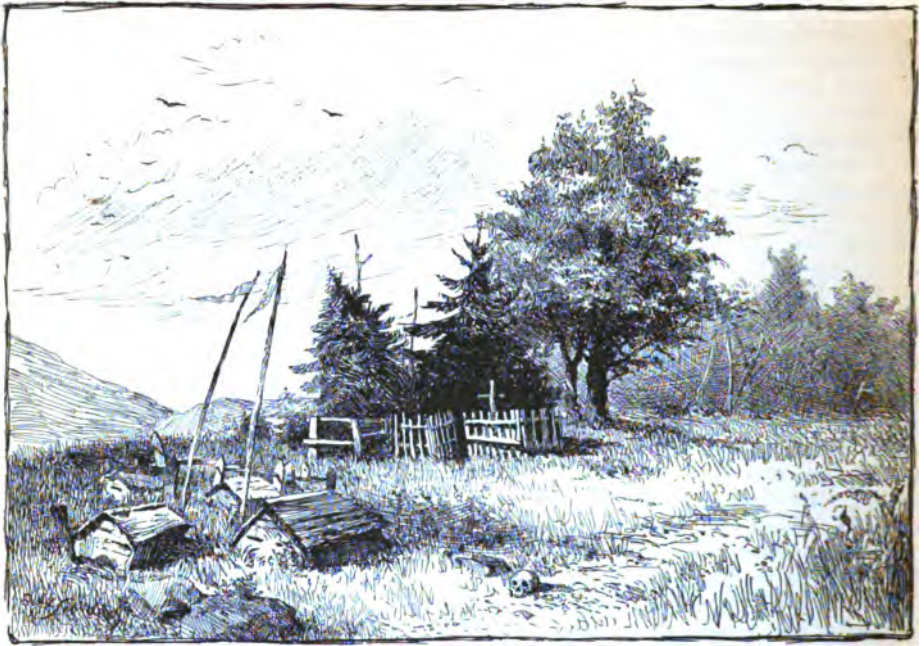
With this object in view, he had recently purchased a large tract of uncleared land in the wilderness some two miles from Munising. A part of this he had cleared and platted, and had invited Indian families to settle upon it, and now presided as pastor and teacher over a thriving community of some fifty souls, which had its church and school-house, farms and workshops, and was as orderly and prosperous as any pioneer white settlement of equal numbers. With him we set out to walk the four miles to Munising. The road led through the dense forest. Now and then we heard in the wood a patter of hoofs—a deer making for cover. Once we crossed the broad spoor of a bear, and saw his trail through the reeds in the forest. An eagle sailed overhead, and out of the thickets sallied mosquitoes—in-

visible hosts like those that overthrew Sennacherib.

Very early in the walk we introduced the subject of the Hiawathan legends.

"You are quite right in thinking this region the scene of the god-man's exploits," he said in Addisonian English. "Our traditions assert this, and the thundering cliffs, rocky islets, and other natural features of our coast are so distinctly portrayed in the legends that there can be no mistake as to locality. The god was not called by the Ojibways, Hiawatha however, but *Wah-nuh-boo-ghoo*. The tales the poet tells of him have been household words among my people for generations. We hear them from our mothers as cradle songs; the old men repeat them by the lodge fires when the tempest shrieks o'er the lake, and no one, not even the wolf, is abroad. Do you know where the poet found the originals of his beautiful legends in 'Hiawatha'? I have compared the tales given in the poem with those I heard in childhood and find them substantially the same, though they have lost in grandeur and power of conception, while gaining in beauty and refinement. I have in mind the writing of a book in which I will publish side by side the poet's version and the original tales as I have heard them, that the American people may see wherein they differ." With literary sympathy we stimulated him with the assurance that such a work would be a distinct and valuable contribution to American folklore.

In an hour's time, we came to an Indian trail leading to the left, into which our friend guided us, with the remark that it would shorten the distance nearly a mile. The trail dropped down several foot-hills, around a rushing brook, passed through alternate bands of forest and clearing, and at length emerged on a wide, green plateau whose eastern boundary was a bluff perhaps two hundred feet high, beneath which and stretching away beyond mortal ken lay the shining reaches of the lake. We halted on the verge of the bluff and looked abroad. There was in the scene a certain unique loveliness and grandeur rarely surpassed, even by American landscapes. Three miles below, the bluffs on which we stood suddenly rose into a series of castellated



OJIBWAY GRAVE MOUNDS.

cliffs—the “Pictured Rocks” of Pau-Puk-Keewis’ entombment, with frowning headlands projecting over the water and stretching far away “into the rich heart of the South.” Eastward lay the mighty reaches of the Father of Lakes, the “Gitche Gumees” of the Indian romancers. Farther north, and directly before us, rose Grand Island, a wooded, mountainous, pear-shaped mass, showing red sandstone cliffs on the south and west, the perfect corollary of those on the mainland opposite, while between us and the island sparkled a lovely little bay abounding in wooded coves, and slipping an arm around each side of the island, to clasp hands with the larger lake beyond. The sleepy village beneath thrust out long, mouldering docks like antennæ into the bay, while everywhere, except in the town itself, a primeval forest sent down matted roots to drink of the lake.

“You want boatmen for the Rocks,” said Pastor Nah-be-nay-ask, at length; “perhaps Kish-ke-tuh-way could accommodate you,” and he led the way to a little cabin, the only dwelling on the plateau. “There is the old chief now.” The latter was descending the hill from the wall of forest in the rear—a striking fig-

ure, in fringed hunting shirt and breeches of buckskin, with a long heavy rifle on his shoulder, and two deer-hounds following sedately at his heels. Our guide saluted him respectfully, and signaled us to do so also. He was a man verging on to ninety years, tall, with strongly marked Indian features, a famous warrior and hunter in his youth—one who had seen his own powerful tribe dwindle to a mere handful. The clergyman asked in the melodious Ojibway tongue if the old man’s son, “Jimmy,” was at home, and finding he was away led us down the cliff to the village, kindly saying he would have the Indian call on us there. The village charmed us from a certain Rip-Van-Winkle air pervading it, and also by the marked flavor of the wilderness in its architecture. It had no business save that carried on by the three or four fishermen whose white sails we saw each morning bringing in “the catch” from the pound nets set at the mouth of the bay. Half of its log cabins and clapboarded dwellings were tenantless, and to heighten the impression of forlornness there was a gaunt, half-dismantled iron furnace at the mouth of the deep cañon opening back from the village, its walls

bulging, its iron retorts broken and twisted, its furnace-bars cold and rusty—quite the image of desolation.

Time was when men thought that Munising, and not Marquette, would be the shipping port of the Upper Peninsula. Its harbor was far superior—in fact, the best on the lake—and when the great iron deposits of the Negaunee were discovered shrewd minds at once jumped to the conclusion that Munising only could be the point of shipment. A city site of generous proportions was surveyed, docks constructed, a furnace for reducing the ore built, stores, warehouses, a hotel and dwellings erected—an Eastern company even offered thirty thousand dollars for the one thousand acres contained in Grand Island, intending to cover the water-front with wharves. But, alas, the construction of an artificial harbor at Marquette, forty miles nearer the mines, shattered these dreams, and Munising for a generation past has been hopelessly bankrupt, even in expectations.

Many of the village characters pleased us by their originality. One of the most striking was William Cameron, the old American Fur Company's hunter and trapper—the last of his class. There was a natural boulevard around the western arm of the bay that became our favorite evening walk, and here, on a rustic seat beneath a spreading hemlock, Cameron was usually to be found, smoking his pipe after the evening meal, a smudge burning near by to discourage mosquitoes. The old man's eye was bright, his complexion ruddy, his locks just beginning to whiten. We would not have thought him a day over sixty; yet he told us he had passed his ninetieth birthday. A strange and honorable career has been his.

The son of a French *voyageur* by a half-breed woman, he became in youth a hunter and trapper, in that capacity traversing the western wilds from Superior to the Pacific.

Later a mail carrier on the long winter route between Saginaw Bay and the "Soo," via Mackinaw Island, each trip involving a journey of more than two hundred miles performed with dogs and sledge, over the icy wastes of Lake Huron to Mackinaw, and thence overland seventy miles to the "Soo," and lastly

doing honorable service in the Union army throughout the war. Mr. Lewis N. Morgan in his work on the American beaver pays a glowing tribute to his virtues and intelligence.

Glancing out over the bay, darkening in the twilight, the old man falls into interesting reminiscence:

"Yonder on Munisin' Bay I have seen two hundred torchlights a dancin' of an evenin'—Injuns spearin' fish. Grand Island in those days was a Fur Company fort, where every spring the Injuns cum by hundreds to trade their furs for supplies. The traders and *voyageurs* cum too and made merry times. Runnin', jumpin', wrastlin', quoit pitchin', lacrosse playin' by day, dancin' at night—a merry an' a jolly cretur was the free trapper before the whites cum an' made him a slave," and he continues with picturesque descriptions of the old voyageurs and traders, and of his adventures in hunting and trapping. The Munising fishermen, too, were an interesting class, in their cheap, cow-hide boots, buckskin trousers and woollen shirts, the latter open in front and exposing the brawny, hairy chest. They were famous hunters, too, the region round about being a great "deer country," whence in the season venison saddles were shipped to Chicago by the car-load. We often saw their Sandusky skiff beating in from the nets as we left the breakfast table of a morning, and fell into the habit with the other village loungers of sauntering down to the fish-house on the mossy wharf to inspect the "catch." The latter was a pretty sight as it lay scattered over the floor—silvery-scaled white fish, the most delicious food-fish in our markets; long, arrowy lake-trout, like the eastern pickerel, and sometimes one, more often half a dozen, huge sturgeon, the king of lake fishes. The latter, as the hero of one of the Hiawathan exploits, we viewed with especial interest. One of the party at least was struck by the dramatic picture Launce presented, poised over the enormous head of the largest sturgeon, and glibly repeating, while the company listened quizzically:

"On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster, Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, king of fishes.

Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand floor.

There he lay in all his armor,
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides, and back, and shoulders,
Plates of bone and spine projecting.
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable.
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing
With his fishing line of cedar."

And how, at last in answer to Hiawatha's taunts—

"From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates and armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing, leaped into the sunshine;
Opened his great jaws and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha."

Very expressive were the bronzed faces of the hearers as the narrator concluded. Two in the background looked at one another and winked; but they said nothing. The lake fisherman is very taciturn—so much alone with wind, and sea and sky!

The chief attraction of Munising, and, indeed, of the lake, is "The Pictured Rocks," and we were glad when at length the old chief's son, Kish-ke-tuh-way (Cut Ear) appeared to make arrangements for our journey thither. The Indians regard these rocks with superstitious awe and dread, and seldom visit them unless strongly lured by display of silver. The fishermen, too, avoid them, probably from the dangerous character of the coast in the vicinity. Without doubt the cliffs are an ugly place in time of storm, since in the whole seven miles of overhanging rock there are but two openings where a boat can land in safety. This coast is also liable to a peculiar kind of tempest called a "dry norther," which suddenly springs up in the after-

noon, out of a clear sky, and rages sometimes for three days, kicking up a sea that no small boat can live in.

Kish-ke-tuh-way and a comrade, a half-breed, agreed to face the terrors of the rocks for the sum of three dollars. A brave little Western lady, whom we named Dian, from her interest in the hunters and the chase, pleaded so hard to go that she was permitted, upon solemn pledge to endure with fortitude whatever the gods might send. For a few bright pieces of silver she procured as companion a pretty Indian maid of sixteen, whom we christened "Bright Eyes" from her resemblance to the Ponca beauty. The expedition was then ready to embark, but for two days the skies were as unpropitious as to the hosts at Aulis, and we killed time agreeably by several excursions to the neighboring points of interest. A supremely fascinating one was to an ancient Ojibway burial ground, first called to our attention by Pastor Nah-be-nay-ask, and which lay near the base of a long sand-spit thrust out into the bay some three miles south of the town. It made a pathetic little picture. Amid barren wastes of sand, guarded by gloomy pines, on a long and prominent hillock of sand thrown up by long-forgotten mound-builders, were some hundred rude graves, many unnoted, but the majority marked by little houses of boards, roofed with birch bark or by a square fence of palings, like those one sees in the negro burying-grounds of the South. The graves were further marked by a pole stuck in the earth, from which a little white flag was waving. There were flowers, too on the graves—Johnny jumpers, pinks, sweet Williams, and live forever, blooming in pretty contrast to the arid waste. In some of the houses we discovered little "mococks" (boxes) of birch bark filled with whortleberries and maple sugar. A weird place for the last sleep, it seemed there under the sighing pines, man's habitations far away, the gloomy forest and legend-haunted cliffs behind, and the wide lake before. The flag, the houses, the mococks of sugar and berries we learned, were intended to shelter and cheer the departed spirit, which, in Indian belief, returns at intervals to visit the body.

Far out on the point of the cape, two fishermen from a village a hundred miles down the coast had made their camp, following the custom of the Indians, who usually spend the summer on the fishing grounds, returning to their villages in winter. They were about going to the cooper's on Grand Island for casks; and tired with our long scramble through the tangled forest, we sailed with them over the bay, and then to Powell's Point opposite, where, in the sandstone cliffs above high-water mark, our guides led us to some remarkable caves. In one, Mr. Powell stabled his stock; another, an elliptical chamber in the solid rock, thirty feet long by twenty wide, approached by a narrow passage, was his root cellar, a third sheltered his wagons and farm implements.

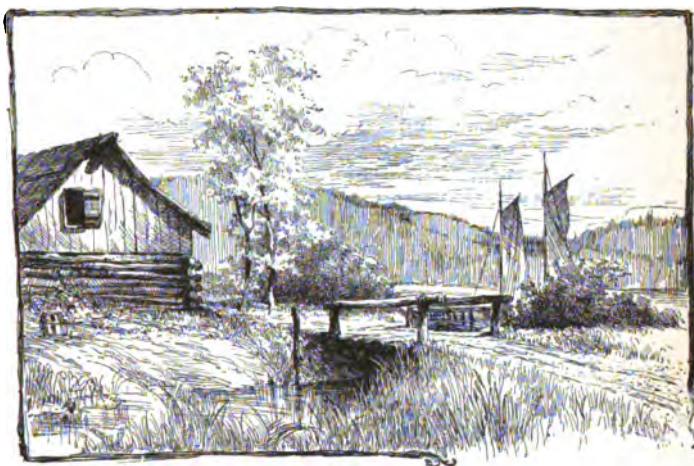
At length a day dawned with a westerly wind, and we were told to make ready for the cliffs. A lunch of mammoth proportions was packed in a great basket. Dian gathered her feminine belongings and marshaled Bright Eyes to the boat. The Antiquary appeared with book in hand. Launce unpacked his freshest colors and stretched his canvas.

The expedition was so early afloat that the red disc of the sun barely showed above the cold gray cliffs, and the night mists clung to the water "like a face cloth to the dead." The memories of that morning will never fade from the minds of the voyagers; Launce had transferred them all to his sketch-book before the Point of Graves was reached.

It was a still sea, with light flurries, and the Indians plied the oars from the start. The half-breed had the bow oar—a tall, light-skinned young fellow of twenty, gay, vivacious, talkative, as became his French blood. Kish-ke-tuh-way, on the thwart behind, was a pure-

blood Ojibway, stern and silent as the grave, who spoke scarcely ten words during the voyage. The girls, too, presented as striking a contrast. Dian, a rich blonde with golden hair and cheeks glowing with youth and health, a radiant, joyous, nineteenth century girl. Bright Eyes, a nut-brown maid with raven tresses, shy, more than half afraid of the beautiful stranger and the bearded men in the stern.

We rallied the slow smack's men, drowsily spreading sail for the nets, merely drifting, while we rowed lustily



PICTURED ROCK REGION.

by, and brought a smile to our Indian's face by our bold offer of a tow behind.

We passed the sand spit and its lonely graves, then passed the huge portals of Grand Island, and so out into the lake. "Have you heard how Grand Island came to be?" asked the Antiquary, as we glided by. "Let me tell you! Once Hiawatha was waging bitter war with the Manitos of the north, and pressing them back inch by inch. Stung to fury at his power, they tore off the extreme point of Keweenaw and hurled it at him, thinking to bury him. Happily, the Manito of the Pictured Rocks saw the mountain coming, and opened his caverns to the Man-God, so that he escaped, but the mass rebounded and fell yonder, forming the island, as you see."

Getting well out into the lake, the whole line of cliff and crag burst upon

the voyagers at a glance, calling from them exclamations of wonder and delight.

The cliffs of the Pictured Rocks are certainly unique among natural objects. Imagine parallel ranges of sandstone hills from fifty to two hundred feet high, approaching an inland sea at right angles, and at the point of impingement sliced off as cleverly as by some giant's cleaver—seven miles of them with valleys between, crags and pinnacles of rock on the headlands, and often a grand sweep of the rock wall around some indenting cove; imagine, again, this wall festooned with trees and bushes suspended from the verge, tinted and frescoed with all cardinal colors, cut at the base into pillars, caves, grottoes, where almost every architectural device is exhibited,—and one may gain some idea of the beauty and novelty of the scene.

By and by, Dian broke a long silence of delight. "One must admit their native beauty," said she, "but, after all, is not their chief interest found in their literary association," and she half sung, half spoke to the rhythmic beat of the oar the legend of Pau-Puk-Keewis in "Hiawatha":

" . . for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumeé,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water.
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He, the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter,
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.
There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorway closed against him,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great cañons in the sandstone,
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
Open! I am Hiawatha!
But the Old Man of the Mountains
Opened not and made no answer,
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.

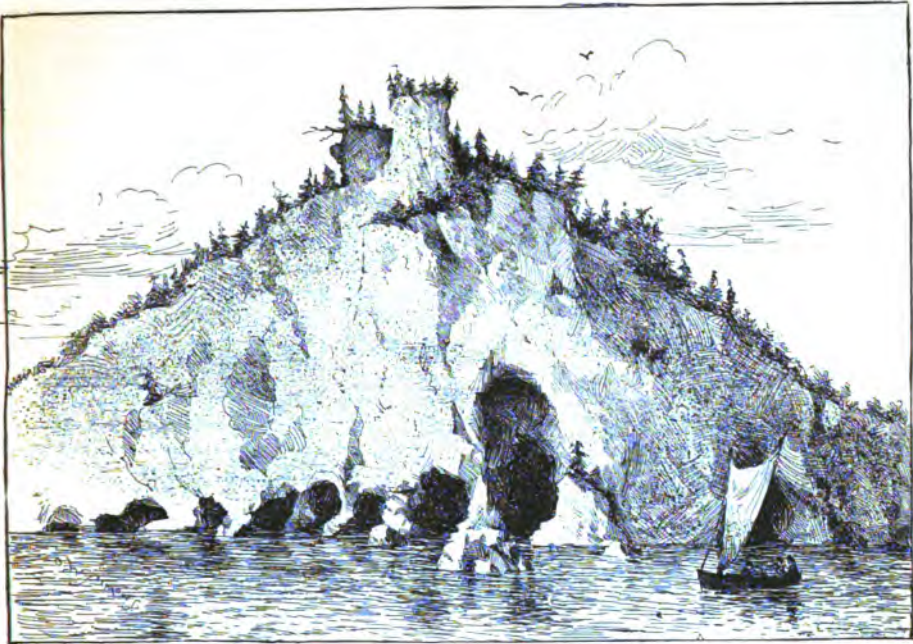
Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
And they came with night and darkness
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water.
From the distant Thunder Mountains.
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid and crouched and trembled.
Thus Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war club smote the doorways.
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, 'Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis?'
And the crags fell, and beneath them,
Dead among the rocky ruins,
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure."

There was the resonance, the vibrant quality in her voice of one warmed with enthusiasm. The cliffs were no more masses of bare, ugly rock; they were bathed in the soft halo of poetry and romance. "On these headlands, too, you remember, Hiawatha wailed for Chibiabos drowned in the abysses below," said Launce, "and yonder, if I mistake not, are Hiawatha's chickens."

Thousands of sea-gulls were circling over the Grand Portal some three miles away, and again a clear voice broke in—

"Then he climbed the rocky headlands
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumeé,
Perched himself upon the summit,
Waiting, full of mirth and mischief,
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there,
Far below him flashed the waters,
Plashed and washed the dreamy waters.
Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flockwise swept and wheeled about him,
Almost brushed him with their pinions.
And he killed them as he lay there,
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
Threw their bodies down the headland,
Threw them on the beach below him,
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea gull,



PICTURED ROCKS.

Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted, 'It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!
He is slaying us by hundreds!
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha.'

"The sea gull," observed Launce, "seems to have played an important part in the Ojibway mythology. When Hiawatha lay entombed in the body of the sturgeon, you remember, it was the gulls that came, and with their sharp beaks released him. I think we shall see more of them presently."

We were now abreast of "The Castle," the first of the headlands to win for itself a name, and which, with its towering crags clothed in stunted pines, and running vines, seemed a very fair imitation of an old weird donjon. On the south its walls dip down into a wooded valley through which flows Miners' River, a notable trout stream. Here is a good landing and camping place and fine fishing. A mile beyond, the walls rise abruptly to their former level, and circle around to the Grand Portal, forming in their sweep a vast amphitheatre. Here are found the finest examples of the so-called picture writings. On the neutral background of

smooth, precipitous rock are laid masses of colors—blues, blacks, ochres, white, umber, vermilion—sometimes producing the effect of elaborate frescoes, and again depicting the forms of animals and natural objects. To the untutored Indian those paintings were the handwriting of the gods. Learned men have written treatises to prove them the work of a race akin to that which produced the mural paintings on the temples of Uxmal and Palenque. The practical mind, I think, can see in them only natural pigments—sulphurets of copper and iron, for instance—oozing out on the face of the rock, and spread over it in fantastic forms by agencies of wind and rain. I was curious to learn how Launce—instinctive artist, but no antiquary—would regard them, and found that though delighted by their suggestions, he had no thought other than that they were produced by the latter causes.

In this neighborhood an enormous land-slide had occurred shortly before our visit, hundreds of thousands of tons of rocks having slipped from the face of the cliff into the gulf, and a little further on was a mass of titanic fragments, which our boatman said was once a detached

column of rock bearing a striking resemblance to a ship's mainsail, but which had fallen a few years before with a terrible thunder into the lake.

One can easily imagine how the roar of these cataclysms heard in the distant village on a still night might be fabled the very combat of the gods.

At length, gazing, wondering, speculating we came to the Grand Portal



DEAD RIVER MOUTH.

itself, the masterpiece of the celestial artist.

Here a mighty promontory is thrust out into the lake, each of its three precipitous sides displaying a gateway giving entrance to a vast vaulted chamber within. The rowers headed the boat for the entrance nearest them. It was nearly choked with huge boulders and debris fallen from the roof. "Him fell two year ago, just after one party left him," said the half-breed. "Him fall all time."

"Nevertheless I am going through," said the Antiquary. "Will you come, Launce?" and the two men were soon scrambling over the fragments at the risk of bringing others equally large on their heads, while the boat was taken around to the main entrance. The roof was almost in reach of their hands. Gigantic fragments hung there almost ready to fall, and they learned how these immense caverns are formed by the disintegration of the friable sandstone wherever it is exposed to the air. They reached the main cavern without accident—Grand Portal of the guide books—a masterpiece of architecture.

The vaulted entrance is a hundred feet in height—a schooner might easily enter

with her top hamper spread. The Indians pushed the skiff in, past the grotesquely carved pillars at the entrance, until the boat floated within under the arched and sparkling roof, over the many-colored sands gleaming through the clear water from the bottom. The waves lapped gently the rocky sides, and soft echoes answered from the roof, voices they fancied of summer-day spirits, and they tried

to picture the thunder and tumult when a northeaster was abroad, and mountainous waves rushed in with shock like the sledge strokes of Titans.

A very pretty and characteristic feature of the Grand Portal were the sea-gulls, "Hiawatha's chickens." They floated above it in clouds, and darted down upon us with

shrill screams as we approached, or gravely regarded us from towering crag and caverned niche. Their nests were placed in every shelf on the face of the precipice, and covered the summit of the cliff, which had been their nesting place from time immemorial. We imagined that now, as in Pau-Puk-Keewis' days, one lying on the headlands might catch and slay them by hundreds. The young of the gull is a pretty creature—simply a round, fluffy piece of down. Drawing inshore we saw the heads of two peeping above a nest of sticks and straw, on a shelf some ten feet above our heads. "Me get um," said the half-breed, in answer to Dian's raptures; and he brought the boat to, directly under the nest, which he tried to push off with an oar. The baby kayoshk, however, awaited not his coming, but fluttered off at once and down into the lake with a splash. "O, he will be drowned"! cried Dian, in sudden remorse, but the gull floated like a ball of down as he was, and paddled off with surprising rapidity. We gave chase, and soon overhauled him, but he proved so artful a dodger that his cap-

ture seemed no nearer than before. I am ashamed to say how long the chase for that infant continued, his parents and fellow-countrymen meantime threatening us with their beaks and half-deafening us with their cries. At length, with his oar blade, the half-breed thrust the little creature under water, and when he rose he lay on his back, with his web feet spread out so appealingly, that Dian's sympathies were touched, and she prayed that he might be spared—the more so as an old kayoshk, she averred, had long been calling on Hiawatha for vengeance.

Later, we startled several wild ducks and their broods, which quickly disappeared into the caverns, like weird spirits of the place.

Beyond the Grand Portal, the huge walls again descend to within six or eight feet of the lake, forming another valley and beautifully curving beach—known as Chapel Beach. Chapel Creek here flows—a foaming cascade—over the cliff wall; and on its bank, where a noble hemlock had spread a grateful shade, we landed for our noonday lunch and siesta.

Before embarking, we studied critically, and Launce sketched, the "Chapel," a huge, detached column of rock, that one might easily fancy a ruined Gothic chapel. The material is soft sandstone, and the elements have chiseled out its entire interior, and through each of its four walls have cut vaulted apertures, that might easily be mistaken for arched

doorways and oriel windows, while two turret-like fragments of rock, rising above its summit, heighten the resemblance.

Getting out into the lake again, we counselled whether to continue along the cliffs, which extended three miles farther down the coast, or to return. But as the scenery below was tame compared to that we had seen, and as the Indians assured us there were signs of a "norther," we decided on the return. The boat was headed far out into the lake on the homeward voyage, that in the far perspective we might test the proverb that distance would double the already vast enchantment of the view. The Indians rowed, the calm still continuing, and the girls sang for us—Dian first, a merry Saxon boating song, and by-and-by, Bright Eyes, gaining courage from the stronger nature, some tender Indian tunes and Sunday-school hymns in the musical Chippewa tongue! Nearing the Point of Graves, we feel puffs of cooler air; then little breezes begin to "dusk and shiver" over the water, and as we make the lee of Grand Island a gale springs suddenly from the north, ploughing great furrows in the lake. We fly with a sheet full of wind to the dock, two miles distant, but ere we reach it we can hear the sullen boom—like parks of distant artillery—of the mighty surges hurled against the cliffs.

"Ah, to be at the Grand Portal now," sighed Launce, but there were none of sufficient hardihood to echo the sentiment.



A DREAM OF HOME.

Ah! this is the home I remember!
All others that I have known
Have been as tents by the wayside—
They never were all my own.
Here I first worshipped the sunshine,
Here my first violets grew,
And from fairyland's open borders
Winged thoughts and fancies flew:
And here, when the magic of
 night
 Has its spell upon me thrown,
 With a dreamer's strange delight
 I have come unto my own.
Hark! was it a leaf that fluttered
Or a whispering voice that uttered
 A dream within a dream?

Beloved! I joy to meet thee
Where we parted so long ago;
Can the angels above, devotion
More sweet than our child-love know?
Let us hasten, for while we linger,
They call me—the river and woods—
The tall pines tremble with welcome
As we enter their solitudes.
Mossy and green and still
Is the path to the wildwood dell,
At my touch the violets thrill,
They, too, remember well.
But why do the branches bend
And whisper, as friend to friend,
 A dream within a dream?

Still on where the brook breaks lightly
Into broader and swifter flow;
I only, of all who have listened,
That song and its meaning know.
To my childhood's ear it warbled
O! sweeter than fairy lyre,
“We are coming, coming, coming,
The days of thy heart's desire!”
Dear brook, I believe you still,
I wait and have waited long,
Some bright hour must fulfil
The promise of Nature's song.
It is not river nor sky
That breathes the foreboding sigh
 A dream within a dream.

Now softly, past shadowing maples,
The path to my home we trace;
From hearthside or window surely
Will smile a remembered face.
Yonder the willows were planted
And there the lone cedar tree,
And here was the terrace of roses—
All Araby's gardens to me.
I have wandered long and far,
Homecoming is late, so late!
But heaven's door seems ajar
As I open the garden gate.
That haunting voice! ah! clearer
It murmurs—it hovers nearer—
 A dream within a dream.

Keep close to my side, beloved!
Behold! where the home-lights shine,
Strange shadows flit, and I tremble
Lest your hand be loosed from mine.
So long have our ways been parted,
The silence so deep and drear,
That I feel, in this wondrous meeting,
It is but your phantom near.
For I heard, in some vanished gloom,
That you slept, as my childhood
 sleeps,
A part of the hillside bloom,
Where the river so gently creeps.
O speak! child-friend, child-lover,
Is it *thou* saying over and over
 A dream within a dream?

Yes; now I know I was dreaming;
With the dead I have wandered far;
Farewell, dear vanishing presence,
Called home by the morning star.
I must bind on my pilgrim sandals,
And onward in shade and sun,
Still seek for that land of morning
Where the promise of life is won.
The vision shadows the truth,
The beautiful days will come,
The rapture and glory of youth
Be mine in that last, true home.
There never when joy beats high
Will lips that are dearest reply
 A dream within a dream.

Frances L. Maca.



A FEATHERED PARIAH.

BY W. VAN FLEET, M. D.



ELL in the rear-guard of the vernal migrations, straggles a bird that seems especially marked for the unmerited contumely of human bipeds. Boys assail him with stones

and sportsmen casually let off a cartridge at him, just to see if their gun is in good killing condition. Rustics, in all quarters, slander him with a multitude of indelicate and reproachful names. Indeed, it would appear as if rural vulgarity were taxed to coin unpleasant descriptive terms, by which to designate him. Notwithstanding this most absurd popular prejudice, the little green heron is, in the words of Dr. Coues, "a pretty and engaging species." Wilson, the poet-naturalist, as well as a host of recent writers, pays this heron a complimentary tribute, widely at variance with the ridiculous and distasteful ideas so universally entertained.

North America has a fine array of herons. Not less than a round dozen of species make up the list, while in Europe only two are at all common, the few other species mentioned being only visitors, more or less rare. The heron of Northern Europe—the bird embalmed in song and story as the noblest quarry at which king or prince could fly his falcons—the bird which it were death, in mediæval times, for villeins to harm—is still carefully protected in England. It is closely related to our "great blue" heron, but is not so large nor so handsome, and, presumably, less courageous than the latter. The large herons are everywhere shy and wary birds. Their great bulk and imposing carriage make them a conspicuous target for gunners, and their hereditary suspicion is intensified by personal experience of the treachery of man until they show an eagerness to vacate the neighborhood at his approach that effectually precludes all attempts at close observation. The smaller kinds, on the contrary, manifest but little timidity, and were they not persecuted, would soon

familiarize themselves with the doings of civilization.

The green heron is, by far, the most common of his family, and is the smallest, with the exception of the least bittern, which latter is always scarce, though widely distributed. There is nothing in the appearance or habits of the green heron to justify the obloquy cast on him by the unthinking; and it is probable that he only receives, as the most widely known of American herons, a survival of the crude notions of the natural history of his family that were current among the ignorant of a former age.

Wilson thought this heron was, above all birds, least dependent on the goodwill of man, as the character and abundant nature of his food forestalled any necessity for the destruction of objects useful to humanity. The only peccadillo that has ever been charged against the green heron is the taking of fry from the ponds of fish hatcheries, and this only since the great diminution of aquatic life; the result of the increasing pollution of our lesser waters. The food of the green heron consists of small frogs and a variety of fish, as well as snakes, newts, and some large insects. To procure this varied *menu* he wades stealthily in the shallow water or sits, with retracted neck, upon a convenient log or stone, warily watching the approach of his prey, which he grasps with a lightning-like movement of his tenuous body. The little "peeping" frogs (*hylas*) tax the heron's skill to the utmost; light and agile, they often elude the quickest strokes, forcing their would-be captor to score many a miss.

The green heron is almost exclusively diurnal in habits, though he is most active during the quiet hours of early morning and the dusk of evening, probably because of the greater facility of taking food at those times. His flight is easy and deliberate, but not very graceful. The long neck is drawn inwards until the bill seems to project from the breast, and the equally long legs are trailed behind, in the manner of all herons. His slow flight, so tempting for a shot, can be greatly ac-

celerated when the bird is frightened, and the quickness with which he "makes tracks," when suddenly flushed, has given him the least objectionable of his common names—that of "fly up the creek."

Green herons are more or less sociable, and may be found breeding, in pairs or communities, anywhere in suitable localities. As if understanding the persecution their eggs and young are subjected to by the traditional wicked small boy, they choose a dark and all but impenetrable thicket of scrub pines or thorn-bushes. It is not to be supposed that a bird constructed on the heron plan should prove a neat architect, and, in truth, the nest is a somewhat slovenly affair, composed of sticks and twigs, without lining, and barely large enough

steady way, to the neighboring branches. The youngsters are exceedingly ugly. Their awkward bodies, scantily covered with ragged gray down; their bulging, whitish eyes and puffy legs make from the first an unfavorable impression, which their savage shyness and harsh voices do not tend to remove. The parents, while unable to effect much, show considerable spirit in defending their ill-favored brood. They hover about, exposing themselves to any danger, and give vent by hoarse cries, to their impotent fury. Much food is required to forward the rapid growth of the young herons; a portion, either through clumsiness or satiety, being allowed to fall to the ground, where it soon develops an odor very characteristic of heronries in general.

I once secured, after a prolonged and far from scathless scramble among the thorny branches of a wild plum thicket, a pair of these unpromising infants, as yet in their callow immaturity. At first they seemed intractable, but a sufficiency of good food and immunity from further injury soon gained their confidence, and they grew, in course of time, excessively tame, even invading the sacred precincts of the farmhouse kitchen. Their appetites were enormous, and appeared to increase with time, so that it became a formidable matter to supply the necessary provender. Snakes, fish, grubs, grasshoppers,



THE GREEN HERON.

to contain the three or four pale green, chalky eggs. They do not hurry their housekeeping arrangements. It is usually well towards July before the young are fledged, but long before this they have been crowded from the narrow nest, and are obliged to cling, in their un-

pers, and odd scraps of uncooked meat disappeared, with perfect impartiality, into their voracious maws. A heron's throat is very dilatable, and they can swallow substances that appear enormous in comparison with that organ. When one undertakes the ingestion of

a large, flat fish, the neck, expanding to accommodate its form, presents a most curious appearance. Should the object be very long, as a snake or eel, the heron coolly puts it down as far as it will go, and complacently waits, with outstretched neck, until the part first swallowed digests away, when another section is engulfed. The action of the gastric juice in the stomachs of fish-eating birds is so rapid that it takes them but a trifling time to dispose of a large mass of food.

My herons, "Tom" and "Peggy," were plucky in the extreme, and, though peaceable enough when not imposed upon, resented fiercely any domineering from the barn-yard inhabitants. Their combined forces were always more than sufficient to rout the enemy. Once only we witnessed an instance of their partial discomfiture. "Tom" had accepted the challenge of a bullying young rooster, and at the first pass was placed *hors du combat*, with a spur through his throat. Before the cock had time to sound his clarion of victory, "Peggy," with a savage cry, came dart-

ing through the air, and alighting full on his back, by a fierce stroke of her spear-like bill, deprived him of an eye. So vigorously did she follow up her



NEST OF THE GREEN HERON.

advantage, that most energetic interference was required to save the fowl from complete destruction. "Tom's" wound was so severe that a considerable portion of his internal anatomy was exposed; nevertheless he recovered rapidly. A contraction of the gullet followed, which afterwards often caused him great astonishment by refusing to pass such large articles as formerly. Occasionally he would attempt to swallow a dried sun-fish or other spiny object, which, sticking fast, could be neither cast up nor down. A little water, with some careful manipulations, always relieved him from his unpleasant predicament; but to the last, experience did not render him wiser on this point. Their exceeding tameness exposed them to great danger when they chanced to wander from their adopted home; and their fate, at last, was that of being stoned to death.

Taken all in all, were it not for the disapproval of man, the heron's "lot would be a happy one," in contra-



"PEGGY" TO THE RESCUE.

distinction to that of the policeman in the comic opera. Abundance of food and ability for self-protection would seem advantages sufficient to compass all the desirable ends of bird-life. Their range is quite extensive, going beyond the United States. They are resident south of the frost line, far into Central America. Many attitudes of these herons are extremely graceful, and their carriage and near appearance is always most pleasing. Their colors are neat and harmonious to a degree. They are described as: "above, dark green, with bronzy iridescence; and below, mostly dark brownish ash or wine color, varied with

white." The eyes are brilliantly golden, while the lores, or naked skin about the face, as well as the legs, are greenish yellow. A well-developed crest of dark metallic green crowns the head, and is always erected when the bird is excited.

The lesser herons, though common enough in tropical countries, are quite peculiar to North America, in the temperate zone. Conspicuous birds, as a feature of our rural life, are now entirely too scarce. It is devoutly to be hoped that thoughtless people, at no distant day, will find reason to give up the causeless persecution of them.



THE AFFAIR AT L'ANGE GARDIEN.

BY S. FRANCES HARRISON.



THE snows at L'Ange Gardien lay deep. And the snows at L'Ange Gardien lay close. They lay so very deep and close that the bright tin spire of the church on the hill seemed almost the only break in all that snow-bound landscape. Although one saw the spire of the church, the Church of the holy Ste. Catherine, in all weather, at all seasons of the year, and from every possible point of view, yet it was upon such a winter's day as this, when the tapering finger of gold pierced the blue of a winter sky and pointed to the massive white clouds that hung peak-like over the valley, that one saw it best. All else was snow-bound, snow-covered, snow-curtained—the red doors of the little low houses, the green blinds of the stiff paper on the inside of the win-

dows, the leafless Lombardy poplars, the silent sullen river, the twisted grey snake fences, the heaps of phosphate lumps—blue and lavender and yellow in summer, the wayside cross with its rudely-carved figure, the distant vacant country dotted with a few stumps and evergreens, even the big iron mine itself and its ramifications, which furnished employment for the inhabitants of L'Ange Gardien—all were buried beneath the soft, yet ever pressing, encircling and overwhelming masses of white, crystalline, glittering snow. It seems always winter at L'Ange Gardien, for when the snow has once come, it does not easily leave. Nothing else lasts so long. There is a spring as in other places, but how fleet! One morning there is a little less snow; the next there are lilac stars and yellow bells, white cups and pale-green plumes on the very verge of the wood where the children of the *épiciers* love to gather

them. There is a summer, as the women best know, for in the long hot days, when the men must have their accustomed rations of pork and beans and potatoes and fish to eat when they return from the mine, what discomfort and toil, what weariness of the flesh, what sinking of the spirit is theirs! There is an autumn, which, if it would but last, is to men and women and children alike; the favorite season of the year, when the fields are golden with the pumpkin and the gourd, and the air is bright with the glow of the gorgeous crab-apple and the varying leaves of the maple. But, spring flies, and summer tires, and autumn will not stay. Soon it is winter again, and the people at L'Ange Gardien stretch themselves with a yawn, and donning snowshoes and *tuque*, go forth in unquestioning obedience to the commands that winter lays upon them.

After all, it is easier for these dark-haired, thick-skinned, spirited, garrulous and sociable people to get warm than to keep cool.

The snows lay deep and close. The rushing river was silent, stunned into rigidity. The mine was deserted, and the men quietly employed at their homes. Yet, at two o'clock in the afternoon a faint sound of hacking was heard away back of the mine, in the direction that the river, the rolling, rushing, turbulent Rivière Ouelle takes when it branches off to Lac Calvaire. But for the sound of this hacking the settlement was absolutely and awfully still. No scraps of song, no note of fiddle, no hum of wheel, no domestic sounds whatever, for every door and every window were soft-sealed fast by the close-lying snow. No one was out of doors it seemed, as there was no familiar *crunch, crunch* down the one straggling street. Nor blow of axe, nor ring of hammer, nor crack of whip, nor thud of hoof broke the appalling silence. But for that slender, shining spire of gold consecrating the remote fastnesses of the valley, and a few attenuated spirals of smoke, one would have deemed that some tragedy like to those perpetrated by the Old World avalanche was here in progress. Thus, over all this white wilderness without a voice, the faintest, most trivial and most remote

sound made itself startlingly loud and significant. "Hack! hack! hack! It must be the sound of picking or breaking ice," thought Fraser, the foreman at the mine, who occupied a good-sized planked house about a hundred yards from the river, and who was a fine, sturdy Scotchman, not long in the place. Fraser put down his pipe, and sat listening.

The hacking went on.

"Some of those boys at the ice," he said aloud. "I suppose it's all right. No danger that any accident will happen round here. Hang me if I ever saw such thick ice and so much snow!"

His feet were on the front step of an enormous wood stove, capable of burning three or four logs at the same time; his pipe was just refilled; a paper, torn, greasy and blotted, but still a paper with human news in it, and compiled and printed by human beings, was on the table before him. Fraser was for a time happy. But that hacking went on. At that moment his wife opened the door. She wore a shawl pinned over her head, even in the house, and her hands were disfigured by intricate crossings of bleeding cracks caused by the irritation of the cold and constant work with ashes and cooking.

"Two of the men want to see you," she said to her husband. "Them two brothers as was 'ere yesterday. I don't know their names. I think there's something wrong."—She finished timidly, for she knew Fraser.

"Something wrong?" said he. "When is n't there something wrong, I'd like to know? This is a pretty berth on the whole, taking it all round."

"The men are peaceable enough, you say yourself," said Mrs. Fraser. She secretly rejoiced in the idea, or rather hope, that something *was* wrong. The monotony of the life was beginning to react upon her lively Cockney temperament, for whatever stir there was in the little community—and Fraser could have told her of considerable stir from time to time had he chosen—was confined strictly to life at the mine. Indoors there was only scrubbing and dishes, ashes and scrubbing.

"Peaceable enough?" retorted the foreman. "What's peaceable? Close and

sneaky and cunning you mean. Show the men in."

In the interval which elapsed between the withdrawal of Mrs. Fraser and the appearance of the two men, the foreman listened for that unusual sound on the river and caught it twice distinctly. The men were brothers, Henri and Hyacinthe Gourdeau, sons of the blacksmith, and they were employed in the mine. Fraser nourished a bitter but secret enmity towards all the French inhabitants of L'Ange Gardien, perhaps chiefly against the blacksmith, Jean-François-Armande Gourdeau, his wife, Marie-Louise-Josephite-Virginie, and their fourteen children, the two eldest of whom were twins, Henri and Hyacinthe. Fraser's antipathy was racial, not individual, and many a time his wife had almost persuaded him that underneath a French exterior might lie some unguessed-at virtues and graces of mind and character.

Henri and Hyacinthe appeared at the door. They were undersized men, about twenty-five, rather stout, dark-eyed and melancholy in expression; and they both wore earrings, coarse blanket coats and red sashes. Fraser put his pipe down on the table and looked at them. His manner of address was curt but to the point.

"What's up, Frenchy?" he said.

The twins, who had left their snowshoes outside, carried their rusty fur caps in their hands, and upon Fraser's salutation essayed to speak but seemed to hesitate.

"Come!" said the foreman. "You know enough English. Get it out. What's the matter?"

Henri, the thinnest of the twins, immediately stepped forward and made a hasty bow.

"I spik ver' littl' Englis 't all," he said. "But we tink—Hyacinthe and I—that Messire Frasaire should know all dat go on at de mine. We tink dat, me and Hyacinthe."

Here Hyacinthe stepped forward briskly, and added his valuable opinion.

"Henri and me—we talk it over, we see, we watch, we come tell Messire Frasaire." Then he retired a few steps, and Henri was again left spokesman. Fraser regarded them narrowly.

"Good!" he said, after a moment's inspection. "Go on." A silence followed

in which the mysterious "hack" or "pick" at the ice on the distant river was clearly heard. The foreman, who had allowed his penetrating gaze to wander, brought it back like lightning to the mild and melancholy faces of the two Frenchmen, and noticed that they started and cast an anxious glance at one another.

"We tink," continued Henri, "Messire Frasaire come here a stranger. He not posseeble know everyting go on at de mine, or every man who live at L'Ange Gardien. L'Ange Gardien, *eh! bien*, it is not Trois Rivières, nor yet L'Assomption, nor yet Québec—*non, ma foy!* It is, you say, but L'Ange Gardien, and a small place. But there is queer tings, all de same."

Here Hyacinthe advanced again and repeated his brother's formula.

"There is queer tings, sure."

"We tink," said Henri, "Messire Frasaire would like to know some of these queer tings too. There is many in L'Ange Gardien who know, but who go with the mouth shut. And there is many who go with it too open and say bad tings. We spik truth, me and Hyacinthe."

"Well, who says you don't?" interrupted Fraser. "Get on, will you, and drop all descriptions of yourself. I know you. Seen you every day for two months. Get on!"

He was not naturally a man of as fine and as polite instincts as the blacksmith's sons, and the conviction troubled him, for he knew it.

"*Eh! bien*," said Henri, "it is a queer ting, sure. I am in de mine two year, and I know a man who has been there twelve year before you come, before the other man before you come. This man is Jean Talon. He is not of the village nor of the valley. My mother, she know everyone in the valley. We have *mon oncle* at Lac Calvaire, and *ma tante*, who is now in Heaven, lived for years at L'Assomption. *Ma foy*, my mother know all up and down the valley. And there was no Talon in the valley, nor in the village, that is, L'Ange Gardien. Talon—he leave de mine when you come. He is shoemaker, but sometimes for a mont' he make no shoes 't all."

"Three mont'," interposed Hyacinthe. "Then he shut himself up by himself if it is winter, and if it is summer, he

is always by the river at one place—we will show after—and there he will stay to wash the hands."

"To wash his hands?" said Fraser.

"In the river?"

"Well," as he thought for a moment, "what of that?"

"*Ma foy!* messire, what of dat!" repeated Henri, with excited gesture and raised voice. "What of dat? We tink, Hyacinthe and me, and all de oder men in de house, all L'Ange Gardien tink dat quite enough too. The river—*ouai*—the river *pour un* bath, but not *pour*—for, wash the hands. So it is all de time wash, wash, wash, all de time with this Talon. And we tink he is crazy man, Hyacinthe and me. *Ouai*, he is crazy man, sure, or else—Dam! messire know what else."

"Jean Talon, you say," said the foreman. He maintained his usual mixture of *bravado* and coolness, and was smoking now quite comfortably. There seemed so little in the little tale after all. What simple asses the Frenchys were!

"Jean Talon, shoemaker, at one time employed in the Chelsea Mine," continued Fraser. "And what you have got against him is this: that you don't know where he came from or any of his family, and that he—washes his hands in the river. Bah! go home and wash your own, and bring a better story next time."

The self-pity of the two Frenchmen was amusing in the extreme. Hyacinthe spread out both his arms, and began to jabber away in French. Henri wildly ran his hands through his hair.

"*Mais*, Messire Frasaire, you do not see, you do not know. It is like—it is like when my fader break the hard iron, *ouai même chose*, when he make it soft wiz heat and it break—so! If you cannot see, you do not belief. You take a *fer de cheval*, a horse boot, and strike it against the hand—so. Sh! it hurt! *Mais voyez vous donc*, you take dat same horse boot to my fader, and he make it soft and red, and it will squeeze and drop—it is like fire and water—*ouai*, messire, and who will belief dat if they do not see? It is not always what one sees that one must only belief. There is queer tings, sure."

"*Mais, ouai*," said Hyacinthe.

Fraser smoked away, and made no secret of his contempt for the silly tale, as such it appeared to him.

"What do you want me to do?" he said. "Want me to forget myself, my position as foreman of this out-of-the-world old Chelsea Mine, so far as to go and tell your old John Talon to buy a bigger wash-hand basin? Not I. Go and tell him yourselves. There's Lake Calvary or the Big Ruisseau. Either of them might suit him, perhaps. Soap? Does he use soap? Why, now, there's nothing uncommon in the idea of a man, especially a single man's making his toilet in the river! I've seen your own washerwomen rinsing the clothes down there behind the mine many a time, and so have you, maybe. Bring another story. Quick!"

But the twins stood their ground.

"*Eh, bien*," said Henri, "we tink it right come tell you no oder man in L'Ange Gardien like to work with Talon. Talon—he say he come back to de mine and work with us, and we say we will not work with him, with Jean Talon. He is crazy man, sure, or else bad man, and no man in L'Ange Gardien want to work with him."

This gave a new complexion to the matter, and the foreman stopped smoking. Mrs. Fraser beyond in the second doorway was intensely interested and gratified at the near prospect of something decidedly wrong.

"Hang you all!" said Fraser. "You've set the other men on, you two. You're too gentlemanly. We don't want French nobility round here in this Chelsea mine. We want good workmen who mind their business and do their work, leave their comrades alone and leave mutineering alone. I'd bet a cord of hardwood that your grandfather was a skulking French pirate and your great-grandmother a gipsy fortune-teller with beads and charms and wicked black eyes. What does Father Gouin say to all this? Does he know there's a plot in the mine against one of the men, and against me for all I know to the contrary? Come! let Talon alone and attend to your work. The mine will open in two months, and between now and then I don't want to hear a single word of this business again, d'ye hear?"

Hyacinthe stepped forward.

"Not fair," he said deprecatingly.

"What's not fair?" growled the foreman.

"Not fair to my bruddaire. He take trouble, he go see, go watch, lie in de snow, and then come tell. Not fair."

"What is it you expect me to do?"

"Go see Talon," answered Henri.

"What good will that do?" growled the foreman again, but nevertheless rising and looking about him for his coarse boots and outer clothing. "I could n't give a certificate worth anything if I did see him. Wait till Dr. Boucher drives by some day, and I'll speak to him about the fellow if you like. How far away is his house? I don't remember it or him at all. Should n't be surprised if the whole business was a hoax. Confound you all for a set of weak-minded fools! How far is it? Whereabouts is he?"

"He is there," said Henri, and pointed out of the window, at which the foreman involuntarily started.

"*Ecoutez, messire,*" said Hyacinthe. "You shall hear him in one moment. Silence!"

While the three, and, indeed, the four, listened, for not a word was lost upon Mrs. Fraser, the peculiar picking sound which had attracted the foreman's notice some time ago was again and more distinctly heard.

"Talon," whispered Henri.

"Talon, sure," whispered Hyacinthe.

A certain kind of unwilling curiosity began to steal over Fraser. His vigilance was so unceasing that the remarkable circumstance attending the existence of this village Mephistopheles troubled him in spite of himself.

"A shoemaker, you say," he muttered, while he put on his coat and cap and took down his snowshoes. "Jean Talon, a shoemaker! Never heard of him. Why has n't somebody told me about him before?"

"Because, messire," returned Henri politely, "it is but to-day that we see him do this strange thing. To wash, wash, wash all de time in summer might not be so bad, but in winter, when it is so cold that de door sticks to de finger, *ouai*, messire know how, and everything is froze, *voyez vous donc* how

strange, how terrible to see a man break de ice on de river that he may wash there too! Messire has never heard of that?"

"Well, no, I have n't," said the foreman, now completely attired and ready for the open air. "And to my mind, Talon is a sensible man. There's little enough water used in L'Ange Gardien, I can tell you. Between green tea and bad whiskey for drink, and the melted snow that freezes again by the bedside into a cake of ice when it is brought into the house to wash with, water, it appears to me, is at a discount up here. Now, are you ready, and what do you propose doing?"

Hyacinthe answered this time, as Henri had drawn near the window and was looking out.

He suggested that leaving the house by the front entrance they would be unobserved by Talon, who was, he stated, occupied in breaking the ice directly at the back of the mine, where the land sloped down in a shelving, pine-fringed cliff to the shore of the hard frozen Rivière Ouelle. They might then, by gliding carefully between the trees and taking every care not to be seen, catch a glimpse of the solitary habits of the suspected and avoided Talon. What was to follow did not seem very clear. Fraser, as became a straightforward Briton and square man of business, disliked exceedingly the notion of spying upon any man, especially when the man in question was one of his own employees, or soon to be such, but the sweetness of Henri's manner and the stolidity of Hyacinthe worked upon him to that extent that he seemed no longer capable of having merely his own way. His strong will was unbraced for once, and though he passed out of his house and along the glistening street with a growl and protest at being thus conducted to an act of espionage which could redound in no way to his credit, he yet glanced askance at the mild countenances of the twins in admiration of their perseverance and their strongly spiritual cast of thought.

The three were the only persons visible out of doors. There was one dog, such as he was—a poor, half-frozen hound belonging in a general way to

the mine and to no one at all in particular, who, issuing when they did, from the back premises of Fraser's house, trotted along with them a little way resignedly until, as they suddenly turned to descend the cliff, he changed his weak little dog's mind and ran back again to his portion of straw and rags in Fraser's shed. No wonder, for it was terribly cold. The eyelashes froze instantly to the cheeks, the cheeks became instantly scarlet, and then in a few moments alarmingly white, unless constantly chafed with lumps of snow, and the breath hung in huge icicles from Fraser's big blonde moustache. And yet the sun was dazzlingly, radiantly, gloriously, intoxicatingly bright, and the blue above intensely, purely and beautifully blue; every separate snow-crystal shone like a brilliant, and in the concrete, every hillock, every covered branch, every laden twig, every present existing object, shone, too, like masses of clustered brilliants with as hard if as perfect a light. There was no softness anywhere in the glow, nor was there any warmth. Blazing away to the left rose the golden spire, the beloved landmark for all the valley as well as for all the village; and beyond this, not a single elevation of any kind, whether tree, house, chimney or steeple broke the cruel monotony of the vast snow-covered vacant plains, a land of drift, dismal, desolate and remote.

Pushing the brushwood and pine branches aside, Henri leading, Fraser second and Hyacinthe bringing up the rear, the three soon stealthily entered the small plantation of pine that crowned the sloping cliff, and began sliding down, taking off their snow-shoes for that purpose, for here the snow was less dense, and the stones and fallen logs in the path more frequently met with. As they proceeded the hacking sound grew clearer, nearer, louder; and it was, when at last even with the shore of Rivière Ouelle, they peered out from among the snow-crusted fringes of pine and fir, quite possible to see the figure of a man kneeling by the side of the icy stream. He was but ten yards away, and knelt with his back towards his pursuers, his coat flung off, but his knitted tuque drawn well over his ears, forehead and neck.

This, then, was Jean Talon. Fraser met the eyes of the Frenchmen, and all three nodded. It was necessary to maintain positive silence, since there was not even the splash of running or drip of falling water, nor the scurry of frightened birds, nor the rustle of dried leaves, nor the faintest possible sound save and beyond their own labored breathing and the reiterated hack! hack! of the man in front of them.

Jean Talon appeared a man of about forty, grizzled, thin and muscular. He wore earrings too, his moustache was still black, his eyes were keen gray. His shirt was checked red and white flannel, and his tuque dark-blue. He carried a bag containing a few tools of simple description, thrown almost at the foot of the very tree against which on the other side Hyacinthe Gourdeau was leaning. He had a small axe in his hand and from time to time dealt steady and well-directed blows at the corrugated surface of caked ice before him. So far, however, he had not succeeded in breaking more than several small chips off from the huge mass that stretched away on either hand and across to an opposite low-lying shore unrelieved by even a single boulder. The three men behind the trees settled themselves to watch, and it was not the first time for the two Gourdeaus. It had been on a soft autumn day in October that they had first seen Talon at his curious task. There was, much higher up the stream, a fair and sumach-fringed corner known as P'tit Chaudière, for a cascade, large for any other country, but small for this country of cascades, leapt and tumbled and shivered itself into silver drops against the pebbly beach, the overhanging fir branches and the rolling logs of maple and red birch. P'tit Chaudière was the name of this miniature fall, and even in autumn when the waters elsewhere were low, there was always enough in the three-cornered bay below the little cascade to splash the red-tipped sumach leaves, and wet into a brighter yellow and green the branches of the few maples and many birches that arched high over it. To this unmolested spot came few of the men at any time. They were no lovers of nature in the conventional sense, because they saw too much of her and found her for the most part a grim and desolating deity.

The women—what had the women at L'Ange Gardien to do with soft seats beneath spreading trees, with falling water musical in its melody, with the warm tints of autumn or the delicate ones of spring! Yet to this fairy corner came Talon, and how long he had been coming none knew, for when Henri and Hyacinthe saw him and spoke to him about it he gave no answer. They had been for a long walk over to "*mon oncle*" at Lac Calvaire and were returning by the shore of the Ouelle when one blazing branch of fiery sumach swaying far out over the water caught the dull eye of the stolid Hyacinthe. He thought it pretty. It was the color of Angélique's dress, a thin satin twenty-five cents a yard she had bought in L'Assomption a year ago, and Angélique was the belle of L'Ange Gardien, daughter of old Tremblay, who owned a good-sized little farm and would leave her something respectable when he died. Thinking of Angélique, Hyacinthe Gourdeau pulled at the branch, and at the same moment found he had disturbed Talon, the lazy shoemaker whom he knew by sight, in the act of washing his hands. Talon looked confused. Hyacinthe and Henri readily apologized. They passed on, nevertheless, but on looking back a few moments after he was again engaged as before. They seated themselves on a boulder, and watched. For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes he kept the action up. Over and under, under and over, he made the water, the clear, pure, dancing water of P'tit Chaudière, pass his hands. His intensity, his absorption, his resistless energy were remarkable in their way. He rubbed his hands, he chafed them, he scoured them, he scrubbed them. He immersed them softly in the leaping waters; withdrew them slowly, only to plunge them in fiercely once again. He laved them tenderly as if they were not his own but those of some sick child. He held them below the edge of the fall and let its silver drops tickle one by one, first the horny backs of his hands, then their yellow palms. He took up handfuls of water and let it trickle through his fingers. Then he would suddenly fall to washing and scouring and rubbing and scrubbing as before. His coat was off, his head bare, and his hairy chest exposed.

Henri and Hyacinthe were good simple fellows, and united in their strange selves that mixture of superstition and common sense which is characteristic of their race. After this singular scene they could never regard Talon as an ordinary sane shoemaker. Again they saw him in the same place at the same work. Towards the end of November he had frequently been seen attempting the same thing in the river back of some of the workmen's houses, remaining sometimes for hours constrainedly kneeling by the water's edge and going through his penance or mortification, or whatever it may have been. Then in December or January he had gone one day to his house, shut himself up inside it and only been seen at the windows until this February day upon which the two Gourdeaus had thought it right to ask the foreman to interfere.

As Fraser watched him now, his actions were identical with those reported of him. He had succeeded at last in breaking a hole large enough to admit of both his hands, and he was laving them in that dark and frightfully cold water with the same resistless force and intensity which he had shown at P'tit Chaudière. Even to the abnormally tough and seasoned men who were regarding him, the action seemed unnecessarily cruel and painful. Henri whispered that he would surely freeze, himself, if he stood there any longer. Fraser, too, was beginning to realize the bitter degree of cold, and knew they must keep moving, or they would quickly be frozen. Yet Talon had his coat off, his chest half exposed, and his hands and wrists both plunged beneath the black and icy current of the frozen Rivière Ouelle! When about half-an-hour had elapsed, the foreman and his guides had had enough of it. They retreated as noiselessly as they had come, and when Fraser's house again was reached, it was Henri who broke out into excited French, almost unintelligible to the foreman, who rudely cut him short.

"Quit your talk!" he said, fiercely. "You're throwing all those French pearls of yours away. Look here, this is what I'll do. Come around to my house to-night after dark, and be ready to tell Father Gouin and myself

all you know of this man, Talon. If there is any one who knows more, let him come, too. At my house to-night, after dark."

Henri and Hyacinthe exchanged a look.

"There is Alphonse Bruyère," said Henri. "He know Talon well once. In de mine. For twelve year they work together. Ah, *ouai!* Alphonse Bruyère."

"And Xavier-Baptiste Labelle," said Hyacinthe. "Xavier-Baptiste, he was the one saw Talon many time at the P'tit Chaudière. Xavier, he say Talon no crazy man."

"And Narcisse Deschappelle, he tell me tree day ago he see Talon will have water where there is no water, only ice. That will be Narcisse's own axe that Talon use. He will have borrowed the axe from Madame Deschappelle. He is a cunning one, that Talon."

"And Patrique Lorimier, and Jérémie McCarty—"

"And Marie Tavernier and her cousin, Delle Madeleine Bouchette, and old Tremblay—"

"Confound you! The whole village!" ejaculated Fraser.

"No more talk. It's too cold to-night. I suppose you meant well, but you should have spoken of this before to the *curé*, not to me. However, I'll do my duty and clear it up, if I can. Bring some of these men with you to-night, but none of the women, and tell everything you know to the *curé*."

Dark arrives soon, even in the month of February, at L'Ange Gardien. The sun went down at four, and at half-past four the snow, all the glistening hillocks and softly rounded mounds of snow that had shown so white an hour before, were grey and dull and opaque. For glow was given gloom, and a sullen foreboding lay spread over the valley as the blue of the sky changed to lead-color, and the ice-cakes in the river to steel from dazzling diamond. The touch of color in the tapering spire had faded, too, and but one savage streak of orange in the greenish-gray west told of a luminary which had been and was no more. So cold and gray and dull was the vast flat expanse, so shrouded every living thing, so impenetrable the rapidly

gathering shadows that closed above the fallen logs in the forest, that one might well have doubted if upon the morrow the bright, the glorious, the golden February sun would indeed shed its life-giving and life-sustaining rays.

By half-past five it was quite dark. Fraser moved about the kitchen restlessly. It struck him forcibly that this man, this fool, Talon, should not have been allowed to remain down there by the river so long. What if he were still there?

But that were impossible. Fraser went often to the window and listened, but heard no longer the monotonous yet air-filling sound of the axe. At eight o'clock Father Gouin arrived, Fraser's son having left the message, and directly in his wake came old Tremblay, almost paralyzed with the cold, shaking, coughing and jabbering away in French. His wrinkled face seemed to be made of leather, and his evil old eye cast an approving leer at the Fraser kitchen. Old Tremblay was "a queer one, sure," said Hyacinthe Gourdeau, who nevertheless courted him for the sake of Angélique. Then came Xavier-Baptiste Labelle, Alphonse Bruyère and Deschappelle, all workmen in the mine, silent, wary, polite fellows, speaking little or no English. Bruyère went nowhere without his fiddle (a fiddle of three strings), and he had it now. The Gourdeau brothers arrived last, and made up the party, eight with Fraser. The door of the great wood stove was thrown back and revealed an enormous mass of glowing, crackling embers that flung their occasional sparks far into the room and burnt a semi-circle of blackened dots on the plain wooden floor. On the margin of this circle sat the men, Father Gouin having been given, out of deference to his superior station, the best chair in the house, made in the village by Bruyère's brother, of neat light wood and furnished with rockers and a cushion. Mrs. Fraser brought in a small can of rye whiskey, and set it on the table with glasses. The glasses were coarse and chipped and of many patterns, but very much prized and admired. Most people at L'Ange Gardien used tin pannikins or heavy delf cups.

"What about the other two men you spoke of?" inquired the foreman. "McCarty was one, I think."

"*Ouai, Jérémie McCarty,*" answered Henri Gourdeau with his fluent affability, no whit restrained by the presence of the priest. "We could not get up there so far. So cold. It is over de oder side of de river. And Patrique—Patrique will have been away at L'Assomption for a week. And Delle Bouchette—"

"I did n't want no women, I told ye," said Fraser curtly. "Father Gouin, I wish you understood more English, but as you don't, I must put the business as plainly as I can, and get the men to interpret for me."

The *curé* nodded. He was intensely comfortable, and regarded with interest Mrs. Fraser's bringing in of good, large raw potatoes in her apron, which, after being well rubbed, were deposited in the embers of the great wood fire, carefully raked forward for that purpose.

Bruyère's fingers wandered instinctively to his fiddle, and in another moment he would have been singing—

*Manger du lard et pois,
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons;
Pauvre voyageur que tu as d'la misère
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!*

but for a warning look from Hyacinthe Gourdeau and the general uncertainty of the proceedings.

"It appears," said the foreman, clearing his throat and handling his glass rather nervously, "that several of the men employed in the mine, the Chelsea Mine, are here for the purpose of filing a complaint against the—the conduct and person of one Jean Talon, shoemaker, who lives—" He paused in order to clear his throat again, and Henri interposed.

"Talon live in leetle house, *cabane*, last on de L'Assomption road. Père Gouin has seen it, perhaps, when he drive past."

Père Gouin nodded.

"Well, this man, this Jean Talon, was at one time, so you tell me, employed in the mine. He left before I came to take charge, and since then has been frequently found and observed to—that is—in places and circumstances which lead some of you to think he is

insane. He talks of coming back to the mine, and you refuse to work with him. That is all I can make of the story, and though from what I have seen of the man I don't like his looks, I don't feel bound to say he is insane."

The foreman's somewhat thoughtful and didactic little speech met with no response. The Frenchmen all looked at one another and at the priest, and Fraser did not like the look. "Now, that's all I know of this business," said he, with a touch of taskmaster in his defiant, surly manner, "and having said my say, I'll let you say yours. I've brought you here to know what you've got to tell me about the matter, and by your looks it's something worth telling. Now, who'll begin?"

A profound silence followed.

"Don't all speak at once," said Fraser, with a harsh laugh.

But the idiom was lost on the Frenchmen. The men spat a little, fidgeted in their chairs, and Deschapelle and Bruyère nodded their heads at Henri. Fraser understood.

"Yes, I know. I've heard part of what he knows. Now I want to hear somebody else. You, Xavier-Baptiste, you lent Talon your axe, I hear. Let us know all about *that* transaction."

Xavier-Baptiste Labelle stood up slouchily, and fixed his dull black eyes on Fraser.

"Not my axe," he said.

Narcisse Deschapelle rose too. "*My* axe," he said. "I see Talon tree day ago. He come to the back of my *cabane* and ask to borrow axe. I was to the store, but my wife, she was frikened, and she ran, got axe and gave it Talon."

"I thought it was Labelle's axe," said Fraser to Henri Gourdeau.

"*Non, messire.* I did say M'dme Deschapelle."

"Well," continued Fraser, "which of you two knows Talon the better? You have lived in L'Ange Gardien all your lives?"

The men nodded.

"When did Talon come here first? Did he come when the mine was first opened?"

"*Bien ouai,*" said one of the men, and looked at Henri.

"*Je croy qu'ouai,*" nodded the latter.

"Did he come with the parties interested in the mine?" went on Fraser.

There came no answer to this. Evidently the question was not understood.

"Does anybody know anything else wrong, decidedly wrong, criminal, hurtful or mysterious about this man Talon beyond the fact that he keeps much aloof from the rest of you and has contracted this—well, this peculiar and suspicious habit of constantly washing his hands? Now, this is important," said Fraser, rising as he spoke and setting down his glass with a bang. "This is an important question, and I expect you to answer it like men, and like true men." And Fraser nobly choked down the qualification—"if it were possible that Frenchmen could be true men."

Still no one spoke. But they no longer looked at each other; they looked at him. As for the priest, he looked—alternately at the potatoes and the whiskey.

"Come, you," said the foreman to the Gourdeau brothers, "do *you* know anything more of Jean Talon than you stated to me this afternoon? Or the fiddler, there—Alphonse, you who worked alongside of Talon for twelve years? Why, you're the very man we want, sure to know all about him!"

But the Gourdeaus and Bruyère were as ignorant, seemingly, as the rest. The firelight leapt up and sent a shower of sparks that fell at the feet of the attentive little circle, and illumined in flashes of weird orange the leathery, evil-eyed countenance of old Tremblay, the dark-eyed, picturesque Bruyère, with the fiddle lying on his knees, and the other stolid but gentle and even melancholy faces.

"There's some humbuggery here," said Fraser, his temper beginning to rise. "I'll swear that Henri Gourdeau, yonder, told me this afternoon that Bruyère could tell us something about this fellow Talon. And Labelle the same. It seems that Labelle holds that Talon is not crazy. It's a pity we could n't have got the other two men up. Are none of you going to speak?"

There appeared to be some little movement among the men. Old Tremblay whispered in the *curé's* ear, an impertinence which perhaps the *curé* had only suffered from the owner of so fine a

little farm and apple orchard as the whisperer's. The *curé* nodded. The two Gourdeaus conferred with Bruyère, who twanged his fiddle-strings the while with his lean, brown fingers—the fingers of a born virtuoso; and Labelle and the remaining workman, Narcisse Deschappelle, bent their sleek black heads together in a hurried colloquy. Fraser looked from one to the other. Suddenly an idea struck him.

"Here's another way," he said, and at his voice the little assembly became mute as before. "Here's another way to get at the thing. I won't ask you any more questions about Talon. Perhaps it is not quite fair to expect you to split."

"To—*splitt-t-t?*" said Alphonse Bruyère with an inquiring glance at Henri.

"I'll ask you this, then. Those of you who know this place well, L'Ange Gardien, and have lived here all your lives, do you know any circumstances, do you know of any facts unusual in themselves, perhaps criminal, which can be, I do not say are, but can or could be connected with Talon and his crazy hand-washing. There's no use in playing with words when it's facts is wanted. I'll speak out. Has there ever been a murder in L'Ange Gardien?"

Fraser began turning the potatoes in the ashes and poured out small allowances of the whiskey, carefully choosing the least-chipped and steadiest goblet for *Messire le curé*. Scarcely to his surprise and greatly to his relief, Henri Gourdeau arose with a look of iron determination on his pale face.

"Messire Frasaire," he said, "all de men know I spik truth. Bruyère, he know, and Narcisse and Xavier-Baptiste. *Messire le curé*, he belief me too."

There was now an appalling silence. The men sat like statues regardless of smoking potatoes on the hearth and glasses of whiskey within their reach.

"Messire Frasaire is been here one mont'. He will not have talked at de forge, at de store, and de mine is not yet open for two mont's. *Bien ouai*, me tell Messire Frasaire what we know. There was twelve year ago, one man come here, stay one night, drive out in de morning and never come back. There was two year ago a noder man come here, do de same, stay one night, take a walk

in the morning down by de mine and de river and never come back. *Eh! bien*, we make fuss, sure. We search, we look everywhere, but those men we never find. Some one has *cached* them, sure. There was no bear, no hole in the ice, no noting. Them was queer tings."

A murmur of assent ran through the room.

"Who were these men?" asked Fraser shortly.

"De first man was John Free-man," said Henri; "dat was his name, John Freeman."

"And the second?" inquired the foreman, surprised to hear a familiar Saxon patronymic.

"De oder man was John Murray. The first one I never see. I was little. But my fader, who was then at de mine himself, he see him there."

"There," said Fraser. "Where? Why at the mine?"

"Because, messire, they come to de mine. John Freeman was to be de foreman, and de oder man de same."

In spite of himself Fraser allowed his intimidation to show. "Freeman and Murray?" he said. "Disappeared! Nothing more ever heard of them? Why did not I hear this before?"

The reiteration of this sore point struck even himself with its weakness.

"Well," he said the next moment, carelessly tossing off his glass of spirits, "that does n't count. I never did hear a word on it before, that's certain. Then these men, Freeman and Murray, were supposed to have met with foul play. That was the belief?"

"Some tought de men was froze. Some tought they was ugly with de place and go home again. They was never seen no more again, and my fader say always de same ting—it is a bad ting, sure, for L'Ange Gardien, two men come here and go away like that, and no one know how. Then, messire, it will be last summer some of us did see this scélérat Talon always wash, wash, wash hands, and rub and rub, and noting there to wash and rub, and so we tought there must be something in it, sure. When you come to de mine we stay up all night, we watch, we look out for you, for Talon. But all was right, for Talon was shut up in his *cabane* making shoes."

"It seems I've had a lucky escape," growled the foreman, and he drove his hard heel into the stove and turned over the largest of the three pine logs. As he did so, he caught the eye of the villainous old Tremblay seated by the side of Father Gouin into whose ear he had been whispering from time to time, and was aghast at the evil leer of triumph, or if not triumph, diabolical satisfaction that leapt from those bloodshot eyes and crept round that malevolent mouth. The foreman was quick, for a Scotchman.

"You there!" he cried, pointing straight to Tremblay and electrifying the men. "Say, you, what you know of this double murder, if it was one! What do you look like that for? Are you a friend of Talon's? Do you know all about his infernal hand-washing? Speak out, you old French fool!"

There was terrible agitation among the men. They deemed the foreman suddenly gone mad himself. *Le vieux Tremblay*, father of Angélique and owner of the best farm for miles around, *cultivateur* and part founder of the large *goudronnerie* now run at L'Assomption by his son Auguste—an old *scélérat*, sure, but still not the man to be implicated in a matter like this; and, above all, the intimate friend of M. *le curé*—impossible!

Yet behold *le vieux Tremblay* arise, press his withered hands to his shaggy head, dash his glass of whiskey on the floor, thrust his feet into their *raquettes*, his head into his cap and his hands into his mittens, and seek the door! The men are stupid; they rise, but they do no more. Père Gouin crosses himself and busies himself with the potatoes; Fraser stands for one moment, irresolutely, regarding the door through which Tremblay has fled, and through which the whirling, drifting, eddying snow comes in and whitens the smoke-blackened floor, then he turns and claps on his clothes, the men do the same, and in a second they are all out on the road, stung, beaten back, stabbed and smitten, skin, eyes, brow and bone by the biting, angry wind that hurls the arrows of an easterly sleet in their faces. Mrs. Fraser has shut the door after them, and stands for protection as near the good *curé* as she may. Outside, the men beat back the storm as well as they may. It blinds,

it chokes, it cuts, it congeals, it lacerates, it all but baffles them. Fraser and Henri Gourdeau lead the way. Nothing is said, for nothing can be heard. Past the foreman's planked house, past the log *cabanes* of the workmen, past the store kept by Deschapelle's wife, past the row of neat houses, with a Lombardy poplar each to guard them, up to the hill, and past the Church of the holy Ste. Catherine, past the *cure's* house—then they stop. They are on the wrong track. No sign of Tremblay. For a moment the storm seems to lull.

"Try the river!" roars Fraser in the pause, and well for him that chooses this moment to speak in; for the next, the wind is howling and lashing the trees more furiously than before, and the sleet stings even more bitterly. The river! Then they must turn back, and that will be impossible, for though to walk against the wind is hard, to walk with it is still harder. They would be lifted, even these hardy sons of the forest and of the camp, off their feet and blown against a tree or out-standing fence, and perhaps be killed instantly. But Gourdeau knows of a *détour*, and taking the lead he winds in and out between the firs of a little detached wood until he brings them to almost the edge of the black and frozen Rivière Ouelle. Here the wind is with them, as they feared, and it is as much as the strongest among them—Labelle, tall and stout for a Frenchman, and possessed of enormous muscles—can do to prevent being blown far out on that cold and snow covered surface of corrugated ice. The men run, they stamp, they smite themselves and each other, they leap, they describe circles, they do everything in their power to keep from freezing, well knowing that a few moments' stagnation to-night means death. On they press painfully, breathlessly, blindly, to a spot that shows dark under the snow-shedding skies and against the snow-hidden river. Fraser and Henri Gourdeau are in front. They know this spot, and it is instinct alone which guides them to it, for now the ominous sound of the axe is no more. Hurry, hurry, you men of L'Ange Gardien! That black spot is something more than a hole in the ice, or a stray grizzly, or a boulder from

which all the snow has been blown off—that black spot moves, it is something alive, sentient, human! Hasten, hasten, you men of L'Ange Gardien! Fraser is running now, and Henri behind him; then come Hyacinthe and Xavier-Baptiste, followed by Narcisse Deschapelle, while the fiddler, Alphonse—not such a good runner as the others—brings up the breathless and exhausted rear. And all the while howls and moans the winter wind, and the icy stars look down on an ice-bound and snow-covered world, on the black firs that so mournfully fringe the edge of the black forest, on the huge fantastic drifts that crouch and rear and arch and curl like crested monsters of a glacial age, on the lonely river with its hidden secret of beating, rushing, tumultuous, imprisoned and arrested life, on the distant red light of one house at the outskirts of the valley, on the peaceful and faintly silvered spire of the church on the fir-clad hill, and on the struggling form of an aged man, who seems to wrestle with all the strength of a young one. 'Tis *le vieux* Tremblay, the father of Angélique, and he holds by the neck the *scélérat* Talon—Talon, his friend? Talon, his accomplice?

Talon the murderer, or only the crazed witness of a murder?

* * * * *

Which, was never known. Hyacinthe Gourdeau has long since married Angélique, and the wedding lasted for nine days. The whole valley of the Rivière Ouelle and the entire population of L'Ange Gardien rejoiced over the ceremony, for Angélique was not to be blamed for the sins of her father. Sometimes, when Fraser, who has made a success of the Chelsea Mine, looks in at the neat *cabane* where Angélique spins and cooks and keeps house for the two brothers, he and Henri talk over the now comparatively trite story—at least for the valley of the Ouelle—of "the affair at L'Ange Gardien."

"Look you," says Henri, "dat was bad night for you and me, and for *le vieux* Tremblay. To find dat man on his knee, and he kick, knock, beat Talon, and Talon *dead*—froze dead—de hands and arms, de neck, face froze in with de river—

Le bon Dieu, I cannot forget! Many a night when I hear de wind go—zee-zee-zee—like de fiddle of Alphonse, all round de *cabane*, and when I know it is outside like dat oder night, I go so—shake, shake all de time in my bed. And to see him stretch out there, *le vieux* Tremblay, and die there, like bear or like fish, or like old snake, *ah*, look you, messire, it is not to be forgotten."

"I suppose it will never be found out," says the foreman. "Not now. No one knows, unless it be—"

He stops. Henri evades his glance. He feels that Fraser would mean to imply *messire le curé*. Bah! Bring in the potatoes, Angélique, and let the past sleep.

"There is queer tings, sure," says Henri. Yes, even at L'Ang Gardien.



THE COLONEL'S WOOING.

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.



HE Colonel sat in a chair, out by the front door, sunning himself.

It was one of those delightful October days, full of mellow light and grateful warmth, which is prized all the more because of the briefness of its glory and an intuitive knowledge one possesses, of the bleak and wintry weather which lies just a little beyond.

The "Colonel" was a unique and highly interesting feature of the town, and not a man, woman, nor child without it but knew his dusky, smiling countenance, and laughed at his original and quaint figures of speech.

He was skilled in numerous things, and had acquired, long ago, the reputation of being "handy" around the house, so that when wood was to be sawn, gardens worked, flowers potted or bedded, and such other cares performed as perpetually beset the housekeeper, the Colonel's services were in frequent demand.

In the care of "de gyarden truck-patch" he was an authority, and planted

with profound regard to lunar conditions. He did not like a new "pariety" of tomato, because its "abrasions" were too "multifarious."

His long, lank figure, now somewhat bent, was usually clad in a picturesque garb, heterogeneous in color and material, and closely resembling crazy patchwork, while the turban-like head-gear he wore gave him a sort of oriental appearance.

A saw and saw-horse, or a garden implement, generally proclaimed the nature of his prospective task.

"Well, honey! is yo' takin' a sun-wash dis mawnin'?" he called out as I paused at the little gate which led to the cabin.

His greetings to all were usually of this order, irrespective of rank, age or condition.

"The sun is pleasant," I answered smilingly. "I see you, also, are enjoying it."

I had long been intending to pay the Colonel a visit and draw from him something of his history, and the present opportunity seemed very favorable.

"I am coming in to chat with you a while, and learn something of your

courtship of Aunt Hannah," I said, as I walked up the narrow path.

"Now, jes' lis'en at 'im!" exclaimed the Colonel, with a broad grin of welcome. "He's came up ter speecherfy wid de Colonel.

"Of course, honey, I might bradiate [relate] de matter fer yo' 'prebashun," he said, waving me to a bench near at hand, over which a ground-vine hung its golden treasures; "but my mine's all kerrupted wid de misery pains dat I've hed ob late in de jint's an' bones, dat I aint in very proper shape.

"An yer wants ter hear ob how I cotch Aunt Honner?—which Aunt Honner?" he asked, stopping short and bestowing an inquiring glance on me.

"Which?" I repeated in mild amazement; "I did n't know there were two of them."

"Jes' lis'en at 'im! jes' lis'en at 'im!" cried the Colonel, with an expressive gesture. "Did n't know dar wuz two ob dem. Well, honey, dar wuz two ob dem, de fus' Aunt Honner an' de second Aunt Honner. I'se sorter got a hankerin' arter de name, I s'pose."

"Well, the last one," I replied at a venture.

"Yer oughter said so," responded the Colonel with becoming dignity. "Howsomever wuz I ter kalkerlate which hoss yer war a drivin'?"

"The last one," I repeated contritely.

"Lemme see," said the Colonel reflectively; "I lit up wid de las' Aunt Honner 'bout five year arter de fus' un died. De name hed a sorter 'quaintance sound 'bout hit, an' den she made herse'f mighty keen an' handy 'roun' de place whar I fus' seen her. She war spry an' quick, an' could make a track in de ashes scandalously. She kinder tuck a eye-speck [inspection] ober matters ginrally.

"Sez I ter myse'f, she's a likely 'oman sho'; but all chickens look mighty

fine roostin' in de trees, so yer hed better 'proach her cautiously.

"At fus' I'd jes' drop a 'howdy do,' now an' den, ez I promulgated erlong, den ez I got more sassy an' jawery I'd stop an' jaw wid her a leetle.

"One mawnin' I tuck erlong a nice bowky ob flowers what Mis' Marthy hed gave me. Honner war standin' at de do', wid one eyes ot on me an' one on de bowky.

"I 'dressed her ez follers:

"'Yer seem quite chip an' chattery dis mawnin'," sez I.

"Sez she, 'Likewise de same ter yer, Mistah Wade.'

"Sez I, 'I'm a seekin' fer

a good-look-

in', likely

'oman dat I

kin gave dis

bowky ter.'

"Sez she,

'Yer kin



"HIT MINDED ME OF DE TIME WHEN DE 'POSSOM CALLED DE 'COON VARMINT."

look 'round; but in case er ugly un 'll do, I kin pint out one what 'll take hit offen yo' hands.'

"Sez I, 'Yer welcome ter keep hit yo' se'f tell I find a good lookiner 'oman den yer is yerse'f, 'an' I ups an' repersents [presents] her de bowky.

"'P'raps yer haint got no dejections ter gwine ter de funeril wid me termorrow. Hits gwine ter be a spacious one,' sez I, an' she 'lowed she hed no dejections.

"Dis sorter broke de crust ob de pie, yer see," continued the Colonel, with an expressive wave of the hand.

"Arter dat, I'd drop in fer a spell 'casionally. Brudder Smiff an' his wife, at which Honner war a stayin', dey wuz sorter coaxin' de bizness erlong, an' when I'd drop in dey would drop out mighty innercent like an' onsuspicious. I give her a lub charm too."



"OF COURSE, HONEY, I MIGHT 'BRADIATE' DE MATTER."

"A love charm?" I interrupted. "Pray tell me something about that?"

"Well, 'deed, honey, I will ef yer wants ter know 'bout hit. I'll jes' subscribe hit ter yer. Yer gits some beech-tree bark offen de norf [north] side ob de tree. Yer haf ter go ter de tree at twelve er clock in de night, at de shinin' ob de full moon, an' yer walks 'round de tree twict an' sings—

I gits dis bark frum the wild-beech tree
An' makes er charm fer my true lub an' me.

"Yer haf ter beat up dis bark wid a hoss-shoe dats bin foun' in de road. 'Twont do no good 'cepten hits foun'. Den yer sprinkle sum ob de bark on sum-thin' dat yo' true lub eats, an' puts sum o' hit in yo' lef' shoe. Dat's a sho lub charm."

"Were there no rivals—no other suitors to interfere with your love-making?" I asked.

"Arrivals," said the Colonel, with ill-concealed scorn. "Ob course dere wuz plenty ob 'em, an' all younger den de Colonel wuz; but whilst dey wuz cuttin'

'round gay an' spry like, de Colonel wuz drivin' keerfully, mighty keerfully.

"Well, 'rangements went on in dis style nigh onto four months, when I jes' 'zackly axed her ef she wouldn't druther be an ole man's darlin' den a young man's slave.

"I sorter blinded her up, yer see, like a feller's cakerlated ter do when he's tryin' ter ketch de wary kreater. I tole her ez how I could abstain [sustain] her better 'n eny ob dem sprucified young niggers what war cuttin' 'round so peartsome.

"Sez I, 'De young colts kin git erlong mighty livly and briskily; but hits de ole jog-trot hoss what yer wants ter trus' yo' neck ter.'

"Arter hit wuz intimated 'roun' dat I hed cot-nipped [kidnapped] Honner's af-fecshuns, ob course dese odder arrivals sneaked off like a nigger when he's foun' dat sumbody's bin ter de chicken roos' afore him.

"Sum ob de gals an' sum ob de 'omen folks, too, what warnt married, turned up dere noses an' axed Honner why she didn't wait an' marry her gran'paw, an'

Honner up an' tole 'em kase she war savin' him fer sum ob 'em, ez hit didn't seem likely dey wuz gwine ter git nobody else. Hit minded me ob de time when de 'possum called de 'coon varmint. Yah! yah!

"When de white folkes heard 'bout me an' Honner gwine ter jine poplars, dey preshiated de fac' fer sho an' sartain. Sum gimme one thing an' sum anodder. Marse George, which keeps de grocery right on de corner ez yer go up Main Street, sez he, 'Colonel, jes' locate in hyar an' pick out yer bridle gif,' an' I jes' likewise did de same, an' trotted off wid a wash-board an' a cake er soap; den ez I war a passin' dat t'other grocery, Marse Jeems stops me, an' sez he, 'What on yeath hez dis nigger got?'

"Sez I, 'hits a new style piany what I'm er taken ter my true lub, ter see ef she kin play on hit.' Well, dat sorter tickled him, an' he ups an' hands me a wash-tub, an' sez he, 'Take dis erlong, too.'

"Well, den sumbody gimme a broom, an' sumbody er coffee-pot, an' sumbody er bucket, tell I look like I wuz movin' from 'roun' yere.

"Marse Bob," which keeps the liberty [livery] stable down yonder, he sent de convenience [conveyance] fer me an' Honner ter ride ter church in—yessir he did do dat perzackly—de same, sho-nuff, convenience dat all de tonified white folkses rides in when dey gits married, an' hit war drawn by two white hosses an' druv by a black gemman ob color.

"Yer jes' orter er seed me an' Honner er settin' up in dat fine kerridge.

"Honner war dressed in er kinder white dolly-yarden, wid flounces on hit, an' er muskeeter bar, er sumthin', on her hed; an' I hed on er black suit an' er

stove-pipe hat what Marse Jeems gimme arter he hed done wid 'em.

"De church wuz jes' jam' an' runnin' ober wid people, big, leetle, ole an' young, an' ez we promulgated [promenaded] up de eyelit [aisle] dey played de Dead March on de orgin.

"Ebery body said de audjence an' de sarymony wuz jes' gran' an' invisible. An' hit wuz; sho ez yer born, hit wuz.

"Dat warnt all nuther; no, honey, dat hit warnt.

"When we driv back frum de church, Mis' Sally, an' Mis' Marthy, and Mis' Jane, an' a lot more lady folkses hed spread a

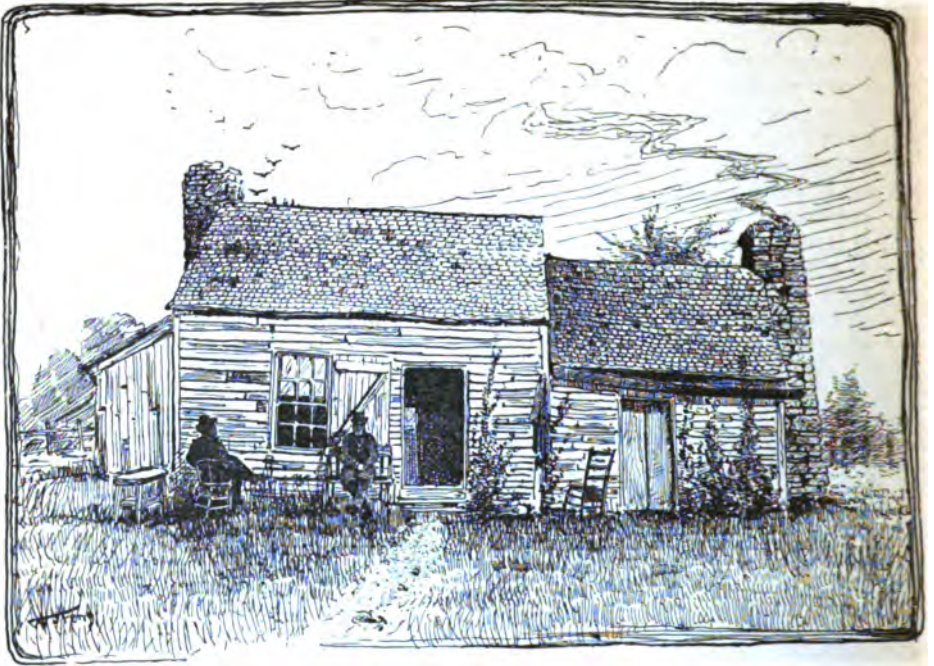


HIT SEEMS POWERFUL LONESOME, TOO."

bridle feast in Mis' Sally's dinin' room, ober in dat big, white house right ober dar.

"Sum ob de culled folkses came ter de weddin' feast, an' sum did n't come. We hed flowin' an' plenty on de table too. Dar wuz leben cakes, none ob yo' common gingy-bready kind, but big, nice uns. Sum hed dis brown fixins 'tween 'em, like a log house wid the plasterin' chucked in, an' sum looked jes' ez if dey hed bin white-washed.

"I tell yer, honey, hit was scrumptious, an' not a nickle did hit cos' me, no, sir, not a nickle.



THE COLONEL SAT SUNNING HIMSELF.

"Every body 'joyed demselves fine. Me an' Honner set at de end ob de table, whar de bigest cake wuz, wid a bowky o' flowers er growin' right out ob hit. De white lady folkses fotch 'roun' de cakes an' vittles dereselves, an' hit did n't take no coaxin' ter get us ter eat.

"I hed a little veranda [memorandum] ob de good fixin's dey brung; but hits los' now. Dar wuz leben big cakes a trimmin' up de festible board wid dar in sinerwatin' presence—I haint fergot dat.

"Well, er day er two arter de weddin' feast, de folkses what cum ter see me an' Honner begin ter talk 'bout er bridle tower. Dey sez ez people marryin' in sech style oughter take a bridle tower likewise ez de res' ob de tony folkses do, an' so dey got Honner's heart set on hit.

"She wuz pertickerler anxious ter see sum ob her folkses ober at Nicklisville, an' put at me ter take er weddin' tower ober dar.

"No, my darlin', sez I, 'de Colonel's gwine ter draw a line right dar. He aint gwine ter git on no kee-ars [cars]; no, dat he haint. I would n't ride on hit, not ef dez wuz ter stan' right quietly all de time dey wuz goin'; dat I would n't,

honey. 'Taint ridin', hits jes' flyin', dat's what hit ez. I don't 'presiate hit. Ebery time I hears ob people gittin' destroyed and pulverised on dem kee-ars, hit weakens me—hit jes' do.'

"Sez I ter myse'f, 'Walkin's good 'nuff fer de Colonel. Ef it haint, he kin stay at home.'

"Honner hed set up ter take er bridle tower, an' dar haint no passafyin' wimmin folkses when dey do get tuck wid a noshun, so, sez I, 'Well, my beloved, I'll jes' take yer down ter dem kee-ars an' put yer on de agrivatin' conventions [inventions], an' yer kin go ter Nicklisville on a bridle tower. De Colonel'll stay at home an' ten' ter de house.'

"Er half er water-milion [melon] is bettern'n none at all, so Honner she 'cluded ter take de bridle-tower by herse'f.

"When we got down ter de kee-ars, dey all tried mighty powerful ter git de Colonel ter trus' hisse'f ter trabbel on 'em; but de Colonel warn't gwine ter do no sech way. He noed how deceivin' dey wuz.

"Marse Jesse offered ter git me a free-pass ticket, what did n't cost nothen', ef I'd go erlong wid Honner; but, sez I, 'De Colonel'll jes' hoof it erlong fer

erwhile yit, hale an' hearty, ef hits all de same ter yer.'

"Marse Jesse sed I could holp Honner on de kee-ars den, an' res' er bit tell dey wuz ready ter start, an' I jes' likewise did de same, only I jes' stopped on de leetle porch at de hind eend. Dat war jes' ez fur as de Colonel wanted ter put his hed in de kritter's mouf [mouth].

"Marse Jesse 'lowed he 'd play er trick on me; but de Colonel warn't sleepin' wid boof [both] eyes shet.

"Dreckly de ingine give a toot, an' de kee-ars begin ter jim-crack erlong right gently, an' Marse Jesse begin ter laf. He thought de Colonel wur ketched in de trap sho; but de Colonel jes' nimbly shuffled offen dem kee-ars, like a turkle drops offen er log inter de ribber. Dat's jes' perzactly what I did.

"Honner went right erlong on de journey, an' sed she 'joyed hit powerfully, barrin' dat I warn't erlong wid her; but de Colonel could n't make up his mine ter let dem agnominiuous kee-ars grind on his bones yit awhile; no, dat he could n't.

"Me an' Honner libed mighty peaceable an' mild tergedder more 'n four year; den de po' kritter tuck ter ailin'. I dunno what war de matter wid her. She jes' graduately perished.

"When she fus' begin ter git grunty, I ambled right 'roun' ter de doctor an' got er stificate, an' tuck hit ter Mistah Jimery Cooke's druggery an' got de healin' truck frum him.

"Hit did n't do no powerful lot o' good, and soon she war jes' ez wurst ez eber. Den I fotch her dis yere sul-furious watah from Marse Ike's new well—lordy, how hit do smell. I do n't see how folkses kin punish der stomicks wid sech unfumery stuff. De Lord surely neber made hit fer human kritters ter drink an' ruin der vitals wid. Dat did n't 'pear ter hab no benediction [benefit] for her nudder.

"Well, hit went on an' on an' on, den, finally, biemby Honner she tuck anudder journey all by herse'f again. De Colonel hed ter stay behind dis yere time.

"Hit seems powerful lonesum, too, kase der haint much ter do 'cept ter sit an' wait tell he kin start arter her."

The Colonel paused. His wrinkled hand went tremblingly to his eyes, while

the merriment died quite out of his hearer's heart.

"And you now live here all alone?" I ventured, after a short silence.

"De Colonel jes' do dat bery way," he responded, somewhat regaining his cheery tones. "Nobody but me an' myse'f. De Colonel locks his own door an' puts his own key in his pocket. He haint entrustin ter enybody. He don't own much; but he wants ter keep his 'cumulations ter hisse'f yit erwhile; an' dere's lots ob no 'count pussons in dis worl which would steal de shortenin' outen a biskit. Dey perzactly would."

When I took my leave, it was with the promise that I would soon "drop in an' cogitate erwhile."

Thus I left the Colonel, still basking in the sun, his lingering gaze resting on the far-away hills, where the soft mists hung like purple shadows.

From the maple-tree at his door, the falling leaves dropped now and then, rustling about his feet in the gently stirring wind.

"I likes ter hear 'em," he said gently; "dey minds me ob sumbody er callin' from way off yonder."

But my visit was never repeated. Not long afterward, while away from home, I heard of the Colonel. He had started on his journey to meet "Honner."

In his early life he had been a great drunkard; but all through the later years he gloried in being a strict "hyperbitionist," and in expressing his intense hatred of "de ole hussy," as he called liquor.

In his last illness the doctor told him he must take a stimulant.

"What's dat?" he feebly inquired.

"Whiskey," responded the doctor.

"Look yere, my preciousness," said the Colonel, rousing himself to unwonted energy, "De Colonel haint had no 'quaintance wid de ole hussy fer many er year, an' ef he cant git erlong widout her sassiety now, he's jes' gwineter die—he jes' ez."

In this matter he stoutly persisted to the end.

The humble cabin stands quite lonely and deserted, and the other day I overheard the housemaid at home inform the cook, in an awed and impressive tone, that the Colonel's "hant" had been heard, on more than one occasion, whetting his scythe, at midnight's hour, on the grind-stone by the door.

A ROYAL CONQUEST.

THE mighty and aggressive Wilhelm was not without experience of involuntary submission, as befalls most men. At least not all of the battle was to one so strong. The treaty of 1871 was ratified, and the eagerly desired Manesse manuscript continued a possession of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. The glory of its recovery for which so valiant and otherwise victorious a ruler struggled, remained for one less invincible to achieve.

In restoring this inestimable treasure to the *Bibliotheca Palatina* at Heidelberg the dying Frederick accomplished an act which during the past two centuries the German government has more than once attempted in vain. This royal benefaction was duly acknowledged by the Emperor's brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Baden, as Rector Magnificentissimus of that venerable seat of learning. The final acquisition of this paleographic gem is a cause of such national rejoicing as its original presentation to the ancient library of Heidelberg by Marguard Freher in 1607 could hardly have created. Previously to that date the manuscript was in the possession of a baron of Hohn-Sax whose strong castle was situated near Saint Gall in Switzerland, where one of the great schools of calligraphy and painting flourished in the time of Charlemagne.

The circumstances from which this precious specimen of mediæval ornamented writings passed from the Palatine Library into the possession of a Parisian bibliophile during the vicissitudes and tumults of the Thirty Years' War are in a measure obscured. It is better known how steadily and how fruitlessly the Germans labored in successive ages for its recovery. In its restoration by the stricken Kaiser the service of Herr Carl Treubner, the widely-known Strasburg bookseller, was of essential value. As has been acknowledged, the successful negotiation for this long coveted volume depended on a different purchase consummated by so wise a dealer. He had bought at no less a cost than \$130,000 a series of valuable ancient French manuscripts from the Ashburnham collection. From this act on the part of a subject the

Emperor has been able to dissolve the spell with which the famous volume recovered for the *Bibliotheca Palatina* had been bound away from Germany for many royal generations.

This manuscript is named from the Swiss magistrate Manesse (Reidiger de), whose death was recorded in 1384. In addition to his esteemed public services, including the improvement of the constitution of Zurich, this official distinguished himself by his love of letters and poetry. To him and to his son is credited this collection of beautiful poems of their time, which bears their name as well as that of "Works of the Minnesingers." These writings are on parchment, forming a volume of four hundred and twenty-nine leaves, including one hundred and thirty-seven richly ornamented pages. In acceptance of the view of Dr. Kugler (*Handbuch der Kuntgeschichte*), and of other writers, this collection of songs of the mastersingers of the fourteenth century has been prized as one of the most peculiar examples in the paleographic cabinet at Paris. Its 7,000 verses, united as the "Lay of the Minnesingers," represent no less than one hundred and forty poets. In addition to the miniatures of the earliest of Minnesingers of princely and knightly blood it contains a representation of the Wartburg War, famed in mediæval tradition. This contest in song was enacted by six masters of the art of singing connected with the court of the landgrave Hermann on the Wartburg. The company was one developed from the singing-schools renowned in Mainz, Nuremberg and Strasburg, of which the earliest organization had been formed by twelve men, celebrated singers, the union being ratified by Otto the Great, who conferred distinction also with an armorial bearing and a crown. Of these six great singers, five of noble birth were knights, including the territorial lord Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram Rohn; one of equally noble soul was a citizen of Eisenbach, Heinrich von Ofterdingen. They celebrated in songs the glory of the landgrave and the virtue of the landgravine Sophia. When resolving upon a contest of song they called

this the War of the Wartburg. As in war, it is a question of life and death, they agreed among themselves that he who came off worse should be hung.

They contended in song, and Heinrich von Ofterdinge was vanquished. When the others would have taken his life he sought shelter under the cloak of the lady Sophia, and she screened him and contrived that the vanquished one should obtain the assistance of a master in song, so as in the space of a year to offer himself again to the contest. He now traveled about, and went also into Hungary where he saw Nicolaus Klingsor observing the stars, the renowned Klingsor, Master of the Liberal Arts, and a mighty astrologer and necromancer. He laid the matter before him, and the necromancer promised to come at the end of a year, if he should by that time have observed all the stars, for before then he would not stir from his place. Heinrich had on this account much sorrow and care. He waited one moon after another. The year was nearly gone, and he learned that Klingsor was still counting the stars at home. But on the very day on which the contest for song was to take place in the Knight's house Klingsor caused himself to be carried by his spirits to Thüringen, and proceeded towards the Wartburg in the guise of a bishop. The contest had commenced. First Wolfram began, and then Klingsor sang with great skill of the nature of the heavenly spheres, of the stars, and of the movement of the planets. Wolfram knew nothing of all this, and was obliged to be silent. Then he in his turn praised the glory of God, and proclaimed how the Word had become flesh, and how our Lord Jesus Christ had given His blood for Christendom as a pledge and earnest of eternal blessedness. Klingsor knew nothing of all this, and was obliged to be silent. Klingsor now summoned his servant, the devil Nasian, who appeared with four books in a bright glare of fire. Wolfram, when he saw his opponent lose courage, proceeded triumphantly, "God is the highest being, and God is the Lord of all worlds." "Dost thou know all worlds?" asked Nasian, and Wolfram looked at him embarrassed. "Schnipp, schnapp!" then cried Nasian; "thou art a layman. How dost thou know that God is the Lord of all worlds,

if thou dost not know how many worlds there are?" And he wrote on the wall with his finger, "Wolfram is vanquished!" The landgrave then decided that neither had surpassed the other, and allowed Klingsor to leave the court laden with precious gifts. Thus were saved Wolfram's honor and Ofterdinge's life.

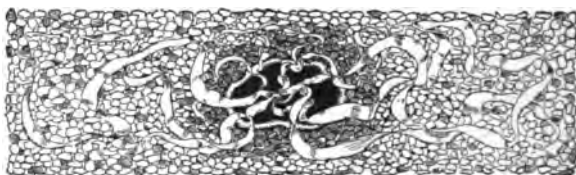
Such is the history of the Wartburg Contest, embodied with the charming narrative of "Norica," depicting life in Nuremberg in the time of Albert Durer.

The art of illumination was at its most vigorous stage at the time this manuscript was executed. The work is ranked with specially prized examples as representing the progressive development toward the final perfection of painting, with its reflection in miniatures, attained at a later age. During the latter half of the thirteenth century, the illuminists, under the general influence of Giotto, had vastly improved their art "with tints that gayer smile," and in superior grace of design, while costly ornamented manuscripts were less numerous produced than at the beginning of that age. A renewed activity in the production of large and elaborately adorned volumes at the early part of the fourteenth century was united with some decline in taste. The execution, as well as the design, had become coarser with a predominance of the angular or Gothic motive, and when the long-tailed letters were formed into marginal bars. The change of greatest importance was that dependent on the character of subjects. As early as the end of the twelfth century profane literature had commenced to be popularized; while the *tableaux benoits* or images of piety continued frequent, the miniature painting largely represented scenes of public and private life combining studies from the manners and customs of the age. As portraits from life made their appearance caricature also was introduced. A tendency to grotesque subjects appears in the numerous manuscripts produced at the time in France and England. Such examples are ornamented with initial letters in brilliant colors and gold, containing figures of men and animals and terminating in spiral scrolls which extend along the upper and lower margins of the volumes. The letters forming the style known as *historiées*, on ac-

count of their bearing reference to or illustrating the text to which they are prefixed, and varying in size from two inches to a foot in length, have been frequently noticed in Visi-Gothic and Franco-Gallic manuscripts. The perfection of the lace-like foliation known as the ivy pattern was an additional feature of the style of the period. The splendid beauty in color also then attained was such as later artists have never been able to imitate. A Romance of Alexander in the Bodleian Library is one of the renowned examples of the French style of coloring at this epoch, and a corresponding specimen of German art is preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

Among other remarkable fourteenth century manuscripts is "Les Merveilles du Monde," in the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, and a "Roman de la Rose," named as the "cream of the Harleian collection, as also "a transcendent copy," compared to a nosegay, which has among its numerous representations that of a bishop excommunicating Love. From works like these the art of illumination advanced to its subsequent finer character, as seen in the latest specimen of importance, the magnificent missal in the public library at Rouen, nearly three feet in height, which represents thirty years' labor of a monk of St. Audoen, having been completed in 1682.

E. T. Lander.



A GUNPOWDER PLOT.

A COMEDIETTA.

CHARACTERS:

DOROTHY WILLIAMS - A Literary Young Woman.
 ROBERT WILLIAMS - - Her Brother.
 ALICE LESTRANGE - - Her Bosom Friend.
 JOANNA - - - - - A Domestic.

SCENE: *The Library in the Williams' mansion in Beacon street, Boston.*
 ROBERT seated, with newspaper and cigarette. Enter ALICE.

ROBERT. How do you do, Alice? I thought I recognized your silvery tones.

ALICE. Good morning, Robert. Dorothy is in, Joanna tells me.

ROBERT. Yes; she ran upstairs a while ago with a letter which the postman brought her. I imagine its contents are of a somewhat exciting nature, judging from the sounds I hear up there. I thought just now she was coming through the ceiling. (*Several loud thumps are heard above.*) What in the world do you suppose she is doing?

ALICE. It sounds as though she were jumping the rope—she is not writing, certainly. I feared I might interrupt her, coming at this hour. Do you know what she is doing now in a literary way?

ROBERT. Heavens, Alice, don't ask me! I don't pretend to know anything about it; but she is scribbling away still. I believe.

ALICE. Robert, I should think you would be so proud of Dorothy—so interested in her work.

ROBERT. I never get a chance to see any of it. The last thing she read me I mortally offended her by going off into a fit of laughing in the wrong place. She has kept very quiet since then, and never mentions her poems or romances.

ALICE. But you know that Dorothy has talent, Robert.

ROBERT. Yes, I will admit that I think Dolly is a very bright girl. I am.

afraid, though, she is on the wrong tack with her blood-curdling tales of mid-night murder and hair-breadth escapes.

ALICE. But she has written some beautiful things, not at all of that sort. Did she ever read you "The Two Flow-ers"? Ah, here is Dorothy!

Enter DOROTHY. She carries herself very erect, and moves with a measured and stately step to the sofa where ALICE is sitting. She stoops and kisses her impressively on the forehead.

DOROTHY. Dearest Alice, my childhood's friend, how glad I am to see you here at this time. (*Crossing to ROBERT.*) Robert, embrace your sister.

ROBERT. That I will, and give her a buss thrown in. (*He kisses her.*) But what is up, Dolly? Your eyes are shining, your cheeks flushed; you are radiant, magnificent! Did you have good news in that letter? Has Uncle Joshua died and made you his heiress? What mention of me is there in the will?

DOROTHY. Hush, Bob; how can you talk like that? Yes, I have had news—great news, brother.

ROBERT. What is it?

DOROTHY. Robert, I am an authoress.

ROBERT. Is that all? Did somebody have to write and tell you that? Why have you been inking your fingers and spotting your gowns for the last year if you were n't an authoress, or trying to be one?

DOROTHY. Aye, trying. Now I am successful!

ALICE. Oh, Dorothy dear, I am so glad!

ROBERT. Is that a fact, Dolly? I congratulate you with all my heart. Let's hear about it.

DOROTHY. I have had a story accepted by *The Analyst*, and they have written me a charming letter—see!

ALICE. Read it aloud, please, Robert.

ROBERT. Dorothy, confess that you have been leaping over the furniture upstairs in a frenzy of joy.

DOROTHY. I will do nothing of the kind.

ROBERT. Jumping up and down, then.

DOROTHY. Perhaps I moved around somewhat livelier than usual, or even danced a little. If you will read that letter, you will concede that I might be pardoned a little enthusiasm.

ROBERT (*examining letter*). "To Miss Dorothy Williamson." Is that the way you sign yourself now?

DOROTHY. Oh, that's a mistake. Read it, Bob; you open it as though it was a tailor's bill.

ROBERT. Oh, no. In that case I wouldn't open it at all, Dolly. Well, here goes.

"Dear Madam:—It is with genuine pleasure that we write to inform you of the acceptance of your MS., as it is some time since a story has come to us so original in conception and so charming in style. It will appear in an early issue of The Analyst, and we hope to have other and many contributions from your pen. Respectfully yours, The Editors."

Well, I say, this is splendid! Why, I had no idea you had it in you, Dolly!

ALICE. Oh, I knew it. I always said she would be famous!

ROBERT. What is the story called?

DOROTHY. "Irene's Vow."

ROBERT. "Irene's Vow!" What is it like?"

DOROTHY. You have heard it, and, if I remember aright, did not altogether approve of it. Irene's two brothers have been mysteriously murdered. She swears to avenge their death, then discovers that it is her lover who has killed them. They were smugglers, and it was in the performance of his duty as an officer that he did so. But it is too late. Irene blows up the building in which he is with gunpowder, although she destroys herself in doing so.

ALICE. Oh, it makes me shudder!

ROBERT. Dorothy, you don't mean to say that the story which you read here in the library last winter, when I made you so furious by ha-ha-ing right out when I couldn't hold in any longer, has been accepted by *The Boston Analyst*?

DOROTHY. I do say that very thing.

ROBERT. And they refer to that story when they express their admiration of its originality, charming style, etc.?

DOROTHY. I have sent them "Irene's Vow" and no other.

ROBERT. You are not joking, and you didn't offer that gory tale as a burlesque?

DOROTHY. Most certainly not.

ROBERT. Well, if I may be pardoned such an expression in the presence of a rising young authoress, I am completely flabbergasted.

ALICE. Oh, Robert!

DOROTHY. I suppose, because my story does not follow in the old lines which conventionality has laid down and the majority of readers have accepted as correct, you are surprised that it should be accepted by a magazine of prominence, are you?

ROBERT. That is a very delicate way of describing my state of mind.

DOROTHY (*earnestly*). I tell you, Robert, there has been a reaction from the methods which have so long been popular. The school of Howells and James is a delightful one, I admit, but it has had its day. The microscopic inspection of the brain cells—the delicate vivisection of the fibres of the heart is a fascinating study, but it is futile and grows wearisome. What people really want is the living, palpable flesh, and the rich, warm blood that flows through it.

ROBERT. And Miss Dorothy Williams, with dagger and gunpowder, is going to lay open the palpable flesh, and let the rich, warm blood flow galore! Bravo, Dorothy!

DOROTHY. Because "Irene's Vow" is tragic, because the characters all die, you think it sensational—ludicrous. In the sublimest production of an immortal genius there are four persons killed by poison, two are stabbed, the seventh commits suicide, and a ghost walks through all, yet who thinks of calling "Hamlet" sensational—who would dare call it ridiculous?

ROBERT. And if Shakespeare can end a play, leaving seven dead bodies to be carried out, Miss Williams claims the humble privilege of slaughtering only four. Is that the idea?

DOROTHY. That is exactly my position, if you choose to express it in those words.

ROBERT. Well, Dorothy, your arguments are unanswerable, but I can't understand yet how you managed to work that story off.

DOROTHY. Suppose you give up trying, and listen to my plans. To tell the

truth, I don't think "Irene's Vow" is my best work by any means, and I only sent it to *The Analyst* because it had been in every place else. Now I am going to begin work in earnest. In the first place, I want you to see at once about getting me a large desk; then I shall want a blank book, in which I shall keep a record of everything I write—"such and such a story offered such a place," and opposite I shall write the date of its acceptance and then of its publication.

ROBERT. Would there be a column for the rejections?

DOROTHY (*with dignity*). I trust there will be no need of such a thing now. I intend to work in a business-like way. I shall write from 9 to 1 each morning. Anthony Trollope worked a certain number of hours every day, with machine-like regularity. Anthony Trollope was not a great novelist, but he was a successful one, and I shall not despise to learn from him.

ROBERT. It strikes me, Alice, that our authoress is quite a liberal-minded young person. What do you think?

ALICE. Indeed, Dorothy, he does not talk like this behind your back; you should have heard him praising you before you came down.

DOROTHY. Then I shall want a typewriter.

ROBERT. A typewriter!

DOROTHY. Yes, and an amanuensis—an operator. I compose best when I am like this (*she rises and walks up and down*). Then the thoughts come thick and fast—too fast for me to seize and transfix them with my pen. I must have an assistant. Alice, if you will learn to use the typewriter, you may come and help me.

ALICE. Oh, I should love to, if I could, Dorothy.

DOROTHY. But no, it would not do, I fear. You are my friend and confidant. We should have much to say to one another. No, Alice, it would be pleasant, but even the ties of friendship must yield to the demands of my work. The woman who acts as my amanuensis must sit dumb, inanimate; she will be part of the furniture of the room; when she speaks, it must be only when necessity requires her to answer to my dictation.

ROBERT. I congratulate you on losing the job, Alice. If I were a young woman seeking employment, I should rather rattle dishes than the keys of Dolly's typewriter.

DOROTHY. Robert, I wish to ask of you in all seriousness never to speak of me by that name again. In the first place, it is ridiculous to call a woman of my size "Dolly." In the next place, it is undignified, considering my—my—

ROBERT. Position as the coming authoress. You are right, my sister. "Dolly Williams' Penny Dreadful." That doesn't sound at all well. I have even thought, since you have grown to be such a statuesque young woman that the name of Dorothy was a misnomer. Dorothy belongs to a demure little Puritan. I used to think you should have been called Diana, or Galatea, but in the light of recent developments I think Lucretia or Messalina would be better.

DOROTHY. Do you know that I have been seriously thinking of assuming a *nom de plume*?

ROBERT. Why not say a *nom de guerre*, Dorothy?

ALICE. What name would you take?

DOROTHY. I should take a man's name. Then I could wield a fearless and trenchant pen. I should never stop then to think "What would Mrs. Pomeroy say?" or "How would the people of our church take this?" as I am ashamed to say I have done. The name of George has been assumed by two famous women; why should not I be the third? Let me see? George—George Dare. How does "George Dare" sound?

ROBERT. It is very expressive, but hadn't you better sit down, Mr. Dare?

DOROTHY (*sits beside Alice*). On the other hand, in preserving one's identity, there is the charm of seeing one's name in print, coupled with praise. Fancy reading something like this: "A story in the last number of *The Analyst* has created a great sensation among literary people. The boldness of outline, the warmth of color, bespeak a master hand." Then, "The authoress, Miss Dorothy Williams, is a young woman not yet twenty"; then would follow a description of my personal appearance, perhaps, my tastes and habits; my fond-

ness for horseback riding and for walking. I should be pointed out on the street, at the theatre, every place. Oh, Alice, darling, isn't it grand—glorious! I am just wild with delight, and can't conceal it any longer. (*She throws her arms around ALICE.*)

ALICE (*embracing her*). Dearest Dorothy!

ROBERT. Oh, I say, Mr. George Dare, isn't that a very undignified performance for the coming author, to be hugging a young woman in that fashion? Suppose somebody should come in? And, excuse me, Mr. Dare, but your back hair is coming down, and that last squeeze ripped the sleeve of your gown. (*A ring at the bell.*) There's somebody now.

DOROTHY (*sitting up and arranging her hair*). Bob, I can see no one—no one at all, to-day.

ALICE (*listening*). I think it is the postman.

Enter JOANNA.

JOANNA. A letter and a package for you, Miss Dorothy, and here is a receipt the messenger brought for you to sign.

DOROTHY. Will you sign it, Robert? (*Opens letter.*) It is from *The Analyst*.

Exit JOANNA. DOROTHY reads a few lines in silence, then turns very pale, and puts her hand to her head, as though bewildered.

Listen, Robert—Alice—I don't understand this letter. There seems to be something wrong. (*Reads.*)

"Miss Dorothy Williams—Dear Madam:—We have just discovered a most annoying mistake, made yesterday by one of our employes. A letter intended for Miss Dorothy Williamson, of Tremont street, was sent to you last night in error, and a communication respectfully declining your MSS., entitled "Irene's Vow," was sent to Miss Williamson. The similarity of names caused the confusion of the letters, which is none the less mortifying and is without precedent in the history of the magazine. So deeply do we feel it, that we have discharged the man who made the mistake, which will, however, be small satisfaction, we fear, to you. We return "Irene's Vow" with this."

Oh, Bob, can it be? Do they mean they are not going to *print* it?

ROBERT. They can't mean anything else, Dorothy. What an outrageous blunder!

DOROTHY. Oh, and my hopes, my plans, my beautiful visions! Oh, I shall never write another line. I can never

hold up my head again! Oh-oh-oh-h-h! (*Bursts into tears.*)

ALICE. Dorothy, dear Dorothy, don't. I believe in you just as much as ever.

ROBERT. (*Crossing to DOROTHY, and taking her in his arms. She lays her head on his shoulder, still sobbing.*) Come, Dolly, don't cry like that; be a brave girl; it's a hard blow, I know.

DOROTHY. Oh, Bob, I have been talking like such an idiot, too—oh-oh!

ROBERT. There—there—there, dearie; you make me feel like a brute, after the way I have been talking to you. Only say the word, Dolly, and I'll go down there and crack every neck in *The Analyst* office. (*Savagely.*) I am glad they had the decency to discharge that dolt.

DOROTHY. Oh, yes, they discharged the clerk—the poor clerk! Isn't that a joke? Ah, it's capital! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! (*She laughs violently.*)

ALICE. Oh, Robert, I believe Dorothy is going to have hysterics! Oh-h-h-h!

ROBERT. Stop that, Alice, at once! Do you want me to begin to blubber, too? Run for the camphor. Now ring for Joanna while I hold her.

ALICE. Here is my vinaigrette. Poor dear, she is growing calmer now.

ROBERT. That's right; now fan her while I read that letter for myself. (*He picks up letter from the floor.*) This isn't all of it. There must be another sheet. You are sitting on it, Alice.

That's it. (*He scans the letter.*) Hello! This is not half bad. Open your eyes, Dolly, and listen to this:

"We return 'Irene's Vow' with this, as it would be impossible to print a story of its nature in *The Analyst*. We are anxious, however, to atone, as far as is within our power for this unfortunate error. There are occasional touches in your story—bits of character drawing and description, which lead us to believe that you are capable of better work. We should be pleased to meet you personally, or to enter into correspondence with you, with the view of advising you in the matter of preparing something which we could accept and publish. Sincerely yours, THE EDITORS."

What do you say to that, Mr. Dare?

DOROTHY. Bob, you are not deceiving me? Let me read it with my own eyes. (*Seizes letter.*) Yes, word for word. Oh, what a relief!

ALICE. Oh, you *will* try, won't you, Dorothy?

DOROTHY. Try! Yes, and I'll *do*, too, if I have any brains at all.

ROBERT. Count on my assistance, Dorothy, if you need it, and my advice. Let me begin by rolling out every barrel of gunpowder in your study, and confiscating all your weapons.

DOROTHY. Bob, I really believe I can please them yet. I was a little bit ashamed of poor "Irene," and no doubt it is all for the best. I have a beautiful story in my head, and I'm going upstairs at once to write a letter to the editor of *The Analyst*. But oh, Bob, how I wonder who "Dorothy Williamson" is! Francis M. Livingston.



A MOONLIGHT DUEL ON THE SAN JUAN.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY EX-GOV. RODMAN M. PRICE.

IT was during the war with Mexico, in 1846, when General Taylor's army was on the march to Monterey, that a most remarkable and unprecedented duel took place on the banks of the river San Juan. The celebrated scouting company of Captain Ben McCulloch had been detached from Colonel

Jack Hays' regiment of Texas Rangers, by General Taylor, for special service.

This company was composed principally of gallant and fearless young men, the flower of Texas, but there were several from the Southern States, among whom was Herman S. Thomas, of Baltimore, who had been transferred from

the Washington and Baltimore Battalion (then commanded by the brave Colonel Wm. H. Watson), and Sam C. Reid, a young lawyer from New Orleans, who had been adjutant of a Louisiana regiment which had been disbanded as three months' men.

The daring and hazardous scouts through the wild portions of Mexico to various towns in the interior, to obtain information of the enemy, as well as of the roads and the country; the occasional skirmishes with detachments of the Mexican cavalry; and the common risk of picket-guard duty, had woven ties of the strongest friendship among McCulloch's men.

Young Thomas was not over twenty-five, of medium stature and dark complexion. He was of a daring and reckless nature, which he had exhibited on more than one occasion by risking his life unnecessarily. Indeed, he seemed to court death. He was much dejected at times, and wore a sad and melancholy expression, which, it was whispered, had been occasioned by an unfortunate love affair. Whether this was true or not, he was very retiring and reticent, and did not enter into the fun and jokes of the boys, although he and Reid seemed much attached to each other.

On the morning of the 15th of September, the whole army had arrived at the beautiful little town of Marin, situated on a lovely plateau, and surrounded on every side by wild mountain scenery of unsurpassing grandeur, while far in the distant haze of the blue sky, rose the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre. The main portion of the army had encamped about two miles west of the town, near the head-waters of the San Juan river, and about ten leagues from Monterey.

That night Thomas and Reid were on picket duty with a detail of the Rangers, when a heated discussion ensued as to the advance position to be taken by the guard. Some sharp retorts were made between the two friends, but nothing was thought of the matter at the time, although the laugh of the boys seemed very much to irritate Thomas, who was heard to remark: "There's a way to settle such matters without further words." It appears that on a pre-

vious occasion there had occurred some unpleasantness between the two, Reid having censured Thomas for washing his horse close to a spring, and, perhaps, the remembrance of it added to the bitterness of his sensitive feelings.

The next morning, the 16th, to the surprise of Reid, he received a peremptory challenge, excluding any demand for an explanation or apology, which the bearer stated would not be received. Under these circumstances, the challenge was at once accepted, and the weapons chosen were double-barreled shot-guns, loaded with buck and ball, at twenty paces; the time and place to be left with the seconds. An injunction of secrecy was agreed upon to prevent any interference or arrest, and for this purpose the principals were not to involve any of the members of the company to act as seconds.

Reid was, perhaps, a year or two older than Thomas, and was of light complexion, tall, and well formed. He had been brought up in the school of Southern chivalry, and was as magnanimous as he was courageous. He had fought his first duel at New Orleans with a noted duellist and bravo, whom he wounded, the weapons being small swords. Besides, he naturally inherited the bravery of his father, who commanded the brig-of-war "General Armstrong" at the memorable battle of Fayal, in 1814. Thus forced into a combat from which there was no receding, and which could not be declined but with dishonor, young Reid had been compelled to accept the challenge, however much he felt that there really was no cause for demanding such a sacrifice. He had determined, therefore, to bring Thomas to a sense of reason by compelling him to accept an explanation, or else to make the duel fatal to one or both the parties.

Captain Randolph Ridgely, of Baltimore, then commanding a battery of the United States Third Artillery, was one of the noblest, coolest and bravest of men. He was known as the Chevalier Bayard of the army, and was fairly worshipped by both men and officers. His opinion and decision in affairs of honor, no one dared dispute or question. Reid accordingly rode over to Ridgely's quarters, and entering his tent was

pleasantly received, and invited to a camp-stool. Ridgely had been a classmate of Reid's brother at West Point, and was very friendly disposed. Reid then explained his situation, and the circumstances which led to the challenge, disclaiming any intention to offend Thomas, and asked Ridgely to become his second.

"I have done him no wrong," said Reid, "and never had the slightest idea of wounding or insulting him. I would willingly have made any explanation, or even an apology for any imaginary insult that he may have conceived was intended. What has spurred him on to this rash vindictiveness I am at a loss to know. But it is now too late, and as he has determined to force me into a fight, it cannot be avoided—yet I do not want to take his life."

After listening to Reid's statement, Ridgely seemed lost in thought for several moments; then, as if he had suddenly arrived at some conclusion, said:

"Well, Reid, to be frank with you, I will tell you that Herman Thomas was here not half an hour ago, and I have agreed to act as his second. He is from my town, and is highly connected, and, of course, I could not refuse him. Although he is somewhat rash, he is really a good-hearted, gallant fellow, but he is fully impressed that he has been outraged and grossly insulted by you in presence of the picket guard."

"I am very sorry I did not see you first," said Reid, as he slowly rose to leave Ridgely's tent to seek some other friend.

"Sit down, Reid," said Ridgely, "and I will tell you what I'll do. As I know you both so well, if you will consent, I will act as second for you both!"

"I am perfectly willing," replied Reid, brightening up, "to put my life and honor in your hands."

"Very well," said Ridgely; "the moon will be well up by nine o'clock to-night, and half a mile up the river from the ford, on the other side, is a clump of mesquite trees, which Thomas has already mentioned as a secluded spot. We will meet you there at that time, if you do not object to the place, and I will send for Thomas at once and inform him of the arrangement. You

will come alone, unattended, as I will bring a surgeon with me."

With this understanding, Reid shook hands with Ridgely, thanking him for his kindness and friendship, and mounting his horse rode over to his camp to make his final arrangements for the duel.

The sun went down behind the mountains, gilding their peaks with crimson, melting into gold. Not long after, the Queen of Night was slowly ascending the silvery stairway of the sky to her throne in mid-ocean. The drums had beat, and the bugles sounded, their tattoo, which, perhaps, was to be the last that would ever again be heard by the two young men who were so soon to meet in deadly combat. Save the sentinels, the camp had become hushed in slumber, and not a sound was heard except an occasional challenge by the guards. As the time drew nigh, Reid mounted his horse, and having obtained the countersign, passed out of the lines to the river San Juan. Crossing at the ford, and taking up the bank, he soon came to the designated clump of mesquite trees, where he was challenged by Ridgely, the party having already arrived. Dismounting, and hitching his horse to a tree, Reid advanced and saluted the party.

Ridgely then, addressing the combatants, said:

"Gentlemen, as you are both friends of mine, I have consented to act on this occasion as the arbiter between you in this duel, upon the only condition that each of you will now pledge your sacred honor to obey my commands implicitly, and be governed by the terms and order of the duel, which I will explain after you are placed in position. Will you make this solemn pledge and abide by it?"

Both men firmly responded, "I will."

The ground was then stepped off by Ridgely, and the choice of positions was won by Thomas. The young men were then stationed, their loaded weapons examined, and placed in their hands at a present-arms.

The September moon, which was near its full and already high up in the heavens, shed its silver sheen upon the scene, lighting up the dark chaparral bushes, and the limpid waters of the San Juan, as it murmured along its winding banks and seemed to chide the murderous in-

tent of the men; while the peaks of the surrounding mountains looming up in the distance, looked down as silent witnesses of the coming combat. The shimmering moonlight fell upon the forms of the two young Rangers as they stood in the attitude of deadly intent, revealing every feature and expression of their faces. The long curly, light-brown hair of Reid, falling back from his forehead, with his large blue eyes fixed upon his adversary, bore an expression of firmness and sadness, in which was seen no trace of a murderous revenge: while the handsome features of Thomas were rigid and determined, and a wild brilliancy flashed from his dark hazel eyes. Both appeared perfectly cool and self possessed.

Ridgely now approached, taking a position midway between the two, with a six-shooter in his hand, while the surgeon stood off at a proper distance.

"Gentlemen," said Ridgely, "you will come to an *order-arms*, and pay particular attention to the instructions I now give. You will first be asked, if you are ready? The order will then be given you, as you now stand, to *shoulder-arms*. Next, to *present-arms*. Then, *aim*, followed by the word, *fire*. If after the first fire, neither should be mortally wounded, a second fire may be demanded by either party. But let me impress it upon you both, that after the word, *aim*, instead of giving the word, *fire*, I may say, *recover-arms*. You will, therefore, keep your fingers well off the trigger, until you get the word, *fire*. The party deviating from these orders in any manner I shall shoot down. Do you both clearly understand the instructions?"

Each replied in a firm tone, "Yes."

"Very well, then," continued Ridgely, "I will now first put you through the form, that there may be no mistake made.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready," answered the combatants.

"Shoulder-arms. Present arms: Aim: Recover-arms: Order-arms," were the words of command given, and promptly obeyed.

"Now, gentlemen, you will prepare to receive the final orders of command, and you will strictly observe the injunction, *not to fire before you get the word*."

The perilous moment of intense anxiety had now arrived, that tried men's souls as

well as their courage. Both of the young men appeared as if every nerve was stretched to its utmost tension. But there was no pallor seen; no quiver of the facial muscles could be observed. Each one stood as firm and resolute as Roman gladiators, waiting for the signal of conflict, which was to result in the death of one or both.

The night was very still. The foliage of the trees was stirred by the faintest breeze, and the slightest sound was painfully audible, as the rich, clear voice of Ridgely, in measured tones, gave the solemn words of command.

"Gentlemen, are you *ready*?"

"Ready," was the response of both.

"Shoulder - arms : Present - arms : Aim !"

The air seemed stifled with breathless suspense, for on the next order hung the lives of the two adversaries.

"Recover-arms : " continued Ridgely; *Shoulder-arms : Advance ten paces : Forward—march !*"

This unexpected order, to the surprise of both, brought the two Rangers face to face.

"Order-arms," cried Ridgely, approaching the young men.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you have both shown the highest courage, and proved yourselves brave and gallant men, and I declare the honor of both of you has been fully maintained and vindicated. There is no reason why this misunderstanding should not now be amicably terminated."

Then, turning to Thomas, he said, "Reid has declared that he never intended to offend you. *Shake hands !*"

This was a test of their magnanimous manhood which required equal, if not more moral courage, perhaps, than the risk of life. Each of the young men gradually raised his hand, as if in doubt the other would receive it, until they met in a firm grasp.

The party then rode back to Ridgely's tent, where the now reconciled friends were mutually congratulated on the happy termination of a bloodless duel.

Thus, by the chivalrous, brave and noble nature of Randolph Ridgely, who had so deservedly won the reputation of being "*sans peur, sans reproche*," two lives were saved that might have been otherwise wantonly sacrificed.

Poor Thomas afterwards gallantly fell mortally wounded at the taking of the Bishop's Palace, at the battle of Monterey, as brave a soldier as ever faced an enemy.

Randolph Ridgely, who graduated at West Point, in 1837, was brevetted captain for distinguished services at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, on the 8th and 9th of May, 1846. After heroically serving his battery at Mon-

terey, he was accidentally killed in the plaza of that city, after its surrender, by his horse falling with him while under full gallop.

"Sam Reid," as he is familiarly called by his friends, is still living, and in spite of age, retains the same jovial, genial reputation as a *bon ami* and accomplished gentleman which distinguished him in his younger days, having attained an eminent position in his legal profession.



"AS THROUGH A GLASS."

I AM bed-ridden. The world, to my bodily eyes, is bounded by the four sides of a window sash, across which I have caused my bed to be placed.

The picture is limited in scope, perhaps, but the landscape is very lovely, and not without human interest, too, for human figures make their entrances and exits now and then, with suggestions of their little dramas, while there are always the cattle browsing near or far, the birds flying across, and the ceaseless cawing of the crows. In the lower left-hand corner of the pane a grass-grown lane winds into sight, keeping an appearance of directness until it reaches, about midway up the glass, the bars that let into a field. On a little further is a stile, and from there the lane becomes a somewhat wayward path straggling through several fields and along by a rushing little brook, which presently it crosses, and at length melts away, near the upper sash, into a pine wood nearly a quarter of a mile away. As the western sun slants over my picture it seems a thousand miles at least from the streets and the busy ways of men. I lose myself every day beneath the shadow of these mysterious pines, and the faint line of hills beyond are the Rocky Mountains, the Alps, or the blessed hills that bound the land of Beulah, as the mood seizes

me, or as the light shifts when the day dies or when mists and rain hang a magic veil between them and me. And yet I know, when I choose to know—but I oftener prefer to ignore the fact—that this lovely stretch of meadows is bounded on three sides by this widespread old Dutch town; that it is only the three apple-trees in my neighbor's back-yard that hide from sight the busy streets whose discords penetrate the leaves to my open window on warm days; that the pine woods whose depths seem to hide the secrets of the primeval forest are but a clump of trees left standing just on the hither side of the long rows of cheap cottages where the city has pushed out a new street. I know, too, that this municipal octopus will some day stretch its great feelers right across my picture, and where those mild-eyed Alderneys are cropping the last lingering tid-bits of second-growth clover, back-yards will plant the weekly linen and all the sordid details of poverty's house-keeping. But why do I care? I shall not live to see it, for the goodly acres will hardly get into the clutches of the real-estate agents before I have entered on the long rest, and meanwhile I am grateful to the obstinate owner who has so long preserved to me my landscape.

A staunch old Dutch woman, with all the obstinacy of the inheritance, Madame

Suydam always stoutly refused to sell an inch of the farm of her forefathers. Intact it came to her, and intact she would leave it, if the city taxes demand half the yearly increase. The homestead I cannot see, because the wall of my house and the bed-head inconveniently intervene, but it is said to be a huge white-washed structure of limestone, in the North-River Dutch style. I like to fancy it resembles its owner, with her square, sturdy back and white-capped head. I wander with her every day as she tramps back and forth across my picture about her business, now to the hen-house, then to the barns, and so back across the garden to the kitchen door. Her face is broad and dark, with a mild and even amiable expression, but there is stamped upon her features—or is it in the eyes?—a look of indomitable obstinacy such as one seldom encounters save in one of her race. The nation that has for centuries sat behind its great dykes resisting the untiring siege of the ocean has absorbed into blood and bone and muscle the birthmarks of the ancestral struggle.

You might kill and burn a Hollander, but his stubbornness would remain in his ashes, and I dare say, if scattered, they would fly against the wind.

So it came about that when Madame Suydam's only child disobeyed and defied her by running away and marrying a rather ne'er-do-well dry-goods clerk, the door of the maternal heart, as well as the old divided oak with the brass knocker that did service for the maternal home, banged shut against the young sinner, and no amount of persuasion from well-meaning friends could open either entrance. It was of no avail that the minister came and prayed with the old lady to soften the hard heart, or that his wife came year after year to plead the poor girl's sufferings as matters went from bad to worse. The husband lost his position and took to drinking, and the wife had hard work to get food for the two little mouths that now increased the family needs; but still the old widowed mother in her great empty house would not yield an inch to the undutiful daughter. "She made her bed, let her lie on it; I told her how it would be." That was all she would ever say.

This story is much in my mind as I

lie by my window. Night and morning the farm-boy drives the cows down the lane, through the bars, and across by the winding path to the pasture, and I follow him for a field, but I go on farther than they. As the cows turn into the pasture lot, and the boy comes whistling home again, I keep on by the brown-eyed brook, over the foot-bridge, and so on to the edge of my pine trees where the faint afterglow of sun-down sets them in black relief against the sky. Just there nestles a tiny house, and as the lamp is lit I am saved from the disappointment of losing its outlines in the gathering darkness. All through the night, sometimes, I keep vigil with the poor wife and mother who sits by that light, sewing on little garments and waiting for dreaded footsteps that come stumbling home toward morning. It is here that poor Annie Suydam waits for the forgiveness and help that never come across the fields from the old whitewashed stone house. I can only sigh out my sympathy, for the doors of the mother's heart and home that closed against her had each their lintels set in stone, and nothing short of a battering-ram could gain entrance for her through either. It would be difficult to say what the poor girl could have done in her sad plight, with the twin babies on her hands, if it were not for a sum of money sufficient for the family necessities that was sent her every month through a Western lawyer. Annie said it probably came from an eccentric old uncle who lived "out there somewhere." All this the minister's wife told me, for I knew neither Madame Suydam nor her daughter. She also told me of a mysterious basket that was left almost every week on the doorstep, containing all sorts of comforts and luxuries: cakes and apples; once, when Annie was ill, a bottle of wine; little garments for the twins and various dainties for the table. Of this donation there was no explanation, save it must be the gift of a kind friend too delicate to offer openly what could be accepted thus without obligation.

One day in late autumn I lay drinking in the loveliness of the tremulous, haze-covered landscape, and watching Madame Suydam pick hops. The old white horse, guided by the farm-boy, was ploughing the garden. Presently

the kitchen-maid came out wiping her hands in her apron, and took the place of her mistress at the hop-vine, where it swung its great masses of drooping green tassels from the poles. Then Madame Suydam sat down on an inverted hen-coop close by, and drew out her knitting. Thus she killed at least three birds with one stone, for she had a vigilant eye. I wondered if it was vigilant enough to see all that penetrated my window to me: the violet hills over in the west, the quiver in the sunlight, the warm green of the pines beyond the fields, the tiny house, and the two little figures, just of a size, coming across the meadows, down by the bank, and so over the foot-bridge by the path. But no; she was knitting away on the stocking, a little child's stocking, that was in her hands. I remembered that the minister's wife had told me of the old lady's ceaseless charity to the poor.

The children came on until they stood close by the fence—their small faces, framed in by yellow curls, pressed against the pickets, as the four blue eyes watched curiously the proceedings in the garden. I drew in my breath, for I felt that a crisis had come, and here were—the twins! Their grandmother could have touched them, they stood so near. She seemed suddenly to become aware of their presence, for her hands fell, and the stocking—the child's stocking—slipped down her lap to her feet as she looked up. Her face was turned from me, so I could only guess what was written on it. Did the children look like her Annie? Surely, the strong old heart would melt now at sight of those friendly baby smiles!

The old woman rose slowly to her feet; stood, for what seemed to my impatience, an eternity; then stooped to pick up her work, and, turning, walked swiftly into the house, shutting the kitchen door with loud emphasis. The babies smiled on impartially, including the old white horse and the farm-boy, the girl picking hops, and I thought even me, in their friendly glances. By-and-by they grew tired of it all, and hand in hand wandered back to the tiny house, where the mother-welcome was doubtless always warm and sweet.

As for me, the charm was gone from

the day, and I looked no more through the window until dark came on and the moon, standing over the pines, made a shining path like a bond between the small house and mine. The inexplicable hardness and obstinacy I had witnessed made a sore spot in my heart, and I pondered the matter with bitterness that was deepened by the recollection of those pretty baby-faces through the pickets, until the clock struck midnight. Soon after, I was startled and surprised to notice a figure steal up from the corner of the window-pane and proceed through the lane and so across the fields by the little path. The woman had a sunbonnet on that concealed her face, and she carried a heavy basket. She went on across the foot-bridge to the little house under the pines, where she paused an instant at the back porch and came back empty-handed. All this I was enabled to see by aid of the clear moonlight. There was not in the city such another sturdy walk or a second square back like that—it was Madame Suydam!

So it was that I surprised the old lady's secret, and I regarded it as a confidence I had no right to break. Let the minister's wife rail at the hard heart, let the church suspend from its communion, as it did, the member whose cruelty was so unchristian, was it my place to infringe upon the privacy to which I was unwittingly admitted? Should I have told that the "Western uncle" was undoubtedly the old mother, whose natural yearning circumvented her iron will? Ought I to have borne witness to the midnight journies I made with her across the snowy fields all that winter, and the losing battles I fought in spirit with her on the side of mother-love against the obstinate old Dutch pride? I thought not, and I am of the same opinion still.

Madame Suydam seemed to age rapidly now, and the night walk across the fields took longer each time. One day, in the spring-time, they laid her away in the church-yard, and I said that my little world-picture would be lonely without her.

But it was not, after all; for Annie came to live in the stone house, and two yellow-haired laddies went tripping back

and forth over the grandmother's old paths to the hen-house, then to the barn, and so across the garden to the kitchen.

One day, in early summer, the minister's wife came. "What a blessing it is," she said, "that the worthless husband is at last dead, and poor Annie has come into the inheritance of her mother's family. What a hard old wretch that Madame Suydam was, to be sure! Absolutely unrelenting to the last!"

Should I break the seal of secrecy between the dead woman and me? I

seemed to feel a spirit-finger laid on my lips. I whispered, inwardly, "Fear not; you shall have your own way, even in the grave. Your very ashes may blow against the wind for all my hindrance!"

To the minister's wife, I said, "Did you ever hear of any person who could cure his own hereditary insanity? And did you ever know anything that could break or bend an obstinate Dutch will? In this case I believe that the heart that suffered most and broke at last was that of old Madame Suydam."

A. E. P. Searing.



EDITOR'S STUDY.

"When death cuts down a weed,
Then death is kind;
When death cuts down a flower—
Ah! death is blind."

TWICE since the August number of this magazine reached its readers has the American heart felt the shock of national sorrow. Two illustrious men have joined the vast majority, and have left only the memories of the daring and noble deeds of the soldier, Philip Henry Sheridan, on the one hand, and, perhaps, the more tangible records of the life-work of the novelist, the Rev. Edward Payson Roe, on the other.

Bravery in a soldier is expected; but it is none the less admired. There are, however, battles in which human courage is without avail. Science had already revealed to the mourning country the fact of his approaching end, when the hero of Cedar Creek, Five Forks and Winchester declared he "would not die this time," and the words served simply to show that the old-time courage still remained, and that Grim Death himself was not regarded by the brave soldier as unconquerable.

The Civil War in this country furnished the opportunity to the men of its period to show their patriotism and courage and skill, and the array of distinguished names is one of which our nation may well be proud.

General Sherman, however, is the only one who is left of the wonderful trio—Grant, Sheridan and Sherman—the only one, in fact, who is left of any of those who stood in the front rank of our war heroes.

General Sheridan was a natural soldier. At West Point he was not one of the brilliant students, but as soon as the practical opportunity was afforded, he showed his great fitness and superiority. The traits burst forth, as it were, that in the war for the preservation of the Union carried him head and shoulders above his fellows, and placed his name in history side by side with the greatest military leaders. He is well known as the "Dashing Young Lieutenant," but while realizing how much depended upon out-and-out audacity, upon incessant vigilance, and upon untiring energy, he had underneath all these prime requisites of a successful cavalry leader the judgment and the power of self-control to decide when not to act. He could command himself as well as his gallant army.

He has always received the love and respect of his countrymen, and it will always be remembered with pride that the country, through its representatives, made special effort to show its appreciation of the soldier by making him on his death-bed a full General in the army.

Quite another kind of greatness is that of the author, and the Rev. Edward Payson Roe was certainly one of the most popular authors of the day, if not one of the highest from a strictly literary standpoint. With Mr. Roe, writing books was a profession, and he laughingly acknowledged that he wrote his books to sell them and to make money. He knew that his success lay in touching the public heart, and he always kept this in view. But he also invariably embodied in his novels the lesson of the great peace and resignation that true Christianity will bring to every mind. Mr. Roe did not attempt to write an artistic novel:

he appealed to a reader who, as a rule, would fail to appreciate the artistic in literature. We have all, at one time or another, heard orators who were brilliant and artistic, and who thrilled their audience, but the matter in whose oration was quickly lost. We have also heard the less artistic orator, who thrills because he talks right from his own heart direct to the hearts of his audience. The same conditions prevail in novel writing, and Mr. Roe was without doubt the foremost in the rank of the unartistic but honest fiction writers. What he wrote, his readers remembered, and he placed himself so completely in his books that his readers became his friends.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

American Literature.

It was not an accident, nor a chapter of accidents, which foreshadowed the United States of America as the typical representative of Americanism in the Western Hemisphere. Innumerable causes, ethical, political and material, converged to the same end, of planting a nation which should be known distinctively, pre-eminently, as the American people. The same ruling causes continue to give direction to its development and growth, though varied and modified in their forms of expression. On a soil unaffected by previous growths that might exhaust or weaken its native richness and strength, in a climate whose pure air had not been tainted by the decaying influences of worn-out races, in conflict with the powers of nature whose resistance was but a means of provoking skill, strength and self-reliance, this American nation was born, bred and brought to manhood.

Its development and growth has been intellectual as well as material. The same tendencies that led to and carried forward this development and growth to such material proportions as to render it a distinct figure among the nations of the world, have in like measure contributed to the formation of the American mind—a positive reality, a distinct individuality. No apparently unfavorable circumstances, no opposing causes, no contrary or conflicting tendencies, no insidious influences, thus far have been able to distort or warp its healthy growth. The most assuring evidence of the robust and healthful condition of the American mind is the fact that all foreign influences, life, customs, thought, that come to it are converted, assimilated and made integral parts of a homogeneous character—a definite and symmetrical type.

With no other nation in the world's history is it so true as with ours, that universal intellectual development has kept even pace

with material growth. We have a sound mind in a sound body. We have not lived long as a people, yet we have a history worthy of study—a history full of advanced lessons for all the world.

But it is a mistake to suppose that the true life of the nation began with the Declaration of Independence. The sources of the impulse which led to this historical issue may be traced further back; the idea was inchoate in the general mind long before—it was an experience, in anticipation, of the first settlers on the continent.

A new world, a new atmosphere, a new theatre of activity were requisite to give full play to the intellectual forces set free in Europe during the latter half of the sixteenth century. The new field was occupied, and simultaneously with this event, the human mind everywhere showed signs of new growths. With these growths the American mind began its career. Its significant and characteristic elements appear early in the history of civilized life on the North American continent. It was not any form of physical discomfort or suffering which brought men of intellectual force and stamp to the New World, but rather the inspiration of larger privileges of thought and conduct. The minds of men emancipated themselves, and then began the rule of ideas, a free democracy by divine right.

It is, therefore, now nearly three hundred years since American literature made its first beginnings. Its founders were few and comparatively unknown to the world as men of thought. There was not a Milton, nor a Des Cartes, nor a Luther among them. But there were those whose minds, fashioned by and filled with the free spirit of the poetry, the philosophy and the religious thought just then breaking upon the world, found greater freedom for thought and action in

the New World. For until then the human mind had employed itself with materials gathered from the past; with histories of nations begun and ended; with mythologies and traditions; with the doubtful enterprises of heroes and kings; and with the literatures of defunct peoples.

Whether we have a national literature characteristic and definable has long since ceased to be a debatable question. A most forcible showing of the fact is at hand in *The Library of American Literature* (Chas. L. Webster & Co., N. Y. 10 vols., 8vo), compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. The capabilities of the editors for a literary task so important and comprehensive was already established when this work was undertaken. After some seven years of arduous labor, their work, marked by a scrupulous painstaking, and a critical discrimination in the choice of material which no reviewer will venture to gainsay, is so far along toward completion as to justify publication. It is issued in large octavo volumes of about five hundred pages, beautifully printed in large and clear type on excellent paper. It will be illustrated with about one hundred and fifty portraits of American writers, some of them procured with great difficulty, doubtless, being rare and exceedingly valuable. The work is to be comprised in ten volumes, four of which are printed and now before us.

It will be difficult to imagine a literary enterprise of more importance to the American public. Nor will English readers and critics of this work find it easy to show that we as a people have not well employed the more than fifty years that have elapsed since one Smith, a reverend wit, or witty reverend, as you please, now almost forgotten, asked the question, "Who reads an American book?" It is safe to say that the time has long gone by when any intelligent man on the continent of Europe would care openly to admit that he had not read American books.

This *Library of Literature* is a gathering together of what the best American minds have thought since the first settlement in 1607. It proceeds by a method at once interesting and instructive, taking in its course every department of thought. The method is historical, teaching, by illustrious examples, the progress of the American mind occupied with the stirring events and active lives of a new era. It is not designed to be a history of American thought, but the reader who follows the selections page by page in the order they are presented cannot fail to see that there is here an intellectual development parallel with the chronology of events. The first beginnings of American literature are, of course, concerned chiefly with the struggles and adventures incident to the settlement of new

countries. The powers of the mind were then so engaged in physical efforts to secure a foothold and maintain life as to leave but little ambition to give pleasing expression to its tastes, its sentiments, and its passions. Unquestionably there was much in the Colonial life which was susceptible of being shaped into representative ideals that would adorn any literature, but that life was itself an all-absorbing present.

The development of thought having distinctive American traits was rapid, as compared with the growth of the literatures of other peoples. It is true that it began with the advantage of a language already fitted to bear up the most ambitious flights of imagination as well as to disclose and portray the most subtle whims and passions of the human soul, but to be American in the Colonial period it must deal with the motives and experiences of men impelled to separate from the old civilization of Europe and construct for themselves a new-world society. Life was full of intense realities. There was very little of the romantic in their views of things. We find very few examples of true poetry in this early literature. Thought was chiefly retrospective and religious. This tendency culminates in the great mind of Jonathan Edwards, but we read the same spirit and prevailing ideas of the period in many examples of other writers. The student of psychology will find abundant material for reflection and speculation in the religious phenomena of the Colonial period as reflected in the writings of William Bradford, Thos. Hooker, Roger Williams, Increase and Cotton Mather, and many others who, though less known, afford scarcely less interest and instruction. Here we meet with phases of mind and thought which give to the intellectual life of that day a chilling, not to say repulsive aspect. And yet, sitting in the broad and cheerful light of to-day, we may find here something more than amusement in the grotesque superstitions—mental vagaries, produced under the strain of experiences as real and trying as death itself.

But the minds of men were not altogether hidden in the caverns of a gloomy theology. A life of activity and freedom was leading them away from these shadowy regions. They began to make political history. Very early we come upon the intellectual germs of American independence. Freedom of thought and action grew together; or, rather, were reciprocally moving causes. No superficial story of these times can give us so true an understanding of the efficient causes of our American civilization as a careful study of what men thought while preparing its foundations.

For several years preceding and during the French and Indian wars (1754) the energies of the colonies were wholly engaged in

struggles with the savages, in the defence of their acquired homes, and in support of the British crown, in its conflicts with France for territory. There was timely discipline in the military schooling thus received, and a consequent awakening of conscious power. Intellectual activity logically follows, and the course of events brings us to the beginning of the Revolutionary period, 1765-1787—twenty-two years of American history, weighted with events of immeasurable importance!

The turning points of history are usually periods of short duration. This was the beginning of an epoch. The idea of intellectual freedom had at last developed into significant clearness in the general consciousness.

During our century of national life just ended, civilization has advanced with a tenfold rapidity, largely due to impulses arising in the Revolutionary times. What intelligent mind can afford to neglect the literature of that period?

The third volume of *The Library of American Literature* begins with the writings of Benjamin Franklin. This is peculiarly fitting as an opening of the Revolutionary period. It is a new and suggestive point of departure for American thought. This literature had not been wanting in those higher qualities which are afforded by philosophy. There were prophetic hints in the true liberal-mindedness of Roger Williams' tolerant views; Jonathan Edwards had considered, among speculative questions, "ideas" of "Liberty," "Moral Agency," "Cause and Effect," with great power, and from a theological point of view had arrived at pure idealism; while the subtle Berkeley himself, the greatest of idealists next to Plato, from his country house at Newport, had contributed to American literature before the time of Franklin.

It is not strange that a lasting interest remains in the life and writings of Benjamin Franklin, for every mind—for that of the inquisitive, book-loving boy, as well as for that of the mature and practical-minded sage. His life in youth and early manhood is a most admirable instance of self-help and self-education. The story, as told by himself, has lost nothing of its interest and value, and has proved worthy of imitation in many cases of youth—at least in the generation preceding this, when the privileges of schooling and employment for wages were scant and unpromising. This illustrious example of self-culture, with others not a few in number in our history, are not to be taken as against schools and the many advantages for acquiring knowledge of our day. But there is here in the unassisted literary efforts of one of our greatest American writers an obvious and striking lesson

for the teacher of the youth who would practice the true art of instruction. The presence and skill of the teacher should not destroy nor weaken the native power of the mind of the learner to think and act for itself, but should rather awaken and strengthen it. There is always a highest place for *originality* in the literature of thought. There can, in fact, be no real education of the mind that is not self-born. First must come the desire for knowledge, which instruction may stimulate, and then the effort of the learner to secure it; it only becomes complete and clear in the mind of the learner when by himself reproduced and expressed in thought. The highest quality of an educated mind is its ability to think well in fitly chosen words. Literature furnishes us with models illustrating this quality. It is noteworthy that the specimens before us are just such models, and, being American, should claim a first consideration.

In the writings of Franklin we find remarkable anticipations of the present. For the American mind he stands the typical representative and pioneer of the newspaper in all that has made it a power to influence, control and create public opinion. The practical printer has become the all-powerful editor and political philosopher. The debt of American literature to Franklin the printer is incalculable. The example of Franklin in his adopted vocation leads on to attainments that qualify for great usefulness in eminent places. But not less remarkable is his example in the domain of science. The latest and most brilliant feats of the faculty of discovery and invention have been exhibited in the department of electricity. Of all the forces of nature, this—subtle, fugitive, destructive—is the most intimate attendant and servant of the human mind. How it is brought into service we learn from Franklin's own discoveries and writings upon the subject, which is peculiarly American in its incipient stages, as well as in its vastly extended bearings and applications, since the discussion of a theory of electricity by Franklin has grown to a body of scientific learning that requires a good share of a lifetime to compass it. Franklin's philosophy, replete with wisdom, often profound, yet never apart from every-day uses, is but the record and reflection of his life, private and public—a noble specimen of democracy in thought and conduct, standing at the entrance into the world of a permanent democratic civilization.

But there were other great minds in the Revolutionary period, whose writings are fully exemplified in *The Library of American Literature*, and in whom there must continue an interest as lasting as time. Each one, like Franklin, occupies a place which no other could fill so well.

Washington's letters and papers, while occupying a comparatively small space in our literature, will yet always bear evidence to his greatness of character, and reflect the supreme qualities of the personality of the First President of the American Republic. The literary merits of his state papers, as well as their purity of thought and embodiments of wise, statesman-like views, that infinitely distinguish them from the demagogical conceits of a merely partisan leader, should secure the fame of Washington from comparisons that bring it into association with a character and reputation which cannot, for conscience sake, be thought of in the same day.

To this period, too, belong the writings—chiefly political, and therefore most important contributions to the history and development of the American mind—of John Adams, Jefferson and Madison. Of course, of these three great names, Jefferson is the most suggestive as paramount in influence, and significant of a distinct phase of political thought and action. We shall have occasion to return to the writings of Jefferson when considering those of Alexander Hamilton, who belonged to the Constitutional period. Indeed, the student of American political literature will find it profitable to compare the views of Jefferson and Hamilton as representatives of the two great leading ideas running through and characterizing the national constitution and succeeding political events.

There is scarcely any name in this catalogue of writers to which it would not be a pleasure to refer. Among these are many whose merits are not the less deserving because unknown to general fame. There is nothing in these volumes that will not bring pleasure to the reader, and there is much that will prove to be a fresh acquisition to the stock of knowledge already gained. In fact, the majority of us will be convinced that hitherto we have known comparatively little of American Literature, that with many of its most deserving writers we are still unacquainted, and that, with it as a whole, representing, as it does, the development of the American mind, the growth of American thought, we are but just now gaining anything like an adequate conception.

There are more salient points in the literature of the Revolutionary period, to a few of which we may merely refer. Among these are "The Declaration of Independence," "Revolutionary Songs and Ballads," the writings of John Woolman—"How He Testified in Meeting Against Slavery," etc.; of Thomas Paine—"Representative Government," "In a French Prison, 1794," etc.; of Francis Hopkinson—"Benedick, the Married Man," "The Battle of the

Kegs," "To a Recreant American," etc.; of Josiah Quincy, Jr.—"The Duty of Americans," "The Consequences of Taste," etc.; the poems of Philip Freneau; the letters of Abigail Adams; and the papers of John Jay.

Volume IV. of this work must be reserved for a future review. The importance of the time with which it deals—the Constitutional period, 1788 to 1820—demands a more careful and extended consideration than we can now give it.

In closing this article it may be well to summarize the chief excellences of *The Library of American Literature*. It is a critically discriminating collection of the best productions of American minds, including authors, public speakers, statesmen, jurists and theologians.

The arrangement is chronological, revealing the events and progressive phases of the history of the Republic, in their due order, and at the same time displaying more and more distinctly the features of the American mind.

As a completed whole it must serve as an indispensable work of reference and an invaluable aid in the study of American thought, as well as a help in further private collections of the works of American authors.

The Science of Thought,^{***} by F. Max Müller (The Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago). This book consists of three "Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought," delivered at the Royal Institution in London, March, 1887, to which is added an appendix that contains a correspondence of the author with distinguished objectors to his views.

The great learning of the author will ensure a careful reading of these lectures on the part of philological students, and they should also possess interest for the general reader. There is very little in them beyond the reach of the common understanding. Prof. Müller has the very rare ability of making the profound things of thought and philosophy appear plain and simple to every mind.

Whether he will be able to convince *any* mind of the correctness of the theory which he himself boasts is "revolutionary," is quite another matter. That "language and thought are identical" is his theory. It is not true because "revolutionary." The great learning of the propounder does not make a theory so labelled, by virtue of both learning and characteristics combined, any more credible. It is well established that too much learning has occasionally made men "mad."

The very clearness with which the author states his theory tells against it. He says that all thought is nothing more than simple

addition or subtraction, but in the simple propositions given to prove this statement—"Cogito ergo sum"—"A is B"—there is neither addition nor subtraction, but in each a simple equation. Again, "We can as little think without words as breathe without lungs." True, but from this are we compelled to believe that the lungs, the organ of breathing, are "*identical*" with the process of breathing? We can think of no manual skill without the use of an instrument which we name the hand. But are all the arts, therefore, *identical* with the instrumentalities which serve to produce them? Nevertheless, there is a philosophy at the bottom of this "revolutionary" theory of the learned author which deserves the attention of thoughtful minds.

The Rise of Silas Lapham. By W. D. Howells (Ticknor & Co.). This fine specimen of the author's realistic art will lose nothing by being presented in a popular form.

"Silas Lapham" will always prove a timely lesson to the class for whom it is intended. The reader most interested in the character illustrated will accept it as truthful and real.

The career of a man who builds a solid fortune upon a lucky discovery, not suddenly, but slowly and by good management, possibly helped on by a circumstance here and there which selfish shrewdness would yet pronounce strictly correct, who then in turn loses all by quickly moving causes, in every way legitimate, but which would appear to baffle all human foresight, is always and to every one instructive and interesting. But when such a career culminates in a character whose virtues no accumulation of wealth could by any means or instrumentalities serve to secure or make, the lesson becomes imperatively impressive.

The story need not be analyzed here. Everything in it illustrates the character of Silas Lapham. It is planned and told for this purpose in a manner which pleases from first to last. We do not mean to say that there are not other interesting and strong characters in the story. There are a number—all real, life-like, distinct. But they contribute to the author's purpose best when serving to make more distinct the personality of Silas Lapham.

The art of this story is pure realism, and it illustrates well Mr. Howells' literary philosophy. The fancy is never called upon to create any quality in the character of Silas Lapham. But despite the author's studied purpose to leave nothing for the imagination, we are yet left in a wondering attitude by this fine monument of his literary art. Its very reality is suggestive of more than is de-

scribed. The character of Silas Lapham does not compass the possible limits of its growth under actual eyesight.

Two Men.—By Elizabeth Stoddard. (Cassell & Co.)

A good story loses nothing of its original flavor by republication in paper covers. It speedily reaches a very much larger number of readers, not the less gratified to appreciate its merits because they pay less money for it. Only the best books, however, should reach the million. If we had our way, the "chaff" of literature should be so costly as to find out only the wealthy few. Small harm would result by such a reversal of things.

Mrs. Stoddard's "Two Men" really reduce to one strong man. Jason Auster is a great character without any worldly notoriety. Osmond Parke serves only as a foil to the profoundly real and powerful personality of Auster, whose character is one of sustained strength from the time he enters Crest, marries "Sarah Parke," and begins life as a carpenter, until, many years after, having lived a kind of death-in-life as the faithful, unloving, though ignorantly so, husband of "Sarah"—he matures, morally, in his love for "Philippa."

The character of "Sarah" is not an uncommon one. She marries, no one knows why, a man for whom she does not care, and not until the unlooked-for return of a youthful playmate, Osmond Parke, supposed to have been lost to his family—a runaway and wholly worthless fellow—does she discover her mistake. She is strong enough to conceal this discovery of her heart, but lives a life of cold fidelity to her husband. Parke Auster, the son, is in no respect like the father. He embodies in his person and character the suppressed passion of his mother.

Philippa, the child of Osmond Parke, appears—we are told nothing of her mother—becomes a member of the Auster family, a claimant to the estate of "Squire Parke," now in the hands of the Austers.

Jason Auster's sterling worth is shown in his management of this estate, and especially in his refusal to profit by the situation in which he finds himself. On the other hand, his wife's extreme selfishness is strangely made to counterbalance her secret affection for Osmond Parke. She is very real, but surely very negative.

We do not care to trace the story further.

Its chief merits lie in its fidelity to life and nature, and in making plain the fact that strong characters may be found in quiet places, out-of-the-way neighborhoods and obscure villages, like Crest, where they appear, live wisely, and in homely ways

illustrate the greatness of the human soul in its best moods of virtue, moral heroism, devotion to honor and duty, without the "world" knowing anything about what is going on.

But we are not quite sure that the author does not make her minor characters too strong sometimes. For example, "Elsa," the servant, in the main an admirably-drawn character, but who, occasionally, seems to surpass herself. And then, it is observable, too, that when several of the leading characters are brought together in conversation, they each lose a share of individuality, and are betrayed into talking upon the same high level of wisdom. We seem to see too much of the author on these occasions.

Nevertheless, the book deserves the great reputation it long since won, and in its present form will find its way to thousands of new readers.

The Animal Life of Our Seashore. By Angelo Heilprin. (Lippincott & Co.) This book has particular reference to the New Jersey coast and the southern shore of Long Island, and is specially prepared for summer dwellers on the seashore to enable them to study intelligently its animal life. And while it is designed for the general reader, it is yet so thorough and painstaking as to satisfy and delight the more critical scientist. The style of the author is pleasing and clear. There is not an ambiguous phrase throughout the book. It is profusely illustrated and well printed.

In all cases, for the better known objects common names are used, accompanied, however, by the corresponding technical terms; and in referring to less familiar and rare specimens, English equivalents are given for Latin names. This really adds to the reader's interest and confidence, since he is nowhere frightened by the masks of learning. It is surprising how much solid matter and positive knowledge is found between the covers of this little book—all methodically arranged and supplemented with a good index. The author is entitled to the highest praise for his delightfully instructive contribution to the healthful tastes of an intelligent public. For it is calculated to stimulate an interest in scientific pursuits for pastime, as well as for intellectual profit.

The Republican Party: Its History, Principles and Policies. Edited by Hon. John D. Long. (The M. W. Hazen Co.) The names of Ex-Gov. Long, Gen. Hawley and Henry Cabot Lodge alone assure to this book a high literary character. There is not a contributor to its pages who could afford to associate his name and reputation with an ephemeral publication on the subjects allotted with especial reference to the respective abilities of the writers.

The Republican party has already made a

place in history that belongs to the brightest records of an established and progressive civilization. Its principles and its policies will, as time wears on, lose in the general mind their separative partisan aspects, and become merged in the common stock of political truths and experiences, as approved and accepted.

The writer very well remembers a singularly interesting and significant literary event which had a bearing on the early life of this party. In September, 1854, there appeared in *Putnam's Magazine* for that month an article on "Parties and Politics," written by Mr. Parke Godwin. Up to this time *Putnam's Monthly* had been well received in the South, for its excellence as a periodical. In the article by Mr. Godwin, one of great ability, and remarkably correct in its survey of "Parties and Politics" at that time, the South found sufficient reason for condemning the magazine, and for refusing to receive it. The destruction of intellectual slavery in any portion of the country was not less an object of pursuit for a freedom-loving party than was that of political slavery, as early as 1854. And yet we find (page 46) that in 1855 the first legislative assembly of the territory of Kansas enacted a law, accompanied by a severe penalty for its infraction, forbidding the introduction "into the territory, of any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet or circular containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in the Territory of Kansas." Under this law, Mr. Godwin's article in *Putnam's Monthly* could not have been safely carried through Kansas in a United States mail-bag. The Government's mail pouch is not more sacred than the citizen's ballot-box. It is quite fitting that Senator Ingalls of Kansas should discuss "a fair vote and an honest count," and it is not less appropriate that Senator Hoar of Massachusetts should say: "Not till the Republic is a synonym for the universal intelligence, freedom, equality, and political and social happiness of every one of its citizens, will the mission of the Republican party be ended."

Governor Long, under the head of "Political Parties: 1789-1856," gives a brief but admirably succinct survey of the political history of our country up to the time of the formation of the Republican party.

The Hon. Edward McPherson takes up the story at this point and continues to the present. Perhaps no man in the country is better prepared to command the respectful attention of the nation in an account of the "Rise and Progress of the Republican Party." Few will attempt to question his statements, whatever they may think of the inferences which seem to cling to his figures. But Mr. McPherson has supplied us with something more than a careful array of facts.

He has presented a brilliant retrospect of the career of his party, and lays a good foundation for the prophecy: "By reason of the causes within itself, it must be the great party of the future."

Hon. L. E. Payson, of Illinois, says that "The Republican Party is entitled to the entire credit for the adoption of the Homestead Law," and proceeds to fortify this very important claim. The writer is unable to point out any weak place in his defensive lines.

The subject of Pensions is a very delicate one. There should be no grounds for making it a party question. The public officer who may deal with the soldier with a generosity, extreme, even beyond what might seem to him prudent for the public interest, would yet have it said of him in the present and for generations to come, "his failing leaned to virtue's side." The Republic can do no wrong in lavishing its benefactions upon the men who saved it; it commits no folly in extravagantly spending its surplus treasures upon the soldiers' orphans and widows. To condemn it for this would be like finding fault with a man for emptying his purse into the hands of one who had saved him from drowning. We are not sure but Mr. Morrill is too careful and considerate in the discussion of this subject. And yet he does warm with the subject:

"The widow who gave her husband in the prime of life, full of bright hopes for the future, received \$8 a month for her sacrifice, and this great nation generously gave her \$2 per month for the support of the child made an

orphan by the ravages of war. What happy wife would not cheerfully surrender her loved one for so generous a pension! What child would be so ungrateful when it arrived at manhood as to lose an opportunity to sing praises to the glorious government that contributed so liberally to its support!"

The other great questions here discussed with reasonable fullness and the thoroughness belonging to experts are: "Our Fisheries," by Senator Frye; "The American Navy," Ex-Secretary Chandler; "Our Coast Defenses," Gen. Hawley; "The American Merchant Marine," Representative Dingley; "Our Foreign Trade," Representative Burrows; "Internal Revenue," Hon. Green B. Raum; "A Protective Tariff," Representative McKinley; "Internal Development," by Representative Butterworth and F. D. Massey; "The Civil Service," Henry Cabot Lodge; and "The New South," by John S. Wise.

To all of which we turn with interest, and all of which are calculated to deeply impress the public mind.

The book closes with the "Platform of the Party," biographical sketches of Gen. Harrison and Hon. Levi P. Morton, and the "Rise of the Republican League of the United States," by its President, J. P. Foster.

The book is well printed in clear type and on good paper, and is illustrated with excellent portraits of party leaders and others.

It possesses much literary merit, and is characterized by a soundness of thought that entitles it to a permanent place in the library of every student of politics.

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for September.

SCHOOLS, both public and private, commence their work this month, and by the time the present number of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE reaches its readers, they will have returned from summer vacations and be preparing for the sterner duties of winter time.

I wish that the Calendar could say a few words of undiluted praise for American schools from a sanitary point of view; but many years experience on school boards compels me to believe and say that there are few better, more effective and rapid means of injuring a child's system, physical and mental, than steady adherence to our hours of school within doors, and of lessons without. Every successive generation finds less and less practical knowledge among our young people, with a steadily decreasing rate of increase of species, until it is but a question of a few years when there will be no more full-blood American women to keep up the race. Brains and central nerves are overtaxed sys-

tematically, and the few moments per diem allowed for relaxation are employed in reading novels or otherwise weakening physical powers that are already below par.

Few school-rooms are constructed or furnished with regard to the health of little ones who spend so many of their best hours therein, and attempts to better such a condition fail because there is no money to be made out of the contract.

What, then, are we to do? Take the chances, I presume, and send our children to do the best they can, where our neighbors send theirs. There seems absolutely no remedy short of educating the public, a slow and tedious task. Meanwhile, see to it that children do not study out of school. Any lesson that needs to be learned at home is worse than useless; it is positively hurtful. Keep them out of doors in all weathers as much as possible, and see that their food is plain and nutritious.

Among my patients returning from the country there are always several who come

to me to be rid of freckles, and seem to regard these harmless discolorations as blemishes to be gotten rid of at any cost of time or trouble. For the most part they are temporary, and a month's seclusion from the sunbeams that have caused them will effect their removal.

Scientific works divide them into two classes, and say that they are simply irregular deposits of skin pigment, capable of being removed by proper treatment. The first, *ephelis*, is only an aggravated sunburn, and the brownish-yellow spots are located in the outer skin; while the other, *lentigo*, is the true freckle, lying deeper and more difficult of cure. So long as these spots are regarded as blemishes by our lady friends, they will have recourse to all means to displace them; and I give here two or three receipts that are harmless, at least, and as effective as any patent wash sold at a great price. For sunburn or light freckles on face or hands, take of Hydrochinon, one drachm by weight; Glacial Phosphoric Acid, one-half drachm; Glycerine, two drachms; and distilled water, six ounces. This lotion may be prepared by any apothecary at a small cost, and is reliable. It is to be applied morning and night, after thoroughly cleansing the skin.

For permanent freckles, a dermatologist recommends the following as invariably successful: Bichloride of Mercury, ten grains; Hydrochloric Acid, three drachms; Bitter Almonds, an ounce and a half; Pure Glycerine, one ounce; Tincture of Benzoin, two drachms; and Orange-flower Water sufficient to make a pint. The almonds must be blanched and crushed to a paste with the glycerine, and half of the orange-flower water added to make a smooth emulsion, to which is slowly added, beating into it like oil into mayonnaise, the benzoin tincture. To this is to be added the remainder of the orange-flower water, in which has been previously dissolved the mercury and acid; and the whole carefully filtered. Be careful not to apply this wash to any broken skin, and keep it out of children's reach, as it is a violent poison if taken internally. I am indebted to "Medical Classics" for these two receipts. When they fail, and there are cases where pigment staining resists all external applications, I find nothing equal to an electric needle for their removal. To use this successfully, however, demands great expertness, or a scar will remain that is worse than the original blemish, and a specialist should be consulted in such a case.

An agent has just left my rooms after wasting a half hour of time in vain attempts to persuade me into purchasing a faucet-filter—made in some new-fangled way. There is really no such thing as a filter for water that can be used attached to house faucets. At best, they have never been anything else but

strainers, and recent experiments prove them to be worse even than that; for they are shown to be nests for propagation of just such impurities as they are calculated to remove. Far better take chances on Croton or Cochituate direct than to have the already laden water made a breeding place for bacteria by so-called filters. They are not to be trusted.

This water question continues to be of the utmost public importance, and it seems extraordinary that typhoid fever and other filth diseases should not rage to far greater extent than reports show, if our drink is as foul as it is said to be.

I suspect that the truth is this bacteria scare has been very much overworked. There are leaders in the medical profession who say directly that modern practice of medicine has actually nothing to show in the way of better results than ancient, and that no greater percentage of patients recover in palatial hospitals than in the rough shanties where sick were kept a hundred years ago; and certainly the past heated term, with its accompanying immense consumption of water, has not shown any increased death-rate—slightly the reverse. If one's water supply be distinctly and sensibly impure, try some other source; otherwise, it is a question if it be not unwise to disturb one's mind about microscopical bacilli, that have been swimming about ever since Adam.

What is distinctly true, however, is that the art of caring for the sick—nursing—is a fair tree of modern growth. Not many years ago, within the memory of many among us, the only nurses of any value were Catholic Sisters of Charity, whose religious vows not only devoted them to this noble work, but exacted proper training for its proper execution. I remember how difficult it was in '62 for Miss Dix to find a dozen female nurses for the hospital at Falls Church, and how utterly ignorant of every necessary duty they proved themselves when they came. Since those dark days, the modern school of trained nurses has sprung from a very small beginning, reached a very important magnitude, and bids fair to grow in the hearts of those whose sick need care until all untaught or half-taught carers for suffering humanity are quite extinct.

Nothing appeals so much to sense of fitness as to watch the deft, carefully trained methods of those young women. Quiet of nerve, active and robust of body and thoroughly comprehensive of mind, they put both doctor and patient at ease promptly. The former can rely upon his directions being carried out intelligently, and every turn in the malady watched with a skilled ante-perception that keeps him au courant with his case all the absent hours; and the invalid feels a pervasive sense of constant enveloping watch-

fulness that steals away anxiety, stimulates faith and is of itself one-half the cure. There can be no more noble occupation for women, there is not one so profitable. The preliminary training school is not hard to enter nor difficult to pass, and the rewards of graduation are immediate and sure.

I have before me a circular from the Boston school which is connected with the Massachusetts General Hospital, wherein are set down the necessary qualifications for a matriculant. She must be of good physical and mental health, single, between 23 and 30 years of age, possess a good moral character certified to by responsible men in her district, and have means sufficient to clothe herself the first year. Upon receiving an appointment, she takes up her residence in the hospital to which her school is attached and is at once placed under tuition, which is bedside as well as oral. Her board and washing is allowed from entrance, and she gives her services in return for six months at least. After a sufficient length of time and teaching determined by the surgeons in charge she is put in a ward under supervision, and then has her first actual contact with sickness. Days pass and tiresome nights, until she grows familiar with the many voices of a hospital night, and learns to distinguish by ear alone between, for example, the heavy breathing of natural sleep and the stertorous noises made by a patient who is failing; and an authority is felt to which all willingly submit. This is not the place to say how great the doctor's relief is, to know that all dangers are guarded against so far as human care can do it; but it is certain to be a valuable factor in recovery.

No career can be conceived for woman that is nobler than this. To minister to suffering humanity is peculiarly within her province,

and God has fitted her to this end with qualities that men almost completely lack. The art of bearing the fatigue of a sick chamber, of foreseeing wants, of mingling sympathy with rigid adherence to orders and training, of persuasive use of authority, and of that curious sexual influence that men never feel so strongly as when they are ill, this and much more make women the only trained nurses of the future. And the field of action is unlimited. Sickness is certain, and nurses are always in demand far above any possible supply—with fees that are beyond any female earning in any other way. Five dollars a day and all expenses is by no means a rare salary, and three the lowest, beside which grateful friends rarely fail to make the successful nurse a handsome present or two. Refinement, birth and education add to a trained nurse's pecuniary value to a large extent; and, as like gravitates naturally to like, those who possess these advantages soon acquire a circle of clients of their own sort that never allows them to escape its pleasant ring.

There is no longer need to suffer for want of proper care, and yet only a month ago, one of my patients requiring skilled care, was obliged to wait a week before a graduate nurse could be procured—and this in an exceptionally healthy season. Frequently they have opportunities for travel under all the favorable auspices that money can procure, and what is it that it will not buy? In fine, were I a woman, there is no career, no work that could appeal so strongly to my every sense of humanity and womanhood than this skilful care of the sick; none that would be so richly rewarded, both in well-earned pay and in that sweet content that only comes to us when we are conscious of having done right.

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.

TIMELY TOPICS.*

Old Books.

A NATURAL result of the immense prolificness of the modern press is the neglect of students and readers to peruse old books and learn what has been. We are like the Greeks, who imagined literature began with their ancestors, and asserted that such a one was the first who ever did one thing; and another, the first to do something else, till one might suppose the act of thinking and recording thoughts began with Greeks.

Our school books mislead the youthful mind on a great many subjects. A familiar instance is that concerning the discovery of the magnetic needle. We have many reasons for believing that the needle was in use for ages before the alleged date of its discovery. Knowledge of the magnet seems to have

been quite common nearly two thousand years ago among the people of the Mediterranean. Philo, the Jew, who wrote about A. D. 1, says, in Vol. III., page 470, Bohn's Edition—"Just as they say the needle follows the magnet." And in Vol. I., page 42, he says: "Imitations fall short of original models . . . as being removed from the originals. And the magnetic stone is subject to like deteriorations. For any iron ring which touches it is held as firmly as possible, but another which touches only that ring is held less firmly; and the third ring hangs from the second, and the fourth from the third, the fifth from the fourth, and so on, one from another in a long chain, all held by an attracting power, but still not all in the same degree, etc., etc."

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

This proves that experiments with magnetism were familiar and varied some two thousand years ago.

A German savant, quite a learned old doctor, declares that many of our brilliant lecturers and essayists, who are at the same time scientists, get great credit for originality, whereas they are dressing themselves in the cast-off robes of Des Cartes and some others. Where did Des Cartes, Newton and others get suggestions for their profoundest speculations? They could have found them in several very ancient tomes, but it would be narrow to assert that they did so, because the minds of innumerable persons run in the same channel, once started. Has any one in modern times ever given higher evidence of profoundest study of the cause of cosmical motion than is found in the following, from an ancient Hindoo philosopher, quoted in Asiatic Researches, Vol. IV., by Sir Wm. Jones, in his article, "Philosophy of the Asiatics"? Here it is:

"There is a strong propensity which dances through every atom, and attracts the minutest particle to some particular object. Search this universe from its base to its summit, from fire to air, from water to earth, from all below the moon to all above the celestial spheres, and thou shalt not find one corpuscule destitute of that natural attractability; the very point in the first thread in this seeming tangled skein is no other than such a principle of attraction, and all principles beside are destitute of a real basis. From this propensity arises every motion in heavenly or terrestrial bodies. It is a disposition to be attracted which taught hard steel to rush from itself and rivet itself on the magnet; it is the same disposition which impels the light straw to attach itself on amber; it is this which gives every substance in nature a tendency toward another and an inclination forcibly directed to a determinate point."

Not only knowledge of the magnet, but of the theory of gravitation, is here indicated by one who wrote ages before Philo.

As to morals, listen to this from an ancient Arabian system, doubtless asserted by the pre-historic Cushite—"Shower gifts on him who injures thee."

"Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;
For, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side;
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
With fruit nectarious, or the balmy flower.
All nature cries aloud; shall man do less
Than heal the smiter, or the raller bless?"

I have often thought what a vast amount of labor and treasure might have been saved to the inventor of the patent for hardening india rubber had he been possessed of an old volume published in 1801—No. 5 of Asiatic Researches, in which the elastic gum vine and the india rubber product are treated of. The process by which the rubber is hardened into a brittle mass is described by use of sulphuric acid. It is known that the patentee fell on this by the mere accident of dropping something removed from a shelf above the stove on which he was frying rubber for the ten thousandth time in the shanty to which he had been reduced. Examination showed it was sulphur, which had suddenly hardened

the mass before his astonished eyes. "Eureka," and a fortune after several law-suits.

Also, had the lawyers of the opposite side known of that article in the book, where would his claim for patent be, seeing the law refuses it if the process has ever previously been published?

Clarke Irvine.

"Let Us Serve the Great To-day."

I WISH we could, all of us, drum into our heads the spirit of those verses of Adelaide Proctor's.

"The great to-day!" we are apt to echo bitterly. "Admitting that there are great issues, how in the world can we serve them? To-day is so prosaic. We must eat and sleep and put on our clothes, and most of us must work and some of us must play. What time have we left to think about greatness? The commonplace and the petty and the ridiculous stifle our energies and drain our vitality, and make us lose sight of and faith in the greatness which, perhaps, we ought to fight for."

"Besides, it makes one so queer, it is such bad form, to be enthusiastic about anything now-a-days. One might be willing to spend sleepless nights and toilsome days for a cause, but to make one's self ridiculous—how can one?"

And we generally wind up with, "If we had only lived at such or such a time. Those were heroic days! It was surely easier to be great then than now."

"Coward! can she rule and conquer,
If we thus her glory dim?"

That is all true enough, of course. Who has not felt it? But do you suppose—do you suppose that a sense of the ridiculous, and work, and worry, and bills, and bores, and noise, and laziness, and interruptions, and the toothache, are all modern inventions? Don't you know that the people of any preceding century had all the distractions, or their equivalents, that we have? That the commonplace and the petty and the ridiculous environed them as surely as they do us to-day? In short, that the "demnition grind" was as remorseless before Mantalini christened it as since?

To suppose the contrary is to do the men and women of the past injustice. It is the men and women who make an age great, not some magic in the figures with which it happens to be written. It was because they bravely endured the commonplace, as saints of old wore their hair shirts, and in spite of it discerned the heroic and devoted themselves to it, that they were great. For our past was their present, and would have been ours if we had lived among them. To them it had none of the romance which it bears in retrospect, and which this age, in its turn, may come to bear. Will our several times

great-grandchildren consider us anything but cowards for our excuses? If we cannot serve to-day, in the nineteenth century, we probably shouldn't have done so any better in the—seventeenth, for instance. What, indeed, could have been more characteristic of the days of the Stuarts than this same sense of the ridiculous pervading everything: this hair shirt, which is harder almost to wear than that of the commonplace, which only dull, oyster-like people are never pricked

and tormented with; and which, as you cannot explain to them, one can never leave off, because it is one's own ridicule one dreads, even more than that of others. Doubtless, thousands of people stifled their convictions, as thousands do now, because they could not make themselves ridiculous.

All honor to any one, in any age, who had the courage of his or her convictions; but don't let petty jealousy underrate them by insisting that they had any easier time than we.

M. Helen Lovett.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Revival of Ancient Venetian Arts.

VENETIAN wood carvings and ornamental glassware, prevalent during the fifteenth century, are being extensively revived. The revival is principally under the direction of an Italian, Chevalier M. Guggenheim, who has an establishment at Venice.

The chevalier made a study of the old wood carvings in the ancient palaces of Italy and in the museums of Europe. The furniture was everywhere found in a state of decay. Many of the specimens, when touched, fell in pieces. Those preserved were usually found to have been patched and held together by various devices. A study of the styles disclosed the names of Sansovino, Dritino and Vittorio as authors, and the motives of each one could be distinctly traced. Each specimen was found to have some motive peculiar to each author. Other motives were found named after towns, such as the Serento, etc.

Chevalier Guggenheim came into notice first by his rehabilitation of the palace of King Victor Emanuel, to whom he is indebted for his order of chevalier on account of the great artistic merit displayed in such work. Later on, he rehabilitated the palaces of the King of Bavaria and the Counts of Popodopeli. The industry thus created now employs over one thousand men who do their marvelous work for the trifling sum of from one to one and one-half francs per day. Among the many designs thus recreated are hall seats, eight-day clock cases (from whence arise our old Puritan and fireside clocks of the corner), chairs of all kinds, mantels, fire-places, chests, Romanesques, or wood boxes, vase holders of great varieties, tables, secretaries, side-boards and whatever else comes under the general title of furniture. In this connection, that object known to every traveler, the gondola hook, should not be omitted. The gondolier is the cabman of Venice. His hook is his pride. Its handle is carved wood, inlaid with old coins and medals, surmounted with a statuette, the lower end terminating in a steel hook or gaff. The wood used in all this kind of work is the Italian walnut. The prices of

these articles are nominal, ranging from \$17 to \$225, according to the size of the object and number of pieces or figures it contains.

The history of Venetian glass-ware dates back over one thousand years—beyond the origin of Venice itself. The secret of its manufacture is still faithfully preserved on the Isle of Murano. Dr. Selvestri has been instrumental in resuscitating many of the ancient and beautiful styles. Among the styles he has re-created are those of some very antique vases, finger bowls, wine sets, pitchers, water sets, and various tiny and old shapes peculiar to early Venice.

In this connection it is pertinent to speak of the revivals or imitations of the gobelin tapestries and armors of Italy. The imitations of gobelins, now woven by machine, may easily be discerned. The imitations are all one piece, while all of the real gobelins now in existence are so aged that one can easily see each piece as if the fabric were a crazy quilt, the stitches of which had decayed in many places. In renovating old palaces quite a few real gobelins have been discovered recently, covered with dust and cobwebs, and at first mistaken for solid walls. The armors, casques, shields, halberds, helmets, etc., of the knights of the fifteenth century are also being discovered and reproduced extensively for household ornaments.

These imitations of Venetian wood carvings and glass-ware, as well as of gobelin tapestries and armors, are sent to this country, and many of the specimens found in the shops are beautiful objects and desirable for house-furnishing. But dishonest dealers do not hesitate to palm off the imitations as originals, and ask a much enhanced price for them on the ground that they are antiques, with possibly a long and fictitious history. Purchasers, therefore, should be on their guard, and not be deluded into paying several times the value of an article they may desire to purchase, on the ground that it is two or three centuries old and was once in some old palace or monastery.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

The Natural Consequences of Sin.

THE best definition of sin is, that it is the transgression of the law. This definition not only gives an insight into the nature of sin, but also into the nature of its punishment. God has so arranged His laws that they execute themselves. Human laws must have judges, juries and all the officers of law to enforce them, or they become dead-letters; but the divine laws silently and surely inflict their penalties upon all offenders without respect to persons.

Whatever takes place under the course of nature must be referred to the Author of Nature. Because He does things constantly, we must not deny that He does them at all. Because He operates through permanent laws, we must not deny His operations. Government by uniform is without doubt the best means of developing stable characters in His creatures. The study of these laws will give to us the truest insight into the nature and the duration of punishment for sin.

The first characteristic of God's laws is that they are retributive. Obedience to them brings its reward, and disobedience its punishment. Each law has a double action. The law is unchangeable, but its effects depend upon the condition and character of the person or thing upon which it operates. Take, for example, the law of gravitation. It gives steadiness to buildings that are well built, and brings to the ground those which are poorly constructed. It enables ships that are sound and strong to move steadily through the water with their masts and sails towering in the air; but it carries the leaky, ill-constructed vessel to the bottom. It gives steadiness to our step as we walk the streets, but the man who leaps from the precipice, it dashes him in pieces. It causes the water to flow down its channels, setting in motion the multitudinous machinery along their banks, giving employment and support to thousands; while the same force breaks the badly constructed dam, sweeps all before it, and scatters ruin and desolation on every side. Gravitation is the same when it keeps the strong building on its foundation, as when it brings the weakly-constructed one down in ruin; the same when it enables the well-built ship majestically to plough the waves as when it carries the badly-built one to the bottom. There is no change in the law—no change in any of the forces of the universe.

Organic laws are equally retributive. Obey the laws of your body, and sound and

healthy constitution will be your reward; disobey them, and pain, disease and death will be your punishment. Violate the law, and you must suffer the penalty. It would be easier to fly away from this earth than to escape the consequences of your disobedience. Nothing can be more evident than the disastrous effects of intemperance, whether we consider it in the light of its physical, organic or its moral aspects. It is a blight upon the body; it produces discord and woe among its members; the eyes see strange sights, the ears hears mysterious sounds; the whole nervous system is set on fire; visions of demons are seen; the howls of the doomed are heard; for a time the man is in hell.

Not only are physical and organic laws retributive, but the same holds goods of moral and spiritual laws. The rewards and punishments of moral law are not so evident to the senses as those of organic law, but they are none the less real and certain. The man who listens to the voice of right and obeys it will enjoy intense internal delights which spring from active moral faculties. There is no possession which brings so much real joy as an approving conscience. Its approbations are sweeter and richer than the sweetest strains of music. They thrill the whole soul with delight. To be able to stand erect, to look every man in the face without fear, to be conscious of having done our duty to God and to our fellow-men, is the supremest happiness that it is permitted mortal man to enjoy. Not only so, but moral character commends us to the esteem of all moral and intelligent beings throughout the universe. It is our passport into the society of the true and the good both in this world and in the world to come.

On the other hand, commit sin, violate God's moral laws, and groanings and tears await you. Just so soon as you think the malicious thought, indulge the vicious feeling, and execute the wicked purpose you feel the shock. In a moment the harmony of life has fled, the chorus of the soul is thrown into discord, and all melody is gone. So often have these jars been repeated that the soul is thrown into a state of discord. With the soul in this condition, you may choose what circumstances you please, you may surround yourself with wealth, beauty and refinement, you may place yourself on the very pinnacle of fame, but you will not be satisfied. When the excitement is passed and the lights are out you will hear the discord within. You will have strange and mysterious longings

for that which you have not; your soul will utter its sighs for rest and peace.

The great effort of most men is to hide themselves from themselves. They hate to be alone. The reason of this is that they feel that all is not right within. They know that there are unpleasant guests there making all kinds of discords. To close their ears to these they rush from business to pleasure and from pleasure back to business. Toil is more desirable than rest; the dangers of the camp and battle-field than the security of home; the turmoil of a court than the sweet peace of retirement. This is not because men are averse to peace and quiet; but because they find more rest in toil and danger, than in reflecting upon their own dark thoughts. Time does not diminish this discord and strife. The sinful old man is more discordant within than when he was a boy. Sin has increased its baneful influences. Now that he is about to launch forth into eternity, he must leave behind all for which he has labored; all that he can take with him is himself, his character, his sins; thenceforth he must be with them alone. But if he cannot bear to reflect upon his sins now, what will be his feelings when he shall no longer walk this green earth, when he shall be at home with his sins for evermore.

Another effect of sin is that it incapacitates the soul for right action. It perverts the conscience, warps the judgment, enslaves the will, and cuts the wings of the imagination. This becomes very evident when any one gives loose rein to his passions. Then the path between honor and disgrace, respect and infamy, is very short. Sin drives him at headlong speed down to shame and ruin. Every step he takes in the downward road not only brings its wound, but its disability. Cut off your right hand and you not only suffer intensely at the time, but ever after you must suffer its loss. Commit sin and you not only suffer greatly at the time, but your soul receives a shock which renders it a more easy prey to temptation. Hence the more a man sins the more he must, and punishment always keeps tally with sin. So long as sin is in the soul, escape from the punishment is impossible. As well might we expect that the body to be free from pain while the virus of the mad-dog was coursing through its veins as to expect that the soul can have peace while sin, the cause of all suffering, remains within it; not until the cause is removed will the suffering cease. Death will free the sinful soul of its body; but death cannot free it of its sins—they are its character. To take that away would equal annihilation.

Another characteristic of the divine laws is, that they act independently. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. If a man obey the laws of health, he will enjoy

good health, though at the same time he might cheat and lie and steal. What he has sown that shall he also reap. On the other hand, the man who is honest and truthful, if he neglect the laws of health, must suffer the consequences of his neglect. The man who is careful, energetic, and acquainted with the laws of trade, will succeed in business, even though he be cruel and tyrannical in his family. He has sown the seeds of success, and he shall reap the harvest. On the other hand, he has sown the seeds of cruelty, and he shall reap their harvest. He shall be unloved, he shall pass his days without sympathy, and in his own soul he shall experience some of the terrors of an avenging conscience. The man who is kind and generous and does not understand the laws of trade, cannot succeed in business; but he shall reap the rewards of kindness and generosity. The men who sow only to this world shall reap this world's goods; they cannot with any reason expect to reap anything in the invisible harvest. They have sown for time, and shall reap the rewards of time; they have not sown for eternity, and they shall not reap the rewards of eternity. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Another characteristic of the divine laws is, that they are universal. The same physical, organic and moral laws prevail in all parts of the earth. Water boils at the same temperature, at the level of the sea, in the torrid as the frigid zone. The overladen leaky vessel will go down in the Pacific as in the Atlantic. Poison taken into the stomach will destroy life as readily in China as America. The same laws of motion and gravitation prevail in Jupiter and Neptune as upon our little earth. The solar spectrum reveals that the same chemical laws prevail on the Sun and the most distant stars. From a vast array of facts we may infer that the same physical laws obtain throughout the universe. Not less universal are God's moral laws. It is impossible to conceive a place where truthfulness is not right, and where untruthfulness is not wrong; where gratitude is not praiseworthy, and ingratitude is not blameworthy. We cannot imagine a place in the universe of God where the false, dishonest, censorious and selfish man can be happy, nor where the honest, sincere, charitable and self-sacrificing person can be miserable. Should every other source of enjoyment be cut off, communion with God would be a perennial fountain of blessedness.

A fourth characteristic of these laws is, that they are eternal. Through the long geological periods reaching back, as some tell us, through millions of years, the same physical laws have obtained upon our globe.

We are compelled to the conclusion that should the material universe continue for hundreds of millions of years to come, the same physical laws would obtain then as now. Nor can we conceive a time in all the eternity to come when God's spiritual laws shall not exist in all their force.

These laws are not independent existences; they exist in the mind of God. He is the Principle of principles, the Great Centre from whence law and force emanate. So long as God endures, these laws shall endure. In them is everlasting blessedness; in them is everlasting punishment. I can see no possible escape for the persistent transgressor from these retributive, universal and eternal laws. The very same laws which bring blessedness to the righteous must bring misery to the wicked. If they crown these, they must condemn those; if they bring heaven to the one class, they must bring hell to the other.

But it will be said that God is love. Yes, He is love, always has been love and always will be love. But whether His love shall be to a soul, joy and blessedness, or pain and misery, depends upon its character. The very same fire that melts the gold hardens the clay. The very same beautiful sunlight,

which is so cheering to the eye that is in a healthy condition, becomes the most exquisite torture to the diseased eye. The sun's rays, which cause the valleys and prairies of America to teem with life, consume all life on desert of Sahara. So God's love, which is sweeter than the sunshine and dearer than life to the good man, is to the wicked the most painful of all things, because there is nothing that so kindles the fires of remorse within him. He catches a momentary glimpse of what might have been.

The only conclusion from all these facts is, that so long as blessedness shall endure, so long must the possibility of punishment continue. For the very same laws and the very same love which bring eternal happiness to the obedient, must bring eternal misery to the disobedient. When they cease to reward the one class, then, but not till then, will they cease to punish the other. Punishment for sin is no arbitrary arrangement. To speak it with all reverence, so long as the sinner continues in sin, Omnipotence cannot save him from punishment.

James G. Roberts, D. D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



THE PORTFOLIO.

Experiences of an Umbrella.

BY HARRIET LAWSON.

LOTHED in rags too dilapidated to be called picturesque or even artistic, with broken ribs and warped back-bone, it is no wonder that I lost my head; and all through the abominable taste of Arethusa and Adolphus, who chose "the king's highway" and a tricycle on which to murmur sweet nothings, instead of the vine-covered porch or summer-house of good old-fashioned times. To be sure, I could not take my oath as to his exact expression, for he was holding me so awkwardly at the time that I could n't hear a word; but I have n't much opinion of people who put so much dependence

upon their ears; anyway, it was quite enough for me to know that Adolphus was leaning so much to one side that he appeared to be "all out of drawing," that Arethusa's ear was of the brightest rose-pink and her left dimple in full play; moreover, she was perfectly unconscious that the sunbeams had undisputed possession of her fair face, and were sure to abuse their advantage by a shower of freckles upon her Grecian nose. Now, I am positive that all honest and observant umbrellas (who have had much experience in covering two young heads) will bear me out in the assertion that such unconsciousness could not arise unless something particularly soothing was being poured into the ear.

In vain the wind tugged at me and I tugged at Adolphus. He would not be warned, and the result was a mingling of girlish shrieks and strong masculine language, and a generally upset condition.

As for me, I was so completely crushed that had it not been for the nabit of a lifetime I should never have had the energy to observe and comment (*sotto voce*) as usual, "What fools these mortals be."

Adolphus sprang promptly to his feet, very red, very much mortified, very anxious to find somebody or something to blame besides his own carelessness.

And there, peeping out through the big wheels, completely caged, sat Arethusa, looking as sweet and quiet (now that she had found *terra firma*) as a "sucking dove."

"The wretched machine! my poor darling! that horrid umbrella! Are you sure you are not hurt? A screw loose! A hole in the horrid road! I shall never forgive myself if you are hurt!" exclaimed Adolphus all in a breath.

"But I am not in the least injured," lisped the caged pigeon sweetly, "and if I had been, it never could have been your fault: it was just some weak spot in the machine, just an unavoidable accident that no one could help."

"How sweet it is of you to say so," cried Adolphus, going to work at moving the turned-over tricycle; "but I shall not have a second's peace till I see you on your feet again; then, if you really are unharmed I cannot be altogether sorry for the accident, for it has shown the exquisite amiability of your disposition in all its perfection. I don't believe there is a girl in a thousand, no, nor in the world, that would have borne such a trial without losing her temper."

This style of conversation proved so agreeable to both parties concerned that it would doubtless have been indefinitely prolonged, but Adolphus finally moved the wheels and disclosed to the view of the amiable prisoner the crushed remains of her new heliotrope hat! Then, indeed, came a change o'er her mobile face; the features sharpened, a stony glare filled her liquid eyes, there was a perceptible stiffening of the whole frame, and the straightest, stiffest, tallest up-rising that I ever beheld in my life. When she had finally reached her highest possibility, she inquired in a voice not loud, but as clear and cold as cut glass: "Will you be kind enough to tell me, Mr. Radcliffe, what that object is?"

"I am sure I don't know," said he with one puzzled look at her changed aspect, and another at the object indicated, going a step nearer as the truth flashed upon him, but unfortunately on the ludicrous side.

"Why, Arie," he shouted between peals of laughter, "it's—it's your new hat." And crushed, battered and utterly demolished, he presented it for nearer inspection, which proved quite too much for Arie's cool dignity.

"You meant, unfeeling creature," she burst out, "to spoil my hat, and you had no business to tip that tricycle over. Do you suppose I would have risked that hat if I had known you were experimenting? Oh, yes! it may be a laughing matter to you, very amusing, doubtless! but are you aware that that hat came from Paris; not only that, but it was made to order to match my suit, and not till this very morning did I receive it!"

Long before she had finished, Adolphus was feeling remarkably limp.

"But Arie—but, my dear," he expostulated, "you know it was all an accident; don't you think you are a little unreasonable? What is it all about?"

"I thought I had explained with sufficient clearness what it was all about," with a return of dignity. But a glance at the wrecked splendor freed her tongue again.

"I dare say it would give you pleasure, yes, actual pleasure, to see me make a guy of myself by wearing a hat that did n't match this suit! but I won't, sir! No! I'll burn the suit first."

"Arethusa, don't be a goose, and all about a hat, too!" and Adolphus now looked distressed enough to suit the most exacting fair lady. But not Arethusa, for there were tears in her eyes, and my observation has taught me that those tears must fall before the temper subsides.

"How dare you call me names; I tell you it was a mean, contemptible, cowardly—"

"Arethusa," interrupted Adolphus, very deep and very strong, and he did n't look at all limp now, "you are going too far; I shall have to ask you to take that back."

"That I altogether decline to do," replied Arethusa; "it *was* cowardly to ask me to ride when you did n't know how to manage the machine."

Now, if Adolphus had observed feminine nature of the round and rosy kind as closely as I have, he would have held his tongue, for he would have seen the two tears just trembling on the wink of Arie's eyelids, and known the trouble was nearly ended; but being only an exasperated man, he said very coldly: "Since that is your opinion, Miss Anderson, I will release you from all promises to me, as you would hardly care to be tied to a coward for life."

"Oh, thanks, very much," responded Arie as sweetly and calmly as if she was accepting a glass of water; "it is very kind of you to think of it," and she busied herself removing a bit of mud from her dress. The sudden change of voice and expression made my head swim (although I had seen the two tears drop), and it evidently did Adolphus, for he looked puzzled, although his tones

were still frigid as he inquired: "Do you prefer to walk home, Miss Anderson, or will you trust yourself again to the tricycle and my inefficient hands?"

"Oh, I think it would be better to ride since the tricycle is here; it would seem a pity to get all heated and dusty from the walk, don't you think?" Then drawing a blue silk handkerchief from her pocket, she tripped up to Adolphus and observed in the most matter-of-fact way possible, "Would you mind, Mr. Radcliffe, just tying this under my chin; the ends are so short I can't get at them? I'm sorry to trouble you, but I'm afraid I shall take cold if I ride with nothing on my head."

"Yes, certainly," answered Adolphus, awkwardly, and he tried still more awkwardly to tie a knot under the remarkably pretty chin that was held up for the purpose. The eyelashes were down, so he had an ample opportunity to observe that it *was* a remarkably pretty chin, with quite an unusually alluring assortment of dimples around the corners of the mouth, and somehow, as he looked, the clouds passed away from his face, and holding the blonde head straight towards him and very firmly by the knot he had succeeded in making, he said gently, "Arie, would you mind looking at me?"

"Oh, not the least in the world," was the demure answer, "only the sun hurts my eyes."

"Caution is a very excellent trait," he answered dryly, "but I do not know that I ever knew it to develop so suddenly. You might shield your eyes with your hands if you are really afraid of permanent blindness."

"Why, surely," cried Arie, "you always are so full of resource in an emergency," and covering both pink palms over a pinker face, she looked at him with an expression of infantile admiration so bright and warm that it would almost dry a wet umbrella! At all events, Adolphus was not proof against it, and a simultaneous burst of laughter broke from them that startled the robins in the branches overhead, which suggested to Adolphus that he should secure the perquisites that belonged to the occasion before any further interruption occurred.

This having been satisfactorily arranged, he asked, "Now, tell me frankly, Arie, aren't

you a little bit ashamed to break your engagement for such a trifle?"

"I?" she exclaimed, "I break an engagement; who would ever suspect me of such a thing. I've always been taught that man was a dangerous animal and it was dangerous to contradict him when he was in earnest. Besides," she added still more meekly, "it might lead to a quarrel."

"Well," said Adolphus, highly delighted with this sally, "I suppose I shall be just fool enough to get you, sphinx as you are," and he seated her on the tricycle as



carefully as if she had been a Dresden china shepherdess; and thus for the first time his eyes dropped upon me where I lay in the gutter, wondering what quality of the masculine mind was that which led him to *prefer* to be made a fool of in this way!

"That umbrella is past all usefulness," he observed indifferently; "we'll just leave it where it is."

But Arethusa did not think so. She wanted me "as a memento of their first falling-out." So I was brought along forthwith and enjoyed the privilege of listening to various plans for my restoration to strength and beauty, besides a great deal of conversation quite too delicate to bear pen and ink!

The next morning I was handed over to the tender mercies of an umbrella surgeon, and his face was certainly a study as he examined me. My fractured ribs, my warped back-bone and generally broken-up condition, evidently made a great impression upon him, for, adjusting his glasses, he looked searchingly at Adolphus and asked dryly, "You didn't

make a mistake and bring the wrong umbrella, did you? This isn't worth mending."

"Possibly I'm the best judge of that," with his most lordly air.

"All right, all right, sir; if you don't mind paying twice as much as you would for a new one, I'm sure I've no objection to put my work on it." And then followed a discussion as to my dress and general equipments; that was intensely interesting to me, for I knew how much depended upon it. If some delicate color were chosen my life would indeed be a gay one, for I should be reserved for full-dress occasions, but, alas! how soon it would end! as fate I must, and so be thrust aside into some dark corner and forgotten! So I was thankful enough when Adolphus decided (being of a literary turn) that I should be thoroughly red.

"Remember, I want it as soon as possible," were the last directions; and the surgeon, looking after his retreating back, observed, "A screw loose somewhere in that head; cranks are thicker than usual this year." And then he fell upon me, and such a wrenching and pulling and straightening of ribs never happened to one of my family before, I am certain, and I squealed and groaned at every pull; but it was done at last, and then came my dress, which went on comfortably and fitted to a charm, and I should have been quite satisfied if the surgeon had not discovered at the moment a fact that I tried vainly to hide, namely—a crack in my head!

"This is the mischief to pay," said he; "my crank will make it hot for me if I don't make a better job than this." And he turned me thoughtfully over and over in his hands.

"There is no use to try and glue that up; there'll just have to be a new head, and I know where there is the very thing, at my neighbor's the pawn-broker's, on that broken cane I saw there the other day, that will be just the style to suit my dude customer."

I felt this to be a fatal move, for how would the cane-head ever accommodate himself to his reversed position in life, and by the time my would-be friend came ambling back I was thoroughly depressed, although I realized at the first glance that my new head was much handsomer than the old; and in spite of the fact that we were regularly joined together by a massive gold ring, nothing could change my foreboding that the union would never be a happy one.

Promptly on the following morning Adolphus called and hastened with me to the abode of the fair Arethusa, who received me with delight, and expressed her admiration in most eloquent terms, saying, "Just fancy! and how awfully jolly!" (Oh, yes, she was very English indeed!) a great many times in all her choicest tones. This, of course, was very soothing to my feelings,

but I was not long allowed to bask in the honeyed words, for picnicking was the order of the day, and I was immediately called into requisition and my troubles began. At the first whiff of wind my head made a violent effort to resume his natural position and drag my pretty dress in the dust, an effort which I resented and strained every bone to prevent; and in the commotion that ensued there was another hat catastrophe; but this time it was Mr. Radcliffe who was the sufferer, and much diversion his antics afforded us, as he ambled and leaped, and scrambled and climbed back and forth on a stone wall in his pursuit of it, and made himself generally ridiculous in full view of his lady-love, as she stood cool and serene in the rosy shade, which, in my gratitude for holding me firmly aloft, I shed over her in profusion. I am sorry to be obliged to state that his race was enlivened by occasional breezy expressions, to which Arethusa and I politely closed our ears.

"Why, my dear," said she sweetly, when, red and disgusted he rejoined us bearing captive the muddy hat, "I am afraid so much exercise must have fatigued you so soon after breakfast."

The words were sympathetic enough, but unfortunately there was a full-blown twinkle in her eyes utterly at variance with them, and it was this that Adolphus's quick glance took in at once, and to this he responded irritably, "Oh, I quite understand; I dare say you deliberately pushed my hat off with that detestable umbrella for the sake of seeing me make myself ridiculous."

"Why, Dolphy! how can you say such things! I'm sure it was very pretty to see you play with the wall so nicely. I had no idea you were so agile!"

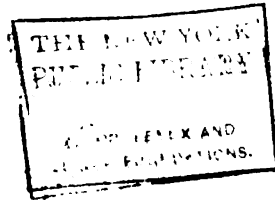
Dolphy's vanity was touched to the quick now.

"Oh, I dare say you would have been equally diverted if I had fallen and broken my neck," he returned acridly.

"Since that is your opinion," mimicking very successfully his manner of the previous day, "I give you back all promises, as you would hardly care to be bound for life to a murderess!" Then she remarked absently, "And all about a hat, too!"

Then it was that I appreciated the full meaning of the saying that "two is a company and three is none," for those two ungrateful wretches agreed to call poor, inoffensive me the source of all disagreement, and between them left me without a shred of character, actually deciding to do without my protection for all time.

"But we'll keep it to lend to troublesome callers," and with this pleasant prospect before me I was returned to the umbrella stand with a bang!





COL. EMMONS CLARK.

(From a Photograph by D. H. Anderson.)

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AMERICA'S CRACK REGIMENTS.*

I.—THE SEVENTH OF NEW YORK.

BY WALTER S. WILSON.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL of the British Army, after seeing the Seventh Regiment march through East Seventy-fourth Street, in May, 1877, said to

General Sherman, "Do many of your regiments present so fine an appearance as the one that has just passed?"

"Why, that does not belong to the regular army," replied Sherman; "that's one of our volunteer organizations, composed of young business men of New York."

"Bless my soul," said the astonished Britisher, "they march as well as the Coldstream Guards!"

Higher praise could not be extracted from an Englishman as to the efficiency of the organization which is the subject of this paper than to compare it to that celebrated regiment, more than two centuries old.

1800—'26.

At the beginning of this century the uniformed militia of New York city comprised a regiment of artillery and one of infantry, two or three companies of

cavalry, and a few independent infantry companies. This force was increased in 1802 by the "Brigade Company of Artillery," which two years later became a regiment, and, in conjunction with the artillery regiment referred to above, was placed under the command of Brigadier-General Jacob Morton, a prominent and influential New Yorker. It is to this source—"Morton's Brigade of Artillery," the favorite of the people for many years—that the Seventh Regiment directly traces its origin.

In 1806 three British men-of-war appeared off Sandy Hook, and insisted upon boarding all American vessels and searching thereon for British seamen, a right which was refused by the United States Government. On April 25th the city was greatly excited by the killing of an American sailor in the harbor of New York by a shot from one of these men-of-war. A great commotion ensued upon the publication of the facts concerning the murder, for the victim, John Pierce, was a respectable and well-known citizen. Resolutions were passed at a general meeting, condemning the outrage, forbidding further intercourse with British ships, and calling upon the Government to pro-

* In the series of articles that will be published under this caption, the editor disclaims any intention of presenting the regiments in the order of their excellence or importance.



SKIRMISH DRILL AT PEEKSKILL CAMP.

tect the city and uphold the honor of the nation. Pierce was accorded a public funeral, and was buried in St. Paul's Churchyard. The patriotism of the young men of New York was awakened by the circumstances attending the death of Pierce, and not only were the ranks of existing military companies rapidly filled, but new companies were organized without delay. The present First, Second, Third and Fourth Companies (as they are popularly called) of the Seventh Regiment date back their origin to this period, 1806.

Shortly after, the Third and Fourth Regiments of Artillery were added to Morton's Brigade; and in 1812 another new regiment, known as the Eleventh New York Artillery, was officially recognized. This new regiment had for its chief Colonel Cornelius Harsen, who had been a very popular officer in the Third Artillery (to which the four companies just mentioned were attached), and who was followed to his new command by the most desirable of its members. The

Eleventh Regiment assumed a leading position at once, and held it until, in 1824, plans which had been maturing for a long time, were perfected by the organization of the Battalion of National Guards, afterwards called the Twenty-seventh Regiment National Guards, and which is now the Seventh Regiment.

The name of "National Guards," which was associated exclusively with the Seventh Regiment for nearly forty years (in 1862 the Legislature gave this designation to all the militia of the State), was suggested by an incident occurring at the time of the visit of Lafayette, the Commandant of the National Guard of France, to this country in August, 1824. A vast crowd welcomed the nation's guest at the Battery, and among the troops which he reviewed immediately after disembarking was the Eleventh Regiment. After Lafayette had passed down the line and completed the review, a few of the officers of the Eleventh were standing together momentarily, when one of them suddenly exclaimed, "How I



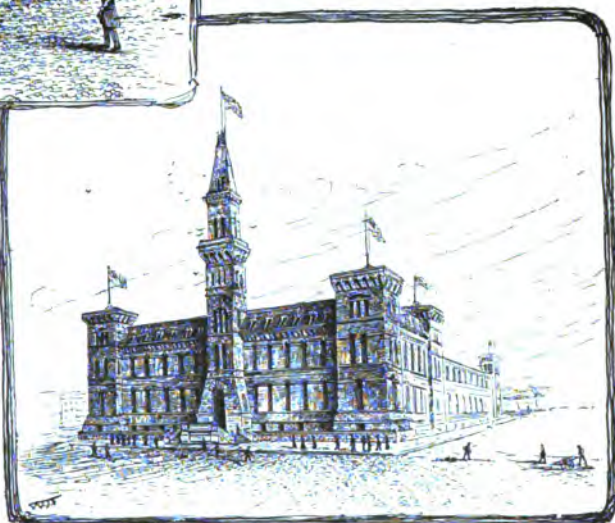
THE OLD SHAKESPEARE TAVERN.

would like to command a regiment of National Guards!"—a sentiment which met with an instantaneous response, and resulted in the adoption of that title for the new battalion.

Like most of the regiments of that period, the Eleventh was composed of two battalions, one of artillery and one of infantry. To the captains of the four infantry companies—namely, Irad Hawley of the First, John Telfair of the Second, William B. Curtis of the Third, and Howard A. Simonds of the Fourth—and to Major John D. Wilson and Capt. Prosper M. Wetmore is principally due the credit of carrying out the plans heretofore referred to, and of thereby originating and organizing the Seventh Regiment. The officers of these four companies met at Stoneall's Shakespeare Tavern, at the corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets, on the evening of August 25, 1824, and formally adopted the new designation.

The Shakespeare Tavern, which was built in part before the Revolutionary War, was a celebrated hostelry. Politicians, merchants, artists, and actors of

prominence congregated within its walls; and it was here that the plans for the formation of the National Guard were discussed and matured, that regimental meetings were held and officers elected. It was the headquarters for military gossip and news; and the large public room on the second floor was the favorite place for drills, concerts and balls. Stoneall, the proprietor, was a genial and popular host, and the Tavern was a well-patronized rendezvous of New Yorkers until its destruction by the widening of Fulton Street in 1836.



SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

The choice of a suitable uniform was a somewhat difficult matter, inasmuch as there naturally existed a variety of tastes and opinions; but the question was settled by a fortunate incident. Philetus H. Holt, a member of the Fourth Company, passing through Pearl Street one morning, and wearing a neat, gray office-coat, was stopped by Major Wilson and Captain Wetmore, who were suddenly attracted by the style of the garment. With it for a sample, Major Wilson had a gray military coat made, and, equipped as a private, he attended the meetings of the four companies interested in the new battalion, and exhibited the coat, which was admired and almost unanimously adopted. At the annual inspection in



COL. PROSPER M. WETMORE.

On December 24, 1824, the Fifth Company, Capt. Oliver M. Lowndes, was admitted to the battalion, followed two days later by the accession of the Sixth Company, under command of Capt. Linus W. Stevens.

On June 27, 1825, Gov. Clinton issued an order instituting the Battalion of the National Guards; this order separated the battalion from the Eleventh Regiment, but directed its consolidation with the Second Regiment of infantry, a combination proving so unsatisfactory that the Commander-in-Chief detached the battalion a few months afterward and constituted it a separate organization. Meanwhile the Seventh Company, Capt. Egbert I. Van Buren, had been admitted in October, 1825, and as the addition of one more company would raise the battalion to the dignity of a regiment, great energy was used to accomplish that end. The efforts exerted resulted in the admission on May 4, 1826, of the Eighth Company, Capt. Andrew Warner, whereupon Gov. Clinton was immediately notified of the fact, and two days afterward directed that the battalion be organized anew as the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Artillery.

1826—'47.

In accordance with the Governor's order, just referred to, an election was held at the Shakespeare on May 23, 1826, and Lieut.-Col. Wetmore was elected colonel, Major Stevens, lieutenant-colonel, and Capt. Telfair, major, of the Twenty-seventh Regiment; and its first

parade was made May 31, to receive an elegant stand of colors from the mayor of New York, the Hon. Philip Hone.

The military text-book used by the militia up to the winter of 1825-6 had been "Baron Steuben's Tactics, with Gardner's Compend," when Congress adopted a new system known as "Scott's Tactics," which was ordered in use in the army, and which was at once taken up by the more aspiring militia organizations.

The officers of the Twenty-seventh Regiment promptly began the study of the new tactics, which proved somewhat difficult after the comparatively simple movements laid down in Steuben's manual; and for the purpose of instruction met once a week for some months in Dooley's Long Room. This apartment was on the second floor of an old wooden building in Duane Street, and was, in 1821, the largest drill-room in the city, "its dimensions being forty feet by eighty, and its fixtures and appointments exceedingly plain." The militia organizations from their beginning had occupied such quarters as they could best obtain; various small halls about the city were engaged regularly, and Dooley's Long Room was used for drilling purposes by several companies of the National Guard. Although considered a very fine apartment in those days, it would be deemed ridiculous at present when spacious armories predominate.

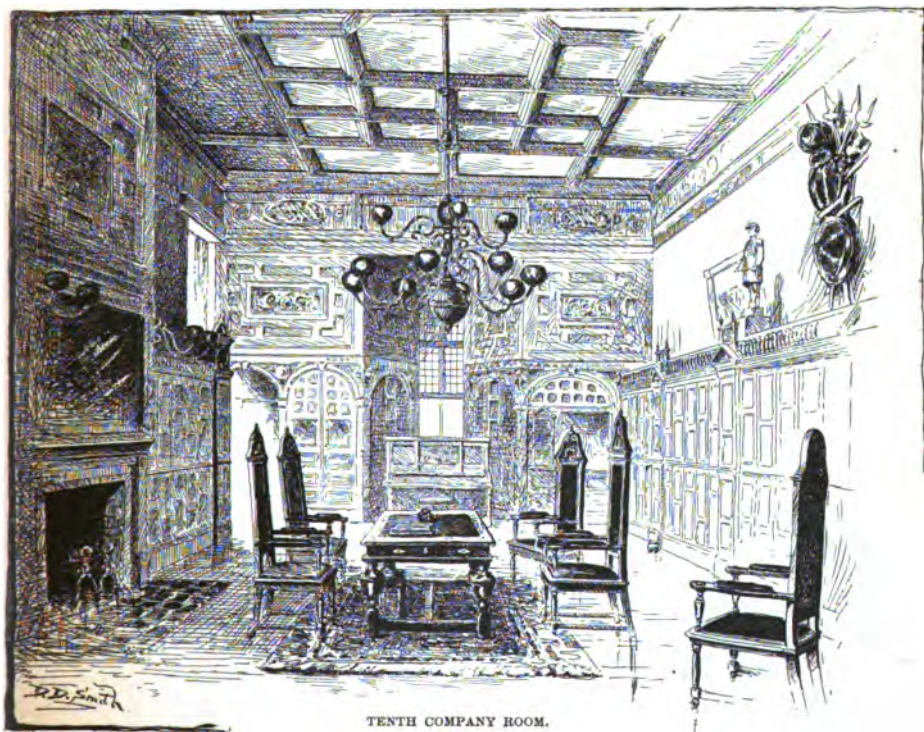
The annual inspections of this period were somewhat different affairs, at least in point of numbers, from those which now obtain in the Regiment. For example, we find that in 1826 there were present only 277; in 1833, 398; in 1845, 362; while in 1885, the number had increased to 921, and in 1887 the remarkable and unprecedented showing was made of 1,018 officers and men present, out of a total of 1,036 on the muster rolls. The customary Division parades and reviews were held on the Fourth of July, a practice which prevailed until quite recently, when Decoration Day was substituted very sensibly, the cooler weather at the end of May preventing the liability to sun-stroke, which previously was of such frequent occurrence. One of the amusements of this time was target-shooting, and in the summer a day was devoted to it by most of the militia companies. The

target excursions were looked forward to with pleasure, for in addition to the advantage of having an opportunity of learning how to fire a musket, there were valuable prizes contributed to reward the best marksmen. Guests, sometimes including ladies, were generally present, and the day's sport invariably terminated with a generous dinner.

The National Guard participated in the celebration of many notable events in the history of the city and of the United States. In 1830 it paraded at the grand popular commemoration of Louis Philippe's elevation to the throne of France; in 1832, at the centennial anniversary of Washington's Birthday; in 1842, at the opening of the Croton Water Works in New York City, and in 1847, at the rejoicings over the brilliant victories of

sons, among others those of Presidents Monroe and Harrison, Lafayette, and General Jackson.

Prior to 1840 the line of march on all these large parades seldom extended further north than Broome street, the troops usually assembling at the Battery, and passing through Maiden Lane, Pearl and Chatham, or other neighboring streets. Subsequent to that date Union Square remained for some years the northerly limit for the regular Division parades. This fact, besides evincing the rapid growth of the city, strikes one oddly at this day when Union Square, or at least Washington Square, is invariably the most southerly point reached by the military, the dismissal often occurring much further up-town. And now, the line is always formed above Forty-second



TENTH COMPANY ROOM.

the American armies in Mexico. Presidents Martin Van Buren, Tyler and Polk were each honored with public receptions and parades when visiting the metropolis. The Regiment also attended the funeral ceremonies of several distinguished per-

son and street for the Decoration Day and other great parades, a distance of four miles north from the old place of assembly at the Battery. From the earliest times a custom had prevailed in the militia organizations of closing every parade



COL. LINUS W. STEVENS.

1844, however, owing to the carelessness of many of the men in loading and firing their muskets, and the extra cleaning of the pieces rendered necessary by the practice, it was almost entirely abandoned.

During this period the services of the Twenty-seventh Regiment were frequently required to aid the authorities in the preservation of the public peace and order. Twice in 1834 the National Guard responded promptly to the call for assistance. In the spring there took place the Election riot, brought about by the bitter contest between the Whigs and Democrats; and in July the Abolition riots. In 1836 the Regiment was under arms for about twenty-four hours to aid in suppressing a riot among the stevedores; and again, in 1837, when the high price of flour and consequent suffering among the poor caused an outbreak. In May of the same year it was summoned

with a discharge of fire-arms, called a *feu de joie*, or as it was popularly termed, a "few-de-joy," and this ceremony, which to the populace was the *pièce de resistance* of the militia displays, was never omitted. About

to Wall Street to protect the banks, a riot being feared on account of the suspension of specie payments. The strikes of the laborers engaged near Manhattanville on the Croton Water Works necessitated the holding ready

of the military twice during April, 1840. At the time of the great fire in December, 1835, when the principal business portion of the city was consumed, the Regiment patrolled the burnt district for twenty-four hours, a service which it repeated in July, 1845, when the lower part of New York was again swept by fire.

The first encampment of the National Guard, "Camp Clinton," at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson river, was made in 1831, and was considered a great success

by the two hundred and fifty-six members who enjoyed the hospitality of the people of that city. The next year the regiment encamped at New Haven; and in 1834, on Hamilton Square, the site of the present armory of the Seventh Regiment, but at that time several miles out of town. In 1839, camp life was indulged in for a week at Fort Hamilton, one of the defensive works at the Narrows, the entrance to the harbor of New York; and in 1845, at "Camp Schuyler," near Albany, the Patroon, Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, entertaining the officers at the Manor House.

The "Order of Merit," having for its objects increasing of excellence in drill, exciting of a proper feeling of emulation in the discharge of the various duties of the citizen soldier, and the cultivation of *esprit de corps* throughout the Regiment, was established in 1835. In the first competitive drill for its honors four companies took part, but the contest was soon confined to the Seventh Company, Capt. Cairns, and the Eighth, under Lieut. Henry C. Shumway. The former secured the prize mainly by the performance of novel and fancy evolutions executed with wonderful perfection, while the Eighth Company adhered strictly to the movements authorized by



COL. LEVI HART.



COL. JOHN J. MANNING.

the tactics. A month later, a second drill took place, and this time the judges, who were United States Army officers, awarded the honors to Shumway's company. So chagrined was Capt. Cairns at the decision that he withdrew from the National Guard, together with a large part of his company. His defection was such a loss to the Regiment, and so much ill-feeling was caused by the result of the competition, that the Order of Merit was permanently abolished.

Exemption from jury duty, a most valuable prerogative of membership in the militia, was procured by the presentation to the Legislature, in 1836, of a petition from the Twenty-seventh Regiment, whose officers finally secured for the members of the National Guard the enactment of the requisite law, one destined to be of material benefit to the troops of the State of New York. Permanent freedom from the tedious and irksome routine of sitting on juries, a duty often involving serious loss by enforced and prolonged absence from business,

forms no small consideration among the advantages and inducements offered to young men to join the various regiments.

In 1837, the first step was taken in another important matter to the Regiment, that of obtaining from the



COL. JOHN M. CATLIN.

municipality a suitable hall for military purposes. This idea was based on the reasonable proposition that an organized body of armed men, such as the National Guard, which was ready and willing at all times to aid the city authorities in the protection of life and property, and which had hitherto, by its alacrity and invariable success, proved a valuable factor in the upholding of the laws, deserved proper quarters from the city corporation. A petition to this effect,

to the Common Council, emanated from the Second Company, thus "originating a movement," says Captain (now Colonel) Clark, in his "History of the Second Company,"

"which secured to the militia of New York the use of Centre Market for military purposes, and established a precedent by which the National Guard finally obtained the most elegant and extensive military accommodations (in 1860) in the United States—the Tompkins Market armory."

The Centre Market rooms, two in number, were on the second floor of the building, and were larger and better in every way than any that had hitherto been used by the Regiment. As all the militia of the city, however, was entitled to occupy these rooms, the National Guard only secured Monday of each week, thus giving to each company but one night per month.

A troop of horse was organized in March, 1838, and attached to the Regiment, being known as the National Guard Troop, but it was dismounted and admitted to the line as the Ninth Company, Capt. Charles A. Easton, after the return of the Regiment from Washington in 1861.

Col. Wetmore resigned in 1827; as a young man he had been most popular, and in later years was well known in public affairs in New York, and as the author of "Lexington," and many other meritorious poems. Lieut.-Col.



COL. MORGAN L. SMITH.



COL. ANDREW A. BREWSTER.

Stevens, who succeeded to the colonelcy, was a man of great military and executive ability, and of remarkable decision of character, and during his tenure of office, obtained by his successful management of its affairs, the title of the "Father of the Regiment." Col. John J. Manning followed in 1828, remaining only a few months in command, when he gave way to Col. Levi Hart; and, in 1830, Col. Stevens was re-elected, retaining the position until the close of 1834. Col. Morgan L. Smith was chosen to fill the vacancy, and, in 1837, was succeeded by Col. John M. Catlin, who was followed by Col. William Jones, in 1839. The latter retired in 1844 to become Sheriff of the City and County of New York; and the prominent banker, Col. Washington R. Vermilye, was elected. He was succeeded by Col. Andrew A. Bremner in 1846.

1847—'61.

The Seventh's present numerical designation was determined by a general order issued by Governor John Young on July 27, 1847. This order, it may not be amiss to mention, was in conformity to an act of the Legislature passed in the preceding May, organizing the First Division of the New York State Militia, and requiring all uniformed companies to be assigned to regiments and all regiments to be



COL. MARSHALL LEFFERTS.

assigned to the four brigades. These four brigades (the Seventh Regiment being in the third) were under the command of Major-General Sandford, and constituted the First Division. The efficiency and prosperity of the Seventh continued uninterrupted under its new designation, and its popularity apparently increased. In October, 1848, Col. Bremner, a most accomplished

officer, and the first colonel of the Seventh under its present title, resigned his commission; and in the following January, Lieut.-Col. Abram Durvea was elected colonel, holding the office with great benefit to the Regiment and honor to himself until his resignation in July, 1859, when Lieut.-Col. Marshall Lefferts succeeded to the position.



COL. ABRAM DURVEA.

In 1849, an engineer corps was organized and attached to the Regiment; in 1860 it was reorganized as an artillery corps, drilling as light artillery, and in the following year it became the Tenth Company, Capt. E. P. Rogers, thus completing the quota of companies allowed to any regiment of infantry.

On May 25, 1848, Gen. Winfield Scott, returning to the United States, after his victorious campaign in Mexico, was received by the city officials at the Battery, where he reviewed the troops, the First Division parading with unusual strength, and the Seventh Regiment, by its steadiness and soldierly appearance, winning from the veteran the commendation that it was "the finest regiment of soldiers he had ever seen." In May, 1851, President Fillmore passed through the city on his way to attend the celebration of the completion of the Erie Canal at Dunkirk, and the First Division paraded in his honor. The same year, Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, visited New York; the military of the city escorted him upon his arrival, and a few days later paraded again to attend the great Kossuth Festival at Castle Garden—then used as a theatre—on which occasion Mayor Kingsland, who presided, presented the troops to Kossuth, each regiment in turn rising for an introduction. After more than three decades, the gifted Hungarian spoke to an American friend of the Seventh in terms of highest praise. The formal opening of the Crystal Palace in 1853 by President

Pierce, accompanied by his Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, was marked by a great display of military, the Seventh, as usual, parading. The inauguration, in 1857, of the monument to Major-General Worth, on the Fifth Avenue, opposite Madison Square, was attended by a long procession of troops; and in the following year the Regiment again paraded Sept. 1, which was appointed as a day for universal rejoicing at the successful completion of the Atlantic cable. The Regiment also took part, in 1860, in the grand reception to the first Embassy from Japan, and acted as a special escort to the distinguished visitors whose presence was regarded by the people with keen curiosity, and who, while witnessing an open-air drill by the Seventh in their honor, expressed their pleasure and astonishment at its movements.

A parade, most agreeable to the members of the Seventh, was made on Sept. 5, 1860, to accept a superb stand of colors from the city of Washington. The presentation took place in the City Hall Park by Robert Ould, then United States District-Attorney for the District of Columbia, afterward Confederate Commissioner for exchange of prisoners, who delivered a patriotic address; and the colors were received by Col. Lefferts. Upon the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Regiment marched to its new armory, over Tompkins Market, at the junction of the Bowery with the Third and Fourth Avenues, and immediately opposite the Cooper Institute. Having arrived there it was drawn up in line in the large drill-room, and formal possession of the building on behalf of the city was given by Mayor Wood in an appropriate address. Col. Lefferts, having made a brief reply, the building rang with cheers from the delighted soldiers, who, with their friends, had striven for years in the face of delays and disappointments to obtain an armory worthy of the Regiment's name, and one in which all the companies might be together, each with its own separate quarters, but all under one roof. Three months later, the armory being completely furnished, a reception was tendered to all the city officials and their families; and shortly thereafter the armory was thrown open for two days to the public.

The Prince of Wales visited the metropolis in October of the same year, and upon landing at Castle Garden was welcomed to the city by the mayor. After reviewing the troops which had awaited his arrival, the Prince, in a brilliant scarlet and gold uniform, entered a carriage in company with the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons and Mayor Wood, and proceeded up Broadway, escorted by the First Division. The appearance of Broadway was a repetition of the scene at the reception of Lafayette thirty-six years before, but was on a far grander scale. In the intervening years the population of the city had quintupled, and where one thousand eager faces greeted the French General, five thousand welcomed England's Prince. Passing up Broadway amid the cheers of the populace, he received a marching salute from the military at the City Hall, and so well did the Seventh acquit itself, that the Prince expressed to Gen. Sandford his admiration by pronouncing it "the finest regiment he had ever seen in any country."

On numerous occasions the Seventh's aid was required in maintaining the peace of the city. The most important instance was the Astor Place riot in 1849, the outcome of a quarrel between the friends of Forrest, the celebrated American actor, and Macready, then the leading English tragedian. The latter's farewell engagement at the Astor Place Opera House (now the Mercantile Library) began May 7, and found the theatre crowded, but with an audience the reverse of fashionable. Macready's appearance was greeted with such uproar and throwing of missiles that the curtain was rung down in the third act; and the actor determined to leave the country at once, but was urged by prominent citizens to remain, and arrangements were perfected for an uninterrupted hearing on the 10th. The Seventh was ordered to be



COL. WILLIAM JONES.

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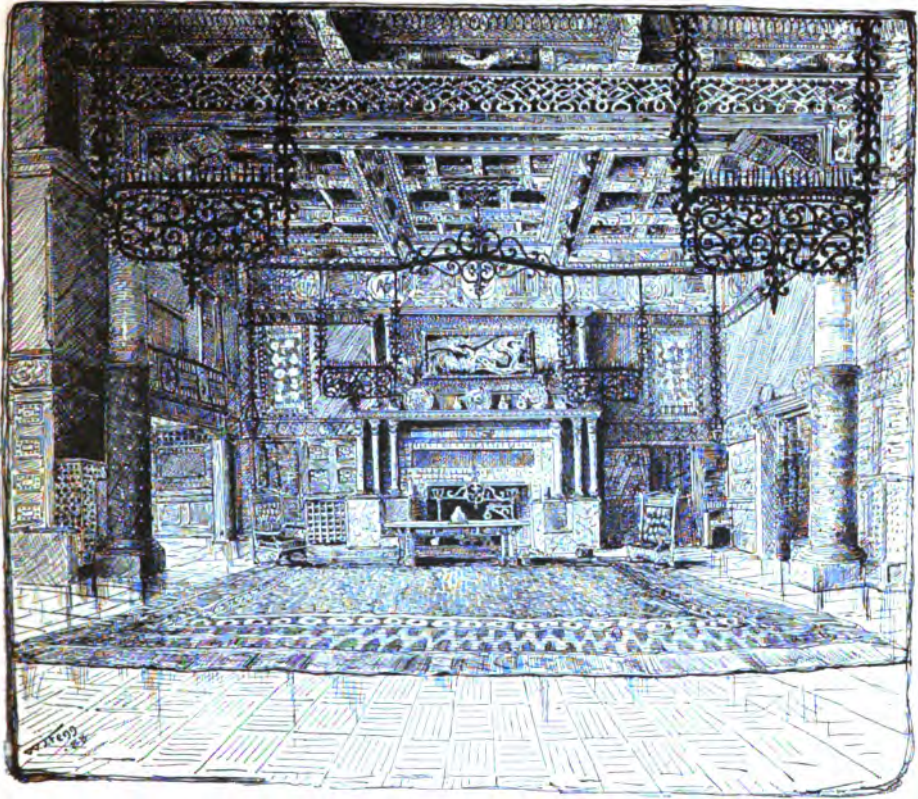


SEVENTH REGIMENT MEMORIAL STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK.

in readiness at its armory—then at Centre Market—and three hundred policemen were assigned to duty at Astor Place. On the appointed evening the doors of the theatre were besieged by a throng of noisy and demonstrative persons; the play began as arranged, and although Macready's entrance was again the cause of great disorder, the offenders were arrested and locked up in the basement. Outside

however, the situation was serious, the crowd having increased to twenty thousand yelling and cursing men. Incomplete repairs to the Broadway sewers had necessitated the piling up by the workmen of immense numbers of round paving stones, not yet relaid in the street, and these were used by the rioters to hurl through the windows of the theatre and to repulse the police in their efforts to make arrests. The Seventh was sent for and arrived at nine o'clock, preceded by the National Guard Troop (which afterward became the Ninth Company), and another company of mounted men. The cavalry essayed to clear Astor Place, but in the confusion their horses became unmanageable and they were obliged to retire in disorder, almost every man being wounded. Amid a storm of stones and blows from clubs the Regiment then forced its way through to the open plaza in front of the Cooper Institute, where it halted. The pieces were loaded, and the Colonel was directed to drive the mob out of Eighth street in rear of the Opera House: this was accomplished, and the police following the soldiers,

kept the cleared space open until the audience and actors had gotten out safely. The Regiment then marched down Broadway (one block) and into Astor Place again, and formed line, when the attack of the rabble was begun with renewed violence. An attempt to divide the mob by wheeling half the Regiment to the right and half to the left failed, as did also a bayonet charge; so finally the order was given to fire, but as by previous understanding this was directed over the heads of the rioters, they supposed that blank cartridges were being used, and replied with a shower of paving stones. A second volley from the Seventh, aimed low, killed and wounded many of the rioters and put the rest to flight. The Regiment remained on guard throughout the night and was relieved at daylight, marching down Broadway to its armory without interference. Over 150 of its members were badly injured, few escaping a wound; and over 70 had to be taken to their homes in carriages. The next day the city was in a state of apprehension; a thousand special police were sworn in, and several regiments



VETERANS' ROOM.

were ordered on duty, remaining for three days until matters had resumed their normal condition.

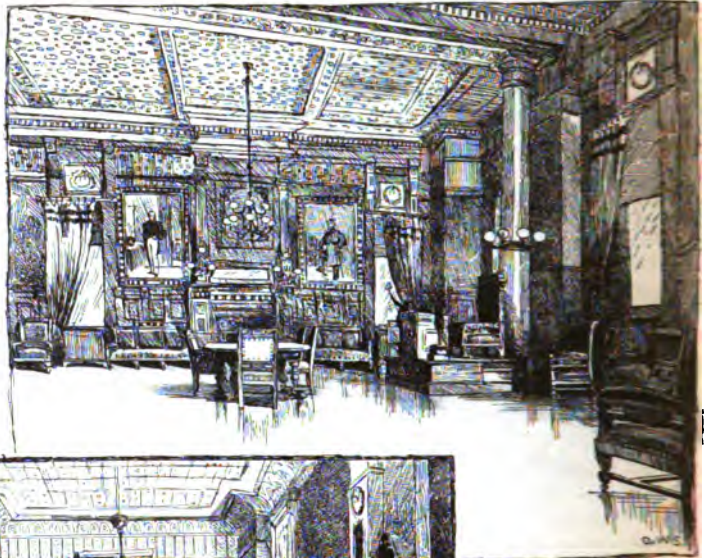
The "Dead Rabbit" riots took place in July, 1857, and were the result of feuds between the rough and lawless parties in the Sixth Ward, known as the "Dead Rabbits" and the "Bowery Boys." The ill-famed Five Points—the headquarters of the most desperate classes in the city—and Mulberry and Bayard streets, and the Bowery, were the scene of the fighting which continued for two days and which the police in their then disorganized condition were powerless to repress, and it was only on the approach of the Seventh that the rioters were permanently dispersed. In the same month the Regiment twice again assembled at the armory in response to calls for aid in suppressing disturbances, but on neither occasion were its services brought into requisition. The location of the Quarantine Hospital at Tompkinsville, Staten

Island, gave great dissatisfaction to the people of that section, who, having failed after several years' labor to have it removed by legal means, had recourse in September, 1858, to fire, the State suffering the loss of much valuable property, while the inmates were with difficulty rescued from the flames. The First Division was ordered out, and maintained a guard over the Quarantine grounds for more than three months.

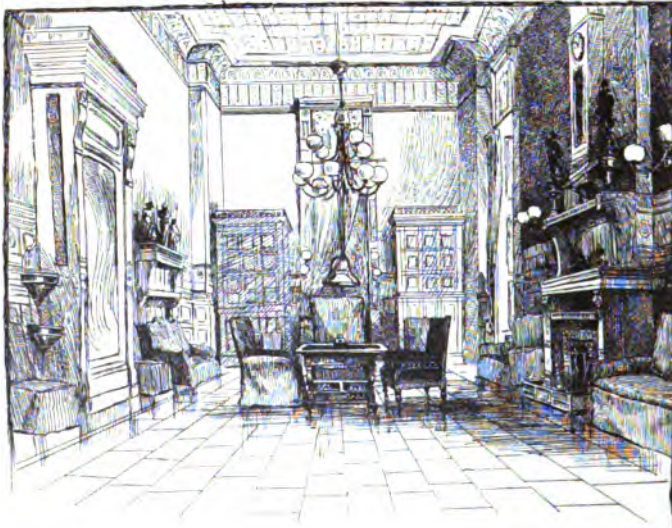
Excursions and camps held their own as favorites with the Seventh just as firmly as they had in earlier years when it was called the Twenty-seventh, and we find also that with characteristic good judgment the most agreeable spots were usually chosen for the summer jaunts. Invited to participate in the Bunker Hill celebration at Boston, in 1857, the Regiment marched down Broadway early in the afternoon of June 16, to take the steamboat; but before reaching the pier, it was ordered to turn into the City Hall

Park to assist in stopping what threatened to be a serious conflict between two factions of the city police force. The "Metropolitan Police Act," passed that year by the Legislature, taking the control of the police from the Mayor and vesting it in a Board of Commissioners appointed by the Governor, was declared unconstitutional by Mayor Wood, who, with the old or "Municipal" police, resisted the "Metropolitans" appointed by the Commissioners, and whose refusal to admit a warrant-officer to his presence, brought affairs to a crisis. A bloody and violent struggle ensued between the two parties, result-

ent were heard approaching on Broadway. Scattering the rabble to the right and left, it marched into the Park and up to the steps of the City Hall, where, having cleared a large space, knapsacks were unslung, sentries posted, and orders awaited. Gen. Sandford, to whom they appealed for aid, soon appeared, in



BOARD OF OFFICERS' ROOM.



COLONEL'S ROOM.

company with the Sheriff, and having entered the City Hall, argued with the Mayor, who realizing the truth of the General's statement that "the Seventh Regiment was at hand to assist in his arrest, and that artillery would soon arrive," finally submitted to the order of the Court, and was

ing in the expulsion of the "Metropolitans" from the City Hall. The news of the fighting spread rapidly throughout the city, and thousands of riotous persons had crowded the Park, eager to take part in any possible disturbance; and it was at this stage of the proceedings that the drums of the Sev-

enth were heard approaching on Broadway. Scattering the rabble to the right and left, it marched into the Park and up to the steps of the City Hall, where, having cleared a large space, knapsacks were unslung, sentries posted, and orders awaited. Gen. Sandford, to whom they appealed for aid, soon appeared, in

formally arrested. The danger was now over, and the Regiment, relieved after five hours' duty, went on its way to Boston, where it acquitted itself well in the ceremonies at Bunker Hill.

In 1858, the Seventh was selected as military escort to accompany the remains of ex-President Monroe to Richmond,

and on July 3, to the number of 516 men, it embarked on the steamer "Ericsson," while the casket was placed under a guard on the "Jamestown." Arriving at Richmond, the Regiment was met by the Virginia soldiery and escorted to Hollywood Cemetery, followed by a large delegation of negroes who were delighted with the fine band and handsome uniforms. Governor Wise delivered the funeral oration, and a discharge of artillery closed the ceremonies; whereupon the procession was re-formed and the Regiment invited to dinner, at Warwick Mill on the bank of the James river. This noted building, eleven stories high, was reputed to be the largest flouring-mill in the world. The dining-room, on the sixth floor, was lavishly decorated with flags; groups of muskets, pistols, sabres, etc., were tastefully arranged on all sides, and the supporting pillars were entwined with evergreens and flowers. A sumptuous repast was served to the more than twelve hundred soldiers and citizens who sat at the eight immense tables provided; and speeches were made by Governor Wise, and others. Among the objects of interest in the reception-room on the floor below, a remarkable punch-bowl, said to hold fifty gallons, was much admired and liberally patronized. Capitol Square was brilliantly illuminated in the evening, and at midnight the Governor and Mayor were serenaded. A dress parade and review took place the next day, and the Regiment was invited to a collation spread under the magnificent old trees of Capitol Square. At night the Seventh departed by boat amid the greatest enthusiasm, for Washington, where a day was spent. President Buchanan was tendered a review, and each member of the Regiment was afterwards personally presented to him in the East Room.

"Probably no event in the whole history of the Seventh Regiment," remarks Colonel Clark, "accomplished so much in extending and nationalizing its reputation as its trip to Richmond. Its patriotic errand endeared it to the whole country; its martial bearing and the gentlemanly deportment of its members charmed the citizens and the authorities of the cities visited, . . . and in military circles it was henceforth acknow-

ledged as the beau ideal of a volunteer military organization."

Another visit was made to Washington in February, two years later, to assist at the inauguration of Clark Mills' statue of Washington. The Regiment left New York with full ranks, reached the national capital in the rain, took its place in the procession, and marched through ankle-deep mud to the scene of the unveiling. A Washington correspondent wrote: "Except for the presence of your magnificent Seventh Regiment, the procession would hardly have outshone that which Falstaff would not lead through Coventry. But for that corps the military display would have been beneath contempt."

The succeeding day, the Regiment marched to the White House for a review by President Buchanan, to whom the officers were individually presented. In his address on that occasion the President observed: "The military precision in your march, the admirable manner in which you go through your exercise, and the stout, hardy, noble and defiant look which you exhibit, show that in the day and hour of battle, you would not be mere parade soldiers, but that you would be in its very front."

It will, perhaps, be a surprise to the majority of readers to learn that the Seventh once had a "Daughter of the Regiment." In 1852, Miss Mary Diver, then a bright child of nine years of age, and the daughter of a late Adjutant of the regiment, Joseph A. Diver, was formally adopted by the board of officers, and carefully educated under the supervision of the colonel. At the age of twenty she became the wife of DeWitt C. Cowdray, and, in addition to presents from several of the companies, was the recipient on her wedding-day of a gift of two thousand dollars from the board of officers.

An association of the exempt members of the Seventh Regiment, called the "Veterans of the National Guard," was organized May 9, 1859, and was afterwards incorporated by the Legislature. Its objects were: "First, to institute a bond of fellowship and union between former and present companions in arms; second, to institute and perpetuate an official record and registry of the origin,

acts, and members of the Seventh Regiment; and, third, to create a fund for useful and benevolent purposes."

1861—'65.

The action of the Seventh Regiment at the beginning of the Civil War is of national interest. As early as January 14, 1861, its board of officers had passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That should the exigency arise, we feel confident in having the Commandant express to the Governor of the State the desire of this Regiment to perform such duty as he may prescribe."

This resolution of the board was made known to General Scott, then in Washington, by General Sandford; and in his reply dated January 19, 1861, General Scott wrote: "Perhaps no regiment or company can be brought here from a distance without producing hurtful jealousies in this vicinity. If there be an exception, it is the Seventh Infantry of the City of New York, which has become somewhat national, and is held deservedly in the highest respect." On Monday, April 15th, two days after the fall of Fort Sumter, the President issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 troops to assemble to protect the property of the Government. The next day the board of officers unanimously passed this resolution:

"Resolved, That the Colonel be requested to notify the Major-General that this Regiment responds to the call of the country as made by the President through the Governor of the State, and that the Regiment is ready to march forthwith."

Just before midnight on the 17th, General Sandford brought the welcome news to the armory that the Regiment had been honored by being the *first* called for the defence of the nation; and the announcement by Colonel Lefferts that it would leave on Friday was greeted with extravagant expressions of delight by the hundreds of members present. On the morning of the 18th, a regimental mass meeting was held at the armory; patriotic speeches were made by the officers; the utmost excitement prevailed, and the enthusiasm was boundless. During the day, business affairs and private matters were hastily arranged.

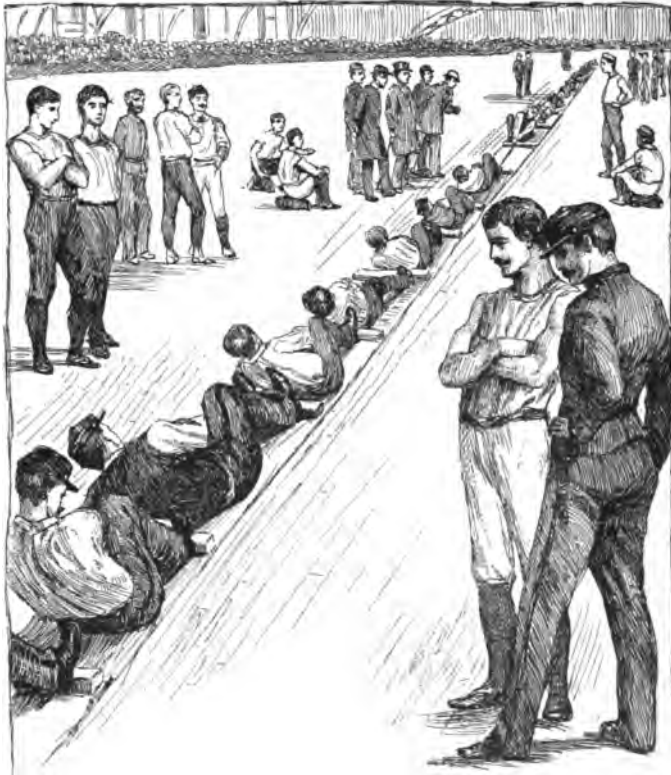
The morning of the 19th opened bright and fair; great crowds gathered in the neighborhood of the armory, while

within all was bustle and preparation for departure. The members began to arrive, in uniform, about noon, many accompanied by their mothers, wives, or sisters. "There was fitting of uniforms," says Swinton, "buckling of belts, rolling of blankets, packing and strapping of knapsacks, the ring of the rammer, the calling of orders, the scuffle of busy feet hurrying to and fro, the cheery laugh and joke, the hasty messages to friends, joined in confused sound." Recruits by hundreds begged to be enlisted, but were refused, as the ranks were already full. Finally the order was given to fall in; brief farewells—and tender ones, too—were taken; and amid tears and adieux, cheers and blessings, the Regiment, over one thousand strong, left the armory, formed line on Lafayette Place, and, wheeling into column, with the band and the two howitzers, began its famous and historic march down Broadway. Col. Clark writes: "A truly graphic and faithful description of that grand ovation to the Seventh Regiment in Broadway, on the 19th of April, 1861, has never been and never can be written. Broadway, on many public days, as on this, has been gay with banners and crowded from curbstone to attic, but on no other occasion has the excitement been so intense, so sublime and almost terrific." Earlier in the day the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment had passed down that great thoroughfare, and Dr. Morgan Dix, in his *Life of Gen. John A. Dix*, refers thereto in these words: "We saw the heads of armed men, the gleam of their weapons, the regimental colors, all moving on pageant-like; but naught could we hear save that hoarse, heavy surge—one general acclaim, one wild shout of joy, one endless cheer, rolling up and down, from side to side, above, below, to right, to left." This scene had only served to stimulate the desire of New Yorkers to show their love and admiration for their favorite corps and their appreciation of its patriotic spirit and prompt action; and the roar, commotion and excitement which marked the passage of the gallant Massachusetts men were increased ten-fold when the familiar gray coats came in sight. "Was there ever such an ovation?" wrote

Fitz James O'Brien, who marched in the ranks that day. "When Trajan returned conqueror, dragging barbaric kings at his chariot-wheels, Rome vomited its people into the streets, and that glorious column, that will ever be immortal, was raised. But what greeted the Emperor at his outset? The marble walls of Broadway were never before rent with such cheers as greeted us when we passed. The faces of the buildings were so thick with people, that it seemed as if an army of black ants were marching, after their resistless fashion, through the city, and had scaled the houses. Handkerchiefs fluttered in the air like myriads of white butterflies. An avenue of brave, honest faces smiled upon us as we passed, and sent a sunshine into our hearts that lives there still."

Theodore Winthrop, then a private in the Ninth Company, adds his tribute: "It was worth a life, that march. Only one who passed, as we did, through that tempest of cheers, two miles long, can know the terrible enthusiasm of the occasion. I could hardly hear the rattle of our own gun-carriages, and only once or twice the music of our band came to me, muffled and quelled by the uproar. We knew now, if we had not before divined it, that our great city was with us as one man, utterly united in the great cause we were marching to sustain. This grand fact I learned by two senses. If hundreds of thousands roared it in my ears, thousands slapped it into my back. There were parting gifts showered on the Regiment, enough to establish a variety shop. Handkerchiefs,

of course, came floating down upon us from the windows, like a snow. Pretty little gloves pelted us with love-taps. The sterner sex forced upon us pocket-knives new and jagged, combs, soap, slippers, boxes of matches, cigars by the dozen and by the hundred, pipes to smoke shag and pipes to smoke Latakia, fruit, eggs and sandwiches. One fellow got a new purse with ten bright quarter-eagles. At the corner of Grand street, or thereabouts, a 'b'hoy' in red flannel shirt and black dress pantaloons, leaning back against the crowd with herculean shoulders, called me: 'Sa-ay, bully! take my dorg! he's one of the kind that holds till he draps.' This gentleman, with the animal, was instantly shoved back by the police, and the Seventh lost the



ARMORY GAMES: TUG-OF-WAR.

'dorg.' These were the comic incidents of the march, but underlying all was the tragic sentiment that we might have tragic work presently to do." The shipping in the harbor, the docks, the ferry-

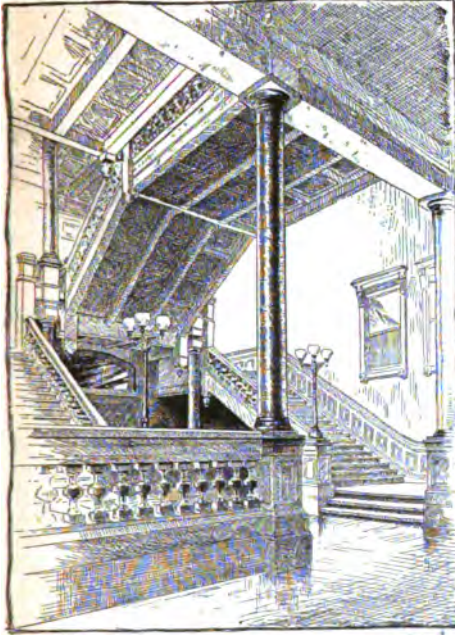
houses, were all decked out with the red, white and blue, and as the Regiment boarded the boat for the New Jersey shore, the tugs and river steamers rang their bells and screamed their approval from shrill whistles. Truly was it affirmed by George William Curtis, that "when the Seventh marched, New York went to the war."

Jersey City was the scene of almost as much demonstration as New York, and outdid herself in her decorations and crowds, her welcoming and parting cheers; and throughout the State of New Jersey, at every village, town and city on the route, throngs of people waited during the night to hurrah for the soldier lads, to shout their encouragement, and to offer their benedictions, while at every point bonfires blazed brightly and houses within a half mile of the railway were illuminated. The Regiment arrived in Philadelphia at midnight, changed cars for Baltimore, but was delayed in starting owing to information received that the railroad bridges between Havre de Grace and Baltimore had been burned. To go by rail as far as Havre de Grace and there risk obtaining the ferry-boat "Maryland"—the only vessel possibly available, and which it was rumored had been either seized or destroyed by the Confederates—was deemed inadvisable. It must be borne in mind that at this time the telegraph lines were all cut, and that no communication could be had from Washington, Fortress Monroe, Annapolis, or the Junction, and complete ignorance existed as to whether these important points were still in possession of the Government. So, after consultation, Col. Lefferts chartered the steamer "Boston," then on the point of leaving with a cargo for New York, had it hurriedly unloaded, and sailed with the Seventh late on the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th, reaching Annapolis by the sea route early on Monday morning. The Eighth Massachusetts, which left New York a few hours in advance of the Seventh, had decided in Philadelphia to take the chance of securing the "Maryland" at Havre de Grace; and, leaving the Quaker City by rail at about the same hour as the Seventh sailed, boarded the "Maryland" without difficulty and arrived first at Annapolis; but, unfor-

tunately, the unwieldy craft grounded in the harbor, and the men were unable to land until the Boston, after the Seventh had disembarked, was sent to their assistance.

Upon advising with the officers of the Naval Academy, Colonel Lefferts learned that the whole neighboring country was hostile; and while debating whether to march to Washington by the turnpike, or to Annapolis Junction by the railroad, messengers arrived from General Scott requesting him to take the latter route, repairing the track on the way. Accordingly three of the companies set out at four o'clock in the morning of the 24th, in a hastily arranged train made up of the only rolling stock obtainable, viz: several old platform and cattle cars, the former mounted by the howitzers and the latter crammed with the men, the whole being drawn by a dilapidated locomotive which had been rendered serviceable by the skill of Private Charles Homans of the Eighth Massachusetts, who had assisted in building it, and who had, with a gang of practical mechanics from that regiment, already repaired two miles of the track. A couple of miles out, the picket guard of the Massachusetts men joined the train which halted six miles from Annapolis, to await the arrival of the remaining companies. These appeared at ten o'clock and the march was resumed, and the repairing of the road continued. Under a burning sun, suffering from heat, fatigue and thirst, without proper tools to handle the missing rails which were often found hidden in under-brush or sunk in marshes, the men toiled on wearily, having at noon accomplished three miles more. The burning of a large bridge by the enemy necessitated for its replacing a delay of three hours, during which a storm thoroughly drenched every man; and later, as they trudged on in what proved to be an intensely cold night, the poor fellows were chilled to the marrow by their wet clothes. Annapolis Junction was reached at daylight; and at ten o'clock a train sent from Washington conveyed the Regiment to that city, where, upon arriving, it marched straight to the White House, passing in review before President Lincoln who smilingly received it. "Those who were in the

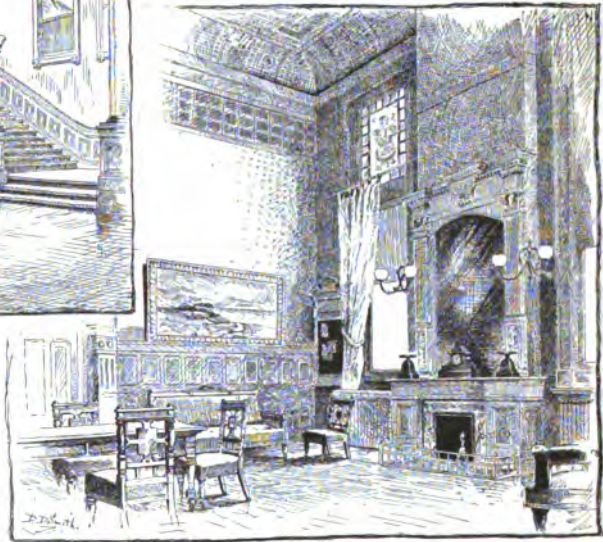
Federal capital on that Thursday, April 25," says a recent article on "Abraham Lincoln," "will never, during their lives, forget the event. An indescribable gloom and doubt had hung over Washington nearly a week, paralyzing its traffic and crushing out its very life. As soon as their coming was known, an immense crowd gathered at the depot to obtain ocular evidence that relief had at length



ENTRANCE HALL.

reached the city. Promptly debarking and forming, the Seventh marched from the Capitol up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. As they passed up the magnificent street, with their well-formed ranks, their exact military step, their soldierly bearing, their gayly floating flags, and the inspiring music of their splendid military band, they seemed to sweep all thought of danger, not only out of that great national thoroughfare, but out of every human heart in the Federal city. The presence of this single regiment seemed to turn the scales of fate. Cheer upon cheer greeted them, windows were thrown up, houses opened, the population

came forth upon the streets as for a holiday. It was an epoch in American history. For the first time, the combined spirit and power of Liberty entered the Nation's capital." The men were taken to their quarters at the principal hotels, where baths, clean clothes, substantial meals and much needed rest were obtained. Colonel Lefferts, having been at once sent for, repaired to the White House, remaining in consultation with the President for two hours, answering many questions as to the condition of affairs in Maryland, and receiving his most hearty thanks for having brought the Regiment through so promptly. Reporting next to Lieutenant-General Scott at headquarters, and expressing regret at the unavoidable delay in Annapolis, the General stopped Colonel Lefferts, exclaiming emphatically, "You have made a fine march, sir; you have done all that could be done,



RECEPTION ROOM.

and you have my thanks." A sense of security now pervaded the citizens of Washington as well as the Government authorities, and on the day following the Regiment's arrival, President Lincoln sent word to Philadelphia that "the Seventh Regiment and the Massachusetts regiment were now in Washington. There was great need of reinforcements, but Washington might be

considered safe for the country and the Constitution."

The headquarters of the Seventh were in the Capitol, Col. Lefferts establishing himself in the Speaker's room, and the companies being distributed about the floor, lobbies and galleries. On the 26th the Regiment was mustered into the United States service for thirty days, in Capitol Square, by Major (afterwards Major-General) McDowell, who was accompanied by President Lincoln and other important officials. Major McDowell was not only astonished at the large numbers of men in the Regiment, but at their soldierly appearance and bright, intelligent faces; and as he passed down the long front of the Second Company, he remarked to Capt. Clark, "Sir, you have a company of officers instead of soldiers."

After the rolls had been called, a square was formed, and Major McDowell, stating that the Regiment was now mustered in for thirty days, added, "The magistrate will administer the oath." Hereupon a short and stout individual, in half civic and half military attire, stepped out from among the officials, and exclaimed in a very peculiar and stentorian tone, "*The following is the oath!*" Says Winthrop, "*Per se*, this remark was not comic. But there was something in the dignitary's manner which tickled the Regiment. As one man the thousand smiled, and immediately adopted the new epigram among its private countersigns."

On May 2d the Seventh went into camp about two miles from Washington, on the road to Harper's Ferry. "Camp Cameron" comprised about forty acres and was situated on Meridian Hill, and the monotony of drills and guard duty was relieved by the brilliance of the evening dress parades which were attended by the *élite* of Washington society. It was while stationed here that the Regiment began to supply officers to other military organizations, a custom which was continued during the Civil War until no less than six hundred and six of its members had accepted elsewhere positions ranging from that of lieutenant to brigadier-general. And of this number, fifty-eight were killed, or died of wounds received while in the service of the United States. Three of the six hundred and six became major-

generals; nineteen, brigadier-generals; twenty-nine, colonels, and forty-six, lieutenant-colonels. The vacancies made in its ranks by this tremendous drain were filled without delay by recruiting, so that the great numerical strength of the Regiment was maintained unimpaired.



CROSS OF HONOR.

Passing quickly over events at Camp Cameron, we shall pause only to allude to the night march May 23, when Gen. Scott sent ten thousand men across the Potomac to occupy Arlington Heights. This march is noteworthy as being the first forward movement of the war, the first invasion of the

sacred soil of Virginia; a movement whose development included not only fortifying the Heights, but also threatening the enemy, thus assuring the safety of the capital, gaining control of the south bank of the Potomac for the Union Army, and affording an effective base for future operations. The preparatory orders to move were hailed with joy by the men of the Regiment, who were worn out with "masterly inactivity," and who desired above all things an opportunity to show what they could do in the way of fighting. The Seventh's position in the march was in the centre column which was ordered to cross the Potomac by way of the shaky and unsubstantial wooden structure known as the Long Bridge. The night was a glorious one, warm and pleasant; "the full moon at its fullest," says Winthrop, "a night more perfect than all perfection, mild, dewy, refulgent." A delay of an hour near the entrance to the bridge tried the patience of the men, but finally the order to move came, and, following the route over the antiquated and tottering bridge, while on either hand the softly flowing river glistened with the moon's "silvery sheen," the Regiment marched on silently, debouching upon the Virginia shore just at dawn. Half a mile from the Long Bridge it was halted on the Alexandria road, and while some slept on

the railroad track, others built fires and cooked their meagre breakfasts of fried ham or bacon.

Soon after sunrise mounted messengers began riding furiously back and forth, and an aide-de-camp, while galloping at full speed past the New York men, shouted, "Alexandria taken by the Fire Zouaves, and Ellsworth killed!" This startling news was of double interest, for Ellsworth and his famous Zouaves had been recent guests of the Seventh Regiment in New York, and Lieut. Noah L. Farnham of the latter regiment had been elected lieutenant-colonel of the Zouaves, and had only left his company at Camp Cameron a few days before to assume his new position. Intrenchments were ordered to be thrown up at many points, and the Seventh bore its full share of the laborious work. A detail of two hundred men was made for this purpose, and while a part, swinging their axes like old woodmen, cut down an obstructing orchard of several acres' extent, the rest with picks and shovels began digging in the trenches, assisted by a detachment with wheelbarrows. This work of the Seventh, covering a space of four hundred yards, and severe enough in the heat of the day even for those accustomed to manual labor, was especially trying to men brought up in offices and used to clerical duties; but it was entered into with the vim, the alacrity and the cheerfulness characteristic of the Regiment, and jokes flew fast, and chaffing was the order of the hour. After two days of this service, and all danger to the city being past, the Regiment was ordered back to Camp Cameron; and on May 31, the period for which it had enlisted having expired, and the object of that enlistment—the safety of Washington—having been attained, the Seventh returned regretfully to New York.

In May, 1862, "Stonewall" Jackson, defeating Fremont and Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, threatened the National capital; and, answering the President's call for men, the Seventh again went forward, reported in Baltimore to Gen. Dix, and was ordered into camp at Stewart's Hill, two miles out of the city. Remaining there but a week it was then sent to Fort Federal Hill, a point which, rising boldly from the Patapsco river, commands not only the river and harbor

but Baltimore and the outlying country as well. This spot was destined to become the Seventh's quarters for the rest of its three months' term of service, the routine of garrison duty being varied by occasional trips of detachments to Fortress Monroe or Fort Delaware with prisoners, or in other special duty.

A few enterprising spirits organized a theatrical entertainment to enliven the duller hours, and the first performance was given in front of the Colonel's quarters, the piazza serving for a stage, blankets for the wings and curtain, and tallowdips for footlights, the audience being grouped about on camp-stools under the trees. This affair was so successful that a regular Amusement Association was formed; a movable stage erected, scenes painted and costumes procured; and invitations were extended to the ladies of Baltimore, who crowded the performances. Portions of "London Assurance" and "Julius Cæsar" were given, as well as "Box and Cox" and other farces; vocal and instrumental music, fencing, boxing, gymnastics and prestidigitation varied the programme, and the superb band was always present to delight the listeners.

The third war campaign of the Seventh was made in the summer of 1863, at the time of the march into Pennsylvania by Gen. Lee and his army. In response to a call from Washington for troops, the Regiment left home about the middle of June, reported to Gen. Robert E. Schenck at Baltimore, and was sent to its old quarters at Fort Federal Hill. This disposition of the Regiment was the cause of much dissatisfaction in its ranks, as the ardent wish of the men had always been to see active service of some sort; and having been relegated twice before to the monotonous routine of garrison duty it was with a good deal of murmuring and disappointment that they yielded to orders and took up their abode at Federal Hill. Here the scenes of the previous campaign were repeated; the transporting of prisoners to Fort Delaware, the guarding of government property, bridges, depots, etc., service as a signal corps, and other similar duties occupying the Regiment's time. It also acted as the provost-guard of Baltimore, seized arms and ammunition which had

been hidden by the sympathizers of the South, captured deserters and arrested many notorious secessionists. The army of Lee retreating after its repulse at Gettysburgh, reinforcements were hurried forward by the Union commanders to intercept its flight to Virginia. The Seventh was ordered to join the Third Army Corps at Frederic City, arriving at its destination July 7, and camping just outside of that village in a large field, which by heavy rains and prior tenancy by other regiments, had become a filthy and wretched spot. The only protection afforded against the incessant storms was by a few leaky hovels, built of fence-rails and dirty straw; and, what with "wading in the mud during the day and sleeping in the mire at night," the place was appropriately, if not officially, called "Camp Misery." The site of this camp has been delineated on canvas by Sandford R. Gifford, who was a corporal in the Eighth Company, and whose celebrated painting hangs in the reception-room of the armory.

A week later, news was received from New York of an alarming outbreak of mob violence—the alleged result of the enforcement of the Conscription Act, drafting men into the army—and the Regiment was ordered home, reporting to Gen. Wool in the city at daylight on the 16th. For several days New York had been in a terrible condition; all business was suspended, shops and factories closed, and stages and horse-cars had ceased running. Buildings were fired, and men beaten and robbed in the streets. The colored population formed an especial mark for the fury of the rabble; their Orphan Asylum was burned, and men, women and children of African descent were stoned, beaten, or hanged on street lamp-posts. The police force worked well and courageously but was vastly outnumbered, and the absence of the militia rendered the military authorities powerless. The Seventh was sent immediately to the assistance of the police, and its several companies performed active service in numerous sections of the city, driving the mob before them whenever encountered. The Regiment remained on duty at the armory for nearly a week, and was mustered out after thirty-six days' service.

The resignation of Colonel Lefferts, in 1864, was followed by the election of Captain Emmons Clark, June 21, to fill the vacancy, and he has since then held the office, to the great advantage of the Regiment.

1865—'88.

In 1865 the uniform of the Regiment was changed to that of a *chasseur* pattern, but the innovation did not meet with the favor of the public, nor of the friends of the organization; and in 1868, to the satisfaction of all, the original style was restored.

The most noteworthy occasions upon which the Seventh paraded in these years were, in 1866, to receive President Johnson; in 1868, in the newly restored uniform—its first appearance; in 1869, on the anniversary of the departure of the Regiment to the defence of the National Capital, and to receive a stand of colors from the city of New York; in 1871, in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis; in 1873, to escort the West Point Cadets, who, returning from the inauguration of President Grant, were invited by the Seventh to a bountiful collation at the armory; in 1876, to receive Governor Rice of Massachusetts, and the First Corps of Cadets from Boston; and later, by invitation of the New York Historical Society, to participate in the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the battle of Harlem Plains; in 1877, at the unveiling of the statue of Fitz-Greene Halleck in the Central Park, where President Hayes officiated, having previously received, with his Cabinet and Gen. Sherman, from the steps of Gen. Grant Wilson's house, No. 15 East Seventy-fourth street, a marching salute from the Regiment and from the Veteran Corps; and at the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of the new armory; in 1879, at the opening of the fair in aid of the new armory building fund; in 1880, upon leaving the Tompkins Market armory and taking possession of the new armory; in 1881, as escort to the distinguished representatives of France and of the families of the Marquis de Lafayette and Baron von Stenben; also, to receive Governor Long of Massachusetts and the First Corps of Cadets, M. V. M.; in 1883, as military

escort to President Arthur, and other prominent officials, at the opening of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge; and, in 1886, at the inauguration of the statue of Liberty enlightening the World, in the harbor of New York. The Seventh also paraded at the funeral of Admiral Farragut, in 1870; of General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, in 1872; of James L. Orr, the United States Minister to Russia, in 1873; of Vice-President Henry Wilson, in 1875; and of General Grant, in 1885.

The circumstances attending the Orange riot on July 12, 1871, are well known. The city authorities, having granted the Orangemen permission to parade, guaranteed them full protection against the threats made by their political and religious opponents. Matters assuming a serious aspect as the day of the parade drew near, the local militia were ordered under arms and the police reserves called out; and the procession of Orangemen, emerging two by two from their headquarters on the Eighth avenue, near Thirtieth street, was at once enclosed on each side by a double column of military and police, while two regiments and a large body of police both preceded and followed it. The Eighth avenue was crowded with a rough mob armed with pistols and clubs, and the appearance of the Orangemen, wearing their regalia, was greeted with curses and yells, and an occasional shot. The Seventh led the procession down the Eighth avenue. At Twenty-fifth street a determined attack by the rabble was answered by a volley from two or three of the regiments, resulting in the killing of two members of the Ninth Regiment, and the killing and wounding of many of the rioters, as well as of some innocent people. The parade was continued to its prescribed termination at the Cooper Institute, at which point, the soldiers having cleared all the adjacent streets, the Orangemen divested themselves of their sashes and badges, and quietly disbanded.

The anxiety and apprehension which pervaded New York city in July, 1877, on account of the strike of the railroad employees throughout the country, is still fresh in the minds of the public. Railroad and mail communication be-

tween the East and West was suspended ten the most important points on the great trunk lines were in the hands of the strikers, and the situation of affairs was sufficiently alarming to cause the President to proclaim martial law in several States. The Seventh was ordered to assemble at the armory, and notwithstanding that many members were absent on their summer vacations, eight hundred reported during the first day, and constant arrivals soon swelled the number to over one thousand. The weather was intensely hot, entailing great discomfort upon the large number of men shut up in so small a space,—for no one was allowed to leave the building,—but, nevertheless, the utmost good spirits prevailed, and, there being little duty to perform, the members gave themselves up to enjoyment, romping and skylarking like schoolboys. Polo was played in the main drill-room, the biggest men serving as ponies; and on the last night of the week's duty a most amusing and ludicrous mock parade and review, gotten up at three hours' notice, was held, participated in by over two hundred and fifty of the men in all sorts of fantastic and ridiculous costumes, and witnessed by Brigadier-General Varian and the officers of the Regiment.

On April 19, 1886, the Seventh again went to Washington, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its departure to the war; and incidentally visited Mount Vernon and Washington's tomb. A marching salute was tendered to President Cleveland, to whom the officers were personally introduced at the White House, as well as to Gen. Sheridan at the headquarters of the Army.

"Camp Sherman," near Saratoga Springs, afforded many young men in the Regiment, in 1872, an opportunity to acquire their first experience in tent-life and guard duty. It continued for a week, as also did "Camp Washington," at George's Hill, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in 1876. The Seventh was ordered to the State Camp, near Peekskill, in 1883, 1885, and 1887, each tour of duty being for one week. The locality selected, which is owned and maintained by the State, is on very high ground, in the midst of the superb scenery of the Hudson Highlands, and sanitarily or otherwise, is unsur-

been passed. Company and battalion drills, and the skirmish drill by bugle, are included in the daily routine. Excellent meals are furnished by a contractor and are served in a large pavilion, open on the sides; and an extensive bath-house adds much to the comfort of the soldiers.

Full-dress promenade concerts and balls were given by the Seventh at the Academy of Music in 1869 and 1876, and in 1874 it celebrated its semi-centennial anniversary by a grand dinner at Irving Hall.

A noticeable monument in the Central Park was erected by the Regiment, in 1874, in honor of its members who died in defence of the Union during the Civil War. The design, which is by J. Q. A. Ward, consists of a bronze statue, ten feet high, representing a private soldier of the Regiment, wearing the overcoat, and leaning on his rifle, and is mounted on a handsome granite pedestal.

With the ever-increasing growth of New York city and the movement of its residence portion further north, the Tompkins Market armory proved inconvenient and inaccessible to a large majority of the members of the Seventh. After untiring efforts, the Regiment at last secured from the city the lease of the whole block between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets, and Fourth and Lexington avenues, and, in 1877-'80, by voluntary subscriptions of its active and veteran members, of public-spirited citizens, railway companies, banks and other corporations, aided by the receipts from a Regimental Fair, it erected and completed the present magnificent armory, at a total cost of \$605,000. "No building like this in the Old World!" said the proprietor of the *London Times*, when he visited the armory one evening in company with Gen. Grant. Its dimensions are 405 feet by 200, of which the drill-room occupies 300 by 200 feet. Eleven iron arches support the roof of the drill-room, the height of these arches being 75 feet from the floor to the centre, and the lantern or structure above these arches is 25 feet additional. The floor is of Georgia pine on locust sleepers laid in a nine-inch bed of concrete. A double row of comfortable seats extends around three sides of this room, the fourth being used for racks for the rifles; and galleries are built at both ends of the immense apartment.

Connected with the drill-room is the administration building, 105 by 200 feet, three stories and basement, surmounted by a lofty tower. The whole edifice, constructed of the best quality of granite, trimmed with granite; is supplied with heavy iron shutters, and loopholes arranged to command the approaches; in the basement are the store-rooms, heating apparatus, etc., and the rifle range, 20 feet in length, with six targets. On the first floor is the Reception room, the Board of Officers' room, and separate rooms for the Colonel, Field and Staff, Quartermaster, and Superintendent; also the Veterans' room, for the use of ex-members; a library of five thousand volumes, and two squad drill-rooms. The second floor is occupied by ten company-rooms, each containing 100 lockers for the uniforms; the Adjutant's office, a room for the non-commissioned staff, and two additional drill-rooms. On the third floor is a large and well-appointed gymnasium, a memorial hall for portraits, tablets, and objects of historical interest to the organization; separate rooms for the band and drum corps, and a kitchen capable of cooking for a thousand men whenever the Regiment may be using the armory during a period of riot or disorder. All the apartments in the armory are fitted up with hard wood, and most of them are finished with oak or mahogany in the most elaborate and durable manner, without regard to the cost. The furniture, fixtures and decorations of the Veterans' room cost \$20,000, the Library \$10,000, the Board of Officers' room \$8,000, and the ten company-rooms an average of \$7,500 each. Dancing receptions are often held in the winter months by the respective companies, and the large halls and rooms on the upper floor which are used on such occasions are converted for the evening into a bower of ferns and flowers. There exists in the Seventh an Athletic Association which gives a series of games on two evenings each year in the main drill-room, which from its size permits the laying out of a track measuring 175 yards in circumference, or ten laps to the mile. Running, walking, roller-skating, hurdle, bicycle, wheel-barrow, sack, potato, three-legged and obstacle races, as well as jumping, tug-of-war competitions, etc., for all of which elegant medals are of

ferred, are participated in by the members, and attract regularly several thousand spectators, while the band plays enlivening airs during the progress of the entertainments. There is also a Glee Club, having a large membership, which occasionally gives extremely enjoyable concerts of vocal and instrumental music; and a Tennis Club, which has the privilege of inviting ladies to take part in its contests, for which it is allowed the use of the drill-room in the day-time. Another association issues monthly the *Seventh Regiment Gazette*, a highly creditable publication of about 24 quarto pages printed in the best manner, and devoted to the interests of the Regiment and the National Guard. The *Gazette* contains interesting discussions on current military topics, correspondence, general military information, and news of the doings of the companies; and it is edited and managed entirely by young gentlemen selected by their companions from the rank and file of the Regiment, and who assume voluntarily and without remuneration the arduous duties connected therewith. Weekly instruction is imparted by one of the officers to an artillery corps, drilling by bugle; and an ambulance corps attends lectures delivered at stated times by the regimental surgeons.

The most assiduous attention is paid to rifle-shooting in the armory, the several companies offering fine medals and miscellaneous prizes to be shot for during the drill season (October 1 to April 1); while the Rifle Club manages the Regimental competitions, for handsome trophies, between the teams from the companies, and holds handicap matches for individual prizes. A decoration known as the "armory button," to be worn on the collar of the fatigue jacket, is presented yearly to those making a specified score. Outdoor shooting receives equal attention from the members; and the result of the persistent work in the armory range is seen in the record of marksmen obtained each year by the Seventh at Creedmoor. For the season of 1887, there were 864 of its officers and men who won the State Marksman's badge.

The Seventh is noted for the large proportion of its members who remain in its ranks after the expiration of their term of service. A roll, published year-

ly, of those who have served for ten years or more, and are still performing active duty in the Regiment, shows at the last annual inspection (November, 1887) a list of 104 names. In recognition of long and faithful service the Board of Officers adopted in 1885 a design for a military cross to be awarded to past, present and future members of the organization. The legal term of military service is five years, but the bronze cross is only given to those who have served ten years in the Regiment, and to those members who served in the regular or volunteer army or navy during the war, 1861-5. The cross is also issued in silver, gold, and gold set with a 7 in diamonds, to those serving fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years respectively; and thus far there have been issued 564 of the bronze cross, 88 of the silver, 19 of the gold, and 16 of the gold set with diamonds. It is estimated that up to October, 1888, ten thousand men have served the legal term of years in the Regiment.

The ranks of the Seventh are filled principally by young professional and business men, who enter upon their duties with intelligence, earnestness, and a desire for success. Strict discipline is enforced; unquestioning obedience required; and the officers are accorded the utmost respect and courtesy at all times. The Company spirit is very strong throughout the Regiment, and each integral organization has its own special ambition and pride. The Regimental pin, with a pendant of the designating letter of the company to which its owner belongs, is worn quite generally by the members in their civilian's attire.

In 1886, the militia of New York City was constituted the First Brigade and placed under the command of Brigadier-General Louis Fitzgerald, a former popular and successful officer in the Seventh, and who presided at the complimentary dinner tendered Colonel Clark, in January, 1887, at Delmonico's, by the members of the whole Regiment upon the completion of his thirtieth year of service.

The administration of the affairs of the Regiment under Colonel Clark, who has held his present position for twenty-four years, has been uniformly sagacious and conservative; and the most conclusive

commentary upon the wisdom which has governed his course of action and the ability which has directed his management is the existing prosperous and unparalleled condition, as regards numbers,

discipline and drill, of the organization which he has ever sought to make the model of the citizen soldier, and to whose interests he has devoted the best years of his life.



THE ORINOCO RIVER.

BY WILLIAM F. HUTCHINSON, M. D.



ORINOCO, golden sound! From those early days when Raleigh and Drake were roused to fiery action and deeds of high emprise by stories of the mighty river with its rich mines of gold, its powerful caciques and beautiful women, down to the present, there has hung about the very name of this great stream an atmosphere of mystery and of romance.

But little is known in this country of its scenery, resources, or natives; and when it was decided that I should explore it for the readers of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*, there were few books of travel and no illustrations to which I could turn for preliminary study. Encyclopædias were reticent, and the little book of M. Chas. Gachet, "*Excursion au Pays de l'Or*," was the only one that gave me any information whatever. So, when my baggage was made ready for the journey at Port of Spain, in Trinidad, I knew so little of the route that it was like commencing a trip to an entirely new land.

Raleigh had told in his letters home, of a grand river in these words: "For I know all the earth does not yield a like confluence of streams and branches, the one crossing the other so many times, and all so fair and large, and so like one another, as no man can tell which to take."

But now many of these mouths are as well known as those of the Mississippi, and are regularly traversed by passenger steamers, whose puffing pipes and screaming whistles still seem strangely out of place amidst the grand silence that Nature keeps in her vast solitudes.

Beyond their depths that are inaccessible to any men save native Indians, there are towns and rich estates, gold mines and a large population, whose wants demand consideration and receive it, not from the government that holds sway over all the river's territory, nor from the island whose commerce is largely to its banks, but from the hands of an enterprising American, who saw a profitable business there and embarked his capital in it.

About eleven years ago, foreseeing an increasing and lucrative trade along the Orinoco and its chief affluents, the Apure and Negro, Capt. Elisha Lee formed a company to control the carrying part thereof, and adopted the name "*Línea de Vapores del Orinoco*." Certain privileges were granted them by the Venezuelan Government, among which were the exclusive right to enter the river by the Macareo, as that branch of the delta nearest to Port of Spain is called, and to navigate the upper rivers, which made the inland commerce profitable.

Until lately the entire product of the great gold mines of Venezuela was car-

ried to Port of Spain by this line, and the affluents gave a large freight of coffee, hides, tobacco, cacao and smaller produce, sufficient in all to employ one large boat and four smaller ones, which made money rapidly under Capt. Lee's capable and energetic management.

Two years ago, however, President Guzman Blanco declared all rivers of the Venezuelan Republic free highways, and a competing company, the "Línea Oriente," was formed with two steamers, with the result of reducing freights fifty per cent. and subjecting the American company to serious loss.

Their contract with the Venezuelan President, who is the law, provides that they shall transport mails free, Venezuelan officials at half price, and soldiers at one-sixth the rate. This they have faithfully performed, and are now looking for a change in some unforeseen way that will restore their privileges.

As I write this, the 1st of March, 1888, there is some prospect of an overturn of government in Venezuela, and what will come afterwards no man can tell. Revolution is imminent, unless the wonderful sagacity of Guzman Blanco is great enough to stretch across the Atlantic, and prevent such bloody scenes as have frequently disgraced his country.

The "Bolivar," a handsome paddle steamer of about six hundred tons, was built in Wilmington expressly for this trade, and is an excellent specimen of American river steamers. Her cabins are clean and comfortable, and when I was shown into mine by my handsome friend Captain Mathison, prospects for a pleasant trip were excellent.

We left Port of Spain Saturday evening at six o'clock and nearly came to grief at the very start. Every Venezuelan who starts on a journey has a party of friends to see him off; and our arrival on board, the signal for immediate departure, was also the beginning of a sharp struggle on



LAGOONS, ORINOCO RIVER.

the part of all these friends to get ashore. The steamer lay half a mile from land and a dozen shore-boats shoved into each other to reach the gangway, every boatman shouting for his passengers, every passenger pushing to get to his boat, until in the struggle our boat was nearly capsized. All this seems a trifle, but ground sharks are by no means trifling customers, and the harbor is full of them.

We were more fortunate, however, than to give them a meal, and wound our way amongst the anchored ships toward the Orinoco. The night came swiftly down as usual, and a full moon held forth a greeting hand with shimmering fingers of fire that trembled along the surface of the gulf in sign of welcome.

There is something almost uncanny in the brilliance of a tropical full moon. One can read fine print by its light as well as in a northern summer twilight, and it seems swung far lower and nearer than at home—a silver globe amongst the glittering stars.

One by one the lights of Port of Spain were hidden by the increasing miles that lay between us, until at last mountain outlines and deep-blue sky grew together and were one. Past San Fernando town and the pitch shores of La Brea we steamed on, and when at last I went asleep, there was only shining water visible below and shining worlds above.

The next stateroom to mine was occupied by a family of indefinite numbers and pronounced wakefulness; but I forgave the chattering children who awoke me at five o'clock, at the first look out-

side. Past my cabin window, not forty feet away, a lovely panorama was passing; successive scenes of dense jungle of unknown plants, whose intertwining limbs dipped fingers in the swift river, tall palm trunks of silvery white in the moonbeams, and leafless branches of dead trees that were covered with blossoming orchids of marvellous beauty.

Behind, these black recesses stretched away into the virgin fields, whose depths no human foot has ever trod, where cayman, ape and many a brilliant bird live in friendly converse with their kind.

It was scarcely light; yet all these animals were astir, and made themselves audible in calls—some musical, some harsh, all utterly unknown and strange.

Even at this early hour the air was pure and clear. No fog obscured the coming day nor aroused grim fears of malaria, and a shower passing made it pleasantly cool.

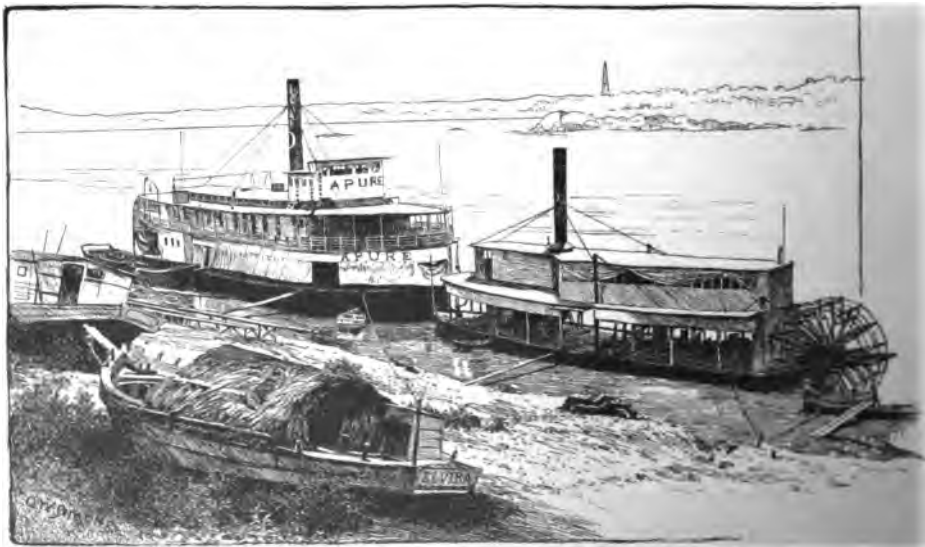
As the day came on, the peculiarities of the river showed themselves. No sign of life was visible; indeed, except now and then stray bands of Guarauno Indians, who come to the banks for fish, and occasionally build their huts upon them during the dry season, there is none. From bank to bank it averages half a mile in width and fifteen feet in depth. The water is loaded with yellow mud, even

when low and in dry season as at present: what vast quantities of soil come down with its current in the winter, when it rises from forty to sixty feet perpendicularly and flows at the rate of from six to eight miles an hour, the shallow Gulf of Paria, which is its basin, well shows.

Then these shores, which are even now scarcely out of water, are buried beneath the flood that sweeps over an immense expanse of country in its resistless flow, and the town of Ciudad Bolivar, now at the top of a sandy hill with stone piers half-way up, is brought to the water's edge, and passengers disembark in town instead of on a hill that is in the river bed half the year.

For a hundred miles the banks remained unchanged, and the steamer stopped at a village named Barrancas, a miserable collection of huts, mostly built on the economical plan of four posts and a roof. A group of natives gathered on the steep bank as we slowed down, but no one landed or came aboard, and we pursued our way steadily. About noon the small breeze that had tempered the heat died away completely, and the mercury climbed up to 93° in my cabin, a poor place to stop long in, although the deck was not much better.

A few miles from there and the scene changed. The river grew wider and



STEAMERS OF THE UPPER ORINOCO RIVER.

deeper, distant mountains broke the horizon's level, and a series of pretty pictures passed in review. Still there was no sign of human life; and all the day long, save when we stopped at the village, a stray cayman or Indian in his canoe were the only living things we saw.

But these were alive and active enough to make up. Not even in the Ganges or the Nile do saurians attain such immense size as here, although their diet must be wholly of fish. As the steamer rounded a sudden curve, I saw upon a sand-spit, that put out into the stream half a mile or more, what seemed to be a great brown log, caught there when the water fell; and remarked to the captain that it was curious how so large a tree could be felled by the natives.

"Tree!" he shouted. "Give me my rifle, quartermaster!" and *ping* a bullet went shoreward. It struck the log with a spat, and a great monster slowly raised its bulk on four short legs, opened wide a mouth of portentous dimensions, and deliberately slid into the water, the largest cayman of the trip.

"*Caramba!*" said the captain, "he must have been forty feet long!"

A little later, a commotion in the water close by showed up head and neck of a great, green, crawling lizard, an iguana, from whose savory flesh both whites and natives make nutritious food. He must have been six feet long, at least, and I took a shot at him, hitting square in the head—a death wound. In his flurry, he threw half his body clear of the water, showing a brilliant green skin, covered with knobby excrescences that looked

like warts, and his open mouth was decorated with strong rows of sharp, white teeth. Ashore, these animals snap at a man like a bull-dog, and hang on as hard. So our day was not



CARIB INDIAN BROTHERS.

totally uneventful, even if men were rare.

At eight in the evening we arrived at Las Tablas, the nearest port to the famous Callao gold mines, that were for several years among the most productive in the world. Of late, however, their yield has been falling off, until the price of shares that paid ten dollars each per month upon a par value of two hundred dollars has dwindled down to one dollar. The decrease, it is said, is due partly to a contraction of management and partly to a contraction of the vein of ore. Shafts have been sunk only to the depth of eight hundred feet, however, and it is expected that as they progress more will be obtained.

The gold was brought aboard in four

boxes, each containing two bars of a thousand ounces tied up in gunny cloths, with a wooden buoy attached in case of an accident coming off the steamer. They were thrown down on the cabin floor with apparent carelessness; but two well armed men watched the treasure carefully all night, and in the morning it was to be landed at Ciudad Bolivar, in transit for Caracas, where it is coined.

When that morning came, as it does down here, almost with a bang like Pat's sunset, the steamer was tied head and stern to volcanic rocks half imbedded in white sand, alongside a steep hill of the same, some sixty feet high. Up and down its shifting side a few disconsolate donkeys were climbing, carrying grass upon which to feed the rest of the day; and at the top a dark wall stretched along the town front, showing above it a few yellow walled flat-roofed houses. And that is all that is visible at first glance of the fourth city of the Venezuelan republic.

After this difficult hill was surmounted the town developed into a rambling lot of streets upon a series of hills, the highest one crowned by a cathedral church and a pretty little square containing one fair bronze statue of the great Bolivar, and four wretched plaster ones, representing the four countries that owe their freedom to his statesmanship and valor.

The city is well supplied with water from the river by a system belonging to, and devised by, our enterprising consul, Mr. Underhill, who draws a substantial income from his investment, and holds the sole right to furnish water for ten years to come.

Shops are large, numerous and well stocked; especially for a place whose merchants pay a hundred per cent. duty, and where no one can do business except by permission of the State. The streets were paved, and there was no external appearance of poverty.

But through the pavement, grass was growing; on the main street were ruins of a horse railway abandoned for lack of business several years ago, and customers for the goods in those wide stores were not. Only rarely was a wheeled vehicle visible; indeed, except about the gaol, where red-capped soldiers kept guard, the streets were almost deserted, and everywhere was an air as of a town

whose day had been, whose prosperity had vanished.

A few lines in the *Patriota*, the daily paper of the town, announced that the editor and senior director had been imprisoned for expressing their opinions too freely upon public questions; and I learned that it was possible that they might remain for months, or at the President's will. Uneasy is the hand that wields a pen where autocrats reign, for so constant an occurrence is the imprisonment of any one who criticizes the Venezuelan government, that opposition newspapers have an *attaché* called "the prison editor," whose especial duty is to shoulder all responsibility for offensive articles, and spend such time in jail as may please the powers that be.

A chat with my friend of the *Patriota*, who was just then in limbo, showed that he regarded his incarceration as quite a regular thing, and was in no way cast down thereby.

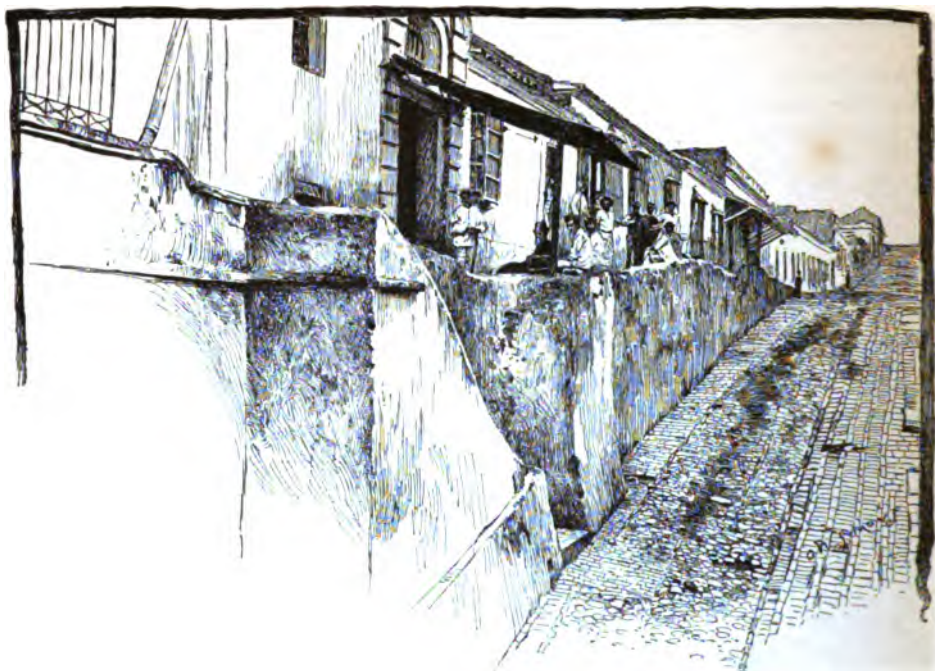
There are no curios to be found, no sights to be seen. All amusement that is not sternly supervised is gambling, and that goes on everywhere, baccarat being the favorite game, at which I saw a lad not more than sixteen win a hundred and fifty dollars in an hour. When the "Santos Dias" (Lent) is done, there is an American circus coming; but I pity acrobats where the mercury is steady at ninety degrees. But there is one thing enough to repay the journey hither: the majestic Orinoco. Standing on a corner that overlooks its bed a hundred feet below, there is a view for many miles up stream, and one no longer wonders at the enthusiasm with which Spaniards first looked upon its mighty flow, the love their descendants bear for it still. It was low water when I looked down the steep sand-hills to its edge, yet the stream was nearly a mile wide, with banks of brilliant green, and a golden yellow tide.

What must it then be when steamers whose upper decks are forty feet below, and five times as far away, come directly to the city front, and moor to rings in a wall that is now high in air above the river? For the tide rises in rainy seasons as much as fifty feet, making rivers of brooks, extending navigation a thousand miles inland to Bolivian towns, and



CATHEDRAL, CIUDAD BOLIVAR.

bringing produce from even the Rio Negro to civilization and to sale. At this season the steamers "Apure" and "Libertad" are useless for want of water, although they only draw four feet; but when November comes, they search the upper country through for trade, and usually with success.



STREET OF THE PRISON, CIUDAD BOLIVAR.

I was particularly desirous to find some specimens of Indian feather work from those upper rivers, for they make hammocks that are beautiful enough for royal museums. But not one remained, and my kind friend, Captain Mathison, was finally forced to acknowledge that even he could not find one, at least this side the Andes.

Back of the city there is a lagoon that looks like a congenial home for fevers, caymans, and other pestiferous things, and there was no other inducement to a closer visit.

Over the whole of Venezuela hangs an impending cloud of revolution and anarchy, casting far in advance shadows of financial and personal uneasiness. Guzman Blanco is away in France, but his spirit is still feared; and the coming Presidential election is regarded as a sure signal for disturbance.

As a leading merchant said to me today: "It is not possible to have matters worse—any change will be welcome." Perhaps; but to an American, a change involving bloodshed, general anarchy and years of national retrogression, would be worth avoiding at any sacri-

fice. What I said in these columns last year has come true, and it is a sad thing for Venezuela that Guzman Blanco's tired hands have laid down the reins of State.

Government House, the official residence of the President, faces a little square; a commodious building of white stone, where I was presented to His Excellency, President José M. Ernazabel, who rules the great State of Bolívar, which is composed of the smaller ones—Apure and Guyana. He is a courteous gentleman of liberal education and high appreciation of his country's value, holding a position similar to our State Governors, excepting that he is directly and personally responsible to the Central Government at Caracas for his administration.

Connected with Government House are the large buildings of the Bolívar College, which includes departments of law, medicine, classics and modern languages, and where is a well chosen public library of several thousand volumes, the whole under the rectorship of Dr. Doroteo de Armas.

The students numbered about eighty and were as intelligent and well appear-

ing a body of young men as can be desired, and they gave me a cordial reception in University Hall in appreciation of last year's articles on Venezuela, in *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*, describing their country.

Beyond the hill upon which the city stands, there is a broad and vast savannah of white sand, upon which only one tree will grow, a kind of thorn. Evidently the bed of some prehistoric lake, its soil is like the Texan "Bad Lands," utterly worthless.

Outside the city line, drawn sharply where the red clay ends across this desert of white sand, there is nothing. Only great ox teams traverse these wilds—teams of sixty and eighty bullocks, that carry all heavy machinery and stores to the Callao district, two hundred and fifty miles away.

I do not believe that anyone can fancy what an immense team sixty oxen make, as I saw them ready for a start. They travel ten or twelve miles a day and often take twenty-five days to reach the mines. A single bed-plate for an engine that we brought to Bolivar, weighed five tons, and as the freight contractor receives five cents a *pound* hence to the mines, some idea may be formed of where a part of the money goes.

But upon that wide savannah, that extended its level surface far across country to blue hill-lines that closed the distance, there was a delicious breeze of pure clear air that braced almost like a breath from the sea. We drove hither and thither with no regard to roads—indeed there were none, as on our Western prairies; and took in enough of ozone to last all night. Half a mile further, and there is nothing. No human voice, no song of bird proclaims a habitable land, and my friend, the captain, said, "Yes, *doctore mio*, one must go ten leagues inland before he reaches soil that is worth tilling, or a single home."

Our stay in Bolivar is done, and we begin to prepare for the return voyage; and from this far distant Orinocan town, my steps turn backward, and I am homeward bound.

We brought hither provisions, etc., sundries, as I have said, and in return take beef cattle to Trinidad.

Along the high river banks there were

here and there corrals; pens of stakes and withes, into which are counted off a number of beeves to be shipped. We ran up to the shore, built a bridge of plank aboard, and when all was ready out came a trained bull who lives aboard in state like any other officer. He marched up the hill, stationed himself at the pen entrance, and at a signal, started on a jump for the boat, followed by a herd of half wild and not wholly convinced cattle. Their faith duly clinched by a shower of blows and curses from the drivers, and having small choice in the matter, they were soon securely aboard and the steamer off for another lot.

Such a row as those drivers did make! Screams, yells, curses, and howls came in tremendous volume from their excited throats, somewhat increased, I fear, by the considerate and thoughtful justice with which the chief mate, a Herculean native, distributed his own attentions. One blow for a bullock and two for a driver, was his idea; and it did seem to work well, for they toiled like monkeys until the work was done.

Coming down stream, every hour or so, twinkling lights ashore told where Indian villages—if two or three huts may be so called—had located since our upward trip; and nothing could give a better idea of the purely nomadic character of these indigenes than this sudden total change of habitation. From under the thick greenery of river foliage there came shooting out into the moonlight, canoes, with women paddling hard, to intercept the boat, and men sitting in the bows, lustily shouting the only Spanish word they knew, "Pan, pan!"

And as the only chance these wretches had ever to taste bread was when the "Bolivar" came along to give them a morsel, we threw them biscuit, which they deftly caught and swiftly vanished with into darkness of deep shade.

They live upon fish and game, using for hunting the blow-gun and tiny poisoned arrow, whose smallest puncture is swift paralysis and certain death. Yet my captain tells me that they are happy, jolly and contented; and, if happiness be, indeed, but the possession of everything needed, why should they not be? *Viva los Indios!*

With all its lacking, with the little that the country has to offer to a tourist, there remains sufficient in the Orinoco journey to tempt a traveler who has not seen South American streams or what a tropical river jungle can show. He will be comfortably housed and fed on board the American steamer, "Bolivia," well cared for by courteous Captain Mathison and his purser, who speak English fluently, and have something to tell that few people have heard.

And if his journey ends like mine, with a night upon the shining river and of full moon, whose magic light gave transparent beauty to the muddy stream, and played marvellous pranks with those black recesses that fancy peopled with strange beasts whose calls are plainly heard, and starts him dreaming of conquistador and maiden fair, he will have added to his store of memories afloat some beside which those of Rhine and Danube, Hudson and Mississippi will scarcely hold their own.



A SONG OF DAYS.

'TWAS Spring, when hope-days dawned, my sweet,
 My gypsy-heart at your dear feet
 Did pitch a tent.
 Nor all the Spring
 Did my wild heart go truanting:
 It was content.

In Summer, when the joy-days came,
 They found my vagrant heart grown tame
 To your sweet spell;
 Forgetful quite
 Of all its former fret for flight,
 It rested well.

And yet when Autumn-days dreamed deep
 Of some dread portent, and asleep,
 Did sigh apace,
 My heart gleaned not
 Strange fears and fled. It loved the spot
 Where you had place.

So when the Winter-days awake
 To find a ravished world, and make
 Sad moan, sad moan,
 My heart will sing,
 For where you are is always Spring,
 And Spring alone.

Julie M. Lippmann.

PROHIBITION NOT A NATIONAL ISSUE.

BY MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER.



IN the language of the distinguished gentleman who occupies the chair of the Chief Executive of this nation, "We are confronted with a condition, not a theory."

The condition is, that the voters of this great nation are to perform on the 6th day of next November an act which consummates their claim to sovereignty. The ballot is the sceptre of royalty. All about us are signs and sounds of preparation for that great day.

Through a period of years and the necessities which they have developed, the party system has become a part of our political life, and it is received with authority only second to the Constitution and its statutes. The student of history is forced to believe that in this regard their fathers "built better than they knew." At first, they did not intend that the people should elect a President and Vice-President, but that certain persons elected by the people and known as the Electoral College should choose the men who should occupy these offices of public trust. This Electoral College was to form a sort of political oligarchy or aristocracy. The Legislative caucus and the Congressional caucus occupied successive positions of dictatorship.

The party system of to-day was the revolt of the people from the dominance of this last (Congressional) governing caucus. It is purely democratic, and in such perfect harmony with our form of government as to seem a part of it. The abuses which sometimes attend its practical operation are insignificant in comparison with its actual and possible agency for good.

Those who framed that document differed widely in their estimate of the proper division of powers between the State and the General Government.

The one leaned toward retaining in the State original and final sovereignty, with carefully prescribed powers exer-

cised by Congress on behalf of the States. These were Federalists, and afterwards Democrats.

The other party claimed, and still claim, that the Constitution, as adopted in 1787, was considered a union of the people of the States; that the people, possessing original power, represented in the Federal Constitution final sovereignty, and that the autonomy of the General Government was superior to that of the States. This party has borne the name of National, Whig and Republican.

About these general differences in construction of organic law, have been drawn—through psychological, social, local and political associations—statesmen, philosophers, politicians and the common people.

These differences in construction and application have not always been clearly shown, stated, or conscientiously held by the adherents of these parties. Questions of immediate political interest and passing expediency have occupied the thoughts of the people, and they have not stopped to inquire concerning the roots of the tree whose fruits they desired to gather.

Factions and lesser parties have, from time to time, arisen, but their growth has been ephemeral and their following small; they have never borne fruit in legislative, judicial, or executive action; but have at times by stratagem, coercion, or combination, made their power felt.

The condition to-day is, that these two great parties still contend for supremacy. In the heat of conflict their distinguishing characteristics are clearly seen.

The Democratic party still questions the right of the General Government to legislate beyond the express stipulations of the Constitution; it is not willing to continue the policy of protection to American industries through import duties; it claims Congress has no constitutional right to collect duties beyond the amount necessary for government revenues.

The Republican party believes that the whole people ought to stand solidly together for our own industrial interests as against the whole world; it claims that the protective system has built up our manufactures and blessed the laboring classes; that not only is the government exercising its legitimate powers when it does impose duties for its protection but that it would be derelict in duty if it did not do this.

This issue was presented by Mr. Cleveland's message to the present Congress, and by the Mills Bill which is thoroughly an administration measure.

The Chicago Republican Convention accepted the challenge of the Democracy, and thus the issue is joined.

Other questions of great interest are before the people, but only upon this one has the challenge been made and accepted.

Certain friends of temperance, however, have desired to make that question an issue in this campaign. They have held a Convention, announced a platform of principles, and nominated candidates. They thus throw down the gauge of battle, but the tournament cannot commence until the challenge is accepted.

In vain this Falstaffian warrior swells his girth and strokes his plumes, while Mistress Quickly smiles encouragingly; but, until a foeman come, they "tear their passion to tatters," and cannot "wage their peaceful war."

They cannot force a party issue on this question in this campaign, because the liquor traffic is constitutionally a subject of police State regulation, and must remain so until the people legally declare otherwise.

This proposition may be startling to those who realize the enormity of the interests involved and the vital demand for their settlement. No spoken language can portray the prostitution in character, the desolation to the home, and the danger to the State, attendant upon this terrible traffic. Only God who knows all souls can measure these agonies; because of their magnitude and because their source lies in the depths of centuries past, and can only be reached by forces as *continuous and mighty as have been the powers of destruction.*

Because of this we protest against any prescribed remedy which in the very nature of the case is local, transitional, and superficial.

A party issue is made when some well-settled principle or condition is attacked.

The protective system is established in law; it was assailed by the Democracy; the party issue was the result.

It thus appears that, in a proper sense, there should be no temperance issue in National party politics until such time as the people determine what their policy on this question shall be. The determination has not been made. The party issue has been joined in many States; this is not the case in the nation at large.

We consent to all that is claimed as to the importance of the question, but flatly deny that it can be advanced by separate party action. We claim, on the other hand, that such party action is destructive to the best interests of temperance, is injurious in its tendency and disastrous in its results.

We respect the position of the conscientious Democrat; he acts upon clearly defined principles, and his party action is consistent with those principles.

The "Third Party" claim to desire a certain thing, and institute a course of action contrary to it. Recent elections indicate that the strength of this party is waning. It is to be hoped that good counsel will prevail and that persons sincerely desiring to advance the cause of temperance will return to their places in the ranks of the old parties. It is, however, desirable in the ethics of politics as everywhere else, never to cease contending for the truth.

In considering this condition, careful distinction should be made between the terms politics and party politics. All questions involved in legislation are political questions.

Moral obligation is the result of responsibility to God in human thought and in human action.

The words of the Great Teacher: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," cover all responsibility in individual character and in civil government.

Such obligations as are based upon the command to love God are not proper

subjects of civil law; neither does the law attempt to force that condition of heart required in loving one's neighbor as one's self, but the law does require that the citizen shall work no "ill to his neighbor." The law does not deal with conditions of heart; it does deal with acts of life which are the results of these heart conditions, and when in the development of Christian civilization it appears that a certain course of conduct does work "ill to his neighbor," that course of conduct falls under the condemnation of the law, and the "citizen king" discharges a political duty when he makes his condemnation known through the law.

All questions which are the subjects of legislation are political questions, but all political questions are not party questions.

The mass of legislation, civil and criminal, is of such a nature as to win the support and approval of all good citizens irrespective of party; and so general and unconscious is this acceptance, that these precepts and penalties possess the dignity of unwritten law.

Party questions are such as involve essential theories of construction or administration.

These differences, as presented by the Republican and Democratic parties of this country, have been set forth at length; but party questions are not always party issues—a party issue being a challenge made and accepted, a contest between sovereigns, a passage at arms.

Applying these principles to the temperance question we find that the experience of years has proved that the habitual use of intoxicating liquors by the citizen does work "ill to his neighbor." Thus the law says that the sale of intoxicating liquors must be restrained or prohibited, and thus the temperance question becomes a political question by "Local Option Laws," "License and No-License Votes," by the enactment of restrictive and prohibitory statutes by State Legislatures, and in the last decade by popular votes on Amendments to State Constitutions—this last form of legislation being the most dignified known to the law.

History makes no record of more enthusiastic manifestations of popular sovereignty than are displayed in the political struggles of the American people to put away the American saloon.

In the administration of the courts and the enforcement of its decrees this heroism may take rank with those of hoary centuries.

It must be remembered, however, that the political question which involves the restriction or prohibition of the saloon is not a question of total abstinence or moderate drinking; this is an individual question which the individual conscience, aided by science and sociology, must determine. The law never says a man shall not drink; this is a personal act to be determined by the person. The law may say, "Thou shalt not sell;" this is a citizen act, of which the law may take cognizance.

The temperance question has also become, in some senses, a party question, because the two great parties in their average personnel and general trend of legislation are widely differentiated on this subject.

A man may reasonably say in this general sense, that the Republican party is a temperance party, because it has in its ranks a large proportion of temperance men, and because the larger part of temperance legislation already enacted, has been secured by the votes of the Republicans.

In some States it has also become a party issue. At the present time, in the State of New York, the Republican party has declared for restrictive legislation. Ex-Senator Miller, candidate for Governor, boldly accepts the challenge of the rum democracy through its veto servant, Governor Hill. Thus the issue is joined.

In Rhode Island, Kansas and Iowa, it was also a party issue. Applying these two tests to national temperance politics, it is not a national party issue in this campaign.

What, then, is the duty of the Republican party on the temperance question at this time?

It is the duty of a political party to nominate and elect to offices of governmental trust, men who represent, in personal character, in executive ability, and in public policy, the highest attainable good under the political system of majority rule.

It is not the duty of a political party, as such, to champion the growth and development of politico-moral questions,

The arena of party politics is a most unpropitious field for the agitation and education necessary for this growth and development; but it is proper and wise that parties should study the growth of these questions among the people, and forecast the demand for legislative enactment, and adopt such lines of policy as will afford to the people the freest opportunity to express their will at the ballot box.

At the same time a political party should be a conservative force in government. It should be aggressive only so far as it can carry the people. It must, first of all, hold fast whereunto our civilization has attained. There are distinctive forces all the while at work which would destroy everything of beauty, every institution of good which has been preserved through peace and war.

To protect that which now exists is the first duty of a political party. A party ought not to sacrifice voluntarily any substantial good. The trend of Christian civilization is from the ideal to the actual. Yesterday the reformer prophesied, to-day the statesman contends, to-morrow the masses shall realize.

"The platform of a political party is accepted as a declaration of its principles and policy. Its value is measured by its sincerity; this is only to be determined in the light of the party's past record and present action."

We cheerfully accept this dictum from a high political authority.

We claim that the declarations of the Republican party on the temperance question justify our plea that temperance men should support that party in the pending Presidential election. We challenge inspection of the records in proof of the party's sincerity.

In nothing may we more clearly see the civilization of a people than in its laws. This is emphatically true in a popular government under a written constitution. The growth of the people is written in the law.

Temperance legislation affords good illustration. As philanthropy, political economy and science have demonstrated the harmfulness of the drinking usages of society, legislation has recorded the popular will concerning the traffic in

intoxicating beverages. Fines for indiscriminate sales, penalties for disorderly consequences, regulations intended to limit the amount sold, and to compel compliance with the conditions presumably in the interests of law and order—these restrictions, even to the extent of entire prohibition through Local Option, Prohibitory Statutes and Constitutional Amendments, record distinctive eras in popular enlightenment and popular condemnation. The history of temperance reform might be written from these legislative annals and the popular and legislative debates prior to their adoption.

Was not the emancipation of the slave accomplished through a once-despised "Third Party"?

No, friends; it was not.

Emancipation was a war measure. The Liberty party stood for abolition, pure and simple; it lived only a short time.

The Free Soil party stood for what its name implied, and it died.

The Republican party stood for no extension of slave territory, and came into power and saved the Union. Its great leader, Lincoln, declared that, "It was not proposed to interfere with slavery in the slave States."

The Spirit of Liberty was abroad in those heroic years; it touched every feature of the Nation's life. Society, the church, trade, commerce and politics were remoulded by its vital breath. Some good men who voted the Liberty party ticket, and after that the Free Soil ticket, did, when the Republican party was formed, vote that ticket. But the party, as a party, *did not grow*. The movement grew, the parties died.

All Congressional legislation looking toward giving the black man his liberty, was given by Abolition Whigs or Abolition Democrats. The Liberty party ("Third Party") never sent a man to Congress. So with the Free Soil party, except by coalition; just as at the present time all temperance legislation has been accomplished by temperance Republicans and temperance Democrats.

If it is desired to show an analogy between these political reforms and movements, it is long past time for the Prohibition party to die, and for a party

to arise on the issue of license and restriction; then later on, to give over the attempt through party action altogether and merely stand for the enforcement of law. This would correspond with the victorious cry of the Republican

party in its youth, "The Union must and shall be preserved."

Will the "Third Party" accept its historic destiny, and gently fold its tents and steal away? Oregon, Vermont, Maine, lead the procession.



BUBBLES OF THE MEADOW.



OVEN of the dew and the moonlight, and composed of more than three-fourths water, the mushroom in its brief life is but an exhalation, the mystery of whose be-

ginning science has done little to solve.

Almost every form of animal life has been deified, but no knee has ever bent before a flower, readily as men have recognized its beauty and purity. The lives of these fair existences have seemed too alien from our own to draw forth worship. Travelers tell of a race, however, to whom the mushroom is an object of adoration; its sudden appearance and as swift withdrawal speak to the imagination, of some mysterious power. The offspring of Night, its origin is linked with darkness, and it counts as its worshippers those who, like "the canny king of Kent," would propitiate both god and devil.

Do these exhalations, bred up in a single night, owe their existence to *diablerie*, or have they, as plants, a *bona-fide* right to live?

Lay back the turf, and upon the rich, black soil behold a myriad tiny fibres—the mycelium—the roots, or, it may be said, the plant, for like many another

life-principle, the agaric comes to light only in its fruit. The fungi stand just above lichens in the scale of vegetable life, and sustain the same relation to them that the petals of a leafless parasite would bear to the foliage of an ordinary plant—they are the colored organs of reproduction. The white fibres have wonderful significance, for in their characteristics the first tentative approaches to animal life are seen. Not that the fancy of the old herbalists, that in them was found the connecting-link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is to be accepted; but that, in the veracity of Nature, their curious resemblances to animal life cannot be without significance, and that in their prophecies of that which is to be they bear witness to the unity of life.

The plants that grow beside the fungus absorb their nutriment from the soil and assimilate it, forming of themselves food for higher organisms; but the mushroom will have none of these crudities; other organizations must have absorbed and assimilated, lived and perhaps died, ere he will be fed and the life which has passed forever from them shall re-appear in him. A vegetable vampire, he fastens himself upon the living as well as the dead.

Not only in its food, but in its texture

and flavor, in the gases absorbed and given out, does the fungus resemble the animal. Those curious forms which begin to prey upon it on the third or fourth day of its growth are like those which infest animals, and it wears all colors save green, the universal hue of vegetation.

These strange fugacious beings seem like visitants from another sphere, they have so little in common with our plant life. They love to haunt

Some lone Egerian grove,
Where sacred and o'er-greeting branches shed
Perpetual eve and all the cheated hours sing vespers.

If the olive were the gift of Athena, we can easily fancy these silvery disks, that wear her livery by day, to be the offering of Diana to men. They are true to the deity, for they never seek, like other plants, the sun. "Organized water," the scientists call the jelly-fish; the cool, frigid surface of the mushroom in the moonlight bespeaks the same origin.

But how shall we describe these phantom growths? A stalk, a creamy stem, with pith-like centre, springs from the ground (it has been estimated that the growth of fungi is at the rate of twenty thousand cells a minute). It is crowned with a hollow, cup-like dome—the pileus. Within the cap, the fringes or gills, in which are embedded the spores, soon begin to form. Before the spores are matured, a veil of exquisite delicacy, plaited and folded like a lady's fan, of palest pink, protects them; as they ripen, the veil becomes darker, and at the moment of maturity parts and vanishes, leaving only a trace of its existence in the annulus about the stem. "Each mushroom is a corporate structure built up of individual fungi." The microscope reveals that the spores are commonly in groups of four, each borne upon a short, slender stalk. It has never been discovered under what conditions they germinate; no mushroom has ever been raised from a spore; there is no plant whose beginning is so lost in obscurity. The mystery of resurrection, the blossoming of death in life, seems brought one step nearer to our apprehension by these fungus growths; but instantly new mysteries belonging to them alone confront us. Who shall wrest her secret from the mushroom, and providing the necessary conditions

cause these flowers of the night to spring up at will?

Their stay is even shorter than that of the herb of the field. Four or five days sum up the earthly career; the tents of the pastures are furled as silently as those of the desert, and leave as little apparent trace; but the brief life-time has been enormously productive. "No one," says Emerson, "cares for planting the poor fungus, so Nature shakes down from the gills of one agaric countless spores, any one of which, being preserved, transmits new billions of spores to-morrow or next day." Their short lives are due to the great quantities of nitrogen—the most unstable of elements—which they produce.

The mushroom is a great mimic, and it is said all the vital organs of man and beast are reproduced in these vegetable forms, some of them carrying the resemblance so far as to drop tears of blood upon being punctured. A pleasanter fancy is that suggested by the shelf-fungus, whose wavy lines may be conceived as the ripples left by retreating Time upon its hoary surface.

These vegetable forms played an important part in the Roman cuisine. Pliny says, "the tenderest be those that breed in the spring," and that in his day they were prepared "with fine knives and amber razors and other vessels of silver plate." Allusions to them are frequent in Italian epigrams. Martial says, "It is easy to send as a gift silver, gold, a cloak or a toga, but difficult to send *boleti*." "A favorite Italian curse is, "May he eat of a *pratiolo*." Landor alludes to the national weakness for these delicacies:

Upon his death-bed lay a pagan priest;
A pious brother, when the worst had ceased
Consoled him thus:
"Think now what pleasure yields
The nearer prospects of Elysian fields."
"Ah!" said he, "all about those fields we know,
But mushrooms—are good mushrooms there below?"

The Germans, however, seem to have exceeded other nations in their appreciation; for, finding that they grew more abundantly where the ground had been burned over, they fired the forests, until the government interfered—a story which recalls Charles Lamb's *extraganza* of the origin of roast pork.

There are other and less pleasant parts

which the mushroom has played. Poets and painters have chosen it for the throne of the piquant sprite Puck, a fancy charmingly wrought out by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Its relation to the deadly toadstool, and its having been used as a medium for conveying poison, have brought it into bad odor, and in more countries than Holland it is known as "the Duyvel's broot." The *Agaricus muscarius* has a lovely orange cap, starred with silver tufts, but the Russians and Italians brew from it so dreadful a drink that he who partakes is capable of any crime in the frenzy which precedes death. They personify the diabolical agent, and declare that in murder and suicide they but follow its behest.

It was a poisoned mushroom, spiced by the order of Agrippina, that sent the

emperor Claudius to that bourne whence even Roman emperors were powerless to return. The cruel Agrippina was subsequently poisoned in the same way by her son Nero, whom she had elevated to the throne by the death of Claudius.

The days of such crimes are over, and these silvery spheres that star our fields have no such part to play.

O children of the moonlight and the mist,
That spring like bubbles on the meadow breast,
And sink, as gleaming foam, swiftly to rest;
Strange Destiny your pallid faces kist,
For lo! ghost-like your wav'ring feet were set
To haunt the confines of two worlds. Plant-life
That beats in you must ever be at strife
With Life intelligent, and both have met
Within your cells. Thro' struggle all was won,
And not in vain your gropings in the dark,
O phantoms pale, for that one spirit-spark
That linked You with the Whole, the goal attained;
One life there is that swells thro' earth's wide span,
And beats triumphantly thro' you in Man!

Annie Bronson King.



THE SURPLUS.



THE Surplus! The Surplus!! That's the ghost that will not down at the bidding of the politicians at their Barmecide feast.

"How shall we get rid of the surplus?"

is their cry, and, whether by removing taxes on whiskey or tobacco, or by reducing the tariff on imports, or by increasing the tariff to a prohibitory standard, still the object is the same, namely, to reduce this terrible surplus that persists in pouring into the United States Treasury.

Unfortunately we are the only people in the world's history that have had to face this awful question, so we have no prece-

dent to guide us. To be sure England, with her debt of \$3,711,412,055, would hardly object to finding a good-sized balance after paying the millions it takes to support the queen and her numerous progeny, and to run her army and build her navy and take care of the superfluous crop of noblemen, lords, dukes, et al., that devour like locusts. France might be willing to stop her petty foolish squabbles between childish factions long enough to count a few billions of surplus revenue to at least hold back the tide of increasing debt that is threatening to overwhelm her. And Germany would cause Bismarck's wrinkled face to soften somewhat could she pour revenues into his open hand sufficient to pay the enormous debt and build a navy and buy new rifles for the army.

"It will never do to have such a surplus! The surplus must be reduced in some way!"

Absurd! This government should be run on ordinary business principles. It is as if a merchant on counting his gains should find he had made a great deal of money, and should call his buyer and say, "We must stop making so much money. Really we are too prosperous. Now we must either drive trade away or you must stop buying and selling those silks and satins and velvets and laces on which we have so large a profit."

The question should not be "How can we cut down our revenue so as to have no surplus?" Not at all. The only question about the tariff worthy of a moment's consideration is, "What tariff will tend to develop and build up the United States, protect its investments, whether of capital or labor, and make its people the most prosperous and happy on the globe?" Let us settle this question without regard to the surplus, and then if the surplus comes let us welcome it as a blessing. "What shall we do with it?" What a question! Supposing our surplus was as many billions as it is millions it could be used to benefit the country immensely. There are thousands of miles of coast line crying for improvements and for protection. Build up our forts, dig out our harbors, improve our coasts for safety and convenience of ships. There are thousands and tens of thousands of miles of rivers and lake-fronts that need almost countless millions to develop the great interior of our wonderful land and build up our interstate commerce. And our navy! Have we no pride, no foresight? There should be to-day ten ships building to every one now on the stocks, and a good portion of our surplus might be put into vessels that would entitle us to the respect of at least such nations as Greece, Spain and Italy. Then, supposing after all this had been done, a few millions were crying to be used, there are thousands of cities and towns that would not object to neat, ornamental and useful post-office buildings where the people could be served with some degree of satisfaction and pride. And such buildings, even in smaller towns, would give an impetus to growth and tend to improve and cultivate the community.

It is even doubtful whether either of the distinguished aspirants for the Presidency would now object to seeing a fair number of millions laid out in reclaiming the swamps and flats that tend to render Washington unhealthful; and if a decent residence was built in accordance with the ordinary principles of hygiene for the accommodation of the fortunate candidate, it certainly would be a better plan than to remove the tax on whiskey, or the tariff on luxuries for the sake of reducing the surplus.

"But public works are carried on so expensively and at so much greater cost than necessary."

It is true that public money is not so economically handled as private funds.

No doubt, in every public building money is stolen or squandered. If we can stop this, let us do so, but it is true that the petty politician and pot-house economist who is continually crying out against this evil, is the first to dip his hands into the treasury when he gets a chance, and to logroll and pull wires and make combines without regard to public interests if he can thereby get some appropriation, however needless, for his district, or some contract for a political friend.

The fact is, that generally the work is done as well and as economically as could be reasonably expected.

And when divides are made and fortunes stolen, the work often in the end proves of greater value than its cost. Millions were wasted and stolen on the wonderfully beautiful Central Park, New York, but one might double its cost twice over and pour the money into the city treasury, as an offering for the land alone, and the offer would scarcely be considered.

This must not be understood to be a defence of or even an excuse for the logrolling methods so common in our legislative bodies to secure the passage of appropriations. But a stream will rise no higher than its source, and as long as any State or city, whether it be South Carolina or New York, refuses to so guard its ballot boxes as to secure a fair vote and an honest count; as long as votes are openly bought and sold and the sin is winked at by local leaders and by the masses themselves, so long the men

elected by these methods, may be expected to work for selfish interests, to say the least, and legislative enactments will be influenced by members who are affected in pocket or position by such action. This matter is in the hands of the voters. Let them make honesty the first qualification for office, let them show their servants that a single dishonest vote will put them under the people's feet, and let the masses themselves be so filled with love for and pride in the greatest of all countries the world has ever seen, that with them America is first and party last, and then the men asking for votes will be filled with the same spirit and will act more for the common welfare, and less for their own.

There is another reason why, if this surplus persists in flowing into our treasury, it should be welcomed.

The interests of capital and labor are identical. When business is good, work is plentiful and laboring men are well paid. When business is dull, the reverse is true. The student of political economy can predict the period of depression in trade, or "hard times" as they are called, with as much certainty as the Signal Service Bureau foretells the changes of weather. These cycles of hard times come round with quite a fair degree of regularity.

We are just entering another period of depression. Unless something is done to prevent it, times will grow worse, and for the next three or four years there will be great failures, thousands and tens of thousands will be thrown out of work, panics will cause ruin to many, and the entire country will suffer.

Probably at no time in the history of the United States has there ever been greater prosperity in the North than during the years of our late war.

The reasons were threefold:

I. The United States drew from the ranks of workers an immense number of men for its own service. This caused a demand on the part of the private employers for more help than could be obtained. The demand was greater than the supply, and wages were correspondingly increased.

II. The Government became a purchaser in the open markets. The prices offered and paid enabled the seller and

manufacturer to make good profits and pay good wages, besides adding to the industries of the nation.

III. The Government put large amounts of money in circulation, "made money plenty." It is true that as long as this money and these expenditures were largely wasted—that is, were non-producing—the permanent results were not good; but the fact and the lesson remain.

Without enlarging upon these facts, or following out the lesson beyond the limits allowed for this article, the inferences are unavoidable:

I. The surplus, unless obtained in a way prejudicial to the people, is the only hope we have of meeting and overcoming the present advancing period of depression. By using this, as pointed out previously, the Government would draw a large number of men from their regular employments, which would increase the wages of the rest of the working men.

II. This great army of men employed on internal improvements, and on coast defences and in navy yards, would make the Government again a large purchaser of supplies and material, thus giving an impetus to private enterprises.

III. The surplus spent in this way among the people would make money plenty, and thus help business and foster trade.

IV. As much of the money so expended would be on internal improvements, the good results would be permanent, encouraging trade, making transportation easy and cheap, and uniting by still stronger bonds our great country.

V. The great demand for labor would serve to increase wages in all kinds of employments; and if the proper restraints were put at once on immigration, so as to prevent an influx of foreign cheap labor from flooding our market, the natural growth of this country and its positional advantages would give the workmen such exceptional opportunities as to ensure for a long time, at least, good wages and permanent employment.

Many other national benefits would, doubtless, follow these expenditures. But there is still another channel into which a large portion of the surplus could be

turned with great wisdom and lasting usefulness to the Nation.

No one doubts the wisdom that established naval and military schools to train officers for the army and navy. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Hancock, Farragut, and a host of other witnesses to their value and efficiency prove, if proofs are needed, that these schools are a necessity. Are there not other training schools needed in which men and women should be taught to produce values? Is not production in any line as valuable to the Nation as destruction? The greatest need to-day for expenditure of the Nation's money, and the one that will make the greatest returns, is the establishment, at the several centres of population, of large training schools for the purpose of instructing men and women in the science of education, and thus fitting them to be the great leaders of our educational system.

The plan should be similar to that of West Point. Selections of students could be made from the particular section covered by each school, by a competitive examination which should include ability, desire, and fitness to teach. Students should be allowed a salary sufficient to support them during the course, so that talent would be enabled to compete successfully with wealth.

Our fathers felt the need of education. They paid money freely according to their ability, to give their children fair advantages. The work was done well for the times; but the times change, and our needs change with them. There has never been, and is not to-day, any real system in our education. Here and there a born teacher, like Horace Mann, inspired by the greatness of his work, broke through the restraints of the age, made the people catch glimpses of real education; and to-day Massachusetts points with pride to the time when he put new life into teachers and pushed the schools to the front rank in this country. But these men are few, and when they die no Elisha stands waiting to receive their mantle. Our educational system, if it can be called a system, is desultory and unsettled. Here and there a Moses has arisen promising to lead the people into the promised land. He has accomplished something by rousing the

people to a sense of the value of proper instruction. He has sometimes added a thought to the methods employed. But, in general, on account of his lack of proper training, his own one-sidedness has nearly ruined the good ideas he had, and his influence has been destroyed.

The schools are left, to a large extent, groping in the desert, without proper guidance. There are thousands of excellent teachers, who are doing the best they can, but who lack that training necessary to the highest success, and the large amount of money poured out upon our common-school system brings back comparatively poor results. With National training-schools established and put in successful operation, a system of instruction with proper courses of study would soon be established, and would be gradually adopted in our common schools throughout the land. West Point to-day rules military instruction wherever it is given in our academies and colleges. A National training-school at the head of our educational system would soon guide, direct and improve all school instruction.

In addition to this, large sums of money could be judiciously distributed among the States to support the common schools. The Blair bill looking to this end is now before Congress, but its features are so objectionable that it will undoubtedly be killed. In the near future, however, if the prosperity of our country continues the surplus to an extent to warrant it, it is to be hoped that permanent provision will be made for partially supporting the people's schools. There is more need of it to-day than ever before, since "higher education" has run mad and is absorbing the money that should be spent on the schools for the masses.

Good use could also be made of a few millions each year in establishing National Schools of Industry in which every leading trade should be represented and taught in such a way as to improve the products and mode of production. Some States have felt this need and have established schools of this nature, and are reaping the benefits resulting from them. But they belong to the nation, and if once established would have a far greater hold on the masses than the present military and naval schools.

I have discussed this point at considerable length because an educated common people is the hope of a republic; and when a nation can point to 60,000,000 educated freemen and say, "These are my forts and ramparts and walls," it has greater strength and prosperity and security than can be assured by all the armies Germany or France or England can equip for war. There are doubtless many other avenues through which an immense surplus could be ad-

vantageously distributed, but those enumerated show how little need there is to be frightened because money insists on filling our treasuries and demanding to be used.

The question, then, before the American people to-day is simply, "What tariff will tend to develop and build up the United States, protect its investments, whether of labor or capital, and thus bring to all classes the greatest prosperity."

M. W. Hazen.



EFFECT OF FREE TRADE ON PACIFIC COAST INDUSTRIES.



POSSIBLY no State in the Union is so deeply interested in a protective tariff as California. The very large variety of California products, added to the fact that most of them are peculiar to that State and are produced nowhere else in the United States, ren-

ders a protective tariff a necessity. The orchards and vineyards are especially affected by it. For instance, raisins, figs and olives are produced in no other State in the American Union, while oranges, lemons and prunes are also exclusive California products, if Florida is excepted. The raisin industry is now a large and flourishing one.

It is estimated the amount of capital now invested in California in that business alone exceeds ten million dollars. The production of raisins in quantities was commenced in 1880, and California soon became a competitor in American

markets against the European productions. It followed that as our productions increased, the prices of Spanish raisins decreased.

The fact is that so long as there was no home competition the American people were compelled to pay Spanish prices for their raisins; but when California entered the market, the prices of raisins declined, and especially so after it became known that California produced a fine article, and thus became a positive and active competitor.

It is an axiom in business, hardly worth repeating here, that the price of a commodity is regulated by supply and demand. We increased the supply without largely increasing the demand; and although the foreign producer, and in some instances the New York importers, talked down the quality of our raisins, yet they have held their own in the home market, and in this respect California, as well as the rest of the country, has been benefited.

It was not at first believed that raisins could be successfully produced in the United States, because of the difference

in the price of labor here and in Malaga. The California producer pays four times the amount for labor that is paid in Spain; yet the advantage of climate, the richness of our soil, the abundance of our crops, added to the two cents a pound tariff, made it possible for our producers to compete with foreigners in the same line.

We submit, then, that the American people are deeply interested in maintaining this and other industries peculiar to the Pacific Coast; for the reason, if an American competitor is in the field there is home competition, which, like a home market, is beneficial both to producer and consumer.

The Mills Bill utterly disregards this self-evident truth, and cuts down the tariff on raisins 25 per cent., or one-half a cent a pound.

In 1887, there was imported into the United States 40,660,603 pounds of raisins, valued at \$2,297,469, on which a duty was collected amounting to \$313,212. Assuming that next year there shall be imported an equal amount of raisins, there would be a decrease in the duties of only about \$200,000. Now, in order to lower the surplus in the National Treasury \$200,000, the Mills Bill imperils ten millions of dollars of American capital, throws thousands of American people out of employment, and destroys a new and valuable industry; for when a business does not pay to the party engaged in it, it is practically destroyed.

I am aware that it may be claimed that a reduction of one half a cent a pound on raisins is very slight, but it is just the difference between success and failure. It does not begin to make the difference that actually exists between the expense of producing raisins in California and in Malaga.

It must also be noted by our friends in the East that the transportation from California to New York is more than double what it is from any Spanish port to New York, and we are thus again placed at a disadvantage. And in this connection, I am reminded that a vineyard is a thing of slow growth; that it must be planted, pruned and cultivated at least four years before it produces anything, and that it is not in full bearing until it is eight or ten years old; and thus it becomes a very expensive and

dangerous piece of property to hold, if the market value of the product is constantly menaced by national legislation. The questions of supply and demand, good or inferior crops, should be the only ones that imperil the producer.

Nothing in the world but the abundance and quality of our production has sustained this industry with the present tariff duties.

The next attack made upon the California fruit-raiser in the Mills Bill was upon prunes. These were placed upon the free list, although finally restored by vote of the House to the old rate. But the attack was made, and the injury done. The menace was given, and the industry imperiled. Like raisins, the production of prunes is confined to the Pacific Slope. There are over forty thousand acres of prunes now planted in California.

The peculiarity of our soil and climate is eminently adapted to prune cultivation. The American people consumed in 1887, of imported prunes, 70,808,853 pounds. Every pound of these could be and ought to be raised on the Pacific coast. But like all new and struggling industries, this requires the fostering care of the government. It has only been a few years, since California became an active competitor in the sale of prunes in the American markets. Note the result: prunes have decreased in value just as California has increased in production; and this in the face of a one cent a pound duty, which is now imposed by law. It is an undoubted advantage to the whole nation, for us to produce what we consume.

By the Mills Bill, figs are placed upon the free list, which is another one of our infant industries. Figs have hitherto borne a tariff of two cents a pound, and the total duty on figs last year collected by our government was only \$175,057, an amount that could make no appreciable effect upon the surplus in the National Treasury. But with California it was about all of the profits, and even more than there was in the business; for California figs were just come into the market, and very soon would have driven Smyrna figs out of it, by reason of quality, abundance and price of the home production. California is so re-

mote from the seat of government, small in population, that its voice could not be heard, and was not heard in free-trade circles in Washington; indeed, no opportunity was given our people to be heard. We were commanded to remain silent while our property was destroyed, our homes desolated and our laborers turned out of employment.

The right of petition was, in effect, denied us, for our petitions were unheard, and unheeded.

In this connection it may be said, that the most striking and inexcusable blow given to California industries was in relation to olive oil. California stands alone among the American States as a producer of olive trees. For thriftiness of growth and abundance of fruitage, no place in the world, not even Italy, can begin to equal California. It is the home of the olive. To-day there are more than thirty-five thousand acres of olive trees planted in our State, and the acreage is increasing at the rate of twenty-five per cent. a year. We have, at a vast expense, imported the best and rarest varieties of that fruit; but the tree produces but little or no fruit until it reaches the age of from six to twelve years.

As is well known, California orchards require cultivation, at least, two to four times a year; so the expense of maintaining an olive orchard, or, indeed, any other orchard, is very great, especially during the non-productive period of its existence. Within the last four years we have commenced to make olive oil—in a small way, it is true, but still we made it, and made the best. Very little had reached the Eastern market, yet not less than five millions of dollars have been invested in California in this peculiar and most interesting industry, and nearly all of it is invested by people of small means.

In 1887, the government collected in duties from imported olive oil, \$163,648, the duty being 25 per cent. *ad valorem*. It would seem that so insignificant a sum would not have tempted the reformers to strike it from the list of protected articles, but the tariff tinkers were engaged

in a star-chamber proceeding, and we were not heard. Note the result: olive oil was placed upon the free list. It certainly does not seem to us that it was necessary to destroy an important industry simply for the purpose of cutting down the surplus \$163,000. But, be that as it may, it was done; and the people of California as producers, and the American people as consumers, will be the sufferers.

There are a few date trees in California, very few, indeed, and the amount of tariff duties was only one cent a pound upon dates; yet dates were also placed upon the free list. So with currants, so with beans, beeswax, salt, lumber, copper, quicksilver, feathers, fresh vegetables, etc.

While California is one of the largest producers of wool of any State in the Union, yet wool is produced in nearly all of the Northern States. The Mills Bill affects all wool-men alike. But it may be noted in this connection that the Pacific States were peculiarly the object of attack. Whether this arose from the reason that ours is looked upon as a Republican community, and like Dakota, out of the Union, or whether our interests were so insignificant we were forgotten, is a matter which the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives can alone answer.

In conclusion, let me add, the average price of unskilled farm-labor in California is one dollar a day and board; in the Southern and Democratic States, farm labor is from \$8 to \$12 and \$14 a month. In California, planting and much of our cultivation is done in winter; thus work continues the year around. In harvest, farm laborers get \$2.50 a day. In the South the leading industries are not affected by the Mills Bill; here they are destroyed. Why is this? Will our Democratic friends answer, and will they let us know what the Mills Bill means, if it does not mean Free-Trade? When articles are placed on the free list, it is certainly free trade as to those articles, and many of our leading products are so placed.

M. M. Estee.

AMBITION.

ADOWN yon vale, so cool and green,
Where rays of noon were never seen,
So thick the trees were round it,
There stood a beech of giant bole,
Upon a velvet, mossy knoll ;
And birds sang all around it.

A brook flowed softly, close beside,
And tree and knoll upon its tide
Could see their glassy doubles :
The whispering trees in love bent nigh,
And joined their arms when winds blew high,
Dividing all their troubles.

But—O! to be a famous tree,
A landmark great for all to see,
Was then this tree's ambition.
And now, behold, a clearing's made;
Surrounding trees the axe has laid,
To give the beech position.

The brook, beneath the burning skies,
Has shrunk to half its former size;
The birds have all departed.
A landmark, now, this lonely beech,
Far-placed beyond his neighbor's reach,
Is well-nigh broken-hearted.

Rush C. Faris.



THE SKY-SHIP.

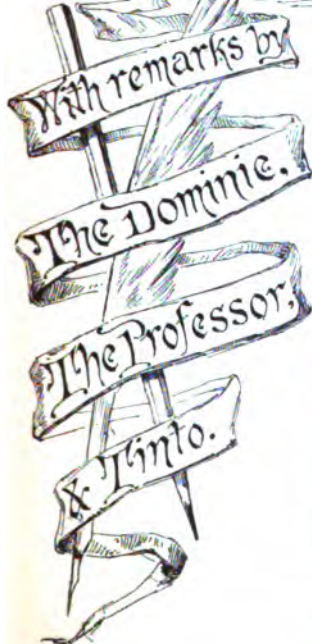
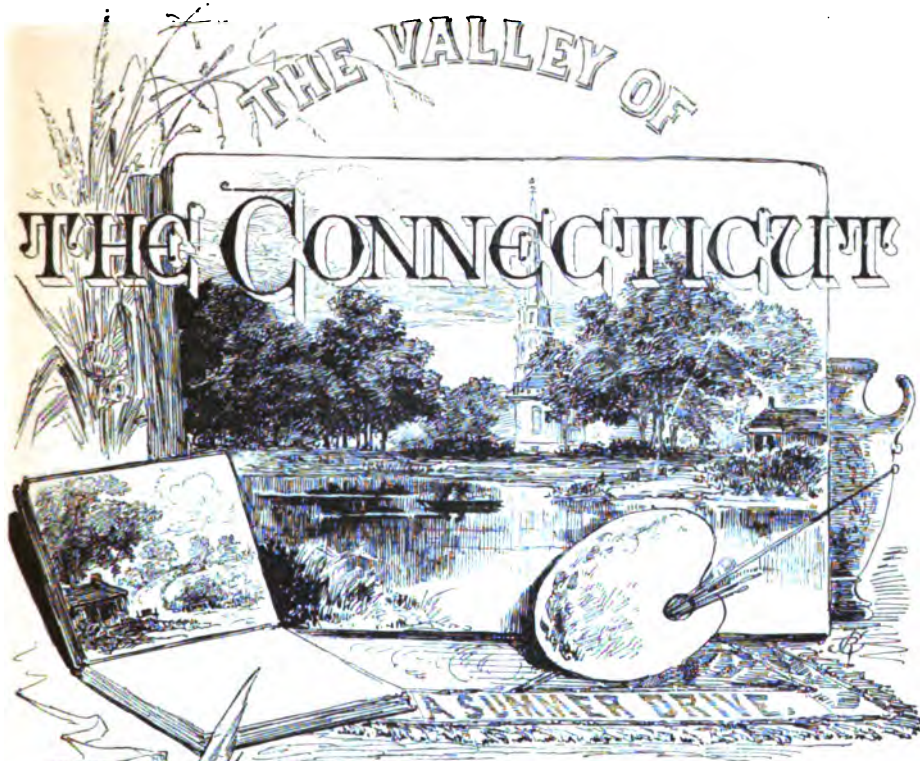
IN the soft wind that blows,
Yon cloud-ship of the sky
Spreads its white sail and throws
A shadow where I lie.

And with my dream is blent
A breath of spice and gums
Out of the Orient
Betraying whence it comes.

Unto a land remote
To fill its rich bazaars
Sails this Arabian boat
Amid the island stars.

And in yon harbor calm
Of Heaven's ocean blue,
Empties her freight of palm—
The twilight's silver dew!

Frank Dempster Sherman.



ALL roads lead from New York, especially on a hot sultry day in July, with the thermometer at 97° in the shade, as it was on the afternoon when our three artist friends found themselves on the deck of a Sound steamer, brightly anticipating a two months' trip through the valley of the Connecticut to the Green Mountain State, Lake George and beyond. They had agreed to meet at the metropolis from afar, to share in the pleasures of a vacation in the mountains, which was to result in rest, recreation and—sketches; and, although men in middle life, were looking forward with all the ardor and much of the impatience of schoolboys to the coming days, for the consummation of the hopes and anticipations of many months.

The sail up the Sound, and up the Connecticut river to Hartford, supplemented by a run by rail along the banks of that beautiful stream to Springfield and beyond, was a delightful prelude to the pleasures of a drive through the upper valley, which was to begin at Northampton and end whenever and wherever fancy dictated.

Stopping at Mount Holyoke, in order to take a bird's-eye view of the promised land before they entered upon it, we find them, upon the second day of

their travels, standing in the shadow of Mount Tom, on the platform of the little station of that name, where the train had left them a few moments before. The

change from the dust and rumble of the cars to the peaceful silence of the little depot had a soothing effect upon their minds, and they eagerly drank in rich

ain. A half-hour's delightful ride over a winding road constantly ascending through the woods, lit up by the rays of a setting sun, brought them to the stables.



draughts of that restful quiet they had come so far to secure.

Calm and peaceful, indeed, was the scene before them. Mount Tom was thrown into deep shadow by the sun, which was rapidly drawing towards its setting, while its slant rays, pouring through the gorge between the mountains, lit up the front of Mount Holyoke, filling the atmosphere with that rich golden light, so fascinating yet so illusive. Few of the habitations of men were to be seen on either bank of the river, which, reflecting the rich tones of the mountain sides and the warm effects of the zenith, flowed quietly but grandly by the landing where lay the little steamboat which was to carry our travelers across to Holyoke. The only sound which disturbed the silence was the rumble of the now far-away train, until the shrill toot of the steamer's whistle warned them that they had further travel before them, and hastening aboard the little craft with their luggage and impedimenta, they were soon out on the bosom of the stream.

Twenty minutes later, when the little craft ran her nose into the shore on the other side, our trio found a low buckboard sort of vehicle, with two horses and a driver, awaiting to transfer them to the cars half way up the mount-

and here they were again transferred, this time to the car of an inclined railway, which ran for six hundred feet further up the steep mountain to the hotel. Taking their places upon the seats, elevated one above another, with their luggage piled upon the lower one, the tinkle of the signal bells sounded, and they began the ascent. As the stable and the engine with the attendant began to descend, and became

Smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

a feeling of nervousness crept over the passengers, which the Dominie endeavored to shake off with the remark that "man is immortal until his work is done;" this Tinto immediately supplemented with "a man who is born to be hung will never be drowned," while the Professor, who was the modest man of the party, quietly remarked, "Well, I am only a passenger," and the car went on.

A discussion as to the most feasible way of escape in case the rope should break, was interrupted by a slight but sudden change in the grade, and the next moment the travelers found themselves gazing up into the face of the genial landlord, who warmly welcomed them to Holyoke's dizzy height. Politely requesting the autographs of his guests,

he blandly inquired, "Will you have supper, gentlemen?" to which Tinto replied with alacrity, "We will," and, as Mr. F. retired to give the necessary orders, he invited his companions out upon the spacious veranda to look at the magnificent view which opened before them.

To those who, like the Dominie and Tinto, have viewed more or less frequently this grand and beautiful panoramic view, with its horizon ranging from sixty to one hundred miles away in every direction, it

ton, and the atmosphere was shimmering under the glare of the setting sun, whose rays lit up the under strata, thus destroying all detail, an effect which was increased by the long shadows thrown across the landscape; and when Tinto, with the pride of the showman, waved

his outstretched hand across the visible horizon, exclaiming as he did so, "Isn't that beautiful?" the Professor was compelled to respond that he "did not see it." All that appeared to his vision was a vast plain broken up by

little patches of foliage and long stretches of shadow, through which a silver band was winding its way in sinuous curves, all dimly seen "as through a glass darkly." To Tinto and the Dominie, who knew what was there, and what should be seen, the mind's eye made up all deficiencies and supplied all the details which the scene lacked to the eye of the junior artist.

Nevertheless, it was with a feeling of keen disappointment that the three friends turned from the view at the call of the supper bell, buoyed up by the hope that the morrow's sun might present it under a different aspect. And it did.

An hour afterwards, when they had satiated their appetites, sharpened by the mountain air and a fast since breakfast, and had taken their seats again upon the veranda, they found the scene had changed to one of calmer and perhaps more attractive beauty.

The twilight was deepening in the west, while the full orb'd moon, rising in the east, was throwing a flood of silver rays across the entire landscape, shedding a glamor over the scene, which seemed to invite confidences; and our three friends, with segars alight, drew their chairs closer together and spent a couple of



presents itself, like Niagara, under peculiar aspects at each visit, and is ever new and interesting. To such, however, as view it for the first time, as did the Professor, there is something so grand in

its immensity, something so sublime in its beauty, that the mind fails to comprehend it, or the eye to take it in. The circumstances under which the Professor saw it were quite unfavorable. The upper stratum of air was filled with the smoke from the factories of Northamp-

hours in social chat and in watching the lights as they twinkled in the valley far below them.

"I should not wonder if we had a valley fog in the morning," said Tinto as they rose to retire, "and if so you will have a sight worth seeing, as it is so rare."

Mr. F. echoed the artist's opinion, and the trio went to their rooms with bright anticipations for the morrow, which were amply fulfilled.

Had some enchanter waved his wand above the scene the transformation could hardly have been more complete or wonderful. During their slumbers the earth had entirely disappeared, and our three friends, the hotel and its immediate sur-



roundings had been lifted in cloudland and seemed to be floating upon a sea of fleecy whiteness which stretched to the farthest horizon. The sun was shining in a sky of the deepest blue,

unflecked by a single cloud. The air seemed perfectly transparent, as indeed it was, and there was nothing to be seen but the level sheet of vapor which formed a base for the bright blue dome above them. This was the "valley fog" which Tinto had predicted. It had come, and he was satisfied. Leading the way to the

observatory, whence a view of the entire horizon could be obtained, he descanted elegantly on what was—to one of the party—a novel sight. His remarks were supplemented on the part of the Dominie as to the causes, origin, object and results of valley fogs in general, by which his companions were very much edified, and doubtless convinced of the good man's erudition.

As the observers looked over the apparently boundless expanse of cloud, they noticed a gentle movement in the mass, which gradually became roughened and then broke into billowy shapes until it resembled a great white sea with innumerable waves rolling and tumbling under the influence of the wind. Then the movement increased; great white masses broke off and drifted along like billows of snow; rifts suddenly opening showed glimpses of a world beneath, then closed again. The golden fingers of the sun were playing with the clouds, or, as the Dominie expressed it, "Old Sol was stripping the coverlet from the sluggish earth." "By and by," said he, "the people in the valley will know that the sun is up; they have not seen him yet."

Then wider rifts appeared, the little plateau half-way down the mountain, with the cottage and stables, came into sunlight, and gray strips and streamers of fog floated through the adjoining woods; then trees in the valley, patches of the plain and stretches of the river showed. Now the whole mass was in motion, broken into curling fragments, some of which drifted away before the wind. Others, driven against the sides of Mount Tom, crept slowly up its steeps, but all fast dissolving under the influence of the sun's rays, till in half an hour from their first

view, Tinto and his friends looked down upon the earth bathed in sunlight, with not a speck of cloud or fog to dim its brightness.

After breakfast the three inseparables were out on the veranda again for a more careful and critical view of their surroundings. On this occasion the Dominie and Tinto were silent, preferring to await the expression of their companion's views as the scene gradually impressed him. Neither spoke for many minutes. At length, after taking in the view from every side, and ascending once more to the observatory, the Professor quietly remarked:

"What a splendid grazing country, and the trees are so small; I don't see a good-sized one in the whole landscape."

"Why!" said Tinto, pointing to an island in the river which flowed close to the base of the mountain. "Do you see that tree at the upper end of the island there? Well, that is one of the eleven famous elms of the Connecticut valley, and its shadow at noonday will cover four thousand people."

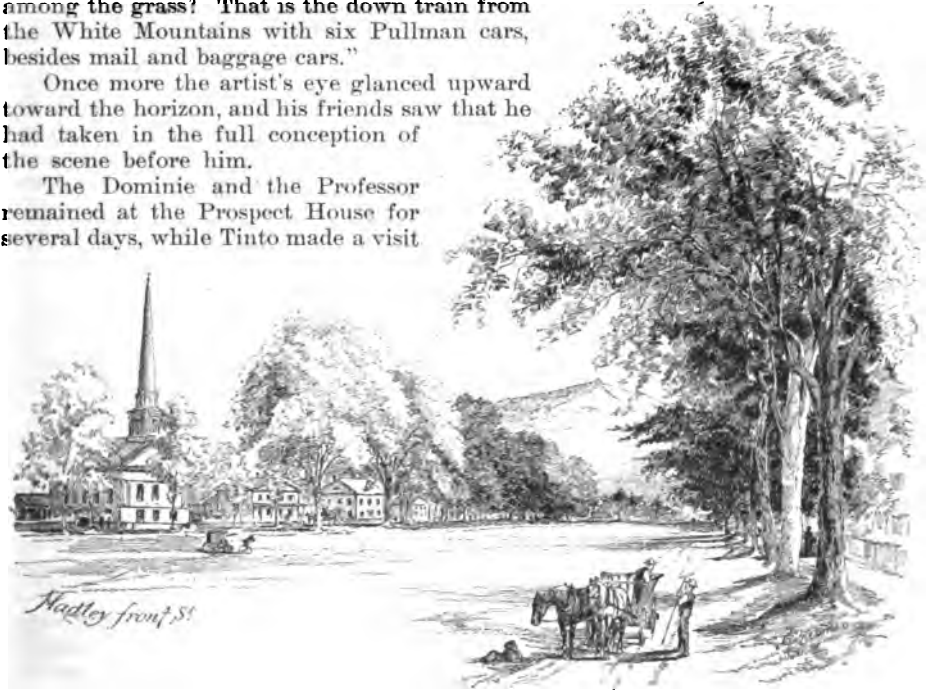
Silently the Professor gazed at the little spot upon the island and then allowed his eye to wander across the field of vision until it reached the far distant horizon, on which rested the faint blue outlines of the Green Mountains. He was beginning to comprehend it. After a still longer silence he remarked:

"Another strange feature of the landscape is that in all this vast expanse I see no cattle, no figures, no life, no movement."

"Let me call your attention," said his companion, "to this field directly at the foot of the mountain. Do you see these minute objects moving about? You can just discern them; those are cattle, and there are scores of them. Do you see yonder, just across the river, that movement which looks like a caterpillar crawling among the grass? That is the down train from the White Mountains with six Pullman cars, besides mail and baggage cars."

Once more the artist's eye glanced upward toward the horizon, and his friends saw that he had taken in the full conception of the scene before him.

The Dominie and the Professor remained at the Prospect House for several days, while Tinto made a visit

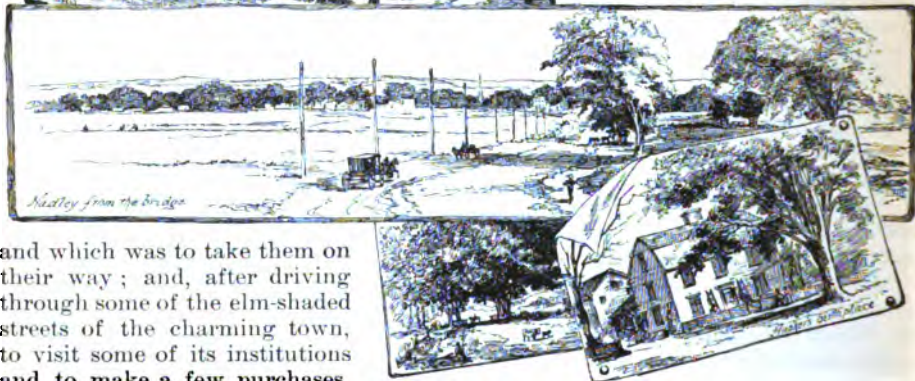


to some friends in the valley, agreeing to meet his companions at Northampton after making arrangements for a team to drive up the valley. "Monday morning at 9 o'clock sharp, I will be there," he had said, on leaving, Friday afternoon.

Punctual to their appointment, the three tourists, reunited, were storing away their traps in the comfortable and convenient rockaway which Tinto had secured,



many a stalk, until they reached the banks of the Connecticut at a point where it was crossed by a noble iron bridge nearly eleven hundred feet long. As they drove upon its quivering floor, Tinto recalled the old wooden structure which formerly occupied its place, and which in a terrific storm several years before was blown off its piers into the river, some twenty feet



and which was to take them on their way; and, after driving through some of the elm-shaded streets of the charming town, to visit some of its institutions and to make a few purchases, they took the road to Hadley, their first objective point.

They were bubbling over with fun and good nature. Stimulated by the fresh morning air, they prodded each other with the shafts of their wit, discussed the characteristics of the scenery and the people who passed them, and gave loose rein to each fancy as it struck them. Their Jehu, a bright and intelligent Yankee lad of about seventeen, entered into the spirit of his passengers, and would occasionally interject a piece of information when the conversation flagged; this would start the flow again, and thus a running fire was kept up hour by hour and day after day.

Just as they were leaving town, the driver pointed out the Northampton Bank, the robbery of which gave it a worldwide notoriety, and a few minutes later the old brick school-house, in the attic of which the robbers had hidden themselves for weeks after, until the hue-and-cry had sufficiently subsided to enable them to escape with their plunder. So, on past the cemetery, under the shade of noble trees, picking fruit from every bough and flowers from

below, while several teams were upon it. Jehu volunteered the information that but one woman and two horses were drowned. Descending rapidly from the bridge to the level of the Hadley delta, the party pursued its way along a road, bordered by broad unfenced fields, in which tobacco, broom corn and various other crops were thriftily growing, until, a little before noon, the carriage drew up at the door of the charming Elm Inn, on Hadley front street. This was the first stage of their journey.

The next morning found our friends still lingering in the charming town, which has been so sweetly embalmed in Holland's verse. Attracted by the picturesque beauty of the place, soothed by its calm, restful quiet, and interested in its rich historical reminiscences, they ignored Jehu and the ponies, and wandered, fancy free, through its broad avenues, gathering food for thought and nuggets of wisdom as they went.

The grand old elms which shaded their pathway had looked down upon generation after generation of pious men and women who had long since passed away; they had echoed the Indian war-

whoop, and the boisterous boyish shouts of "fighting Joe Hooker"; the breezes of summer and the gales of winter had swept through their branches, bearing upon their wings the exhortations and the denunciations of Puritan preachers, the shouts of Lathrop's men as they marched to their death, and the sweet melodious voice of Katrina as she sung in the choir of yonder church. The very atmosphere was fragrant with the memories of other days. Quaint old Captain Elizur Holyoke, who gave his name to the mountain seen through the trees at the end of the street, and who, with his companions were the first white men to stand upon its summit, had looked down upon the beautiful alluvial plain and declared it "a right goodly heritage, and a countrye fair to seek." Dear old Deacon Goodman with several of his neighbors going out to "inspect their bounds," had been slain by the Indians upon its northern slope, and there, in that little ravine the wily foe had laid an ambuscade on that bright June morning when they came so near slaughtering the entire community. Here is the site of the house where for seventeen years or more Goffe and Whalley, the venerable regicides and exiles were hidden from the sight of men, and from whose upper east windows the former had discovered the approach of the Indians. Slipping out of the house, the brave old Goffe mixed with the affrighted people, rallied the men, and led them to victory while that cunning Puritan the "Reverend," in whose house he had been hidden, and whose neck would have been in danger had it been known, preached the next Sunday about guardian angels, and thus threw his people off the track. Just outside the cellar wall, and by the side of the road here, was the tomb, hastily constructed of brick and covered with rough slabs, where the bones of Whalley were found as late as 1794 by Mr. Gaylord, who built his house on the foundations of the Puritan pastor's. Along these streets the rebellious hosts of Shay had marched and counter-marched and had been harangued from the porch of yonder venerable mansion long enough to enable their foes to circumvent and defeat them. Just across the way, and a little to the north of the house where Gen. Hooker was born, stands a venerable

walnut tree under whose spreading branches the "train bands" were wont to assemble when "training" meant something more than holiday sport. Running westward from beneath this monarch of the forest is the road leading to the little cemetery where

"the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

and thither our three friends turned their steps toward

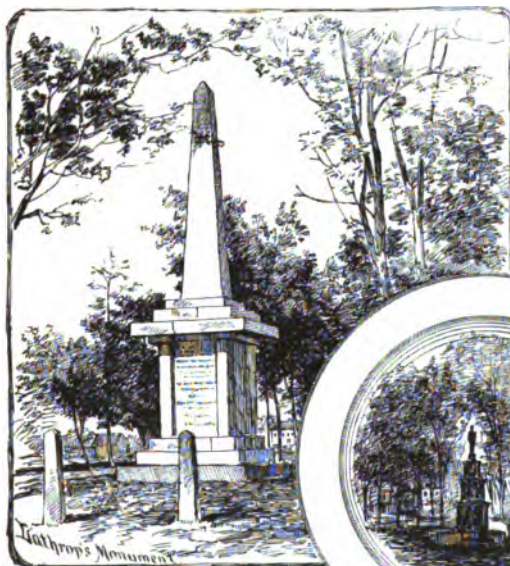


the close of the afternoon, to admire the glorious sunset, and to commune with the spirits of the departed. It was not until they had searched through the entire grounds in vain, and were about to yield to disappointment, that they came

out on a little knoll which looked toward the western sky, and found the object of their search in a number of crumbling and moss-covered stones and tablets that scarcely showed above the tall grass around them. Busy hands scraped away the lichens and searching eyes noted the inscriptions on some of the stones, while Tinto's pencil transferred to his sketch-book the outlines of the scene before them.

It was a glorious scene, seldom witnessed, and long to be remembered. The sun, whose broad disk had just reached the edge of the distant hills, and was partially hidden behind a scud of rich purple clouds, was darting his beams upward and to the right and left, casting an effulgence far athwart the heavens, lighting up cumulus forms behind the overlying scud, much brighter than himself, while the back-

ground tints



beginning at the horizon with pale yellow, graduated into orange, scarlet, crimson, finally fading into rosy tints and into purples.

"See!" said the Dominie, "Phœbus is driving his chariot and horses down the western sky to make way for fair Cynthia dawning on the eastern horizon," pointing as he spoke to a brilliant cumulus cloud far to the right of the sun, which had

taken on the form he described. With wonder and astonishment the others gaze upon the illusion, so perfect that it must have startled the most imaginative observer, until it fades away, and in the gloaming the three wander back to their inn, the Professor remarking:

"We can never hope to paint that sunset."

Bright and early next morning the trio were afoot, and after a good breakfast started for a walk through the byways of Hadley and out along the banks of the river, directing Jehu to follow in an hour or two with the carriage and ponies.

Out into the open fields, along the shady road, or under the wooded banks our friends pursued their way, now in social converse, now scattering in search

REVEREND RUSSELLS REMAINS, WHO FIRST GATHERED AND FOR 33 YEARS FAITHFULLY GOVERNED THE FLOCK OF CHRIST IN HADLEY TIL THE CHIEF SHEPHERD SUDDENLY CALLED HIM OFF TO RECEIVE HIS REWARD IN THE 66 YEAR OF HIS AGE, DECEMBER 10, 1892.

REBECKAH, MADE BY GOD A MEIT HELP TO MR. JOHN RUSSELL AND FELLOW LABORER IN CHRIST'S WORK: A WISE, VIRTUOUS AND PIOUS MOTHER IN ISRAEL LYES HERE, IN FULL ASSURANCE OF A JOYFUL RESSURECTION. SHE DIED IN THE 57 YEAR OF HER AGE, NOV. 21, 1888.





of "bits" for sketches, or sitting together in some secluded spot enjoying the morning air and the charming scenery, until a shout from the Professor who had strayed along the road to regale himself with black-berries, announced that the ponies were coming, and once more they were in the carriage bowling merrily along, with dull care left far behind, and only bright anticipation ahead.

It required constant admonition to hold his horses in, for the fresh and vigorous little animals seemed filled with the same buoyant spirits as the quartet behind them, and their hoofs beat rapid time to the chatter in the carriage. Now it was a charming view of Hatfield, seen across the river nestling among the trees, with here a spire and there a cottage with its sunlit white sides and green blinds peeping out; with a flat-bottom ferry-boat crossing the stream just where it was needed to complete the effect; or it was a bit of foreground which was too tempting for Tinto to resist the desire to "get that." Anon it was a delightful barnyard scene, with the cattle and the chickens, and the rustic men and boys, posed and grouped "just as though they had done it on purpose" to ravish the artistic mind and compel our friends to pause long enough to transfer the picture to their sketch-books.

Here Mount Warner's rounded form loomed up on the right, saying almost audibly, "Come, take my portrait. Here am I in my best, and I've been waiting long for just such a party."

"There! Look at that elm! What a pict-

ure, with the road running up and over the hill, the gable of the cottage showing among the trees, and the ox team on the edge of the shadow, relieved by the sunlight," or—

"What a shame to cut down such a noble elm; it must be over six feet in diameter at the butt. Get out and measure it, Professor."

"Seven feet six inches, across."

And thus they went on, leaving the miles behind them, up hill and down dale, until, turning to the left and crossing a bridge over a densely wooded stream, then to the right, they reach North Hadley, a little hamlet, consisting of a lumber mill, a grist mill, and a dozen or more houses; and here they stop long enough



to make a few purchases and to give the ponies a breathing spell.

The same pleasant road greeted the party after leaving North Hadley. The farm-houses and barns, the well-kept fences and well-tilled fields, all gave evidence of thrift and comfort. Few signs of poverty, and none of the squalor sometimes seen in other sections were anywhere visible. Picturesque vistas opened up on every hand, and called forth expressions of delight from first one and then another of the artists.

Moving thus pleasantly along, chatting on some subject which attracted the driver's attention from his horses, they were surprised to see him rein them up with a sudden exclamation, and, throwing the reins over the dash-board, leap to the ground. The next moment the screams of a child were heard, and Jehu reappeared bearing in his arms a boy of about three years of age, with blood streaming from his mouth. They had run over him, but, fortunately, the horses had discovered him as he was playing in the road and swerved to let him pass between them. It was this swerving that had attracted the driver's attention just in time to see the child pass under the carriage. In an instant the three friends were in the road grouped about the sufferer, trying to ascertain if he was seriously injured, when a woman rushed between them, and seizing the child, disappeared without a word as rapidly and as silently as she came. The screams and struggles of the little fellow convinced all that he was not injured, and there was nothing to do but drive on.

A few miles further and they were traveling along the densely shaded main avenue of Sunderland, where they had decided to stop for dinner. Sunderland is a typical New England village. An avenue three-quarters of a mile long and one hundred and fifty feet wide, liberally shaded by magnificent trees of over a century's growth, with neat and tasty houses, nearly all painted white, with green blinds, surrounded by barns and outhouses peeping out from the midst of dense foliage, with no hovels, no eyesores to disturb the harmony. Driving slowly along the main thoroughfare, the hotel was soon reached, and here a halt was ordered for the pur-

pose of feeding the horses and driver while the artists should "do" the town.

"There is a tree on this street which I must get," said Tinto addressing the Professor. "When we were here last summer I noticed it, but had not time to sketch it. It is a sycamore, and the finest one I ever saw. It should be somewhere about here."

But it was not thereabouts, and it was only after a ten-minute walk that they discovered it, partially hidden behind the foliage of an immense elm.

"There it is," exclaimed Tinto, and he arranged a seat in the shade and proceeded to transfer its features to his sketch-book, while his companions seated themselves upon the grass near by.

Becoming impatient after a little, the Dominie invited the Professor to take a stroll, saying, "It will take him an hour to sketch that tree."

What reply the Professor might have intended was interrupted by a couple of rustics, a man and a boy, who had crossed the street and broke in upon the conversation by saying: "This seems to be the centre of attraction in Sunderland just at present, and I thought we'd come and see what's going on," at the same time looking over the artist's work. Without noticing the remark, Tinto, who evidently looked upon what the Dominie had said as a fling at his artistic ability, determined to retaliate, and quietly remarked:

"Oh, no! I do not make a finished sketch at the time; my method is to get the salient points and complete it at my leisure; thus, if I were taking your likeness, I should proceed somewhat after this fashion," suiting the action to the words.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the rustics, "ha! ha! ha!" while the elder exclaimed, "Here, old man, look at your likeness."

Now the Dominie had not the remotest idea what the artist's pencil had produced, and, without moving from his half recumbent position, replied:

"Oh! I've drawn his likeness often, and I expect to do it again."

But the rustic was not to be put off thus, and with a grin of intense delight he fairly shouted:

"Get up, old man; get up and see your picture. I'll pay the bill," and determined

not to be denied, he seized the Dominie by the arm as if intending to force him to "see himself as others saw him," when, to avoid a scene and a shock to his dignity, the Dominie arose; but, as he did so, Tinto closed the book.

"Let him see it, let him see it," said the rustic. "I'll settle the damages."

But Tinto was obdurate, and the Dominie was denied a view of his "pictur," much to the disgust of the liberal Yankee. A week or so later, in turning over the leaves of Tinto's sketch-book, he noticed on the back of one of them a hasty sketch of a donkey's head, when the thought flashed through his mind that this might possibly be the "pictur" which had so delighted the rustic pair. His native modesty, however, prevented his making any inquiries.

The sketch being finished, the three friends took a stroll through the lower part of the town, admiring the many fine elms which shaded the street, one of which the Professor measured by triangulation, making its height 137 feet, to which the Dominie suggested he should add four inches in order to give an air of exactness to the statement. The diameter, four feet above the ground, was found to be eleven feet, yet it was not considered to be a very remarkable tree.

The afternoon drive was a continuation of that of the morning, leading through a succession of similar views, in which the ever-changing scenery afforded sufficient variety to keep the mind interested, while the general features—the beautiful valley, the charming river views, and the grand curves of the mountains which shut the valley in—were without much change.

Leaving Sunderland by the new and elegant iron bridge, 858 feet in length, spanning the Connecticut at this point, the driver turned off into a road running south in order to give his passengers a comprehensive view of Sugarloaf Mountain, a bold spur of red sandstone rising several hundred feet above the plain, the "salient" points of which were committed to paper, while Tinto pointed out near the summit a projecting rock known as "King Philip's seat," and the flag-pole of the hotel located on the summit.

Late in the afternoon the carriage drove along the beautiful avenue of South Deerfield, made memorable by the massacre of Lathrop and his men. This massacre is known in history as the "Battle of Bloody Brook." During "Philip's war," the Indians, having burned the town of Deerfield without destroying the standing grain, the commanding officer at Hadley detached Capt. Thos. Lathrop and eighty young men, including teamsters, to bring the grain to headquarters. It was while returning that they stopped at this spot to eat of the wild grapes which grew profusely along the banks of the brook. The Indians, several hundred in number, had ambuscaded this very spot, and when the unsuspecting youths had completely entered the fatal circle, they opened a deadly and destructive fire upon them. They fought bravely and sold their lives dearly, but fell like grass before the mower's scythe, until but four remained alive. These broke through the ranks of the foe, and fled toward the Deerfield river. As the foremost in the race turned to cheer his comrades, he found but one beside himself remaining. Together they plunged into the river. One attempted to swim across, while the other crawled to a sunken log and, sinking himself beneath it, kept his nostrils above water for breath. The first was shot, but the other, after remaining in his hiding-place until the Indians, who had sought him persistently, and several of whom had trodden upon the log in their search, had left, when he crawled out and made his way to Hadley, the sole survivor of this fearful massacre.

As Tinto finished the narrative he quietly remarked, "I am of the sixth generation in descent from that man."

Leaving their carriage, to walk along the historic ground, they noted at the side of the road a slab which was just in front of a private residence, bearing this inscription:

GRAVE OF CAPTAIN LATHROP AND MEN,
SLAIN BY THE INDIANS, 1675.

Twenty rods further they came to the monument erected in 1838 to the memory of the brave men who fell on the spot, and, after securing sketches of both, they resumed their seats and were

soon in the elm-shaded avenue of Old Deerfield.

This, too, is historic ground, as indeed is the entire valley. Deerfield was attacked by a body of French and Indians in February, 1704, and forty-two of the inhabitants were killed and one hundred and twelve carried off as prisoners. Every house in the town except that of Captain John Sheldon and the meeting-house was burned, and these were reserved as a *dépôt* for the prisoners. Captain Sheldon's was attacked by a party of Indians, who found the door, which was made of oak, two thicknesses, secured with wrought nails, bolted and secured. After considerable labor they chopped a hole in the door with

their tomahawks, and, thrusting a rifle through the door, shot Mrs. Sheldon, as she was rising in bed with a babe in her arms. When they left they fired this house also, but the few survivors of the raid extinguished the flames, and it stood, a memento of the cruel foe, until within the last twenty years. The door is still preserved in the museum at Deerfield, together with many other curiosities and remnants of by-gone days.

After visiting the museum, the soldiers' monument, and the site of the old Sheldon house, our friends resumed their seats in the carriage, and as the sun sank behind the western hills they drove into the lovely town of Greenfield, where they were to spend the night.

Jno. R. Chapin.



THE SANDWICH MAN.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.



THE children of Paradise Flats were bored. They sat in a row on the curb, watching for something to amuse them. One cannot forever fire stones at sewer rats, nor eternally drive tops into the wooden paving. Neither is the steady roll of wagon, cart and car of absorbing interest to those accustomed to the sight. It would be something to have the patrol wagon pass, or even the fire engine! There was no use of trying to stay inside of Paradise Flats. It was only the mothers who could stand the heat there, and the smells. Besides, Diego had died the night before, and was laid out in the hall closet. Diego had been a rare one at pitching pennies, and the children felt lonesome without him. Still they had no mind for staying in the house with him now. Diego dead was not the same as Diego living.

With such a dearth of popular amusement, it was a great relief when old Rod

Granger came down the back stairs in his sandwich suit. Rod lived up the third flight—rear entrance—in a room by himself. There was nothing the children enjoyed so much—except, of course, a fight—as watching Rod come down dressed for his day's work.

The old man wore a coat of cracked red oil-cloth, and walked between two sheets of canvas, stretched upon frames of pine, and having a printed invitation to all readers to frequent the Paradise Eating House, situated in the basement of the Paradise Flats. On his head was a battered cockade of glazed leather, and in his hands an umbrella of bright green.

He paid no attention to the children, although they followed him, pointing out on the canvas the letters they knew, and running their fingers over his shiny coat. His eyes, too used to the sights of the streets to heed them, were fixed on vacancy, as he walked with aimless and lax-muscle weariness upon his tattered soles. His face was wrinkled and almost coarse, the mouth loose-hanging in un-

conscious slovenliness, the cheeks unshaven, and the mixed beard of red and gray left in bristling raggedness.

Heedlessly he turned up one street and down another, only taking pains to keep to the crowded thoroughfares. When the children of Paradise Flats grew tired of following him, others fell in to serve as his guard, so that all day, wherever he went, there was always a band of little ones dangling after him, and sending their shrill voices above the general clamor of the streets. They were glad, in spite of the excitement, to keep under the shade of the awnings, out of the way of the sun.

Only old Rod seemed unconscious of the terrible heat. The old legs, shambling in their soiled trousers, trembled with fatigue, and the hands which bore aloft the green umbrella, grasped the handle with the nervous energy of a hungry man. Yet he paid no attention when the noon hour was sounded by the great bell at the Chicago Board of Trade, and he let the long, hot, dusty, ill-smelling afternoon, pass, without food or rest.

True, he stopped once at a public drinking place, and thrice emptied the tin cup.

"There are worse things th'n water," said he to the iron griffin that pranced on the hydrant.

The street cars were carrying home the tired thousands from the city, and the awnings were furled above the windows of the closed shops before he got back to Paradise Flats. The children, dirtier and crosser by many degrees, were in their "apartments" suppering.

Considering that he had plodded the streets for hours, it was wonderful to see how Rod climbed those back stairs! He unfastened the straps that held the sheets of canvas together, as he went, and even his coat was unbuttoned by the time he reached his door.

The canvas folded on hinges and consented to follow the shining coat into a chest which Rod opened for the purpose. When the handle was pulled out of the green umbrella, there was still room left in the chest for the cockade.

Rod closed the lid, turned the key in the padlock, hid it under the bed-clothes and broke into a smile.

"I've an hour left," he said to himself.

There might have been only fifteen minutes left, judging from the way he hurried. He took a tin washdish from its nail on the wall and carried it into an adjoining room, stopping to knock at the door. It was opened by a tall girl. Her eyes, large, black and mournful, were red with weeping. The old man laid his large hand on her shoulder.

"You're not lookin' very well, Creta," said he. "Now don't you sit here all night and cry. Come over 'n' spen' the evenin' with me. Y' can't do any good t' poor little Dago by stayin' here 'n' cryin' yerself sick."

"I could n't leave him, you know," said the girl sadly, taking the basin from the old man's hand and filling it at the faucet. "He's to be buried to-morrow and I could n't think of leaving him the last night. I've never left him a night since he was born. Mammasaid: 'Creta, look after Diego,' and I've looked after him just as well as I knew how."

"That you have, Creta," returned the old man, taking the water from her trembling hands. "You have that, true an' faithful. An' Dago knew it."

"Diego knows nothing," cried the girl with passionate gesture. "The dead know nothing."

"The dead know most," said the old man solemnly. "We're the ones that don't know things, an' worry, an' puzzle, an' fret. Take my advice, Creta; don't you cry your heart out. Come in an' spen' the evenin' with me. Ray's coming to-night."

"Then let him come to see me," said the girl sharply, and she closed the door with a bang that grated on the old man's happiness.

"She's a temper, Creta has," said he to himself with a sigh. "I don't suppose Ray dreams of her temper. He always likes folks t' be good-natured. It's right he should."

The old man fell to scrubbing himself with a bar of soap. "Ray aint ought to be bothered with bad nature. It's no more 'n' fair for folks t' be jolly when he comes," and he turned a sigh into a song:

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections present them to—

The rest of the lyric was lost in a spluttering noise caused by the vigorous rub-

bing of a bit of very ragged towel across his mouth. It would not have taken long to count the teeth in the comb with which old Roderick arranged his cow-lick of red-gray hair.

"What a mercy it 'd be if I only had that razor." He took a pawn-ticket out of his pocket and looked at it with affection. "A man never looks himself unless he's clean-shaved!"

He could n't help thinking about it as he put on a clean paper collar and adjusted the rubber of an old-fashioned "butter-fly" necktie over his collar button.

"It was as pretty a razor as ever was made; an' there's that hone—no good without a razor—really no earthly good to anybody."

He took the hone, wrapped it in a paper, and, putting on his hat, made his way down-stairs to the Paradise Eating House. The Paradise Eating House, as its name implied, was a very unusual place. If the proverbial lion and the lamb did not lie down together there, as they are supposed to do in Paradisical precincts, there was no war waged between man and the insect creation. Lazarus, had he been there, would have fared well, for the crumbs that fell from the table were many and the traces of them were not removed from day to day, but were allowed to remain in odorous unapproach upon the floor. A smell of mold gave to the building a semblance of antiquity which might have pleased the modern apostles of ruin and decay. A fly-hung network of pink was draped over the mirrors, and the walls were further decorated by a large engraving of "The Burial of the Pet Bird."

Roderick ordered his dinner, with a cautious outlook toward the twenty-five cent limit placed on his meal.

"Now, don't ye make a mistake 'n' bring me a porter-house!" he called jovially to the waiter. "I don't want anything common to come my way, y' know!"

No one would have imagined he had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Hunger makes drawn faces and dull eyes, and Roderick seemed suddenly to breathe out health and happiness. Who could have guessed the painful miles his old feet had tramped to win the guerdon of that rank-

smelling meal? But there were men with daintier meals who had not so good an appetite that night. He ate with as much haste as heartiness, and the last morsel was not well down when he was opening the door of the Golden Globepawn-shop.

"We're closed for the night," the proprietor said, in protest at his entrance; but Roderick had the hone out on the counter and was looking across with a wistfulness which checked further remarks.

"What do you expect to get for that?" asked the man, rubbing his hand critically over the surface.

"Enough for a cigar," said Roderick.

"What a dude!" laughed the storekeeper. "To look at you, one would n't think it."

He gave the old man enough for a cigar—which Rod only purchased after much cautious inquiry.

"Y' see," he explained, "th' person I'm gettin' this fur, is very p'ticular 'bout th' shape of his cigars, an' hes fancies fur a special color."

"Must be quite a fashionable gent," remarked the tobacconist.

"He is!" returned Roderick proudly.

As he climbed the stairs to his room again, he heard some one in earnest conversation with Creta. The voice of the person speaking was not such as the corridors of Paradise Flats were used to.

"The little robe shall be sent the first thing in the morning," it said gently, "and I will go with you to the graveyard, if you like. After that you are to come home with me—you really must, Creta! You have no excuse that will work with me at all! Now don't look so wretched! I can't understand you a bit! You know I like you, or I would n't want you to come. I believe you are proud, Creta. Well, then, if I must say it, I am not offering charity to you. You shall be as independent as you like."

There was not a little embarrassment in the voice—a voice more used to bantering than to consoling, if one could judge by an undertone of merriment.

When Roderick neared the top of the stairs, he found the speaker standing with her arm around Creta's waist. She was the taller of the two by half a head, and bent over her with a gesture of shy and delicate pity. The severity of her

gown betokened the woman of fashion more surely than any adornment could have done. Old Roderick could not help noticing the elegance of the walking-boot which rested on the broken edge of the top stair.

"Mr. Granger," said Creta, tearfully, "this is the lady who has been to see Diego since he was sick."

"I'm a Friendly Visitor," said the lady, with a depreciating blush.

"Oh," said Roderick, thinking it had a pleasant sound, and not knowing in the least what was meant.

"— from the Charity Organization," she explained, disconnectedly, "— not that I do very much."

There was a moment in which no one said anything, and then the lady suddenly forgot her shyness, and, seeming to yield to an impulse, whispered to Roderick that she knew he was a friend of Creta's, and that she would like to see him alone for a minute.

"You're quite welcome," said Roderick, "to walk into m' room, miss; tho' it ain't a place ladies often goes, an' I would n't like t' say how it looked."

It looked well enough, evidently, for the lady to enter, and to make herself quite at home. Roderick could n't help wishing that Ray was there to see her. She sat in the old wooden chair with a manner so gracious and familiar that Rod could hardly believe that he was seeing and speaking with her for the first time.

"I know you are a friend of Creta's," she repeated, "for she has spoken of you to me. I want to ask you if she has any tie that should hold her here, now that her little brother is dead."

"Why, no," said Roderick, slowly; "I can't rightly say as she hes, miss."

"So I thought," cried the young lady, "and so I can not understand why she does not seem quite willing to come with me. She must surely meet with all sorts of hardships here."

"'Tis so, ma'am," said the old man, sadly; "she's bound to do that here."

"She's no other relatives, has she?"

"Not a soul, miss, now that Dago is gone. Smart boy, Dago—never see him peg tops, did ye, miss?"



"I'M A REPORTER; KINDLY MAKE WAY."

"Well, then," eagerly went on the lady, ignoring the last remark, "what does she want to stay here in this—"

"O, I know, miss," said Roderick, in answer to her apologetic stop, "as well as any one can know, that this ain't a healthy place, nor yet a good place for a young gurrl t' be who ain't got friends."

"But she must have some reason for wanting to stay," the lady insisted, "though I cannot get her to give me a hint of what it is."

"Well," said the old man, after a pause, "p'raps it may be Ray."

The lady looked up quickly at the name, and with an angry little pull at her bonnet-strings, set her chin free from them.

"Who is Ray?" she asked.

"Ray," said Roderick, in a louder voice than he had yet used, "is my son."

"What did Creta say your name was, sir?"

"Roderick Granger," said he, simply.

The lady moved her chair nearer to the window, as if she found the heat oppressive.

"Where is your son?" she inquired.

"He's a comin' here in a little," he replied. "He writes, Ray does, an' makes his livin' by his brains. It ain't always the rich men that hev the smart sons, ma'am. I call Ray a poet myself, though he always laughs whin I do it."

"Writes, does he?" said the lady, absently.

"Beautiful," cried Roderick; "you might be glad t' know him yourself, ma'am; ye might, indeed."

"Does he come to see you often?"

"We—ll, he ain't got much time, y' see. 'Tain't very cheerful fur a lad like him to hang aroun' an ole codger like me. But he's comin' to-night, sure an' steady. He'll be here in a little while, now."

The lady started up, as if to go immediately, but paused again.

"What has he to do with Creta?" said she, sharply.

"Plenty an' enough," the old man returned, with dignity; "they is lovers, is Creta an' Ray."

"But he does n't come very often, you say."

"He hes other affairs, lady, t' engage his min' with. It's but natural fur one as writes."

"That's so," returned the lady, breaking into a hard little smile. "Perhaps that explains it!"

"I'd like to show ye some of his poems, miss," said Roderick, with gleaming eyes, fumbling, as he talked, in the depth of an old-fashioned wallet. "Now here, miss, is somethin' I think as sweet as runnin' water. I'm not an edicated man, an' don't pertend to be one, but I

can tell music whin I hear it, ma'am." He laid a written set of verses in her lap, and she read:

"Her feet, they are so small,
So delicate her tread,
The daisies do not bend at all
When she walks overhead;
But each looks up, and falls in love
With Psyche's tiny feet above."

There were more verses, but the lady stopped with the first one. She was pale, and the hands that held the sheet of paper were trembling.

"Did your son tell you he wrote this?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Wrote it? Of course he did. Don't y' suppose I know his handwritin'? Here's somethin' more, if ye feel interested, miss."

"Black shadows fall
From the lindens tall
That lift aloft their massive wall."

The lady read the lines aloud, and suddenly stopping, looked up at the old man. He was standing with his legs wide apart, nodding his head to her rhythmical reading.

Tears sprang into the lady's eyes. She laid her hand softly on the old man's arm.

"So your boy wrote that, too, did he?" she asked, softly.

"He did that," said Roderick, "an' many another thing, miss, which you could read if you had time."

"But I have n't," she said, with a quick return of shyness. "I must go now. I guess Creta had best be left alone. I am sure your son will be more comfort to her than I will. Your son takes care of you, I suppose?"

A dark flush crept over the old man's face.

"We—ll, ye see," said he, with a sudden stammer, "I—I prefers to take c—care of myself. Young fellows l—like him what make t—their own livin' with their brain, hev all they ken do to git on themselves, eh, miss, eh?"

"Yes; what do you do?"

"D—do, miss?"

"Earn your living?"

"I—I advertises, miss—carries a sandwich for my meals. R—Ray don't know. If y' should ever meet him, please, I'd rather ye did n't tell him. It might put a proud young fellow like that out."

"What does he think you do?" she inquired, strangely oblivious to Roderick's suffering.

"Never asks, miss. He has so much to think of, y' know."

The lady held out her hand, and bade Roderick a quiet good-bye. It seemed to him, as he looked at her then, that after all she was not so pretty as he had thought her to be. The face had had in it only happy lines, as though she had never known trouble, or hardly vexation. Yet now it looked pale and worn.

"Y' ain't afraid to go home alone?" asked Roderick, gently.

"Not a bit," said she, absently, "not a bit;" and she went into the hall, passing Creta, who still stood there, with a hasty "Good-night." Poor Creta looked up with a puzzled expression, but no more cordial light dawned in her friend's gray eyes, and she fell to weeping harder without asking herself the reason why.

A moment later there was a step on the stair, and Creta, turning, fled to her room like a fugitive.

The step had a very different effect on Roderick. He ran for the lamp and held it over the stairs—ceremony which he had not thought to extend to the lady, and which was superfluous now, for before he had got it well into the hall, a form leaped up into the corridor.

A little above medium height, slight, graceful, nervous, with a restless pair of eyes and a head full of quick movements, the lad whom old Rod grasped so tenderly by the hand was one to be remembered anywhere.

"Well, papa!" he cried, mockingly, "I should be pleased to know what perfumed visitor of yours it was who stole by me in the dusk just now. She carried her head down in a guilty way that speaks very bad for you. No flirtations at your age, I hope, papa! You can't expect me to 'do the respectable for the whole family, can you?"

It was evident that it was the voice the old man wanted, and that the import of the speech mattered little.

"I got yeh note, Ray. It was awful thoughtful of yeh to write, lad."

"You see I thought you might have an engagement," laughed the youth, stretching his long legs comfortably, and showing an attractive set of teeth, as he

turned a full smile on the old man; "and it seems that my caution was needed. You just got your pretty caller out of the way in time. Who was she, old man? Come, confess!"

The way in which he overlooked the wretched poverty of the room and the weariness of the poor old face which beamed upon him, must have struck anyone but Roderick.

"It's a friend of Creta's," said the old man in reply to the question. "Here, lad, is a cigar. Let me light it fur ye—so—pull a bit harder. How d'ye like it, eh?"

"First class, dad! Where do you get all of your money, you old reprobate! The cigar smacks of gold. I believe you're turning into a miser and keep your riches stored away somewhere about this remarkable room."

The old man laughed as if the joke were one of the most delightful in the world, and cautiously drew his tattered boots out of sight.

"By the way," went on the young man, "what is Creta doing with such fine friends?"

"Dago's dead," said Roderick reluctantly, as if he felt it a pity that the youth should have to hear of anything disagreeable, "an' th' young lady has bin kind to Creta."

"Diego's dead at last, is he?" the young man exclaimed in a voice not lacking in an undertone of satisfaction. "Then I suppose Creta is as damp as an April day. The satisfaction she got out of living with that little beggar always beat me."

"Well, blood counts fur somethin', as you an' I know, Ray. She did n't see him as we did, lad," said the old man gently.

It was hard to tell exactly what set the young one to laughing, but he fell to it so heartily that his father looked about in actual distress to see what the cause could be.

"Don't mind me, papa," he cried between his paroxysms. "It's a mad world and I have to laugh at it. We're all motley fools, old man, and you and I are not the least of them."

"There ain't nothin' of the fool about you," returned the old man with a sturdy resentment. "Hev' ye written any more poems lately, Ray?"

The young man turned a wide and inexpressive grin upon his father.

"No," he said. "A fellow can't get in the mood for doing that sort of thing every day."

"True, true," Roderick assented with solemn shakings of the head. "I showed the las' one you wrote to the lady that was here."

"The devil you did!" cried the young man springing out of his chair with a hot face. "What did she say about them?"

"Well," returned his father truthfully. "It seemed to be hard for her to understand that you done 'um."

"I should think so!" ejaculated the youth. "Why in heaven's name can't you keep things to yourself, father? Bring Creta in here. I want to find out who that woman was."

Roderick went out with consternation painted on his face. What could be more unfortunate than for him to vex the boy—after a month's absence, too! In a minute he was back.

"Somethin's the matter with Creta," he said in a low voice. "She's got her back up and won't come."

"Won't she?" said the lad with a nervous motion of his head. He walked to the door as if he were commanding a fort.

"Creta!" he called. "Come here!"

Creta came. Her breast was heaving, her dirty little hands clenched, her eyes darting defiance; but she came. She was no match for the young man awaiting her in the doorway. His piercing eyes looked her through and made her tremble. His vexation was stronger than her defiance.

The old man looked at Creta with impatience. What did she mean by trifling with the boy!

"Here, you little ninny," said Ray, in a low voice; "come here and stop your nonsense, can't you. Give me a kiss, you saucy little thing." He put his long arm around her and drew her to him in spite of her struggles.

"If you had n't the prettiest lips in Chicago, you need n't think I would try to coax you out of your tarnation megrims. Sit on my knee, you black-browed jade, and tell me what the name of that mysterious lady was who visited you this afternoon."

"She came to see about Diego," said Creta, still darting lightning from her eyes. "And I think if I was you I'd ask something about him—if—if," the sobs rose and choked her.

"Oh, I know the poor little wretch is dead, Creta."

A change came over his mobile face. He was not incapable of impulses of pity. "Poor little girl," he whispered, "you've had a hard time, haven't you, and not a soul near to kiss the tears off those black eyes." He did it now, and the anger died out of Creta's face as fire fades under water.

"Now tell me the name of the lady. As she went by me it seemed as if her figure were familiar, but it was so dark I could n't see her face."

"She's a saint," cried Creta in a sudden burst of Italian emphasis, "and has been good to me when my friends forgot about me. Her name is Miss Alma Wentworth."

Before Creta could realize it, she was thrown off the young man's knee, and he was standing over the old man with a look of fury in his face.

"You did n't tell her your name, did you, you old fool? But of course you did, your name and mine, too—I can count on you to make a dirty muddle of things."

The old man lifted moist and imploring eyes, but his voice was gone.

"For God's sake, speak!" the young man said, in a voice which fell lower and lower as his anger grew. "Don't sit there like an Egyptian mummy. What does she know?"

"Everything," remarked Creta, quietly, the revengeful impulse of her race coming uppermost again.

She could see Ray Granger grow pale, in spite of his anger.

"Not——" he began.

"Not why I would n't go to live with her, as she wanted me to," she remarked, calmly, "but everything else. Who is she?"

"It's none of your business, my angel. Good-bye to you. I won't see you again for a while."

He put on his hat and started for the door. Creta smiled coldly, and tied her red silk neckerchief closer, with a careful attention to the ends. But the mis-

erable old man, his face bedewed with the sweat of agony, reached out a pair of trembling hands.

"Ray, my son," he cried.

The boy lifted his hat with mock ceremony.

"Farewell, papa," he said.

An inarticulate cry came from the old man's lips. Creta sprang toward him and caught him as he fell forward, and the blood from his lips stained both her brown hands. She laid him on the floor and ran out into the hall and down the stairs.

Granger stood relighting his cigar with a fresh match.

"Here's a keepsake for you," she laughed, laying one blood-covered hand upon each breast. The coat was of light drab, fashionably made and faced with silk of a paler tint. Granger looked down at it stupidly. The sight of blood always made him faint. Creta held up both hands with a mocking grimace and danced about him with a weird outflinging of her limbs. Granger gave a wrench to the coat, failed to get it off, took one sick look at Creta, and then rushed down the street.

Creta went back to the little room at the head of the stairs.

Ray went to his room and got the coat off. There was a note awaiting him.

"I have seen your poor old father," it ran, "and drawn from him a history of your wretched life. Do not think for a moment that he knew what he was telling me. He had nothing but praise and love for you. If you have committed this sin because of me, I shall think more hardly of you than ever, for your judgment of my character is an insult. I read the poems you gave the deluded old man. If you were going to steal, why could n't you take something that every one did n't know. I am too much a woman of the world to forgive you for being stupid. I wish I could bring my truer self to write these lines; but I feel nothing but a cold and bitter cynicism as I think of you—all the more because there is in you a strain of something which might have been genius had it not been perverted. Do not flatter yourself that you have wounded me—I am merely mortified at the blunder I made in believing you.

"As for the poor little Italian girl, stifling in that hole of a garret, I think I know now why she could not accept my friendship—simply because she needs it so much! You will have her sins to answer for, too, my poet. Since you can have no feeling but vanity left, I take pleasure in telling you that the least of the broken and ungrammatical speeches of your poor old father are more to me than the most brilliant of the airy sophisms with which you have entertained me. Spare me the necessity of being discourteous, by remaining away from my father's house in the future; for I am not at home to you, Mr. Granger. ALMA WENTWORTH.

"Aldine Square, Aug. 10."

Granger read the letter twice through.

"It's no go," said he, with a little laugh.

* * * * *

It was a week before old Rod was out again. Then he crept wearily out in his ludicrous sandwich suit. Not even his misery could keep him from looking absurd.

Creta was at the hospital. Diego had been buried by the lady whom Roderick would have liked to hate for causing the trouble between him and his boy but that she had been so kind since.

The sun was terrible to Rod. Never before had it seemed to pour upon his brain so, and never before had the air seemed so laden with heated moisture.

The children who followed him were usually good-natured, but to-day they seemed to resent his dejection. One urchin flung handfuls of soft mud at him, until the shining coat of red was speckled with it. Sometimes the stretch of white paving seemed to undulate in waves like the lake. That made Roderick think that if he were able he would go down to the lake at night, and watch the darkness creep over it from the east. The vision of those restless waters quieted the pain at his desolate heart.

But the sun grew hotter after a time. and Rod forgot even the lake in trying to keep his eyes open. Finally, they closed in spite of him. He sank gently to the ground and laid his head on his arm, with a sense of rest.

By the time the patrol wagon had reached the spot a crowd had gathered. Men came running from their shops and offices; some even left the cars at the exhilarating sight of the concourse, and pushing and jamming, asked each other what the matter was.

"I'm a reporter; kindly make way," came from the outskirts in an authoritative voice. A dark young fellow with handsome eyes pushed into the center.

"Who is the old fellow?" he asked.

Someone who was bathing the face with a wet handkerchief answered him.

"A minute ago he was a sandwich man; now he is nothing but a dead one."

The reporter stooped to look into the dead man's face.

"I've seen him before," he said. "His name is Roderick Granger."

"Has he any friends?" the policeman, who had just come up, asked.

The young man took off his hat, and gave an odd nervous motion to his head.

"I don't think he has," he said, with a grin that showed his teeth. "I never heard of any."

* * * * *

That night the city editor of the *Mail* remarked pleasantly to his policereporter:

"That was a neat little thing you handed in this afternoon on the sandwich man, Granger. You gave quite a personal flavor to it."

"Thank you," said Granger, delicately turning the button in his fresh cuff. "I could n't help seeing something picturesque in the old beggar."

"It's a pity you could n't find out his name. I suppose that about Paradise Flats was all imagination, was n't it?"

"Partially so. You have n't a couple of extra seats for 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' have you? The *Puck* is about the neatest little girl I have seen for a long time."



A POET OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.



HERE are poets who thrive best upon the stories of great cities, who find inspiration in the perpetual march and jostle of crowds, in a life of wear and tear, restlessness and passion; other poets discover their sweetest and purest sympathies in the naked woodlands, where the only voices heard are those of winds and trees, insects and birds; and still others love the gentle tranquillity of village existence, where the boisterous city roar is reduced and harmonized to a far-away human echo. Unfortunately, poets do not often have their choice of vantage-

ground; the problems which confront most men confront them, and they are forced into centres of civilization in spite of themselves. That poet who is able to select his own home, the perfect surroundings which fit his mind and heart, is surpassingly fortunate. I know a few so fortunate poets—only too few. One of them is certainly George Lansing Raymond, of Princeton.

Princeton is an ideal college town. It is one of those cool, green, lovely villages, off the main line of a railway, where the very air seems to stimulate philosophic thought and to expand the imagination. It combines the soothing peace of delicious rural life with a warm scholastic atmosphere. Even the

ive sectarianism of Princeton does not destroy the persuasive charm of the place. The average village is a kind of strait-jacket to eager intellectuality; but Princeton, with all its leaning to the Presbyterian creed, offers a broadening and invigorating influence to the thinker. The noble college which has been established there holds up the mirror, as it were, to good literature. In Princeton, if anywhere, good literature should find its hearing and its reward. As a matter of fact, many of our leaders in ethical and critical discussion write under the stimulus of Princeton, and I see no reason why the college shall not have eventually its own strong literature. At present one of the few distinctively literary men in Princeton is Mr. Raymond—and perhaps he is the most distinctively literary man of them all. Mr. Raymond—who, though he may not yet enjoy large popularity, has commended himself to the attention of serious readers in Great Britain and the United States—holds in Princeton the important professorship of oratory and æsthetic criticism. In æsthetic criticism his high standing can not be disputed. He is the author of "Poetry as a Representative Art," which is properly regarded as a complete and logical statement. This work treats of a difficult and comprehensive subject. The technique of versification, the rhetoric of poetic composition, the significance and the scope of poetry—these are brought by Mr. Raymond into their exact relations, and together they reveal poetry as a definite, definable, lucid art of representation. One critic has described this rare book as "a profound, and, as nearly as may be, a satisfactory history of poetry itself." Another—writing in the *Independent*—has said of it with entire justice: "It applies the test under whose touch the dull line fails. It goes further than this, and furnishes the key to settle the vexed questions as to moralizing and didactic verse, and the dangerous terms on which sound and sense meet." Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, professor of poetry at Oxford, after studying the book carefully, made this comment upon it, which is also the comment that no intelligent reader can hesitate to make: "I have read it with a pleasure and a sense of instruction on many points." The fact that there are

absolute and attainable standards of poetic excellence, upon which a system of criticism may be solidly founded, is clearly demonstrated in "Poetry as a Representative Art;" and that is certainly the great merit of the book.

As a poet, Mr. Raymond is honestly national, American. Not American, let me add at once, in the sense of spread-eaglesism, which is so often mistaken for patriotism. He does not attempt to glorify the Americans at the expense of truth and art; to emphasize the external at the loss of the spiritual. It is, indeed, the spiritual, the deep and impassioned meaning of our American life which he endeavors to sound and to utter. In this task I think he is undoubtedly successful. It is not surprising that he happens to be so genuine an American, even if he were not an American poet. I believe it is a fact that no blood flows in his veins that was not in this country before 1650. His mother belongs to the old Porter family of Connecticut, and Mr. Raymond himself was born in Chicago. He received his education at Andover and at Williams College, and he was afterwards, for several years, a professor at Williams. From there he went to Princeton.

Mr. Raymond has published three volumes of verse, each with a distinct object and quality, all of a thoroughly national character. Unlike the majority of our recent American poets, he does not write on haphazard themes; unlike them, too, he does not cultivate a single style, particularly that highly ornamental and rather artificial style which is now in vogue, which every amateur seems to have at the point of his pen, and which is frequently the elaborate frescoing of triviality. If I should find fault with him from my own standpoint—which is a standpoint of taste more than of criticism—I should be inclined to declare that he has too little luxury in his nature, too much direct, unsifted force. It is apparent, so soon as one becomes fairly acquainted with his work, that he is apt to be satisfied with the expression of a thought, and to neglect the cutting and polishing of the expression. He is a thinking poet, however, not a poetic dilettante, and the body of his thought is unusually substantial; through quick thinking and effortless writing, he becomes facile and strong; his manner is,

on the whole, that of self-adaptation—the adaptation of power of expression to the requirements of a subject; he is seldom out of the atmosphere of an idea; his best lyrics are full of spontaneity, and one perceives a fine artistic instinct behind both his successes and failures. His facility in thought and expression gives his writing now and then the air of sententious morality and of proverbs. His poetry, taken altogether, is marked by vigorous singing quality and intellectual perception, rather than by the glow of color and the intensity of heated emotion. I may point out, furthermore, that once a composition is started by him there is throughout it a prevailing illustrative tendency. From the beginning to the end of a theme he is never betrayed away from it. In this respect he is consistently artistic, far more consistently artistic than most poets are or have been. He has made much of striking the right keynote and not wandering from it.

Mr. Raymond's three volumes are entitled, "A Life in Song," "Sketches in Song," and "Ballads of the Revolution." The first and the last of these are, in scope and meaning, wholly national. They are, if anything can be, Americanism in poetry. "A Life in Song" is based upon an original conception. It treats of a life which could only have been lived in this country and at the time of our Civil War. It is also a unity—in a sense not true of the *Canterbury Tales* and other poems of the same class, after which, at first consideration, it appears to be modeled. The object of this "Life in Song" is to bring into sharp relief the subjective and the objective side of a poet's character. It comprises seven poems which relate the experiences of the poet as told by himself; a prelude, a finale, and parts connecting these giving the experience and character of the poet as described by a friend. In this fashion, the life of the poet, from boyhood to death, is very clearly and thoroughly analyzed. The after-effects of his life are suggested in a series of Decoration Day poems. The unity of the work is, therefore, unmistakable. Its special worth is that of a keen probing into a complete human entity. The seven personal narrations of the poet, by the way, are supposed to be read, subsequently to his death, by a surviving friend, and a

portion of one day is spent upon the reading of each. The essential thought in "A Life in Song"—its essentially American feeling—is indicated in the following lines from the Finale:

The course of one, born humble . . .
Who yet attained the end of highest aims,
As grand as any land or age e'er sought,
Because his effort, struggling towards the light,
Emerged where freemen leave to God and heaven
The right to rule the spirit, though on earth.

"The Ballads of the Revolution" are precisely what one should expect them to be—simple, vigorous, lyrical outbursts of life as it ebbed and flowed during the harsh, resonant period of the Revolution. In writing these ballads Mr. Raymond has not been guilty of what might easily be a tempting blunder—the application of an extremely decorative style to homely subjects. I fear that a ballad of the Revolution would become, in the hands of the average clever poet of nowadays, a bit of smart *bric-à-brac*, possessing the grace of phrase and lacking the ring of truth. Mr. Raymond has here, as elsewhere, adopted his style to his matter. His ballads are ballads of the old-fashioned plan. They are composed in plain, robust Saxon, the speech of our forefathers. There is an epitome of the Revolution in the following stanza:

Nay, theirs are loyal spirits;
But when the wrong is great,
And forms of law do not deserve
Their souls' allegiance, then they serve
The spirit of the State.

All these "Ballads of the Revolution" have a quick, uninterrupted movement, the movement being in no circumstance sacrificed to poetic figure and adornment. Now and then a poetic touch comes naturally to the surface of the narrative; but it is not sought artificially, as it must be sought in the composition of higher forms of poetry. A ballad which does not possess the air of absolute spontaneity—something, too, of reckless rush—is almost sure to miss fire.

One of Mr. Raymond's most important and ambitious poems is entitled, "Ideals Made Real." The style in which this is composed has been commended with much warmth by critics of authority, and the poem itself has been described as "the work of a genuinely dramatic poet." "Ideals Made Real" relates the love of a priest for an actress, and, to

One who reads between the lines, reconciles religion and art. A character in the story says:

And things there are that art can do for man,
To make him manlier. Not the senseless rock
Is all it fashions into forms of sense;
But senseless manhood, natures hard and harsh,
Great classes crushed, and races forced to crawl
Till all their souls are stained with smut and soil—
These seem more human when the hands of art
Have grasped their better traits and hold them forth.

And the poem, "Haydn," gives the love-story of the famous musician, a love-story which comes to a pathetic ending, owing to the interference, social and religious, of those about him. Its evident lesson is that human beings should be allowed to work out their own destinies, as prompted by their own spirits. This query of Haydn's is solemnly and beautifully put:

May there not be
Some depth, beyond the reach of mortal sight,
Within whose subtle grooves our spirits glide
Unconscious of the balancings of will?
God's spirit lives too holy to be seen.
May it not stir beneath all conscious power,
A spontaneity that moves the soul
As instinct moves the body?

In this brief account of Mr. Raymond's methods in art and purposes in poetry, I have not attempted to set any definite critical value upon his labor. My special aim has been to call attention to that labor, and to suggest the kind of intellect which has produced it. Serious criticism of it is certain to be undertaken sooner or later, and meanwhile I shall be well pleased if what I have written hastens the task of the critic. Within the limited space here at my disposal I am not able to make sufficient quotation from Mr. Raymond's books to present an accurate idea of their real scope; but, in addition to the quotations I have already made, I shall not hesitate to copy at least a few more verses. The little extract which follows is from "A Life in Song," and is in gracious contrast to the writer's ethical manner, besides being an excellent example of his treatment of sound and sense:

At times, mysterious sounds of winds and wings
And whispings rose, with long-drawn echoings.
'Twas music, lingering lovingly along
The breeze its fragrance freighted, like a song

From bay-bound barks in hazy autumn calms;
Nor less it swayed my soul than slow low psalms,
Begun where organ blasts that roared and rushed
And made the air-waves storm, are swiftly hushed,
And our thrilled breasts inhale as well as hear
The awe-filled sweetness of the atmosphere.

Here are a few utterances which have the pith of proverbs:

Night, too, blesses him who feels
'Tis a star in which he kneels.

The soul's best impulse in the end
Is evermore the soul's best friend.

Enjoyment is the man's most genuine praise
To him that framed his being.

Too many sate their souls with arts
That fit their lips, but not their hearts.

The true man loves his own, and fights for it;
And, since his own is small, and God's is large,
He often fights to fall.

I quote, also, a passage descriptive of the effects of a natural scene through a purely subjective process. It illustrates a manner of writing in which Mr. Raymond excels:

"Ah, me!" I sighed, yet strangely; for there seem'd,
While all the way the twilight thicker sank,
Sweet silence settling down o'er rival birds
Until the reverent air lay hushed to heed
The hallowing influence of holler stars.
And, all the way, deep folding round my soul,
With every nerve vibrating at its touch,
Fell dim delight, through which, as through a veil,
Some nearer presence breath'd of holler life.
Ah, wandering Heart, and had I had my day?—
With closing gates as golden as yon west?
And whither was I moving in the dark?—
"Who knows?" my spirit ask'd; "who knows or cares?
On through the twilight threshold, trustingly!
What hast thou, Night, that weary souls should fear?
Thou home of love entranced, thou haunt of dreams,
Thy halls alone can hoard the truth of heaven!
Thy dome alone can rise to reach the stars!"

Finally, I am tempted to copy a passage which has the stamp of the "grand style"—that style which arises in poetry, according to Matthew Arnold, "when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject":

The soldier and the statesman are the State's,
And all the pageantry that can augment
The dignity of office and of power
Befts them, as the king his robe and crown.
Not so the poet. He is all mankind's,
Akin to both the humble and the high,
The weak and strong. Who most would honor him
Must find in him a brother. He but strives
To make the truth that he would speak supreme,—
Truth strongest when 'tis simplest, needing not
The intervention of pretentious pomp,
Plumed with its symbols of authority,
To make men keep their distance.

BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.

VI.—MELONS AND EARLY FROSTS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.



SEPTEMBER and October in those early pioneer days in Iowa, as in Dakota now, were taken up with the work of stacking and threshing the grain and plowing the land ready for next season's crop. The vast fields of wheat, with all their wealth of color and motion, the *swash* of green-and-gold seas, had given place to the beautifully mottled stubble, which had in turn bleached to a dull yellow by the time the stacking began.

The shocks standing thickly over the level fields were sagging and weather-beaten, eaten by gophers below and by the chickens and black-birds above. The ferocious heat and hurry of harvest were over, and the superb intervals of warm, hazy days and cool clear nights was upon us before we drove into the field to begin the work of stacking the grain—a delightful and by no means hard task.

It had all the aspect of a "bee" which the harvest had and more, for now began the time of "changing works," and the crew was made up in most cases of the boys of adjoining farms, and in the house the girls assisted (?) each other, and "harvest dances" often ended the day's labor in the field and in the house, while the vast dull-red harvest moon swung up the sky.

Early in the cool morning the McTurg boys came rattling down the road, with many a wild whoop and whistle, trying to catch us at breakfast, and it was our usual greeting to inquire what time of the night they got up. By half-past six we drove into the field; two teams, four men and a boy making up the crew: one to pitch upon the wagons, two to drive and load, and one to stack.

The sun is flaming through a mist that wraps the horizon like a garment, and clings to the jeweled grass like a silver-wrought bridal veil. All is silent, save

the flute-like call of the meadow-lark breaking out of the mist. The corn rustles huskily now and again, as if in thoughtful, intermittent speech, upon the mystery of time and the decay which is falling upon the land. The grain in large shock-rows, weather-beaten as granite, has lost all its color and motion, but its sweetness is still hoarded in the amber, beautifully clear-colored berries beneath the chaff.

With a shout the pitching begins in the field, and soon the load, vast and square, is drawn to the stack-yard to be unloaded into the hands of the stacker. Now, it is an art to pitch bundles and do it well. As the stacker goes round and round, laying the sheaves in handsome, regular order, the pitcher must place each sheaf with its head "just so," and do it regularly and rapidly, for the other driver is loading up and is likely to catch us.

But here is the place where the boy comes in nicely. As the stacker goes around on the further side, it is the boy's duty to catch the bundles deftly on his fork and turn them for the stacker (Ah! how many days we have stood there and turned bundles!) till he gets on the nearer side and the driver can throw them into place again; then down drops boy into a hollow of the stack to shell out some wheat between his hands to make "gum"—delectable morsel!

A boy naturally wants to do everything, and nothing very long. No matter how enjoyable a new job may be it soon grows old with a boy. He is a natural experimenter—necessarily—and is always wanting to do the precise thing he can't do. Set him to turning bundles and he longs to pitch from the wagon to the stacker, though he could not get one bundle in four across the stack.

How delightful it seemed the first forenoon to stand on the growing stack, facing the glorious autumn wind, counting the number of stacks in sight, hearing the

jokes and songs of the young men, and tossing the heavy-headed sheaves! But, alas! how exceedingly tired of it we became after a day or two. Did we not drop with the most amazing readiness into the stack on the far side, and rise to our duty again a few moments later most reluctantly! Especially one of those days, familiar to every Western boy, when a hot wind, steady, powerful and persistent swept up from the fervid south making the ripening corn hiss and roar like a sea on a shingly beach; a wind that rushed over the stubble like the sweep of a terrible great scythe, invisible, and sounding for very swiftness; a wind that drove the chaff into our faces like shot and lifted the side of the stack—boy and all; and laughed, and howled, and snarled in our ear like a crazed demon. O, those mighty equatorial winds! All day while the sun shone and the dazzling plain lay dimmed by a faint garment of mist, that steady, relentless, furious wind swept on.

But if pitching was an art, stacking was a fine art! A perfect stack is just the figure of an egg set upright on the larger end. It is ten feet in diameter at the bottom, twenty at the "bulge," and tapers to a rounding top at a height of twenty-three or twenty-four feet. Simple as it may seem, there are more men in farming regions who can build a good house than such a stack. And this is not all. The purpose of the stack is not to look like an egg, nor to look well, but to shed the rain and to shed it perfectly.

Not to go into details, the bundles must be laid in regular concentric rings, butts outward, the "courses" rising as they come toward the centre. This is called "keeping your middle full", and it is a very praiseworthy thing in this case to keep your middle very full and firm. I can not conceal the professional's pride, and must go a little greater length into particulars. Now the sheaves as they sit for a week or two in the shock acquire a certain "slouch" or slant by sitting leaning upon the centre sheaves. Therefore, when we would "carry the stack straight up," we turn the bundles edgewise. When we commence to "bulge" or "lay out" we turn the long side up, thus making several inches additional projection each round. When

the bulge is sufficiently large (its size depending upon the skill of the stacker) we commence to "draw in" by placing the long side of the bundle down, the reverse of bulging.

Oh! with what care did the stacker make his slow rounds (on the big bulge) on his knees, carefully shoving the bundles out on the outside course and holding them with his knee; and with what pride he looked upon his portly cones (standing, when finished, like dancers, four in a place, about the broad fields), no one but himself will ever know. As he heard the murmured praise of the hired men his heart swelled with pride.

"By jinks! She's a linger! aint she, Bill?"

"She's a reg'ler al' snorter an' no mistake. That filleh c'n stack, *he* can!"

It was hard work, too, stacking was; hard all round. The knees of the stacker's trousers wore out, and innumerable patches of the most iron-clad material were laid on, one over the other, till their owner had the air of being knock-kneed and "sprung." Then the back of his hands swelled because of the muscular force used in seizing the bundles, and pressing them into place; and the sheaves often struck him in the face, and briars got into his hands. If it were barley, the beards crawled all over his shrinking flesh, gnawing and stinging.

But it was cheery and pleasant, not so hard as the harvest, yet having men enough to be almost equally lively—and then there were the melons! We used to think that it was a sort of providential arrangement that "worter melons" should get ripe just in stacking time. And such melons! they seemed to grow spontaneously with us. Sometimes a farmer would scatter seeds from his pocket as he broke, and afterwards have thousands of melons rotting when the frosts of the autumn came. But that was a new land. As the country grew older they required a little more care, but not much.

As the country settled up a little more thickly it became necessary moreover to have the "patch" near the house or deep in some tall, dark corn-field, for the boys got into the way of "cooning" on cool,

clear nights. I'll not stop to detail the precise methods of "coonin'." (I would be under the necessity of collecting outside testimony.) Suffice it to say that it consists of taking a sack (to put your coon in) on your left arm, and a club in the other, and in *scooting* through corn-fields, through interminable rows again and again till—

What I started to say was that in stacking time the heat, and dust, and labor was made of no account by the great red-cored melons which we brought out in the morning and put under the edge of the stack to keep cool till the middle of the forenoon; then, "Come in, all hands," and the big round fellows disappeared as quickly as the dew which lay upon their cool, green sides at break of day. For cool as were the nights, the days were warm and often still. There was a kind of day the exact opposite of the windy day described above, when the ground seemed to pulsate with the heat of the September sun, and the air was still—so still that the buzzing of the flies and snapping of the grasshoppers' wings rose with startling distinctness from the hush; so still, the corn moved not a banner and the hawk's flight grew labored as he hunted over the russet fields, while the clouds hung motionless in the radiant sky.

In the forenoon of such a day, the "Mountain Sweet" or the pink-fleshed "Peerless," rich in the summer's sweetness and laved in the coolness of the autumn nights, had a value impossible at any other place or time. In the shade of the stack, where the crickets chimed dully and the grasshoppers fell with a pattering like rain drops, prone on the ground, the melon in the centre of a laughing circle, we drew to a feast such as the satiated gods on old Olympus dreamed not of. "The quality of the feast lieth mainly in the appetite wherewith ye sit down withal." Mainly, but not entirely, good philosopher; the vast, cool "Mountain Sweet" or fragrant "Cantaleup" had something to do therewith.

Slowly the stack tapers to a rounded top, and its shadow lengthens along the sun-bright stubble.

"Who has 'the honors' this pop?"

"Bill's the lucky man."

The boss figured it so 's Bill could exercise his muscle. "Come, git into place, Bill. Bear down on y'r fork—that's right. Bill's hide has been just crackin' with strength all day. He's been afraid the honors would come on Luke agin."

Bill braces himself, and begins sending the bundles whizzing high into the air, while the rest lean on their forks and jeer.

"A little more steam, Billy. He can't come down half-way to meet his bundles."

Just as the sun is going down, the stacker stands erect like a figure of Victory on a monument, and surveys the glorified landscape, then slides down the side, and, ho! for the supper table.

Some days were always spent in stacking the oats in the barn-yard, where the straw could be banked up for winter use, and these were the pleasantest of all the harvest days, for it was near the house where the girls could come out and chat occasionally and show their pretty calico gowns. The kitchen was so handy that we could smell the dough-nuts frying, and hear the plates being laid for dinner. Attracted by the swarms of crickets and grasshoppers falling out of the grain, the chickens and turkeys came crowding noisily about the stack, singing joyously in their harsh strange fashion as if giving thanks for their unexpected feast.

Neighbors passing by on their way to town stopped to "gas" in the Western fashion.

"Say! Adams?"

"Hello!"

"Y'r stack's tartin over."

"O, get out."

"You bet it is. You'll slide off in another minute. Say!"

"Say it y'rself; y've got y'r mouth open."

"Go'n' to have a shindig t' wind up on?"

"Mebbe."

"Wal! don't leave me out, 'r I'll bust y'r biler. Who's go'n' t' play fr y'! Dave McTurg?"

"Uh-hm."

"That's bully! When y' go'n' to thrash?"

"O! in a week 'r two."

"Wan' to change works, of course?"

"You bet! When *you* goin' to start in?"

"Monday. Come over."

"I'll be there—t' breakfast."

"Yaas! You're likely to. If y' do, I'll——"

"Say, drive on there. Howdy s'pose Adams is goin' t' build a ten-foot bulge with you a clockin' away like an ol' guinny-hen. Git."

Hardly a team passing but had its fling at the stacker or some neighborhood news to talk over in a lazy moderate drawl—the speaker seated with his hands holding the lines and his arms on his knees, while his team fought flies and trundled the heavy load of wheat on the hard dry road. Frequently a brace of boys or the wife or sister would be perched high on the sacks of grain behind. If a woman were thus seen, the remark was invariably made,

"There goes a man with a mortgage on *his* wheat."

Sometimes a drove of cattle, on the way to market, passed along the road, driven by two or three boys on horseback and a couple of men in a wagon. It was one of the most delightful tasks for the boy, this being invited to help drive in a drove of steers. Here the abilities of the boy struck like a star, indeed, very oft against the clumsiness and inefficiency of the older men. On his trained pony, swinging his short-handled, long-lashed whip, the herdboy was a host in himself. Sometimes all the morning would be consumed in getting the herd into a "bunch"—some headstrong steer being determined to lead the herd back to freedom, but he had to succumb at last to the superior skill of the pony and the herder.

As we stood on our stack and watched the herd go trampling and crowding past, when we thought of the ice-cream and peaches that boy was sure to have, in addition to a dollar in clear cash, we grew envious, and replied to his merry shouts but indifferently gay.

But the most charming hour of all was as the night fell, and the lamps were lighted in the house and preparations for supper began. The crickets increased their shrill chorus, and the rumble of wagons and voices of men in the fields sounded near and distinct. The cattle came snuffing and lowing round the bars, surprised at being fenced out from

their usual yard; then came the supper, a noisy, hearty meal, with melons for dessert, and finally the doing of the chores finished the day. One day was very like another thereafter, till the stacking and plowing was done; pleasant by contrast with heat and hardship of harvest, and with the cold and weariness of the husking soon to come. Meanwhile, the life of the herder on the prairies grew more and more irksome. The cattle, finding the grass getting dry and tasteless, grew restless and hard to manage. They roamed largely and stampedes were frequent, and the boy and pony found plenty to do. No more summer siestas under the poplar groves, listening to the king-bird and bob-o'-link. No more plunging into the clear, cool pools of the river, where the long grasses dipped and swung in the current, and the kingfisher darted by; no more berries, sweet, warm strawberries, or thimble-shaped blackberries. It was work, hard work, and lonesome work, too. In contrast, stacking was infinitely more pleasurable, and the thought of the pleasant dinner-table and the lunch of melons was distressing.

Then came days when the wind moaned with a new-old sound through the poplar trees; the skies would be leaden and sunless for days, and finally a cold northeast rain would set in, washing the color out of the leaves, silencing the lark and the crickets, blurring the russet landscape with gray, driving clouds, and filling the roads with mud. A cold, drizzling, lonesome, uncomfortable, unprofitable time, such as makes me shudder to think of to this day!

Such days brought out the gloom, the barrenness and discomfort, the abject poverty and pitifulness of farm-life, to a degree well-nigh maddening. The men sat around the kitchen stove, their coarse and filthy wet garments steaming in the heat of the fire; their great boots, muddy and soaked with water, tracking the floor till it looked like a sty. In the barn all was desolate, cold and wet; the chickens pattered around forlornly, the cattle in the yard patiently stood with raised backs toward the driving rain; only the horses in their stalls ground their hay cheerily and enjoyed the rest from ploughing.

On such days the boys were superfluous. There didn't seem to be any place where they were not in the way—except when a pail of water was wanted from the well or an armful of wood from the wood-pile; and there were innumerable sharp reprimands for not wiping their feet on the mat. But the herd-boys suffered most during such a "spell of weather." All day alone on the prairie, dripping with the cold rain, damp and chilled under our ill-smelling rubber-blankets. There were drear sounds in the tall blossomless grasses and in the poplar groves where the hazel-nut (our only solace) was ripening. The landscape was wet and deserted, for even the distant houses showed no sign of life. Nothing to cheer us save the thought of the warm fireside and warm supper awaiting us. By contrast the home-life grew cheerful and home-comforts came to possess extraordinary meaning as we sat against the fire and dried our sodden garments.

Those were dark days. This farm life it will be seen was attractive, not because of the home-life so much, as because of the superb setting of color and light in the atmosphere and landscape. The farm-houses of the American farmers, East and West, have little in themselves to make them attractive, and it takes but a long cold rain to bring out the terrible contrast of the brilliant landscape on fair days, and the gloom and narrowness of the home-life at all times. There is no gilding of setting sun or glamor of poetry to light up the ferocious and endless toil of the farmers' wives. I can hardly recall what I have seen of their lives at this distance, without tears. Slaves on the tread-mill or in the Roman galleys could not have endured greater hardships than many of these women. Sallow, weazened, old before their time, with a dull, patient, hopeless look on their faces; condemned to a life of littleness and vacuity, occupied in running from stove to pantry, from cradle to frying-pan; compelled to wear the same calico dress a year or two and to approach "him" with fear and trembling to get a dollar for another—there is no poetry connected with their lives, save the sombre and tragic.

We (boys and men) went out from the dingy narrow walls to revel in the

light and air. However beautiful may be the natural surroundings, and there is always the charm of earth and sky, there is no touch of beauty in the average American farm-house.

The men in general terms, make of the house a feeding station, a place to warm themselves in and a place to sleep. Surrounded by sties and litter, and animals swarming with flies, bare-walled, it was a prison for the patient women who had long since abandoned hope. O, weird sisters! deliver me and mine from life on the farm in the rainy season, and when the dust flies and the grass withers!

It did not occur to the boys, then, to pity the women; they were so occupied with their own joys and grievances. A wider experience has taught some of them how heroic was the life of mother or sister. The supply of reading (or amusement) in the house, was scant. Two or three well-thumbed subscription-books, *The Tribune* and the county paper, made up the library in most homes. Some had more, some less. Cards were mainly frowned upon. During any "let up" in the rain, we slipped out to pitch a game of "quates," using horse-shoes, or to do chores in the mud and slush of the barn-yard. Even the melons had lost their savor.

At last one of these interminable days ends with a crescent of glorious light opening in the west as the sun goes down. "If it clears to-night look out for a frost" would be the saying of the weatherwise, and sure enough the next morning the frost lay white and glistening on every board, or stone, or broad leaf. The air perfectly still, is literally intoxicating with its stinging invigoration. The mirage appears, the horizon is as if lifted up and the grain stacks are like the walls of a great city.

The frost is quickly gone, but its effects do not appear till noon, indeed not till the next day. The unprotected vines and plants by noon are withered and blackened as if scorched by a passing flame. In a day or two the corn begins to rustle drearily in that peculiar moving, intermittent way, sighing hoarsely, as if announcing the swift approach of winter. There is something profoundly moving in this rustling of the sear corn. The wind thereafter takes on a new sound, a hoarse wailing intermixed with

wild, sharp whispered colloquies like awed entreaties.

Plowing was the main business of the days after stacking was finished, and the big lonesome acres of bleaching stubble looked very large to us then, for many of the plow-boys still walked, though the riding plow was getting more and more common. We, older boys, in later years saw Johnny riding about under an umbrella reading or eating a melon, the reins tied round his shoulders, and legs crossed comfortably. Johnny read various startling yarns from the *New York Tomahawk*, while riding on the plow.

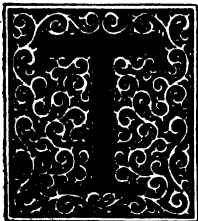
Nevertheless, in spite of the melons, papers, umbrellas, and other ameliorating circumstances, plowing got monotonous, and John looked forward despairingly as he thought of the unthinkable number of times he must needs go back and forth across the level field when the bleak winds began to sorely ruffle. His lips and hands chapped in the sun and wind, and on cold days his coat-collar chafed his chin. There were few breaks to this life, and the boy longed (like the old fisherman in "Cape Cod Folks") for a change

of season. No matter how pleasant the "ale-wife season" opened, it grew a weariness and the "herring season" a blessed change.

The white frost was always significant of great change to us on the farm. It told of the coming of shorter days, ripening corn and of the closing in of the home-life. It was as if Time, sleeping through dreamful September days, suddenly awoke and lifted his head, made a vast desolating sweep of his scythe, strode powerfully forward, then rapt with the glory of color which burned under his searing feet, fell dreaming again—and it was Indian summer on the plain; and the clouds soared and the crickets wildly sang in the brief heat of the noon; the hawk pursued the swift grouse; the stars at night, while the frosts fell, burned in innumerable hosts in the unspeakable depth of sky, but by day the October plain slept under a soft, warm haze of smoke, so heavy (or so impalpable) the wind moved it not, and it dimmed the fierce face of the sun. A treacherous truce, soon to be broken by the onset of the snow.



BEAUTY IN FICTION.



HE pity of it, Iago, that the beautiful should not always be the good, will be acknowledged by the most Puritan nature, but the fact that it is not by any means always the good,

will be denied by no one in his sane senses.

Foster the good and thou shalt tend the flower
Already sown on earth;
Foster the beautiful, and every hour
Thou call'st new flowers to birth,

sang Schiller. It is a pretty sentiment, but it is not true. To take beauty for one's standard is quite as dangerous to moral

and mental excellence as to care nothing whatever about beauty. It is very possibly more dangerous. To know nothing of ugliness—mental, moral or physical, as the author of "Charles Auchester" said of knowing no evil—is to know nothing that can be of service to others in this evil and ugly world. Good taste does not necessarily imply any other kind of goodness. One would shudder for the fate of the child to be brought up by parents determined to surround him only with what is beautiful, to educate him only to the finest standards for the highest types of loveliness, and to guard him from sight and sound and knowledge of all but what could be sanctioned by the most immaculate good taste. Vernon Lee, in her

novel of "Miss Brown," has shadowed forth most impressively the false logic of art for art's sake. To deny such supremacy to beauty is by no means to deny its power and its right to exist, however. He who tries to prove that the beautiful is the good, will waste his time; he will also waste his time if he tries to make the beautiful the good. But he who tries to make the good the beautiful, is the true prophet, the noble worker, the laborer worthy of his hire, entitled to a glorious success. Since charm is one of the most potent factors in the universe, he who labors to make every potent influence for good as charming as possible, is a public benefactor; even though he who will have nothing but what is charming, is the most dangerous of friends, patrons, or citizens.

Of this potent beauty, physical perfection is one of the most potent forms; and here, as in every other of its forms, we find its influence by no means always for the good. That Cleopatra's nose is of exactly the right length, has proved, sadly and strangely enough, a greater element of evil than of help in the history of world or of individual. It is hard to reconcile one's self to this fact; there is a wistful longing in human nature to feel justified in trusting itself to charm, as George Eliot's heroes, even her strongest and best, feel when brought before a lovely woman that her mind must be as noble as her face is beautiful, and that her very loveliness, making it easier for them to do great deeds instead of turning them away from them, will make their passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of their lives. But alas! and alas! too often, for the great aims; if ever there is a struggle between the aims and the beauty, how often have the aims surrendered without discretion! Some noble women are beautiful; but almost all wicked women have been beautiful. Florence Nightingale's nose may happen to be of just the right length; but Cleopatra's is sure to be.

When, therefore, we come to the fiction which is the looking-glass of real life, what part shall we find Beauty playing in the mimic drama?

Of course, the naughty ones will all be handsome; and the silly little ones will all be pretty. Occasionally some

great genius has been able to picture a successful and cunning adventuress, like Becky Sharp, without endowing her with beauty or even with charm; but, as a rule, unintellectual simplicity—simplicity which we have to smile at a little, even though indulgently—simplicity like that of Dora Copperfield—is gifted with beautiful blue eyes and golden hair; self-ish, frail, naughty Hetty is given a sweet, rounded, blossom-like, dark-eyed beauty that makes the very reader long to kiss her before he shakes her; plebeian Daisy Miller, innocent but horribly ignorant, is made to bewitch even the tranquil and intellectual Henry James; while women able to work worse folly and evil than the simply silly or the selfishly frail, have been endowed with a certain splendid physical beauty and charm, from Ouida's heroines down to Zola's. This may be the sternest realism, for it is exactly what we find in real life: folly, ignorance, and weakness awfully pretty; wickedness, cunning, and absolute unscrupulousness, splendidly beautiful. We should expect to find this in fiction; the interest lies, as a study, in seeing the mood in which the author contemplates this undeniable fact. Will he approach it from the Puritan standpoint that all beauty is a snare of the devil? Or with Ouida's insidious belief that whatever is beautiful is irresistible, and therefore pardonable? Or with Henry James's coolly critical and analytical curiosity, that anyone who behaves as badly as Daisy Miller should be so genuinely innocent, and that anyone so ill-bred should be so maddeningly pretty? Or with George Eliot's wistfulness, that pathetic wistfulness, which seems to ask, not so much "Why is it that so foolish or so bad a creature should be so beautiful?" as "How is it that so beautiful a creature should be so foolish or so bad?" In all George Eliot's wonderful delineations, I know of few points more interesting than her study of beauty. It is, as I have said, incomparably wistful. From observation and dramatic instinct, she knows that she must make her frail Hetty, her weak Rosamond, her selfish Gwendolen, her stupid little Tessa, her insignificant Lucy, her hesitating Esther, possess "that order of beauty which seems made

to turn the heads, not only of men, but of all intelligent mammals, even of women. A beauty like that of kittens; a beauty with which you can never be angry, but which you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you." She gives this beauty to them, as in duty bound; but she does it in no bitter spirit; she never implies, "See how frail and poor a thing beauty is, when compared with worth!" On the contrary, she confesses the charm of the beauty that "turns the heads of women as well as men;" it turns her own head; she loves it; she revels in it; she longs to give the very sweetest and best of it to Dorothea and Romola and Maggie and Dinah and Myra. But she never does. She is just. She knows the other women would probably be the prettiest, and with the sternest realism and conscientiousness, she gives peach-bloom and lovely eyes, the pretty dimpled hands, the wealth of hair, the slender and graceful throat, the beautiful arms, to Hetty and Rosamond and Gwendolen and Lucy and Tessa and Esther. She contents herself with not telling us how Romola and Dorothea and Myra and Maggie and Dinah looked; she shows us merely their souls; while in justice to the poorer, weaker natures, she consents to dwell lingeringly on almost the only good quality they possess: their prettiness, their beauty, or their charm. The value of the study lies partly in its justice, but far more in its pathos. It is true that, womanlike, she takes a full revenge. She makes us feel beyond all doubt the final finer charm of her better women; but she does it with no bitterness, no scorn of beauty as something quite unnecessary and altogether dangerous. She wishes, O how earnestly she wishes, that everybody could be beautiful; but since they can't, what have the unbeautiful ones as compensation?

In "Daniel Deronda," this pathetic lingering over the study of beauty comes to its climax. In dealing with Klesmer's passionate love for Catherine Arrowpoint, George Eliot at last answers her own questions satisfactorily to herself. She does it in no foolish bravado; no reckless assertion that worth is incomparably more to be desired than loveli-

ness. Yet she comes to an understanding with herself and us, as to why Klesmer should adore the plain but talented Miss Arrowpoint with as genuine passion as inspires other lovers for lovelier women. She has hovered over the problem with long wondering and indecision; now at last she writes:

The most powerful of all beauty is that which reveals itself after sympathy and not before it. There is a charm of eye and lip which comes with every little phrase that certifies delicate perception or fine judgment, with every unostentatious word or smile that shows a heart awake to others: and no sweep of garment or turn of figure is more satisfying than that which enters as a restoration of confidence that one person is present on whom no intention will be lost. What dignity of meaning goes on gathering in frowns and laughs which are never observed in the wrong place! What suffused adorableness in a human frame where there is a mind that can flash out comprehension and hands that can execute finely! *The more obvious beauty, also adorable sometimes—one may say it without blasphemy—begins by being an apology for folly, and ends, like other apologies, in becoming tiresome by iteration; and that Klesmer, though very susceptible to it, should have a passionate attachment for Miss Arrowpoint, was no more a paradox than any other triumph of a manifold sympathy over a monotonous attraction. We object less to be taxed with the enslaving excess of our passions than with a deficiency in wider passion; but if the truth were known, our reputed intensity is often the dulness of not knowing what else to do with ourselves.*

I can fancy the joy with which George Eliot penned that paragraph. I am morally certain that she laid down her pen after it and closed her eyes, with a delicious sense of having suddenly solved, with equal truth, justice and clearness, a problem that had haunted her in every one of her books and in many of her characters.

Yes, all the silly and naughty ones of fiction have to be pretty or handsome; but how about the heroines? The inability of an author to permit his heroine to be anything but perfectly beautiful is proverbial. He is never satisfied with allowing mere worth to triumph over beauty. He may start conscientiously with assuring you that his heroine is not strictly beautiful, but before many pages he will find it impossible not to mention casually her very fine eyes, or her delicate mouth, or her generally attractive expression. Charlotte Brontë's magnificent revolt, when she determined to interest the world in a heroine who should be poor and small and homely, was in truth a splendid success; but few other authors have felt tempted to follow in her footsteps. They

acknowledge that Charlotte Brontë could create a Jane Eyre, but they feel themselves incapable of it. Hence the number of perfectly beautiful creatures in fiction would be overwhelming in figures, and it is highly probable that the realists would rebel at having everybody attractive: villains, heroes, heroines and fools, all alike fascinating.

But just here comes in the interesting point in our study: how has the average heroine been made to impress us as beautiful? The naughty and the foolish have made us feel their beauty by constant description of it, by incessant repetition from the author of all their charms. From George Eliot to Zola we are made to feel any sensuous beauty of man or woman by the persistent dwelling upon it; the ever recurring allusions to sinuous grace, to the kitten-like prettiness, to the dangerous fascination of finely-moulded hand or arm, to the absolute perfection of form and movement and presence, whether in high-bred Gwendolen or low-bred Nana. But with the heroines it has been different. Almost invariably the author is unconsciously willing to trust the impression to the effect of the girl herself, absolutely without description. Run over mentally and carelessly those whom you would instinctively mention as the most beautiful heroines of fiction; who are they? After Homer's Helen of Troy and Virgil's Venus, you will inevitably recall all of Shakespeare's heroines: Cordelia, Portia, Imogen, Juliet, Beatrice, Desdemona. Ouida's Wanda will be conspicuous in your memory, and you will think soon of Romola, not of Dorothea, for poor Dorothea's utter lack of humor gives her just that little flavor of ridiculousness which prevents us from thinking of her with perfect satisfaction. Romola, too, was destitute of the sense of humor, but then there was nothing humorous in her situation; while in that of the nineteenth century Dorothea there were untold humorous conditions of which her inappreciativeness made her seem absurd. Other lovely heroines will come to mind, according to your range of reading, but I will wager that you never could describe their beauty. What do you know about Virgil's Venus? Only that she walked

like a goddess. What do you know of Homer's Helen? Only that old men rose in reverence as she passed. What do you know of Cordelia's personal appearance, or Imogen's, or Portia's, or Juliet's, or Beatrice's? Here the test is infallible, because the text is dramatic. and in the drama the author is absolutely cut off from any kind of description. Such descriptions of the lady's loveliness as may be put into the mouth of a Bassanio or a Romeo are felt to be the ravings of a lover, with which the spectator may or may not fall into sympathy. The inference is obvious; those authors have most successfully impressed us with the fine appearance of their heroines, who have not entered into the details. One would almost venture to claim that every stroke of the pen which tells you that Araminta had beautiful hair, or magnificent eyes, or glorious arms, or splendid presence, actually weakens the effect. And here we get at the supreme art of dwelling so much on the personal beauty of the naughty, or silly ones; by constant allusion you are made to feel that this "more obvious beauty," as George Eliot said so well, becomes "tiresome by iteration," and that *per contra* the "triumph of manifold sympathy over a monotonous attraction," or, in other words, the superiority of an interesting being whose eyes you don't know the color of, over one whose interestingness lies wholly in the color of her eyes, is made most impressively conspicuous.

All this we have been led to argue out for ourselves, from a certain curiosity as to the kind of impression made recently by a writer who has cared to rely for the interest of her readers on absolutely nothing but her heroine's physical beauty. For Barbara Pomfret's mental agonies certainly do not rise to the dignity of a genuine psychological study. We are given a perfectly beautiful heroine, i. e., a heroine perfectly beautiful physically in the opinion of herself and the author. We are told that she is perfectly beautiful, and how she is perfectly beautiful, with every detail of eyes and hair and complexion, till no other impression of her is intended to be left on our mental retina but that of a young woman supremely lovely. But is she lovely

to the reader? Does such an effort to trick us into admiring a heroine ever succeed? We venture to say never. Barbara Pomfret is made simply ridiculous by her own and the author's ecstasies over her. You don't feel her beauty in the least; you can only laugh. You cannot conceive why Jock should have cared a straw for her; and while, in the face of all the author's adjectives, you would not dare to deny Barbara's physical prettiness, you have a satiated sense of desiring with it some "less monotonous attraction."

The moral of all this is not that we should have any less beauty in fiction, but that authors should study their methods for producing the effect of

beauty. The strictest realist will insist upon plenty of beauty for the silly, the naughty and the heroic ones alike; but he refuses to take the beauty on trust—the author's word is not enough for him. Julian Hawthorne has said most suggestively that we never become as callous to beauty as we do to pain; every new revelation of it is a new and impressive delight to which we never fail to respond. But you must let us discover the beauty for ourselves; all your assurances that it is there, and your description of it, fall to ineffectual ashes in the mere presence of a Cordelia, or an Imogen, about whom the author tells us absolutely nothing.

Alice Wellington Rollins.



THE GREAT RED PIPESTONE COUNTRY.

BY HELEN STRONG THOMPSON.

On the mountains of the prairie,
On the great red pipestone quarry.



WID it ever occur to the reader of "Hiawatha" what could have been Longfellow's meaning by this apparent contradiction? It came to us, a party of ten, on horseback, in its full significance, one perfect June day, as we cantered over the terraces and imperceptible swells of the *Coteau des Prairies*. When we dismounted and climbed what Catlin calls "the noblest mound of its kind in the world," two thousand feet above the level of the sea, we found it difficult to realize the great elevation, because so gradual. Yet in the limpid atmosphere, Lake Benton, fifteen

miles away, was clearly visible, and the course of the Big Sioux, twenty miles west, could be traced by the timber on its banks, while away to the north-east lay the broken hills where the Des Moines and Redwood rivers take their rise. The immediate outlook was not broken by tree or shrub; there was nothing to intercept the boundless ocean of prairie, vanishing into blue and white-capped mountains of sky.

Little has been known of this grand *Coteau des Prairies*, except from a few explorers of 1832 and 1836. This upland prairie—rising four hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding land, for a distance of one hundred and thirty miles—is described by these explorers as "most beautiful." It was a mysterious land, the Mecca of sacred import to the red man. Here, in ages past, terrible battles have been fought by savage tribes, some of the

rude earthworks and fortifications yet remaining. Here,

Glitché Manitou, the Mighty,
Called the tribes of men together,

and taught them the arts of peace. Here, is the famous quarry where the blood-red stone for the peace-pipe—the calumet of history—is found, and many are the thrilling and poetic legends connected therewith.

This blood-red stone has a peculiar significance, and is an object of veneration to the Indian. Since taught by "Manitou" (the Great Spirit) warlike tribes have gathered here in peace, to worship, dig the stone and smoke the calumet. Relics of camps may be traced in great numbers, by the stones placed in circles, now nearly buried from sight, except when prairie fires sweep over them. Legend says that a remnant of red men were driven from a deluge to the top of this rocky crest, where an eagle had built her nest, and that the rising waters swallowed all but one maiden, who clung to the eagle for safety. When the waters receded, the Great Spirit found a cliff of rocky warriors turned into shining jasper! In solemn wrath he vowed that henceforth the tribes should meet here only in peace, that no war-whoop should be heard, no bow and arrow or tomahawk should be seen at this rendezvous, but hereafter the tribes should assemble here each year to wash off their war-paint in the lake, bury the hatchet and smoke the peace-pipe, in token of which, the maiden and war-eagle should sacrifice a milk-white bison—a rare and sacred beast, and an object of ceremonious and mysterious sacrifice. It was laid on the altar of jasper, when lo! the flames of heaven descended, as lightning, connecting the stem of Manitou's pipe with the altar, from whence rose sweet incense, the blood of the sacrifice staining the crag a crimson stain. The eagle also joined in the compact by leaving five eggs, which turned into huge boulders of stone, watched over by two female genii, who remained in the grottoes between those eggs, and alternately sleep and watch the sacred quarry. Then Manitou broke open the quarry for his children, and taught them how to carve the calumet and smoke it as a pledge; after which he left his own impress on a commanding

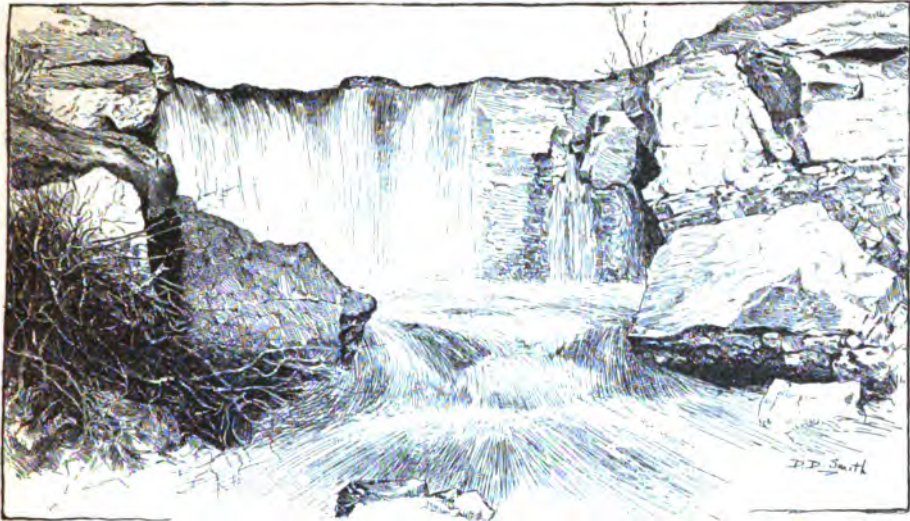
pinnacle of rock, in the form of a human face, and then vanished from their sight.

Since that time, oblations have ascended from tens of thousands of savages, who have left their hieroglyphics on the stones, and unmistakable proofs of their industry in the vast piles of upturned earth. It is said, that long before Manitou had broken open this quarry, when wars and bloodshed had decreased the tribes, three maidens—the last of their sex—fled to these rocks, and the Great Spirit, pitying their woes, turned them into stone, where they stand the object of wonder to-day.

Now in memory of the conflict,
And the part the boulders bore,
They are named in weird tradition
"The Three Maidens" evermore.*

This almost unknown bit of historic ground is situated near the southern end of the *Coteau des Prairies*, on the divide of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, two hundred and eighty miles from St. Paul, in the land of the Da-ko-tas, seven miles from the eastern border of that territory, in Minnesota. From the summit of the pipestone quarry, divide the long parallel swells, like the waves of a sea, until the green of earth and the blue of heaven mingle in one horizon. Catlin, the famed explorer of Indian country, was the first white man who ventured upon this spot. He undertook this journey in 1832, attracted by the fame of this peculiar ledge and the surrounding country, represented by Indian legends and tales. At that period, a journey which consumed eight months over two thousand four hundred miles, was made at great expense of money and physical strength. For companions, he had his trusty Indian guide and a young English gentleman. His description of the *coteau*, the pipestone ridge and quarry is as exact in most particulars as if given to-day, and for this reason has an added charm:

"For many miles in the distance we had the *coteau* in view, which looked liked a blue cloud settling down in the horizon, and when we arrived at its base, we were scarcely sensible of the fact, from the graceful and almost imperceptible swells with which it commences its elevation above the country



"WINNEWISSA'S SNOWY FOAM."

about it. Over these swells and terraces gently rising one above another, we traveled for a distance of forty or fifty miles, when we at length reached the summit of the pipestone quarry, and the object of our campaign. From the base of this majestic mound to its top, there was not a tree or bush to be seen in any direction, and we were assured by our Indian guide that it descended to the Missouri with a similar inclination for an equal distance, divested of everything that grows, save the grass and animals that walk upon it. On the very top of this mound-ridge, we found the far-famed quarry, or fountain of the red-pipe. The principal and most striking feature of this place is a perpendicular wall of close-grained, compact quartz, of twenty-five or thirty feet in elevation, running nearly north and south, with its face to the west, exhibiting a front of nearly two miles in length, when it disappears at both ends by running under the prairie, which is there a little more elevated, and probably covers it for many miles to the north and south. The depression of the brow of the ridge at this place has been caused by the wash of the little stream produced by several springs at the top of the ridge, a little back from the wall, which has gradually carried away the superincumbent earth, and having bared the wall for a distance

of two miles, is now left to glide for some distance over a perfectly level surface of quartz rock, and then leap from the top of the wall into a deep basin below, from thence seeking its course to the Missouri, forming the extreme source of a noted and powerful tributary, called the Big Sioux. This beautiful wall is perfectly stratified in several distinct horizontal layers of light gray and rose or flesh-colored quartz, and through the greater part of the way both on the front of the wall and over acres of its horizontal surface, it is highly polished or glazed, as if by ignition.

"At the base of this wall, and running parallel to it, there is a level prairie of half a mile in width, in any and all parts of which the Indians procure the red-stone for their pipes by digging through the soil and several slaty layers of the stone, to the depth of four or five feet. From the very numerous marks of ancient and modern excavations, it would appear that the place had been resorted to, for many centuries, to secure the red-stone; and from the number of graves and remains of ancient fortifications in the vicinity, as well as from their actual traditions, it appears that the Indian tribes have long held this place in superstitious estimation, and also, that it has been the resort of different tribes who have made their regular pilgrimage here



SPECIMEN BRAVES.

to renew their pipes. It is evident also, that these people set an extraordinary value on the red-stone, independent of the fact that it is more easily carved and makes better pipes than any other stone. Whenever an Indian presents a pipe of it, he gives it as something from the Great Spirit, and some of the tribes have a tradition that the red men were all created from the red-stone, and that it thereby 'is a part of their flesh'. Such was the superstition of the Sioux on this

subject, that we had great difficulty in approaching it, being stopped by several hundred of them, who ordered us back, and threatened us very hard, saying that no white man had ever seen it. and that none should.

"At the base of this wall, and within a few rods of it, on the very ground where the Indians dig for the stone, rests a group of stupendous boulders of gneiss, leaning against each other, weighing unquestionably several hundred tons. These blocks are composed chiefly of feldspar and mica, of an exceedingly coarse grain, the feldspar often occurring in crystals an inch in diameter. The surface of these boulders is in every part covered with gray moss, which gives them an exceedingly ancient and venerable appearance, while their sides and angles are rounded by attrition to the shape and character of other erratic stones found throughout the country.

"That these five immense blocks of precisely the same character, and differing materially from all other specimens of boulders which I have seen in the great valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri, should have been hurled some hundreds of miles from their native beds and be lodged in so singular a group on this elevated ridge, is truly a matter of surprise for the scientific world as well as for the poor Indian, whose superstitious veneration for them is such that not a spear of grass is broken or bent by his

feet within three or four rods of the group, where he stops and in humble supplication solicits their permission to dig and carry away the red-stone for his pipes."

Mr. Charles H. Bennett, Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society, has rescued from the brink of oblivion a historical gem. On the face of a large rock in this famous quarry, he found inscribed the initials of a party of white men who traversed this region four years after Catlin. The inscription is as follows

J. M. NICOLLET,	
C. F.	
C. A. G.	
J. L.	
J. E. F.	
J. R. —	

Expedition,
July 38.

When Nicollet explored the Upper Mississippi region, from '34 to '38, General John C. Fremont, then lieutenant of the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers, accompanied him as principal aid. Mr. Bennett believed that Fremont's initials were among those traced on the escarpment, although not clearly indicated; therefore, to settle the question, he wrote to the General a letter of inquiry, and received a reply, of which the following is a part:*

"We made a camp at the red pipestone quarry, and met there a band of Sioux. The initials to which you particularly refer: C. F., are for Charles Fremont, as I then commonly wrote my name. The names Lake, Jessie and Benton are for my wife and Senator Benton. I wonder if the chimney which stood in front of the escarpment is still standing? It required a sure foot to jump from the main rock to the top of it. I would like to revisit the places your letter recalls. Perhaps I shall be less pressed with work when June comes round, and if so, will avail myself of your kind invitation to be present at the reunion of the Grand Army to gather on this historic spot hitherto sacred to the Indian."

The "chimney" alluded to in General Fremont's letter, has reference to "Manitou Face," or, "Leaping Rock"—the former name given because of its striking

resemblance upon three sides to a human face, said to be the Great Spirit in stone. This rock has been chosen as a goal for the most intrepid youths among Indian braves, for leaping across a perilous chasm thirty feet deep. Those who accomplished this feat might rightfully boast thereof. A tale is told of a young Sioux chieftain, proudly wearing the war-eagle's plumes, who led hither his band of braves to show them his valor and skill, desiring to write his name in glory in his tribe's traditions, but made a fatal leap and found a grave among the stones.

The belief is prevalent among the Indians that, in their yearly pilgrimage to the quarry, they are saluted by the Great Spirit with thunder and lightning. Nicollet cites as his experience during the exploring tour made with Fremont, that half a mile from the quarry they were met by a severe thunder-storm, during which the wind blew with such force as to threaten their overthrow. "If this mode of reception was at first intended as an indication of anger on the part of the Great Spirit, we may add that he was soon reconciled to our presence, for the sun soon made his appearance, drying both the valley and our baggage. The rest of the day was spent in pitching our tents on the supposed consecrated ground, and in admiring the beautiful effects of lights and shadows produced by the western sun as it illumined the several parts of the bluff, composed of red rock of different shades, extending a league in length, and presenting the appearance of the ruins of some ancient city built of marble and porphyry.

"The valley of the red pipestone extends from N. N. W. to S. S. E. in the form of an ellipsis, three miles in length, with a breadth at its smaller axis of half a mile. It is cradle shaped, and its slope to the east is a smooth sward. Its slope to the west is rugged, presenting a surface of rocks throughout its entire length, that forms a very picturesque appearance. . . The principal rock that strikes the attention of the observer in this remarkable inland bluff is an indurated, metamorphic sand-rock or quartzite, the red color of which diminishes in intensity from base to summit. It is distinctly stratified, the upper beds being very much weather-

* Used by permission.

worn and disintegrated into large cubic fragments. The whole thickness of this quartzite, which immediately overlies the bed of the red pipestone, is twenty-six and a half feet. Its strata appear to have a small dip to the N. E. The floor of the valley, which is higher than the red pipestone, is formed by the inferior strata of the quartzite, and in the spring of the year is generally under water, the action of which upon the rock is apparent in the great quantity of fragments strown over the valley, so as to render it uncomfortable to walk over them. The creek by which the valley is drained feeds in its course three distinct small basins at different elevations that penetrate down as far as the red pipestone. This stone, not more interesting to the Indian than it is to the man of science by its unique character, deserves a particular description. In the quarry which I had opened

the thickness of the bed is one foot and a half, the upper portions of which separate in thin slabs, while the lower ones are more compact. As a mineralogical species it may be described as follows: compact; structure slaty; receiving a dull polish; having a red streak; color blood-red, with dots of a fainter shade of the same color; fracture rough; sectile; feel somewhat greasy; hardness not yielding to the nail; not scratched by selenite, but easily by



INDIAN SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.



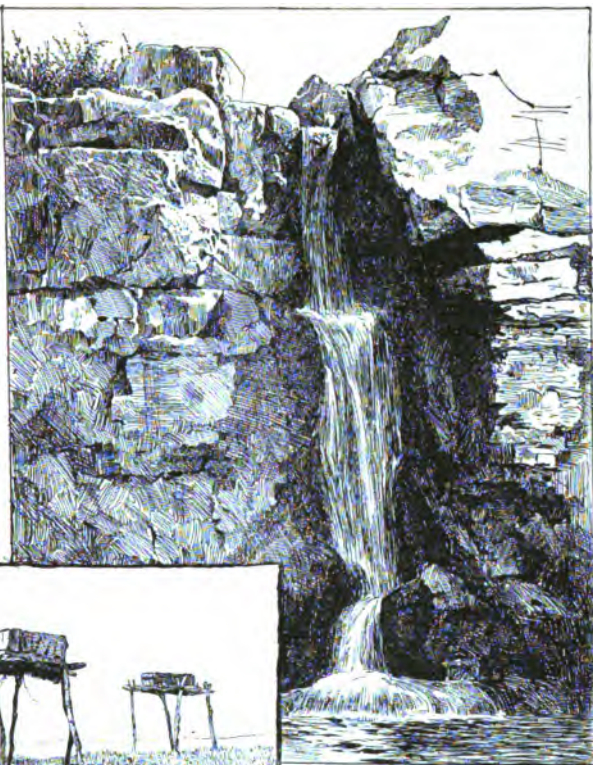
SIOUX CHILDREN.

calcareous spar; specific gravity 2.90. The acids have no action upon it; before the blow-pipe it is infusible *per se*, but with borax gives a green glass. . . . Another feature of the red pipestone valley is the occurrence of granite boulders of larger size than any I had ever met. One of these measured sixty feet in circumference and was from ten to twelve feet thick. These are strowed over the valley, in which it is remarkable that there are no pebbles."

This scientific report of Nicolle's is of great value, com-

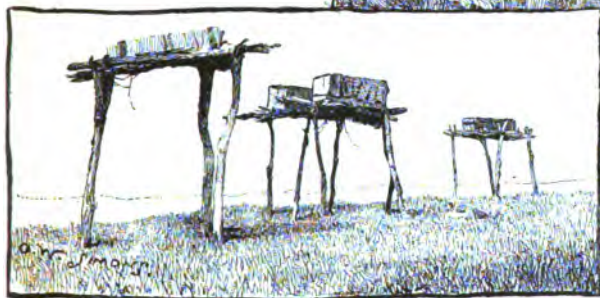
elling the red pipestone to take its place among interesting minerals. The *Coteau des Prairies* must become an important theme for geologists, not merely from the fact that it is the only known locality of that mineral, but from other phenomena relating to it. The single fact of such a table of quartz resting in perfectly horizontal strata on this elevated plateau is of itself a very remarkable and curious subject of investigation. That Catlin maintained this view is evident from the following:

"The glazed or polished surface of these rocks at the



STRATIFIED ROCKS OF PIPESTONE.

produced by ignition or by the action of the air and sun."*



INDIAN GRAVE-YARD.

pipestone quarry I consider a very interesting subject, and one which will hereafter produce a variety of theories as to the manner in which it has been formed and the causes which led to such singular results. The quartz is of a close grain and exceedingly hard, eliciting the most brilliant sparks from steel; and in most cases where it is exposed to sun and air, its surface has a high polish, entirely beyond any result which could have been obtained by diluvial action, being perfectly glazed as if by ignition. . . . The polish does not extend over the entire wall, but is distributed over it in sections, often disappearing suddenly and re-appearing again, even when the character and exposure of the rocks are the same. Generally the parts most exposed bear the highest polish, which would naturally be the case, whether it was

has been the theme of some of the most interesting legends and myths of the North American Indians, especially pertaining to the cause of the blood-red stain of the stone.

Many legends and traditions
Cluster round this sacred spot,
Many histories and records
Deep with hidden meaning fraught.

One simple tale of folk-lore says that in the ages preceding the Great Spirit's decree, a chief's daughter was captured in war. Refusing to be the wife of her captor, she was therefore sacrificed. In dying she predicted that the Great Spirit would throw her blood upon the sun's disk to her people far away, and that the quarry beneath her feet would be

* Some authorities think this due to the polishing effects of sand and dust, driven by the high winds of this region.

perpetually tinted with her blood, and henceforth sacred to all Indian tribes. Another legend tells that the stain is made by sacrifice of the white bison, when the compact was sealed between the Great Spirit and the warring tribes; but the most fascinating of all is told by "Strike-the-Ree," the head-chief of the Sioux tribes, now over ninety years of age, and residing at the Yankton agency. He was married at this quarry, at an encampment of six thousand Indians, and secured the pipestone



SIoux INDIAN WOMAN.

reservation for his people. He is known by his Indian name as Pa-din-a-pa-pa. The charm of listening to this remarkable legend from his lips, sitting among the rocks or at the foot of the lake, can be better imagined than described:

In far-off ages, a million, million moons ago, the Great Spirit formed the first Indian mortal from a star—the first Da-ko-ta.

• "Great Spirit in the night
While lightnings split the heavens thro' and thro'

• J. Ivan Downs.

Plucked down that star so bright,
And in his wondrous might
Did mould and make the bravest Sioux!
And, as he were a ball,
He tossed and watched him fall
Down through the dark, till he alighted there,
Near by yon lake so fair
(T'was larger then, a river coursing through),
Upon soft ground. He was not hurt at all!"

The Great Spirit then made a bow from the rainbow, and arrows from the lightning, and threw them down to this new man, bidding him to be brave and slay the game about him. This first Sioux was mighty and valorous, slaying the deer and bear, the wolf and elk, for many years. "It would take more than twelve moons to tell his deeds," but at last he grew very lonely in the vast solitude, and pined for he knew not what—at least for something new. Often did he dream of another face, and start when he saw his own upon the water. So he prayed for some one like himself, yet not like, but fairer, a voice of music, and a form more pliant. Would she hold him in her arms when he wearied of the chase?

So this first Sioux, Wa-kin-yan, grew sad and thin, and more and more discontented; kept close to his teepee, and left the game unmolested, while he prayed and prayed for another human

form to be sent him. Meantime a huge leviathan (?) named Wi-toon-ti, who lived in the slimy ooze on every creature's blood, afraid of Wa-kin-yan's bow, grew bolder now and peered inside his lodge, with a devilish leer, taunting him to come forth to shoot the buffalo as of old, or even try his arrows on him;

And then he'd limp and sprawl,
And on his belly crawl,
And lash the trees to trembling with his tail,
And rear insultingly each slimy scale!

But still Wa-kin-yan prayed from morn till night that heaven would grant his great desire, till the Great Spirit, pitying him, broke a beam from off the sun, and moulded and fashioned the longed-for one—the first of all her sex; then calling an eagle from a thunder-cloud, he placed her on his back, bidding him carry her swiftly, gently down, and drop her in the sleeping lake by the side of the lonely Sioux. Forever after, those who bathed in that same lake secured immortal youth. But Wi-toon-ti and his monster turtle wife vowed vengeance on the innocent maiden, and determined to suck her blood in Wa-kin-yan's absence. ("From these sprang those dogs of Omahas, you know—ugh!") So they lay and sulked and glowered in the slimy ooze. By day they feared Wa-kin-yan's bow, and by night the Great Spirit guarded the way, so that the monster was forced to change his form to the shape of an elk, thus luring the hunter far to the north, then leaving him in a blizzard storm, sailed back as a swan into Win-ne-wis-sa's snowy foam, hiding 'neath the rocks till the maiden came for her bath, when he sucked her life-blood from under her chin. ("Do you see the blood splashes in yonder stone?")

Ever since that day, in spite of wind and storm, the rocks washed by the white cascade or bleached in summer's drought have carried the unfading stain. But the monsters were slain by the blazing tail-star, and groans, like thunder, rent the rocks in pieces, while blood in torrents filled the rifts, and both were hardened into pipe-stone before another day. The red stone came from Wi-toon-ti's heart, but the mottled rainbow tints from the speckled turtle's blood. Thus came to pass the enmity between Omahas and Sioux, perpetuated to this day.

No less a character than Pa-din-a-pa-pa, and but a step below in authority, is Mana-ce-pa (Fat Mandan), prime minister to Strike-the-Ree and head soldier of the nation, now seventy-four years old. He was at Washington two years since, and has two sons and a daughter at Hampton in whom he feels great pride. It is understood that he will succeed his chief, and is a man of much originality, force and excellence.

It is evident that the cairn mode of burial has been practised at this quarry, though very unusual among the Indians of the great plains. Few of these, elsewhere, are buried in earth or cairns, but encased with their weapons and implements in blankets or buffalo-hide, and placed on inaccessible ledges of rocks, or in trees, or when too far from these, upon scaffolds, or in gorgeous teepee for the chieftain. But the belief in the sacredness and antiquity of the quarry has inclined the red man to endure great privations in pilgrimage from far-off climes, to secure a burial place in the fragments of the stone. "The countless numbers of these cairns in the valley, upon the cliff, and for miles upon the surrounding coteau, literally form a sacred cemetery, and as these purple or flesh-colored rocks are seemingly glazed too hard for carving with any tool known to the Indian, many of them and portions of the cliff are nearly covered with the fading painted totems of the pilgrims who have mouldered to dust beneath them.* Many, also, of the flat stones are covered with hieroglyphics carved by pilgrims, who have sacrificed to the *genii* ever watching the 'Three Maidens.'"

There is much to indicate that the Indians for many generations have highly prized the pipestone for the manufacture of their pipes, and that it has been extensively used by the red man for pipe sculpture throughout North America. Chips of the stone, beads, arrow-points, hatchets and pipes of this material have been taken from graves, mounds, and wells, even ploughed up from fields, in the various States, from Massachusetts to Georgia. The Dakota Indians employ seventy-five different patterns in as many materials, but the calumet is the one venerated. Mr. Edwin A. Barber

says, "The fact that this stone has been taken from Indian graves in the State of New York, and that others were found on an ancient site of a village in Georgia, at opposite points, twelve hundred miles from the pipestone quarry in Minnesota, reveals the great extent of intercommunication which formerly existed among this North American people. There is certainly strong presumptive evidence that the stone of the *Coteau des Prairies* has been used for centuries, and perhaps a much longer time."

The Jesuit missionary, Marquette, smoked the pipe of peace with Indians in 1673, and described the pipe as "made of a polished red stone like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle; it is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage. They also add large feathers of red, green and other colors, with which it is all covered."

In 1779, Carver says: "The calumet is four feet long, the bowl made of red marble, and the stem a light wood painted with hieroglyphics in various colors, and adorned with feathers of most beautiful birds."

Another authority quaintly says: "The calumet is the most mysterious thing in the world among the savages of North America, for it is used among all their important transactions. The head is finely polished, and the quill is made of strong reed or cane, adorned with bright feathers and interlaced with locks of human hair. They tie it to two wings of the most curious birds they find, which makes the calumet not much unlike Mercury's wand, or that staff ambassadors did formerly carry when they went to treat of peace. They sheathe that reed into the neck of birds they call huars, which are as big as our geese, and spotted with black and white; or else of a sort of duck, who make their nests upon trees, though water be their ordinary element, and whose feathers are of many different colors. However, every nation adorns the calumet according to their own genius and the birds they have in their country."

During the blissful June days of our

encampment at the foot of the quarry, not the least important feature was the camp of Indians which came upon the scene; its varied phases affording a most novel enjoyment. Small bands of red men still make their annual pilgrimage to this goal of their fathers, bringing families, household goods, stock and firewood. For several weeks they are diligently engaged in digging the stone, which, with their rude implements of crowbar, axe and sledge-hammer, necessarily consumes much time. At this felicitous time, Manacepa was here, with a band of stalwart diggers, squaws to cook the food, care for the animals and peddle their wares, and old women to tend the babies. One of the latter, Judith Cloud, was indeed an "ancient of years," almost fearful to look upon, because of her great age and wasted features. Another squaw, we named "Old Hunkety," because of her persistence in begging for food, and her ridiculous manner of doing it. She would come to our tent, peer inside, drop on the ground and scream with peculiar insistence, "*Me! Me! Eat! Eat! Hunkety! Hunkety!*" keeping up this cry incessantly till fed. Many of the men had strong, good faces, but the women were invariably ugly. A few visited us to beg, and more to barter, but by no device could they be induced to trade on Sunday, this band having been taught by the Episcopal mission in the Christian faith.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the sunset scene at such an encampment. From a seat above Manitou Rock we watch the smoke ascend from the teepees while the evening meal is prepared; women leading horses and cattle to water; men still at work with crowbar and axe among the rocks, surrounded by a relay smoking their pipes; children scampering over the plain till warned to return by the shrill note of some old woman, as she sits by an outside fire, watching the boiling pot and crooning to the babies in her arms.

Here is the incongruous dress of a cosmopolitan town, the younger portion of the camp clothed in white men's dress—some with cutaway coats, vests, white shirts and white felt hats; others in blouse or frock, with slouched black

hats, interspersed with blankets, feathers, beads and bare heads.

Some of the better dressed are coming in a zig-zag line from the town below, bringing market supplies and greedy appetites. We gaze till we dream of the war-eagle and maidens, the slaughtered bison, the lonely Sioux, Wit-oon-ti, and streams of blood pouring over the rocks and waters with unearthly shrieks in our ears, which proves but the locomotive's friendly call, as it emerges from Dakota's plains into the town, a mile away, bearing the name of these rocks, and practically dispelling illusions, dreams, legends and Indian superstitions.

Some of our party, with less wisdom than frolic, visited a teepee on Sunday morning to buy a few of the specimens of carved pipestone. They found the family at breakfast, and were treated with grave, cold politeness, until their errand was made known, after which the family refused to hold any conversation with them whatever.

A similar result was shown on another occasion when a party from the town visited the Flandreau Indians, who have a church fourteen miles from the quarry, wishing to engage them for a war-dance at the coming Fourth of July celebration. These white Christians undertook the matter on a Sunday morning and found the Indians all at church an hour before service, where they introduced the subject at once. To their astonishment and annoyance they could elicit no response—nothing but blank silence. Thus discomfited, they withdrew till after service, and then made further effort. Still the Indians stared in stolid silence upon the ground, and finally turned their backs upon their intruders in disdain, who then withdrew, too much chagrined to communicate the affair to their townsmen. A few days later, the Indians came in a body to negotiate for their services, thus proving their respect for the white man's religion, though contempt for its violators; yet the very fine rebuke was quite likely unheeded.

One day the Indian medicine man came to the doctor of our party, and, touching him upon the shoulder, said: "You big medicine man?" Being answered in the affirmative, he quickly touched his own breast, saying: "Me too!

Papoose sick. Come to him." Following the Indian, he entered the teepee on hands and knees, to find a boy of fourteen stretched upon the ground very sick with inflammation of the lungs, and tortured for breath in the smoke which filled the tent. "Me wash him in water from the fall. Me pound pipestone fine and give powder. No good. Metake him to Manitou rock. The Great Spirit he see. No help! You big medicine man help!" said the troubled father.

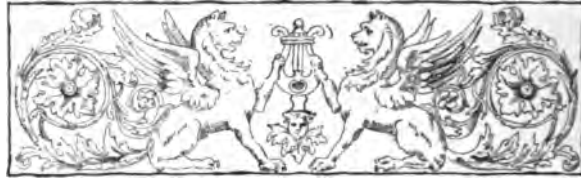
The doctor ordered the fire put out, and after giving appropriate medicines, experienced the pleasure, contrary to his expectations, of seeing the boy recover. A peace-pipe was given in return, which doubtless to the Indian seemed sufficient compensation.

The miracle of the year had reached its height, the days speeding on into July, while we studied the wonders of this legendary spot. Our table was decked not only with game, but wild roses with the dew on; with prairie clover and blazing star, fringed orchis and harebell, while wonderful lilies flamed for miles about us, but we sighed for the asters and golden rod not yet in bloom. We plucked the star-grass, the wild flax, the nodding wild rose and panic-grass, weaving them into groups for painting or pressing, and wondered of the secrets buried in the soil beneath their roots.

Ere the days began to cloy, we were told that an encampment of The Grand Army would soon gather on this Reservation, and we determined to remain to view the city of tents spread below the sacred quarry. When the stormy arches consecrated to the *genii* of the grotto rang with drum and fife and battle-cry, as veterans of the war marched over hundreds of Indian graves in the presence of thousands of spectators, on grand dress-parade; or the cavalry skirmished on the plain beyond, our sensations were at white heat. Here three races were brought together. Around the huge camp-fire at night floated jest, campaign song and story. Here sang a band of sweet-voiced negroes, alternately carrying the crowd by storm with their weird and pathetic airs, or convulsing with comic melody and gesture, contrasting strangely enough with the cold, proud, silent, even stolid demeanor of the red man, standing aloof

in disapproval, and viewing from afar these signs of conquest and all the paraphernalia of civilization. The fact that the Indian in his native state is not known to make sweet music is a curious comment on the race. For the negro, the white man had purchased freedom with his

blood; and these unite in a common impulse of enthusiasm over "Father Abraham." But the red man he had swept from sea to sea. On the morrow they had folded their tents and passed silently away, leaving "the blood-red mystic stone" to "the white usurper."



PIONEER DISTRICT SCHOOLS.



O the traveler from the Eastern part of our United States, who has experienced none of the hardships of frontier life, the district school-house of the West presents a dungeon-like appearance. The thick walls of sod, covered by a sloping roof of shingles, also made from sod; the small apertures for the half-windows and the low door, give no suggestion of school or study.

Fresh from a land of well-organized districts, and communities of farmers who are paying liberal school-taxes, supporting thereby the best common-school system of the world, one forgets that the East itself was once pioneer, and not essentially different from the frontier of the West. The early schools of the Eastern States were as crude in the beginning as those of the Western frontier were later. In the days of the now almost forgotten past there were the log school-houses, the cracks filled with plaster or clay, the wooden shutters which kept out every ray of light when closed, or when open exposed teacher and pupils to many a chilly breeze. Rough-hewn seats, high and hard, on which the A-B-C boy restlessly sat, with his feet swinging in a vain endeavor to touch his toes to the floor. Not always

aimlessly, as the scholar in front of him might testify.

In those rude houses usually presided as teacher of the young hopefuls the smart son of some neighboring farmer, who had been "off to school" (which meant a term or more at Yale, Harvard, or Bowdoin), but who, for lack of the ever-needed cash, taught in vacations, and so worked his way through college. Sometimes the gray-haired master of the village wielded the rod with a dignity unapproachable, and, in proportion, was feared by the mischievous urchins who sat on the front bench, or was guardedly winked at by the indomitable Jack Sly in the back row. But all this is now simply a tale to be told to the present generation that is attending school in the self-same districts. The school-house is a neat frame building, comfortably seated, well ventilated, bright with light from sunny windows, carefully shaded. There are globes and maps for geography and physiology—in fact, all the necessities to make teaching easy and learning interesting.

It was with the remembrance of just such schools over which I had presided a few short months before, that I betook myself to the frontier, and "tried" the West in more ways than as teacher.

I had ridden many hundred miles through fields, past large cities and small villages, until finally coming to

vast prairies, with here and there a low sod home, a straw shed, with sometimes a haystack, all in close proximity to each other, I was fully convinced that I was nearing the end of my journey. After reaching the last railroad station on my route, I crossed in an open stage seventy-five miles of drear prairie land. Sometimes it presented miles of unbroken surface, then suddenly I would find myself on the bank of a deep gorge or cañon. I crossed sand-hills and valleys of sand too, till at last I came to the home of my old friend and neighbor of the East, who had promised me health and a school as an inducement for my coming West.

So, after a week's rest I began my experience as a trainer of Western olive-branches. There were no children to show me the way to the school-house in my friend's family, but I was assured of company on the way, and was laughingly told I might be able to learn how to teach "skule" if I listened to the remarks of my juvenile escort.

"Yes, here comes Tommy," she said, "and good luck to you." Tommy was a ten-year-old boy, who had been to "skule" in Kansas "afore he kum West," he told me. "Guess yer don't know whar the 'cademy is, do yer?"

"The academy?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, my! ain't yer goin' to bite? Skule-house, o' course."

"No. I expect you will show me the way."

"Guess ye'll know when ye git thar. Yon comes Sairah Smithers. Said she'd kum the first day, an' see how yer run it."

"Run! Why, my boy, I am not a foot-racer."

"Oh, sho' now; I mean teach'd it. Yer see, she wuz our teacher last year, an' she felt mighty big over it. Put on a dress with a trail onter the e-end of it, an' slung on style fit ter kill; but 't warn't



THE ACADEMY.

no go—we all know'd her. But she'll be too big to larn of yer. Thar! now, do yer see that? That's hit." And looking where he pointed I saw a sod school-house for the first time. Crossing a narrow cañon which Tommy called Dry Creek, I entered the low door and took a survey of the place.

Two half-windows opposite each other gave a little light to a room of perhaps twenty feet square. There was no flooring to cover the ground, which was worn into wave-like ridges between the desks. The desks were of unplanned pine, angular and high, and the books were piled on the top of each desk, as there were no shelves underneath. The teacher was honored with a pine box, which had been



GOING TO THE TABERNACLE.

constructed by nailing together two soap boxes, thus forming a shelf inside. The chair resembled an overgrown milking-stool. A strip of tarred paper on the clay wall made an apology for a black-board, and a huge cow-bell completed the list of school requisites.

But the amount of loose dirt or dust brought dismay to my hitherto undaunted heart.

"How an I ever to get this dust out?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, jist throw on half a dozen pails o' water ter-night, an' that'll lay ther dust an' stick ther fleas," said my ready adviser.

And so it did. I rang my bell almost with a desire to dismiss them once for all. The urchins filed in bashfully, seated themselves to their own satisfaction, while I silently took in the situation.

After the usual opening exercises, which were evidently a new feature to Sarah Smithers, I proceeded to register the names. The former teacher had

seemingly decided to attend, and gave in her name with the prefix *Miss* very emphatic, while the youngest boy in the school announced himself as "James William Jones, Esquire." The remainder of the day passed with no unusual feature to mark the behavior of the pupils, though they were all true children of the prairie.

One thing I was determined on: that, in lieu of a good black-board, more than one strip of tarred paper should be furnished. So I covered all four walls, as high as one could reach conveniently, with this material. Then I taught orally, large and small, old and young. It is needless to say that with such effort my school became to me the most interesting one I ever taught. One thing in this frontier life was better than in that of the pioneer system of the East, viz.: the teacher did not board round. So every night found me wending my way down the steep side of the cañon, up the opposite bank, along its windings to my friend's house.

As my first Sabbath in the West was a fair specimen of many others, I can do no better than give a description of that day. It was a bright sunshiny morning, the birds were singing loudly in the tops of the trees which lined the cañon, when I woke to wonder what I could do that long long day. But the odor of coffee and of ham and eggs roused me to action. After a hasty toilet, I joined the family at breakfast.

"Well, I suppose you would like to attend church at the Tabernacle," said mine host.

"And listen to the priest of ceremonies," added his wife.

"Certainly, if you promise anything so entertaining," I said. "But where?"

"Never mind, but wait and see," was the reply.

So, curbing my desire to ask questions, we were soon driving over a rolling prairie at a merry speed.

"Seems to me we are going in a circle," I at last remarked. "And we are; there's my school-house now."

"Or the Tabernacle on Sundays," said mine host. There were a number of lumber-wagons standing near. Horses tied to the wheels were quietly eating the hay in the boxes, but not a wagon contained a seat. Entering the house, this was explained. For the floor was covered with spring-seats from the wagons, thus accomodating quite a large audience. We were just in time to hear the preacher say: "All rise and sing."

Can you imagine congregational singing, which consists of voices high and low, fast and slow, with infinite variety

of slurs and holds, each being sung according to the singer's individual idea of time and tune. If so, you have a faint conception of that part of the day's worship. Evidently, the preacher trusted to some particular endowment of the spirit, rather than any educational advantages. And though he introduced Zacheus to his hearers as he "klumb a tree" and left him "thar a settin'," while he "drug" their attention to other scenes; still the majority of his audience seemed to be highly edified. The sermon ended, the men walked out to their horses, and horse trading was the next theme of interest to them, while the women gossiped of home affairs, and cast furtive glances at the teacher.

But at last the day's worship and visit were ended. The western sun bathed the green prairies in gorgeous splendor, as it sank out of sight, leaving us in silent, shadowy twilight.

One thing always noticeable in the West, is the short twilights. The great ball of fire drops below the horizon, and in a few moments the last ray of light is gone. Bright starlight, or soft moonlight reminds one of Italian skies.

All too quickly I entered for the last time the rude school-house, at the end of a four-months' term, and with mutual regrets teacher and pupils said good-bye. That district now boasts of a fine frame building, with many a convenience which I had needed so badly.

But the ever restless pioneer still pushes on, just out of reach of good schools, and still you can find the school-house and its accompanying associations.

Florence A. Davidson.





FAITH.

I SAT and mused ;
I felt so weary with the strife,
I asked myself the question, "Is the prize
I strive so hard to win,
Worth all the toil, rebuff, and pain,
The jostle and the din?"
I listened ;
And a voice, from where I knew not, came
And to my heart it whispered,
"The prize heed not; that aim would selfish be:
Work thou with all thy might and mind,
And leave the rest to me."

"But who art thou?" I asked.
"I thought the prize to be the stimulant to urge me on ;
To elbow through the crowd; to lead;
To trample under foot all that oppressed;
And thus make greater speed."
The voice replied:
"If thou wouldst learn my name, heed my behest—
Whate'er thou findest to do, do that, thy best;
Think naught of self, nor what will be thy gain;
Relinquish not one whit of toil, whatever be the pain."

Musing, my eyelids drooped:
I slept, and dreamed
I saw a spheric form, with prismatic hues,
Float in the azure blue;
A castle was within, painted with sun-tint rays—
It seemed so real I thought my dream were true.
Spurred by ambition's lusts,
So eager to possess, I forged my way
Through swamp, up craggy height, o'er desert sands:
It seemed within my grasp; I reached;
And lo! I woke with empty clenched hands.

Waking, I looked me round: demolished was the castle
That was builded in my dream: I only saw
Instead of it, the wraith.
I had naught left me but to learn the name
Of him who spake: I followed as he bade me,
And I found his name was Faith.

Geo. F. Sargent.

A SOUTHERNER'S NATIONAL VIEW OF PROTECTION.

BY ENOCH ENSLEY, OF TENNESSEE.



REGARDING "the tariff" as very important for the weal or woe of the sixty millions of human beings in the United States, I desire to submit some remarks, which are intended to deal with the economic bearings of the question, irrespective of party.

To my mind, the platform of neither of the great parties offers an entirely correct solution of the matter; yet one is within bounds where it can consistently adopt the correct solution, while the position of the other is in out-and-out hostility to any possible correct economic view. Hence, while I may desire to be non-partisan, it will become necessary, in order to have any effect on the public mind, to review the position of the erring side in contrast with what I consider the correct view; and to that extent I may appear partisan.

Mr. Hancock said the tariff was a local question, meaning thereby that it was a question to be looked at from a sectional, State or Congressional district standpoint. Now, while that has been the view and practice of many public men in dealing with the question, yet enlightened statesmanship must pronounce it a fallacy.

Nationally speaking, it is and should be a local question, for there is no principle of universal application controlling or governing it. Just what position the various nations of the globe should take with reference to the "tariff" depends on their surroundings, advantages and possessions; but, instead of using the word "tariff," I will rather say what rules or laws they should adopt with reference to their dealings, commercially and otherwise, with other nations. What would be good for one would not be good for another, and what would be correct statesmanship in one case would be quite the reverse in another. Hence, there is no universal rule or principle

governing the matter. Every government must adopt a policy to be shaped by and in accord with its own respective advantages.

No writer or teacher of political economy can ever lay down or determine a policy for all nations, or perhaps for the government of more than any one nation, at the same time; but the statesman of each nation having his mind turned towards the welfare of his country and the people therein, must look to his nation's surroundings and possibilities, and decide upon a policy accordingly. It is a question of nation dealing with nation, or, rather, a question of national governments adopting national laws with reference to their traffic or intercourse with other nations. Hence, the subject should always be taken in a national way and not with an eye to subdivisions or localities of the nation; and it seems to me that the man or statesman who cannot enlarge himself sufficiently to take such a view has no fitness for a position in the councils of a nation.

Further, nothing practical nor settled can ever result from any but a national view of the question. Practical and sensible legislation requires that, as an alderman of a city you should not try to get all the favors for your particular ward; for there are many other aldermen there to see that you do not get them; but after working for matters which are purely local, then your duty should be to cast your thoughts on your city as a whole, against all other cities. As a member of a county court, it is idle to suppose that you can get all the fine bridges and good roads in your district; for there are many other members there to see that you do not. As a member of the State Legislature, or as Governor of the State, go for your State, as a whole, against all other States. As a member of Congress, either as Senator or Representative, do not suppose that you can have your particular State or

Congressional district placed away up on a pinnacle of favors above all others; for there are several hundred Congressmen and scores of Senators there to see that it is not done, and it is utterly useless to attempt it; but after attending to your purely local matters, which other Congressmen have no direct interest in whatever, give your attention to the United States of America as a whole against all other nations. This is the only way to legislate practically, and the only way to accomplish anything permanent and of value.

Before entering on the argument I propose to make on the subject of the tariff as applicable to the United States of America, I will set out the peculiar surroundings of this nation as compared with other nations, and set up certain truths or principles on which I propose to build my argument, or rather which I propose to set up as guides in accordance with which I must steer, but not against, across or into; and, furthermore, I propose to correct some erroneous views in regard to things which the people now sleep on as true.

It is generally considered that the tariff is a very complicated subject, very difficult to understand and adjust. This is correct if we look at it and attempt to understand and adjust it in the way many of our American statesmen do. For instance, it is impossible to run through the many thousand articles which the people use, consume and import; put this on the free list, on that impose a certain per cent. duty or tariff, on another a higher rate, and on still another a specific or an *ad valorem* duty; and, at the same time, to adjust the rate of duty to such a point that it will on the one hand equalize the price of labor in America and all other countries; and, on the other hand, collect just so much revenue and no more, avoiding a deficit, and by no means allowing an accumulation in the treasury; meanwhile imposing the "least amount of taxation," as they term it, "on the oppressed people;" and finally making everybody happy and pleased with the result of the adjustment.

No man ever lived, or ever will live, who could and will understand the subject sufficiently to view and handle it

in this way. It would be about as easy for a fashionably dressed party of ladies and gentlemen to gracefully dance a quadrille on a floating raft of miscellaneous sized logs, tied together with strings. If we were all Solomons, still no permanent, practical or beneficial adjustment or understanding can be had in this way.

To my mind, the tariff viewed in the only way in which any practical good can and will come to the American people is simple and susceptible of being understood by any common-sensed man, educated or uneducated.

I will now set up my guides as referred to above: There are, first, the surroundings, possessions and advantages of the United States of America. Territorially it extends from Canada and the Lakes north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific; suffice it to say that it embraces all the climates and all the soils necessary to produce, with few exceptions, everything agricultural with as great perfection and as little labor as can be produced in any other part of the civilized globe, and that it has sufficient space to produce many times more than our present population could possibly consume. In short, from an agricultural standpoint, the people have the natural means, with very few exceptions, to live up to the highest possible civilization which has ever been attained, or is likely to be attained for centuries to come. There are many millions of acres of land which are not likely to be called into requisition for the support of the present population and their offspring for centuries.

In the fabricating or manufacturing line the resources are equal to, or even greater, than in the agricultural. To enumerate some of the items that enter largely into manufacturing generally: We have coal in nearly every State in the Union. On the eastern shore of the United States it runs from northern Pennsylvania to middle or southern Alabama, passing through the States of Pennsylvania, Maryland, West and Old Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama. There are many seams of it, enough to supply the civilized world for generations. Then, in

addition, Western Kentucky, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Texas and the Indian Nation, all have millions of acres of fine practical working seams of coal. Then as you pass beyond the vast agricultural and grazing plains in the West and come to the Rocky Mountains, vast amounts of coal have been discovered and are being developed there. So it can be seen, coal is in great abundance and broad-spread all over the United States—about as much so as agricultural land.

Next, we will take iron ore: There are great and practically inexhaustible strata and deposits of iron ore running from Lake Champlain to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, passing through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West and Old Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. Then iron ore abounds in Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, middle Tennessee, west Kentucky, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Colorado, and in the Rocky Mountains, from Canada to Mexico. Thus it will be seen that iron ore is also about as extensive and broad-spread over the United States as agricultural lands. Of course all lands are more or less agricultural, but what I mean is the desirable fertile land.

Then next we have zinc, copper, gold, silver, lead, other minerals, and all the varieties of clay and stone, equal to or in excess of any other nation.

Next we have wood or lumber, spread all over the United States, equal to any country. Cotton we can produce equal to any probable demand. Wool we can produce on our farms and plains, in time, sufficient to supply the civilized world.

Without reciting further, I will say that all these things which I have enumerated, and many which I have not thought of and mentioned, can be had ready for manufacturing purposes with as little labor as they can be obtained on any part of the globe, and some with much less labor. Hence I say we are nationally as well or better provided naturally for fabricating or manufacturing than we are for agriculture. Yet while this is so, we are not in a manufacturing way superior in natural resources, in many branches, to other nations as we are in agricultural resources; not that our natural manufact-

uring resources are in any respect scant: On the contrary, they are enormous, but the natural manufacturing resources of other nations in many lines are also enormous, whilst their agricultural resources, for their population, are scant and insufficient. In both, the United States is blest with a superabundance for ages to come.

Thus it will be seen, if what I have here stated is even approximately true (and I think nearly every one who knows enough of our country knows it is true), our country is quite as well equipped naturally for manufacturing as it is for agriculture. Furthermore, the resources of each are about equally widespread, and consequently each is as difficult to monopolize; for there are millions of acres of coal, iron, zinc, copper, and other mineral land already discovered which can be purchased at very low prices, and many millions of acres now belonging to the government, while there are doubtless many millions of acres yet to be discovered, and in wood or lumber lands there are many millions of acres to be had for a merely nominal price.

So much for the United States in the agricultural and manufacturing lines.

Now for internal and sea-coast, commercial, natural and artificial advantages. In navigable waters, coursing in various directions through the United States, we are equal, if not superior, to any other country. In canals, railroads, and sea coast we are certainly equal.

Finally, we are naturally as smart and vigorous a race of people as any other country, of between fifty and sixty millions in number, capable of doing and learning to do, any and all things that any other people can do; a people, the great bulk of whom have been reared as freemen, as sovereigns instead of as subjects, not accustomed to bow to any fixed and permanent superiors, and accustomed to a mode of living far above pauperism.

This is a fine make-up, and everybody who may read this will know that it is substantially correct. There is no country with such advantages on the globe. Really it is about the only country susceptible of correct statesmanship; that is, where correct economic laws can be put in practical operation and allow the highest degree of prosperity and civilization

to inure to the people which has ever been reached. Everything is opportune for such condition of things except a statesmanship—an American statesmanship that looks to America and American conditions alone, and thinks out and solves the problem for the good of the American people alone, and lets English, German, French, Italian and other statesmen and political economists work theirs. Our statesmanship is not to be solved by lessons learned from those who are forced by their surroundings to keep hundreds of thousands and millions of men under arms all the while, to perpetuate, perhaps, a dynasty, and at the same time to keep down anarchy and rioting "on their little spots of earth," as it were, by their overcrowded, oppressed and down-trodden people.

From this showing, if time for development were given in many lines of manufacture, and some in agriculture, it looks as though the people of the United States would be in no very bad fix if the balance of the world were to sink into the sea, for we have the cream of a continent to supply our every want and need, even up to luxurious living.

Now this great country belongs to the sixty millions of people who inhabit it, and they have the right and the might to do with it as they please.

Let us view it accordingly, and try and do the best for our people, and in doing this we should first recognize that the mountains and valleys are fixed, the rivers, lakes and sea-coasts are fixed, the soils and climates are fixed; and no legislation, state or national, can unfix or change them in the least; but the people are not fixed; they are movable, and are constantly moving. There are no laws compelling them to live in any locality or forbidding them to live in any locality; no laws confining them to any particular vocation; they can roam, look, examine, experiment, or change, just as they please. The country is comparatively "brand new." Thousands and hundreds of thousands of openings exist, to go into agriculture, manufacture or commerce. The great country is hardly scratched; scarcely any holes dug in it; the resources have hardly been called upon. Enough for the present on the advantages of the United States.

I now desire to discuss an economic question, to wit: Is it necessary or for the good of a people who live in and own such a country as I have described, for the United States, to trade with other countries extensively or at all.

Will they labor less and reap more of the comforts of life by trading with other nations?

A universal principle which controls mankind the world over, is the desire to get the most comforts of life with the least amount of labor or trouble; hence a policy of government or statesmanship is correct, or sound, as it tends or points in this direction.

If you have the means of living in your own land, will a statesmanship which diverts and forces your living in part from or out of foreign lands tend to this end or not?

Let us look into this:

First, I will assert that all that man in any way needs for his sustenance and comfort, and everything conceivable beyond what nature affords for his comfort, is to be derived from agriculture and manufacture. Political economists have divided up the human industries into three great heads,—agriculture, manufacture and commerce. The two first within themselves, or, *per se*, are necessities and blessings. The third is in itself, and, *per se*, a burden or tax upon the other two. The nearer the human family can come to living out of the first two, disconnected with the other, the more comforts of life can they reap with the least labor. To illustrate: Tom (if I may be excused for using the semi-slang names of Tom, Dick and Harry) is a little world or nation of people living in one locality and engaged in agriculture, producing all conceivable kinds of agricultural products. Dick is another little world or nation of people engaged in manufacturing and producing all conceivable kinds of manufactured articles which our people use, even up to the present high civilization; and he is located, say, fifty miles from Tom. They are both kept busy, with no time to pass or visit with each other; Tom is kept busy all the while exclusively in agriculture, and Dick kept busy all the while exclusively in manufacturing. Of course, it is evident that in

order for Dick to live he has to get something from Tom to eat or otherwise he will starve; and Tom, in turn, must get something from Dick to wear, shelter under, ride in, etc., or he cannot live. It then becomes necessary, situated as they are, fifty miles apart, to call into service another little nation of people, whom we will call Harry, for the purpose of passing between them carrying agricultural articles from Tom to Dick and in turn carrying back manufactured, articles from Dick to Tom. We will suppose, then, that Harry is kept busy all the while in this commercial traffic going and coming to and from Tom and Dick. Of course, then, Tom will have to labor to support or feed Harry, and Dick will have to labor to clothe and shelter him, or furnish him with all manner of manufactured articles. Now, suppose instead of being fifty miles apart we can in some way annihilate the space and bring them up together where Tom can hand over to Dick, and, in turn, Dick can hand over to Tom? Under this condition of things, does not the necessity for Harry cease; and, that being the case, can't Tom and Dick labor just two-thirds as hard and have the same comforts of life? for they then only work for two, when before they had to work for the support of three.

Further, suppose we again instance, and say, that instead of fifty miles, they are located one hundred miles apart engaged as before described. Then, of course, if Harry was kept busy in the first instance, two Harrys would be necessary in the second instance. Then, of course, Tom would have to cultivate the corn, wheat, cabbage, beef, potatoes, etc., for four people, and Dick manufacture for four. Let us now annihilate this space of one hundred miles and bring them up together so that each can hand over the products to the other. Then, as a matter of course, they could do away with the two Harrys. Then, this being done, they could labor just half as hard as before and have the same comforts of life, for the reason that they would work only for two instead of for four. Then, as the ordinary mind would inquire, what are you going to do with the Harrys? I would respond, put one of them with Tom in

agriculture and the other with Dick in manufacture.

Just so we could go on instancing one hundred and fifty, two hundred, or any number of miles, calling in the Harrys necessary, as Tom and Dick are further removed from each other, until Tom and Dick could exhaust their energies and strength in working, and reap for themselves but little of the comforts of life, or fruits of their labor. Just so peoples or nations trading extensively with each other, and living at great distances are, and will necessarily be, in a great degree devoured or exhausted by the Harrys, or commercial men, who necessarily have to be called in to do the carrying.

It is a misfortune to have to trade with other nations, for the people grow poor by so doing, rather than rich. It is true that all nations have to do it more or less. Even the United States has to, and will necessarily have to, do it more or less. The nation, however, whose necessities call upon it to do the least of it is the most fortunate. Many nations, or their people, could not exist as they are with their present population without trading or exchanging their products in great degree. The general idea, however, has been, no matter what the natural surroundings and resources are, that the way to get rich is by ploughing the seas and sending your products all over the world and exchanging for the products of other lands. This is a fallacy. This is the way, perhaps, to build up great sea-coast cities and great merchants, but great cities and great merchants are sores upon the body politic, and are to be avoided as much as possible. The more they exist, the poorer the people are generally, because *they* are "Harrys." Of course, all nations or peoples have to support some Harrys, but the fewer possible the better for them; for, then, those producing can with the least labor reap the most comforts of life, or, with full labor, can accumulate the most comforts of life; hence, something to provide against a rainy day, misfortune, or old age; something to give leisure or time for cultivation and refinement, and good citizenship.

The United States of America have the surroundings and resources within

themselves to dispense with the Harrys to a degree beyond any nation; simply for the reason, as before stated, they have the natural resources to produce within their territorial limits all manner of things to supply the wants of their people up to the highest civilization, and they don't necessarily require the hundreds of thousands and millions of Harrys, and hundreds and thousands of expensive ships, to take their products all over the world, and bring back to them other products in exchange, to enable them to live. Most other nations is compelled to do it; the United States are not compelled to do it, hence the United States is more fortunate than other nations, and all we need is a statesmanship to wheel her out of the old line which has been taught by political economists of other nations, and turn her on to an American or United States system adapted to her resources.

Now to the consideration of another economic question:

All life is a combat or struggle. If a man goes out to purchase a horse, he strives to purchase the best horse with the least amount of money; and *vice versa* the man who has the horses tries to get the greatest amount of money he can for the poorest horse. A man seeking to purchase clothing, or provisions, or anything else, tries to get the most of these things for the least amount of money; and, in turn, the man who is selling these things tries to get the most money for the least amount of these things.

Just so, labor seeking employment tries to get the most capital for the least amount of labor, and capital seeking labor tries to get the most labor for the least amount of capital. This is the case the world over, and is as it should be, for it constitutes the mainspring of all human action. In thickly populated countries, like England, France, Germany, Italy, and other old countries, where all the roads, bridges and houses are built and every acre of ground is owned and held at a high price, where every mine is perhaps developed, and all the avenues and outlets closed up, capital can and will get labor down to a low compensation; when in a new country,

where houses, bridges and roads are to be built, and but few people to build them, comparatively, and where there are thousands of outlets and millions of acres of cheap or unoccupied lands, it cannot be done.

No statistics are needed to prove that labor is much cheaper or lower in price in England, France, Italy and other old countries than in the United States, and will for many centuries remain so. So the result of direct and unrestricted competition between labor in the United States and labor in the old countries in pursuits where the laborers of the old countries have anything like equal facilities will necessarily be that the labor of the old countries will win. In manufactures, for example, in old countries, in many lines the resources or facilities are equal or superior to what they are in America. In agriculture their facilities are not to be compared. Hence with uninterrupted or unimpeded competition, in most lines the manufacturing would be done by the old countries, whilst our people in great part would become agriculturists and cease to manufacture. With what is called free trade, or approximation to free trade, this is bound to be the result; for the laborers of the old countries are compelled to labor at manufacturing, no matter how low the price may go, for they have nothing else to do, whilst in the United States when the price gets so low that there is but little more than a bare living in it, as is the case in the old countries, labor would go on some of the millions of acres of unoccupied lands and raise their own potatoes and some to spare.

Great populations on little territorial limits can only exist by manufacturing.

If the great State of Texas, with millions of acres of unoccupied land, were floated and lodged alongside of England, where the people could have easy access to it, almost instantaneously the price of labor would advance all over England because of the rush which would take place in consequence of the outlets which would be presented. Under such circumstances the policy of the English statesmen would immediately begin to change. They would not continue to strive, as heretofore, to be the great commercial and shipping nation of the world, but

would begin to think more favorably of "Chinese walls."

Now, to the economic bearing of another question.

It does not matter what prices are in any country if one thing is relatively as high as another, except that prices generally should never be reduced. A gradual enhancement in prices is the road to general prosperity; a gradual reduction, or a great sudden reduction, is the road to "hard times" and industrial ruin; for the reason that the former works to the good of the industrial and laboring classes, while the latter works to the good of the moneyed or creditor class.

For example: A man has all his accumulation invested in government or other bonds, bank stock, or securities of any description; bacon hams are worth, say, ten cents per pound and all other things relatively high, and you bring about a process or policy of government by which you reduce the price of bacon hams to five cents a pound and all other things relatively, immediately you double his fortune, for money is a thing of value only with reference to how much of all things it will purchase. A reduction in the price of labor means a reduction in the price of all kinds of products, for all products are the result near and direct of labor. A reduction in the price of bacon hams and other things to half price means twice as many of all things and twice as many days' labor to pay all city, county, State and United States debts, and all railroad and other mortgages, and all other kinds of indebtedness; for it is with labor and the products of labor, which mean bacon hams and all other things agricultural and manufactured, that all debts are paid.

Some years ago it was said that Mr. Vanderbilt owned \$40,000,000 of government bonds. If so, with labor at \$1 per day, the government owed him forty million days labor, and any policy of government which would reduce the price of labor to fifty cents per day would cause the government to owe him eighty million days of labor. The moneyed or creditor class of the people of the United States are not more than one or five per cent. of the laboring and industrial classes, and hence a reduction in the price of things is to the advantage of one or five per cent. of

the population, and against ninety-nine or ninety-five per cent. of the population. Hence a reduction in prices of the things generally should never be brought about if possible to avoid it.

The great misfortune, however, in the United States has been, and is, that prices of things generally have not been relative. Agricultural products have been relatively lower than manufactured products, and, as a necessary consequence, agricultural labor has been made relatively lower than manufactural labor; for, argue what you please to the contrary, as certain as the apple falls to the ground instead of to the sky when it leaves the tree, labor, taken year in and year out, through periods of prosperity and adversity, always partakes relatively of the price of the products it produces.

As a rule, farmers or agriculturists have accumulated very little, while manufacturers have accumulated largely; in fact, in many instances manufacturers have accumulated enormous fortunes, while it is rare to find an agriculturist who has accumulated even a moderate fortune. The laborer employed in manufacture, direct and indirect, often receives for his wages in a few days or a week as much as the agricultural laborer receives in a month. Agricultural pursuits being simple, more pleasant and safer, as a rule; and manufacturing pursuits being more complicated, unpleasant and hazardous, both to the employer and employé, the profits arising from, and the wages paid to the former, should always be considerably less than to the latter, but the great difference which has existed is wrong and should be remedied.

Now for the remedy. The cause must first be discovered. It is evident: the same cause which makes one class of things cheaper than another class all over the world in all times; that is, too many people engaged in agriculture as compared with the number engaged in manufacture. The next question then is, why is that so?

One reason is that all agricultural pursuits, with few exceptions, are protected from competition with the cheap labor of the old world and are not in danger of being wiped out entirely by a change which might occur in the policy

of the government. They are absolutely and without doubt protected; protected by space and by the people of the old world, who are near to us, not having the agricultural land on which to grow products sufficient for their own sustenance, much less to supply other countries. Hence it is absolute, permanent and settled protection. Now, whenever a time arises that our manufacturing industries can have settled, absolute and permanent protection against the cheap labor of the old world, and time thereafter is given to develop, we will then have, and continue to have manufactured products about as cheap as agricultural, and not before.

Another great reason for the difference is the great amount of capital necessary in the one line, as compared to the other. For instance, to make a yard of cotton or woolen goods, on an economical scale, requires an investment of nearly a quarter of a million dollars. To make a ton of steel rails, on an economical scale, will require an investment of between half a million and a million dollars. Just so to a great extent with nearly all kinds of manufacturing, it requires large amounts of capital to go into them on a competitive and economical scale. In agriculture it is not so. With an investment of a few hundred dollars, rent of land being cheap, as good a bushel of wheat, corn, potatoes, as good a bale of cotton, wool or flax or nearly any other kind of agricultural product can be produced ready for market as has ever been exhibited in any produce exchange, or as could be produced with an investment of millions of dollars. Hence, with uncertainty in the venture, or doubt in the minds of owners of large capital, as to the stability and safety of the venture, inspired by fear of being brought into competition with the cheap labor in the old world, they refuse to go into manufacturing; and the labor they would thus employ goes into agriculture, and instead of being consumers of agricultural product become producers and competitors. Hence it is that agricultural product and labor is relatively cheaper than manufactured product.

As long as the question is unsettled, capital will not engage in manufactur-

ing as freely as it does in agriculture. As long as the American people continue to be taught directly and indirectly by political economists and statesmen in the old world, and are made to believe that protection to American industries is an evil instead of a blessing; that it is a tax and burden on the people, and is only to be submitted to at all for the purpose of raising revenue, and but for the necessity of raising revenue would favor throwing open our ports and allow the products of the old world brought into America and sold free of charge, and thereby paralyze and utterly destroy the great bulk of existing manufactories and reduce the whole country mainly to agriculture; as long as the bulk of a great party, including thousands and hundreds of thousands of the most intelligent and distinguished men of the United States, including even the Chief Executive, really believe in the correctness of the economic view that the protection now given American manufacturing industries, is a tax or burden upon all other people for the benefit of the few manufacturers to the extent of the protection so given on all protected imported articles, as well as on all such articles produced at home (which, if true, would be most unjust and outrageous, and should not be tolerated); so long as this great party believes, as they say, that the system is "robbery" of one class or portion of the people for the benefit of another, notwithstanding we have no classes, and all the people are free to join the "robbers" or "robbed," as they please, at any time; so long as each American Congressman conceives it to be great statesmanship to work to have his particular district or locality placed away up on a pinnacle of favor, and the whole United States squared around to fit it, and favors protection for some little or big something that his constituents produce or raise, and free trade for everything else, forgetting that there are hundreds of other Congressmen there to see that he cannot get it; so long as Congressmen and Senators, and even the President of the United States, are unable to raise themselves up and go for their country as a whole against the balance of the world, and say to the American people, "We

have naturally a great Garden of Eden here; let's develop and live out of it;" just so long will capital refuse to go into manufacturing freely, but go into agriculture, and cause, and continue to cause, agricultural products and labor to be relatively much lower than manufactured products and labor; and just so long the comparatively few who do venture and go into manufacturing will reap relatively large profits.

Settle the question, and assure United States industry men that they will not be brought in competition with the cheap labor of the old world, and there is no danger of the destruction of their investment in that way; and instantaneously, capital by the millions and hundreds of millions will begin to flow into manufacturing, and it will not be long till manufactured products will be relatively as low in price as agricultural, or agricultural products will rise relatively about as high as manufactured products.

I will now lay down a rule which will embrace the true and correct principles which should govern all nations with reference to their traffic with each other, and especially for the United States of America. I think other governments have generally adopted it in practice.

It is this, to wit:

On all things which you have the natural resources to produce equal to the wants of your people, with approximately as little labor as other nations can produce them, for to-day, and for generations to come, living up to the present high civilization; and which are broad-spread over the country, and which are not now and are not likely to be in the near future monopolized, announce or adopt a permanent policy of protection. Where there is little development in any article or line compared with the needs of the home people, give but little protection to begin with, and from year to year more and more protection as more and more development takes place till a time arrives when the development is sufficient to supply all the needs of the home people at prices relatively as low as other things; then protect them absolutely.

In explanation of this rule I will say: to give much protection where the development is but little in the start, would allow

the few who were engaged in a particular line to reap profits too large, hence the reason for small protection with small development; but the promise of more and more protection as time for development rolled by would soon stimulate production to such an extent as to have the products take their position in line, in regard to price, relatively with other things. Eventually on all things described in the rule the tariff or charge for their introduction into the country should amount to absolute prohibition, and hence the revenue from sources of this kind, within the rule, for government purposes, should be abandoned.

Again the necessities which we could not produce, and which are generally used by our people, such as coffee and tea, should also be allowed to come in free, and hence no revenue from that source. All luxuries such as in the minds and tastes of the wealthy and high livers which we cannot produce, such as Havana cigars, tobaccos, French wines and brandies, etc., a high but not prohibitive duty should be put upon them; and in this way, with a tax on tobacco, whiskey, stamps, and other internal taxes, revenue should be raised to pay the expense of the government.

In this way is to be found the true and economically correct way of paying government expense. This way will allow the people to labor less and reap more of the comforts of life, or with the least burdens in the way of taxation, allow them to keep and enjoy the greatest amount of the fruits of their labor; allow them to grow rich and go on to a civilization they can never reach going on as we have been since the commencement of the government, attempting to adjust the "tariff" every few years to fit every Congressional district.

The old adage "To buy where you can buy cheapest," and "sell where you can sell dearest" is correct; but, accompanied with the idea that it can be done by trading with other nations when you can buy and sell all you want and need with your own people, is a monstrous fallacy. The cheapest possible way of exchanging products, or buying and selling, is a people buying and selling, or exchanging with each other. What I mean by *cheap* is that after the exchanging or buying and

selling is over for a season, all parties will have the most comforts of life left.

What has been termed the "odious" war tariff, which has existed in the United States for twenty or twenty-five years, has done a great deal in the way of development and equalizing prices generally, but the good has been small compared with what would have been the result had a permanent policy of protection been adopted by all parties and the matter settled, which would have allowed capital by the millions and hundreds of millions, as before remarked, to have flowed into all kinds of manufacturing beyond what has been done. Then it would have been impossible for the enormous fortunes to have been made by some of the comparative few who did venture; and as impossible for pools, trusts, combinations, etc., to form to artificially put up prices, as for the farmers or agricultural men to combine to put up prices for agricultural products.

Trusts, combinations, etc., are all wrong, but the remedy for the wrong is not in calling on the pauper laborer of the old world to come and relieve us.

However, the enormous fortunes which have been made in the United States since the war and the multiplication of millionaires has not resulted so much from the profits reaped from the business of manufacturing as it has from many other ways. For instance, the bonding, stocking, and watering up of corporations and then selling the stock (which after the bonds, is often worthless) to the unsuspecting and unsophisticated millions has been one great source of accumulating great fortunes. With thirty-seven states empowered to grant charters and with the right existing to operate in any state with a charter granted or taken out in any other state, almost unlimited authority can be had to water up stock in this way and carry on the practice of swindling and accumulating large fortunes. Conservative and honest laws in one state in reference to corporations are overridden or set aside by the wild and dishonest laws of another state.

Another great source of making fortunes has arisen from the exclusive right to use patents. For instance, up to a few years ago, before the expiration of

the patent on the Bessemer pneumatic process for making steel, eleven steel companies owned the exclusive right for the United States; and by reason of this exclusive right made enormous profits in manufacturing steel. The same companies now claim to own the basic Bessemer process which they do not use but hold and prevent others from using, which cuts off competition from the phosphorous ores that perhaps constitute four-fifths of the iron ore of America.

Again, the greatest field which has ever been presented in any country in any time for losing and consequently for making fortunes on the part of those who had the money was during the period of contraction of the currency from 1875 to 1879. Industries of every kind failed, bankrupted and changed hands throughout the United States, and then followed a great advance, consequent on the accomplishment of resumption and the stopping of contraction. Many wrongs have existed, and do now exist, in the United States which have caused the wealth of the country to flow into the hands of the few, and which have been charged to protection but with which protection had no connection.

What is called the "future" business,—buying and selling futures in cotton, grain, pork and other commodities—has prevailed in years gone by, and prevails now, I suppose, to a great extent, and has impoverished the farmers and planters and in fact the people generally, and enriched the commission men or merchants. I have not space here to mention further the many things which have been conducive to the building up of millionaires, all of which are now being charged to "the tariff," or protection, when they have no more connection with it than the Charleston, South Carolina, earthquake has had. The truth is, that but for protection, with the wrongs which have existed, there would have been, and would be now, a most deplorable state of things throughout the United States of America.

The United States is a new country. In all new countries, or parts of countries which are new, there are fewer poor people. Wealth is more equally distributed. There are also fewer people, as a matter of course, and consequently

fewer laborers; and as everything is new and the country to be developed (as heretofore alluded to), there is generally great demand for labor, and consequently labor is always higher, or in other words, the conditions are such, that labor can and does demand and obtain more capital for its services, than can be obtained in the old countries. This being true, labor in the United States occupies a higher position and does demand more of capital than in the old countries of the world. Measured by money it receives more gold, silver, or any other valuable medium of exchange; or more beef, pork, potatoes, or other provision, more clothing, land, houses, or any and everything else necessary to its sustenance and domicile than in old countries. This position, labor in the United States will occupy for many generations to come, or until the United States is finished, as it were, and becomes populated proportionate to its territory, as the old countries are. There should be no further question that the scale of living in the United States, or wages, as measured by the comforts of life, is far higher than in the old countries. Besides the proof already adduced to show this, the great influx of immigration to this country from the old world should be sufficient. As a matter of fact the living of the laborer of the United States is extravagant and sumptuous compared with the living of the laboring people in the old world. Really the laboring people of the United States know nothing of the art of economical living as compared with the people of the old countries, and it is not desirable they should be forced to learn until there is actual necessity, and that will not come about for many generations yet, as before remarked, provided our statesmanship is correct; and the correct statesmanship consists mainly in holding on to and developing the great garden of Eden we have here and living out of it instead of letting it in great part lay dormant, and rushing thousands of miles, and taxing or burdening ourselves with millions of unnecessary middle-men, to procure from foreign lands what we could as well or with as little labor have had at home—not as cheap or little price, viewed in one way, but with as little labor; but as our labor is higher

than in old countries, of course the articles must come higher in price. If labor were as low in price and paid in the same way as in the old countries; and time sufficient was given to skill our workmen near, all manner of things which we use and consume could be had as "cheap" or low priced as can be had anywhere.

But, as before stated on preceding pages, there could be no greater calamity, no greater burden, no greater tax, saddled on the country and people than to greatly cheapen the labor and all manner of products.

It is a fallacy, even outside of the doubling of all manner of debts, as before mentioned, to suppose that by free trade the cost of living would be reduced in proportion to the reduction of wages, and in that way the result would be as broad as long. In the agricultural line there is no question but the reduction would be greatly more, for with our people mainly becoming agriculturalists and depending chiefly upon the uncertain and fluctuating foreign demand for their products, much of their crops would often hardly be worth gathering; while manufactured products, after time sufficient had elapsed to kill off our home manufacturers (which would certainly come about) would generally be relatively much dearer, and occasionally or periodically, to an extraordinary degree so.

Another very serious view of this question to be considered is this, to wit: Free trade means increasing our commercial transactions, by an addition to what now exists, of hundreds of thousands and millions of transactions with the outside world. Protection means the diminishing of the number of transactions with the outside world, but increasing them among our own people. Interwoven commercially with the nations of the earth by myriads of transactions is to place our eggs in the same basket with theirs. Commercial panic, war, pestilence or other happenings which may affect any one or more of them would be bound to affect us.

Though we have a country susceptible to the application of correct economic laws or principles, with reliance of somewhat permanent operation which

no other country possesses; though we have a field for the development and application of a statesmanship which does not exist elsewhere, and perhaps has never existed before; to multiply our transactions and interweave ourselves commercially with other nations is to throw it all away. "Chinese wall," I am aware, will be sufficient to answer all such logic as this, with many who have a memorized stereotyped answer, but who know but little about China, and care but little about their own country beyond the success of their party.

General Washington, in his farewell address, warned the United States against political complication and alliances with foreign governments. It would have been quite as wise to have warned us against unnecessary commercial complication.

I am aware that no great party in the United States has openly avowed itself in favor of free trade, but they openly avow that the principles of free trade, *per se*, are correct, and that the principles of protection are wrong, and but for the raising of revenue to pay the expense of government they would favor throwing all our ports open to the world free. They really believe that the operation of the present and past tariffs has been to tax or burden the people generally in behalf of a few manufacturers. In fact, many call it robbery of the many for the benefit of the few. For example, I will refer to the message of the President of last December, and to some remarks of a prominent Democratic senator of the United States, a particular friend of mine, hence I suppress his name.

The President says, in substance, that for the benefit of the manufacturers of the United States, the people pay a tax of about forty-seven per cent. on all goods they import as well as goods of the imported kind which our own manufacturers produce; meaning thereby that if the tariff of forty-seven per cent. were abolished, the people of the United States could have all these things that much cheaper, or, in other words, would be relieved of this much tax or burden. The President does not refer to the statistics, and figure out the aggregate amount the people are paying

in paying this forty-seven per cent., but I have before me the speech of the distinguished senator referred to, delivered in the United States Senate in June, in support of the President's message, who does furnish the statistics and figure out the aggregate amount. The figures are from the Treasury Department, are official, and are doubtless correct. The senator says:

This table shows that the people of the country consumed home-manufactured protected goods, in the year 1880, \$2,399,075,706, and of imported dutiable goods of the same kind, sold to consumers in the same year, in competition with the home manufacture, \$307,350,678—more than seven times as many home-manufactured protected goods as imported dutiable goods; or, in other words, it shows that under the operation of tariff taxation the consumers were compelled to pay \$7 of bounty to home manufacturers to \$1 of revenue they have to pay into the Treasury.

Apply the same principle to the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, when we put into the Treasury, under our tariff laws, \$217,286,893.13; assume that the people consumed in that year, as they did in 1880, seven times as many home-manufactured protected goods as of imported dutiable goods, and it shows the startling result of \$1,521,008,251 of bounties paid to a favored class in order to put \$217,286,893 into the Treasury under this system.

Add the bounty of \$1,521,008,251, collected by the manufacturers to the \$217,286,893 of revenue collected by the Treasury, and it shows that the people have paid in a single year, under this system, the enormous sum of \$1,738,295,144.

The President's argument would run to the same conclusion exactly, if figured out as the Senator has done. And just so the argument of nearly all the distinguished men of the Democratic party on the subject.

To this extraordinary statement I desire to call attention:

First—That the American or United States people pay a bounty of \$7 to our home manufacturers for every one dollar of revenue they pay into the Treasury.

Second—They pay an aggregate of one billion five hundred million dollars, in round numbers, to a "favored class," in order to put two hundred and seventeen million dollars, in round numbers, into the Treasury.

Third—Add the billion five hundred millions bounty to the two hundred and seventeen millions revenue collected by the Treasury, and it shows the people have paid, and are paying in a single year, the enormous sum of one billion seven hundred million dollars, in round numbers.

Now, this is an extraordinary amount of money; and in order to impress the reader with its enormity, I will say that, if it is true, the people are paying for the benefit of this "favored class"—who constitute (according to President Cleveland's calculations) but little over one-seventh of the industrial population of the United States—daily, monthly, annually, more than it cost to carry on the great civil war, daily, monthly and annually, from 1861 to 1865; in fact, approximately, if not quite, as much as it cost to carry on the war on both sides, Federal and Confederate.

Again, this four years of war originating about the negro, the Southern people fearing the ultimate freeing and possibly the loss of property in him, seceded, went to war, etc. At the time there were about four million negroes or slaves, who, little, big, old and young, were worth an average of \$300 each, which would aggregate one billion two hundred millions of dollars. Fearing, as I say, the loss of this property, there were four years of almost unparalleled bloody war; yet the people of the United States are sitting quiet, and seem to be happy and prosperous, and allow a system to go on, or "scheme of taxation" to exist, which annually robs six-sevenths of the people to give to one-seventh a sum of money several hundred millions of dollars more than all the negroes were worth. Think of it. It is paid annually—not one time and stop, but annually; and according to the logic, the system, or "scheme of taxation," is likely to continue for years and years to come; for nobody is proposing to abolish it. In fact, the President says in his December message: "It is not proposed to relieve the country of this taxation; it must be extensively continued as a source of government income;" and the "Mills Bill," the only remedy proposed, so far, which the President doubtless approves, and all the rank and file of the party approve, does not reduce this "scheme of taxation" more than five or seven per cent., which would still leave the people paying to this "favored class," annually, more than all the negroes were worth, and more than the current daily, monthly and annual expense of carrying on the great war.

The excuse for continuing this enormous robbery of the many to give to a "favored few" the one billion five hundred million dollars, is to collect two hundred and seventeen million dollars for government expenses. Now it seems to me that bank tax, stamp tax, direct tax, or even highway robbery would almost be justifiable instead of continuing such a system. And it further seems to me that the President, if this is true, instead of using this language to Congress, to wit: "It may be called protection or by any other name, but relief from the hardships and dangers of our protective tariff laws should be devised with especial precaution against imperiling the existence of our manufacturing interests," should have asked Congress to give him power to call out the army and navy, if necessary, and put a stop to this robbery at all hazards; even to clearing the establishments of human beings and blowing them with dynamite from the face of the earth; for manufacturing establishments or any other kind of establishments which entail upon the people such an enormous burden should not be allowed to exist.

But fortunately for the country the truth is, the President's position is an immense fallacy, there is no such robbery or taxation going on; and it seems to me, with all due deference, that without reading a book, or looking up a statistic, or figuring at all, sensible men should be able to flash their eyes over the country, take a look at the people, their condition, spirits, their vim, energy, good looks and good humor, and then recur to their own daily experience in living, and they must come to the conclusion that it is impossible for such a condition of things to be in operation.

For instance, the reasoning is that the people are paying this enormous tax, which aggregates to this enormous sum of money, by being compelled by reason of the tariff to pay forty-seven per cent. more for the manufactured articles they consume,—when calico, osnaburgs, sheetings, towels, napkins, and all other kinds of cotton and linen goods, woollens, carpets, and every other kind of household and wearing apparel, pig iron, merchant iron, steel in all manner of shapes, all kinds of wagons, buggies, carriages, all

kinds of agricultural implements, and in fact near every species of manufactured articles are cheaper than they, their fathers or grandfathers ever saw them, even in times of the lowest tariff or closest approximation to free-trade which ever existed in the United States; when on the other hand, bacon, corn, beef, pork, mutton, mules, horses, and all other kinds of direct or indirect agricultural products are relatively higher, as compared to manufactured products than they, their fathers or grandfathers ever saw them in the United States before. Hence, I say, it seems to me that sensible men, as they certainly are on other subjects, should see at a glance, without books or statistics, that no such enormous burden was on the people. All people naturally and necessarily have an education in living. They quickly feel a burden. You may argue to them as you please with all the seemingly sound logic which can possibly be produced, that they are not taxed or burdened by a prevailing system; you may cover up the truth to their reason, yet if they are really burdened they will feel and know it; and, vice versa. Now no people can live under such a tax or burden as forty-seven per cent. on so large a per cent. of all the things they require for living, and continue to use them, as is embraced in the articles of the imported kind, and not feel oppressively the burden, burden beyond the capacity of human patience and strength to stand. In fact, man with the usual encumbrances of family upon him is not sufficiently stalwart to bear up under it, and the free United States citizen never has and never will submit to it.

Mr. Cleveland referring to the tariff says :

These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of duty measures the tax paid by those who purchase for use these imported articles. Many of these things however, are raised or manufactured in our own country; and the duties now levied on foreign goods and products are called protection to these home manufacturers because they render it possible for those of our people who are manufacturers to make these taxed articles and sell them for a price equal to that demanded for the imported goods that have paid custom duty.

In examination of this I will say, a tax that is not a burden is no harm and should not be termed a tax. For illus-

tration: If government should demand half a dollar from a subject in support of a system, and at the same time the system should enable him to become in possession of one dollar which he could not have become in possession of except by reason of the system, then there is no burden or no tax. By the use of the word "tax" the President means a burden. Now I deny that the forty-seven per cent. or tariff charges on imports into the United States is, or has been—taken first, last and all the time—a tax, in the sense that it is a burden. On the other hand, I affirm that the people generally are happier, richer, more comfortable and intelligent; have had in the past, do now have, and will have in the future more of the comforts of life, with the existence of the forty-seven per cent. tariff, or any other amount, than without any. On the other hand, within the rule I have laid down in the preceding pages of this article I assert that the tariff charges of forty-seven per cent., or any other per cent. (the more the better), in its economic effect does not now, has not in the past, and will not in the future, operate as a tax at all, in the sense that a tax is a burden; but on the contrary, does now, has in the past, and will in the future, operate as a relief of burdens to the people of the United States generally; not to manufacturers alone, as many suppose, but to the cotton planter, the wheat, corn, rice and potato grower, and all other kinds of vocations. I deny and assert on the following grounds, to wit: It is by reason of this forty-seven per cent., or some other per cent. which has existed, that six-sevenths of the goods and wares of an imported kind are produced or manufactured in the United States. It is by reason of manufacturing six-sevenths of these goods in the United States that labor and the standard of living is higher; that cotton is higher; that wheat, corn, rice, potatoes and other agricultural products are higher, whilst the products of these manufacturers and also the imported articles are lower in every way, and especially and certainly relatively lower as compared to agricultural products; and when it is the tendency of any system to equalize the price of things generally and respectively ac-

according to the amount and character of labor it takes to produce them, it is impossible for it to operate as a tax in the sense that the tax is a burden.

Protection to the industries of the United States by a tariff of forty-seven or any other per cent. does have this tendency; and, as before remarked, the more the better, within the rule laid down heretofore.

Another great result of the manufacture of six-sevenths of the goods of the imported kinds is the ridding of the people of the United States of the tax or burden of supporting in part the hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions, of middle-men, or "Harrys" with expensive ships, etc., necessary to bring to us these goods from foreign lands and take ours back in return. Free trade would be the most burdensome and impoverishing of all taxes. Any step or move in the direction of free trade or lowering of the amount of protection is increasing burdens, and consequently a tax.

If I may be excused from using a slang illustration, I will say that the operation of the tariff is somewhat like the old man's expression concerning his bad boy, "That he never got a lick amiss except when he struck at him and missed him." The system of protection is never a burden except when it misses or fails to stop the imported article. This applies to the one-seventh of the goods such as can be produced in the United States, which runs the gauntlet and gets in despite the forty-seven per cent. duty. To the extent that this one-seventh of imported goods gets in, to that extent there is no protection but its operation is akin to free trade; hence the tendency is tax or burden. It is true that custom duties or charges collected, to some extent compensate as far as our needs for government expenses go, but this compensation cannot relieve it of its burdensome character. If the entire amount of imported goods and goods of like kind we now produce should be substituted by foreign goods, and run the gauntlet and come in and pay the forty-seven per cent. to the United States, the money received (even waiving the troublesome feature of preventing an accumulation in the treasury) would not compensate; for no amount of money could compensate or be

preferable to the beneficial effects which would result from the development of our country in its various susceptibilities. Even if the money, after defraying national expenses, were distributed among the states and counties, and were sufficient to relieve the people of all state, county and city taxes, still the effect of the process would be a burden or tax; for no amount of money could counteract the terrible effect, looking at it in all its aspects, of reducing this great country mainly to agriculture, as would be the result under this supposed condition of things. This being true, or even approximately true, the adoption of a policy of free trade (giving up our manufacturing mainly to other countries, and forcing us to become an agricultural people mainly, without this compensation), would have the most withering and impoverishing effect from one end of the land to the other; and, consequently, would be a burden on the people to a degree that no amount or kind of government tax, national, state and county, all combined, has ever been.

It is an immense fallacy that the effect of the tariff is a tax, in the sense that it is a burden on the people, as Mr. Cleveland states and means it. A great mistake, further, the President and others make, is this, to wit: They seem to think and argue that if the forty-seven per cent. duty were taken off the imports the people of the United States would be able to purchase immediately all these goods for forty-seven per cent. less; hence they charge that this forty-seven per cent. is a tax to the full amount, and that it is chargeable to the system of protection.

Waiving all these results which I have been discussing, and looking at it in the narrow way in which the President views it, protection, if to be charged, should also be credited where any credit is due. There is no question but it is due to protection that the manufactories exist which now produce six-sevenths of the goods of an imported kind we consume. Now take away protection, and take away the effect, say these manufactories which produce six-sevenths of these goods, and throw upon the outside world the onus of supplying all of them, and there is no doubt but that prices would be higher and continue to be higher than now, if none

were manufactured here, and instead of our people getting their goods cheaper they would have to pay higher prices for them, whilst they would get comparatively nothing for their agricultural products. But under the operation of a free trade policy, to be adopted at once, with our manufactories in existence to enter into the fight *for life or death*, there is no doubt but the goods would be greatly reduced in price, but by no means, in the near future, as much as forty-seven per cent.—but they would be reduced sufficient ere long to kill off our manufactories; then prices would advance again to a point quite as high, possibly higher than now.

If our tariff charges were fifty, seventy-five, and even one hundred per cent., on an average, there would still be importations of many goods and wares into this country, for there are many millions of people in the Old World who have to manufacture and sell no matter how small the compensation may be.

To arrive at the correct economic bearing of the question, it is to be looked at with reference to free trade or eventually absolute protection. If free trade is wrong, any leaning or start to it is wrong on all things described in the rule I have laid down. If protection is wrong it is wrong out and out, save for government independence in military way, as some would maintain and maintain correctly. (This feature and many others in favor of protection, which have so often been presented, I have not thought necessary to present.)

All parties are wrong in the view that tariff taxation or custom charges as a permanency is the best manner of collecting government revenue, except on things which we cannot produce with approximately as little labor as other countries can produce them. To rely upon collecting revenue in this way presupposes and necessitates the admission of large quantities of goods into the country, and all such admissions are a burden or irreparable tax.

Another great mistake the President and thousands of others make is in the assumption that the consumer pays all the taxes or tariff charges. As a rule the consumer and producer mutually pay the "tax" or charge. At one time Tom

may pay more of it, at another time Dick may pay more. If the supply of goods is large and the eagerness to sell is great on the part of the foreign manufacturer, and the demand and eagerness to purchase is small on the part of the consumer, the manufacturer, by making concessions in order to sell, may be said to pay most of the tariff charges; and, vice versa, if the demand is brisk and the supply is slow or small, the consumer, in order to get supplied, may, by bidding up on the goods, be said to pay the most of the tariff charges. As a rule, however, Tom, Dick and Harry mutually reap the profits and bear the burdens. To say that the consumer always pays the burdens, to the exclusion of the producer, is about as sensible as to assert that in the stretching of an india rubber strap with the two hands the right hand does all the pulling.

There is another great fallacy prevalent with many great men—Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, one, for instance. It is this: That our surplus products, which we send abroad, make the price for all our products at home and abroad. It is the demand for an article, as compared to the supply, which establishes the price, whether it is abroad or at home. Advance in the price of cotton in New York is as often followed by Liverpool as the advance at Liverpool is followed by an advance in New York. And the cause for the advance as often originates, and even oftener perhaps, where it is produced than where it is consumed. Chicago as often leads in advancing the price of wheat in Europe as Europe leads in advancing the price in Chicago. Everywhere a bushel of wheat may be demanded and sold, whether at home or abroad, a minute impetus is given to enhance the price.

Again, surplus is an indefinite and undetermined thing. Whether a nation has much or little surplus depends on whether other nations or peoples want it very much. If they want it very much, and are willing to pay very high for it, we often have a large surplus, even though our supply may be comparatively short; and if they don't want it much, we may have but small surplus, though our supply may be comparatively large. If other people don't seem to want our corn, beef, pork, etc.,

very much, we may consume more ourselves, have fatter cows, calves, horses, hogs, dogs, etc.; when, if they want it very much, we are apt to use less in all ways, and consequently have more to spare. During the war, cotton became very scarce compared with what our own people generally consume. We did not, by any means, have a supply for our own people, and yet Europe wanted some of it so much, and was willing to give so much gold for it, that we managed to get along and have a surplus to ship to Europe.

Much is said to the effect, that if the tariff were removed we would then manufacture and sell largely to the outside world. This would be about as wise as to remove the levees or dykes from around the low lands of Holland, to allow the rain and surplus waters to run into the sea. There is no duty levied on any exports from the United States that I am aware of.

Another mistake which is made by many, is that it is only necessary to protect industries in their "infancy." Old and large industries can be prostrated as well as new or "infant" industries. If the labor or other ingredient which goes to make up the cost of the products is materially higher than that which goes into competing articles, sooner or later they must succumb to the competing articles. Of course, if they have a surplus on hand, as perhaps old and large industries often have, they will survive longer; still it is but a question of time when they must fall, and the larger the greater and more serious the fall in its results.

Our country has never yet felt full benefits of protection, for the reason the matter has all the time been in agitation and unsettled. Settle the question in accordance with the rule I have laid down, and immediately a new and permanent impetus will be given things generally, which no man living has ever witnessed. Capital, as before remarked, by the hundreds of millions would immediately embark in all manner of manufactures; and labor by the hundreds of thousands would be called into service to carry them on, thereby equalizing the price of labor generally by lowering the price of manufactural and increasing the price of agricultural

products which have been relatively too low, thus bringing them nearer together. The skilled first-class laborers of Europe then, finding their occupations gone, would commence to emigrate to our country by the millions, instead of the doubtful character which is now coming to us.

The economic effect of free-trade is almost certain destruction of existing manufactories, and paralysis and increased poverty to existing agriculture and agricultural labor. The continued agitation of the subject without marked or material advance in the direction of free-trade is to the pecuniary advantage of existing manufactories and their labor; whilst it is to the impoverishment of the agriculturalist and to his labor. Absolute, permanent and settled protection in its effect is to the pecuniary benefit of all kinds of agriculturalists and their labor, while its tendency is to lower the profits of existing manufactures and their labor. Any lowering of the per cent. of the tariff or charge for the introduction of foreign goods into the country, of the class which would come under the rule I have laid down, is to lower the wages and standard of living of all kinds of laborers.

There is no way of ascertaining exactly, but it is safe to venture the assertion that, under a system of settled protection, the people of the United States, so far as tax in the nature of a burden is concerned, could better afford to pay the expense of keeping up a thoroughly equipped army of a million or more men, than to have free trade and not a man under arms; for the one reason alone (waiving the many others which apply with even more force), that under the operation of free trade, the extra number of "Harrys" or commercial men, with their expensive routine necessary to do the increased carrying, and whom the people of the United States would in part have to pay, would amount to more than the expense of the million or more men under arms; and, to sum up all the evils in shape of taxation and otherwise, there is no possible compensation for free trade.

London sits, financially and otherwise, as mistress of the civilized world, by reason of English statesmanship which manages to make the balance of the

world pay her tribute. By correct statesmanship in other countries she can be dethroned. The United States has long been one of her chief devotees, and to the extent we pay her tribute we tax or burden our own people.

No one, I suppose, will disagree with the President that it is all important to prevent the accumulation of large amounts of our circulating medium or money in the treasury. But there are many ways of doing that with absolute certainty; while the way recommended by him is not by any means certain to accomplish it, but on the contrary is most certain to increase the accumulation. Putting articles on the free list, which is free trade to that extent, or placing the duty so high as to amount to almost absolute prohibition, operates in the desired direction, but an average of five or seven per cent., or even greater per cent. reduction, is most certain to have the contrary result. Repeal of any of the internal taxes is certain to work reduction.

It was not the purpose, as I stated in the beginning, to discuss this question with reference to either party; but the President of the United States in his message last December, and in his letter of acceptance, which has appeared since the commencement of this article, having defined his position and expressed his views in reference to it so distinctly, and having forced it upon the country and his party as the main and only issue, and his party (the Democratic party, the only party I have ever acted and voted with) has seemingly so unanimously endorsed his views, and his views being so extremely erroneous, and if perchance should be adopted would be so harmful to the whole country, it seemed a duty, if possible, to expose the fallacy of his argument.

With all due respect to the President and high appreciation of his integrity and ability generally, I have made the effort, and the reader must decide whether I have in any degree succeeded.



TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOME.



WELCOME home, Mary!" said the doctor, and paused on the threshold to kiss his bride.

She threw herself into his arms for one brief, silent embrace; then they went into the house.

It was an unusual interior for a log-house to show. The doctor, assisted by the Misses Haslem, had spent the week preceding his marriage in fitting up the

rooms; and they had made a nest which might have pleased a bride more accustomed to luxuries than Mary Shepherd was. Bright cretonne, plenty of books and engravings, and many little elegances of civilized life found themselves in harmonious company with the cedar-boughs, the May-flowers and the mosses contributed by this savage neighborhood.

Then there was a Timothy and a Nancy, jewels of their kind. Timothy had but just "come over," and had a wife and child at home whom the doctor was going to send for; but Nancy was an unadulterated product of Four Corners, a long, lank, childless widow of forty,

who shone with cleanliness, good-nature and enthusiasm for her employers.

Mr. Haslem's carriage and span had brought the newly-married pair and a good deal of baggage up from Shepherds-ville; and Nathan Perry, a younger brother of the stage-driver, was somewhere on the road with their trunks and larger possessions all piled into a wagon from which the seat had been taken out to make room.

Mary began at once to set her things in order. Then they went to view the kitchen; and the bridegroom had reason to conclude that even for a traveled man the tour of a kitchen was not without interest. "After all," he thought, "the kitchen is the stomach of the house."

"I will come in a minute," said Mary, when this survey was ended. "I want to talk a little treason with Nancy."

When the two women were alone, the bride laid her hand on her servant's shoulder. "Oh! Nancy," she said with tremulous earnestness, "let us be good to each other, and live in peace." And Nancy, carried away by her affectionate enthusiasm, kissed the bride on her fair cheek, and half said, half sobbed: "I dunno who could help bein' good to you, you dear creator!"

This treasonable interview accomplished, the lady rejoined her husband.

"Now let us make a royal progress through our kingdom," she said.

They visited two boiling-springs, one of which issued from a cleft rock, while the other overflowed a barrel sunk in the black mould of an alder grove. Then they went to the cedar-ledge, and walked through its moss-carpeted chambers, where one might almost expect to see fairies disappearing at sound of a step. There were openings between the trees for doors; but you could push aside the flaky fragrant branches, and pass through the newly-budded walls; and sometimes, in what seemed a solid grove, you would come across an enchanting little boudoir no larger than a coach-body. In fact, Miss Elizabeth Martin had named one of these "Cinderella's coach," and had told her nephew in that far-away summer that some day fairy horses would appear, and the coach would rise on large golden wheels and roll away.

Where the ledge dropped toward the

road, Mary found a tiny oak-tree, five pallid leaves set on a drooping stem. It had exhausted the small handful of soil in its little hollow of the rock, and was dying. Full of sympathy for this minute tragedy of nature, the bride brought leaf-loads of earth to pile around its stem, and water to refresh it, and made a hedge of twigs and stones to keep it from any unwary step.

"It shall be called 'the bride's oak,'" her husband said.

Then through the trees they saw Nathan Perry with his wagonful of trunks.

Nathan was bent over with his back a half-moon curve, and his elbows on his knees. Now and then he swung his whip over the horse's back, an attention which the animal answered with a counter-switch of his long, leisurely tail. But just before turning the last curve between him and the house, the young man, scarcely more than a hobble-de-hoy, stopped his willing steed, laid down the reins, and proceeded to "spruce himself up" with a comb and a little broom. Having pulled down his waist-coat, and arranged a soap-lock before each ear, Nathan then began to practice his deportment on the model of Mr. Haslem.

"He is trying to bow like Mr. Haslem!" Mary whispered in high glee. "Look at that flourish, James!" Then, smitten with remorse, she drew her husband away from their post of observation. "We would n't like it ourselves," she said. "It is mean to watch a person who believes himself to be alone."

They went in to receive their possessions.

"Now, these two trunks are to be kept for some future occasion," the doctor said, singling them out from the pile which littered the kitchen floor. "They will do for a rainy day."

They were his foreign trunks, and contained all his souvenirs of travel. He pointed out the fragments of many-colored placards on them. "I would n't have them torn off," he said. "I remembered what delight I had, as a boy, in looking at the old placards pasted on my father's trunks. To see the 'Paris,' and know that it had been pasted on actually in Paris, was a wonderful experience. The 'gos' is what is left of Burgos, and this 'B' is the beginning of Brindisi. Here

is 'Aleppo' in full beside 'Cairo.' This 'Dam' is the somewhat profane remains of Damascus."

"Oh! have you got something from Damascus?" Mary asked eagerly. "How I should like to see that city!"

"I have got a dagger, just for the name of it; and I have got some flower-seeds, and seeds of fruits for solid profit. You would like to see Damascus as I saw it one morning in March from the mountain above. I had driven out of it disgusted with its dogs, and dirt, and evil odors. But when I looked back, there it lay, a large island of pale brown, its slender minarets and tiled roofs glittering in the sun, and all around it a pale rose-colored sea of almond and apricot blossoms. It was distance that brought out the beauty, and hid the deformity of it. How wise mankind will be, dear, when it can see the beauty and excellence near at hand!"

He looked at his bride seriously, even anxiously. He was secretly terrified at having brought her to that lonely place. What if, after a while, she should be discontented, and feel herself thrown away there! His mother had given him one final stab only that morning before they left Shepherdsville.

"How can you have the heart to bury so much beauty in the woods?" she had said, looking at Mary in her bridal dress.

"We must hurry and make Beechland a place to sing songs about!" he said more lightly, having received a glance which assured him that his bride appreciated at least one excellence near at hand. "It is more beautiful here than many a place that is sung about. Do you know 'Guadalquiver, gentle river'? I went down one April morning early, humming that song, to sentimentalize on the banks of the wondrous stream. Guess what I found?"

"Water," said Mary confidently.

"That is just the article that I did *not* find. There were the windings, the rocks, the sand, the mud, and some little shining threads wandering about, 'like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted.' The river was 'not at home.' It was at work in the kitchen. In other words, it was off to the fields in hundreds of tiny canals, making things grow. That's the way they do in Spain. Their

brooks and rivers are not allowed to lounge off to the sea the whole year with their hands in their pockets. And that's the way we must do with our brooks here. We have got no water to spare. It's the one weak point of the place."

"We can make canals of the upper spring," Mary said eagerly. "It never runs dry. In the driest weather it is always overflowing, and it spoils the lands all about it. Come and see! We can have a ceaseless little river running from it wherever water is needed."

"That's my help-mate!" exclaimed the doctor, delighted; and a weight rolled off his heart. If she would take their life so, they might escape present danger and ensure future success.

The Sunday following they "appeared out," an important occasion for Four Corners.

That day there were no loiterers. The whole Heath family started from home at seven o'clock in the morning, the boys carrying a luncheon which would be eaten under a tree on the meeting-house green between morning and afternoon service. Mrs. Brown had got a new bonnet in which to do honor to the occasion, a fine leghorn with gray feathers, and a rather unbecoming yellow satin lining; and Mrs. Perry came out, for a wonder, leaving no one at home but "grandma'am" and the baby.

Overtaking the coach-less Mrs. Brown on the road, for which her bonnet was far too splendid, Mrs. Perry insisted on giving her a place in the stage, to the bitter trouble of Billy Perry, who had to descend and walk the rest of the way. He got down without a murmur—children were afraid of their elders in those days—but as soon as the wagon started again, he slipped behind, caught hold of the back-board, and clinging to it, ran all the way to the Corners enveloped in a thick cloud of dust. Of course he stubbed his toes against unseen stones, and set his well-blackened shoes into unseemly uncleannesses; of course his blue home-spun jacket and trousers became gray, his collar would be smirched, and the rim of his straw-hat an inch of dust; in a word he would present himself to the shining congregation as dusty as a miller's sack. Moreover, he might con-

fidently expect that his father would give him a solemn horse-whipping the next morning for this breach of decorum; but he had vindicated his connection with the stage.

In fact, Billy was a sight to behold as he let go the back-board of the wagon, and stood panting on the meeting-house green before the eyes of the gathering congregation, and his horrified family. Mrs. Brown was so concerned at having been the indirect cause of his disgraceful appearance that she wiped off his face with her own pocket-handkerchief before his mother could interfere. Then Isaac took him to the horse-shed and dusted him with a heavy hand, bestowing a supplementary cuff on each ear, and sent him whimpering into the meeting-house.

Nearly all the men of the congregation were standing in groups about the green, and some of the women had managed to arrive opportunely; when, just as the bell began to toll, the chaise of the Martins drove up, and Mary was handed down by her husband, as beautiful a bride as was ever seen, with a white crêpe shawl over her blue muslin dress, and a wreath of tremulous orange-buds on her straw bonnet.

The Haslem sisters, two pretty girls as dark as their father, sang a duet practiced especially for the occasion; and the Rev. Mr. Wilder preached from the text: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Then there was a wedding reception on the green, a pleasant noon dinner with the Haslems, and a rehearsal of patriotic music in preparation for the Fourth of July.

In this celebration the newly-married couple were to be the star performers, Mary as prima donna and her husband as orator.

"I can talk," the doctor said, after having listened to a great deal of urging. "I am not afraid to talk; but an oration is not in my line. That, as I understand it, should be something smooth, ceremonious and sublime. I could n't do it if I tried."

"Perhaps it might be well to treat the subject in a more familiar and practical way," the minister said. "I think that our people may learn a lesson from a man who has seen other countries with-

out being either unjust to them, or seduced by them."

"If you want me to talk to you in the only way I can, I will do it," the doctor said, with an anxious frown. "But I still advise you to ask some one else."

This was, of course, consent.

It had not yet become the fashion with Americans to despise the Fourth of July. They still believed in themselves; and at Four Corners, as well as everywhere else, the nation's birthday was the day of all days in the year. The militia appeared with fife and drum, and marched to the meeting-house to hear the oration. A small brass field-piece was discharged thirteen times, at morning, noon and sunset; and india-crackers never ceased spluttering for twenty-four hours. The white-washed walls of the meeting-house were adorned with patriotic mottoes and portraits of Washington, Franklin and Lafayette, all framed in cedar and roses. Flowers and evergreens festooned the pulpit and the gallery, and all the air was redolent of roses and gunpowder. New toilets made their appearance; Mary Martin coming all in white, like a swan. Everybody was full of a pleasant excitement and conscious of the exaltation of a lofty remembrance. At ten o'clock the meeting-house was crowded in every part, to the window-ledges, the spare seats in the singers' gallery, the aisles, door-ways, and pulpit-stairs.

"I was a fool to consent!" thought the doctor, looking about. "But I am in for it!"

That the majority of his hearers were not cultivated people did not help him. If they lacked polish, they did not lack the metal; and they were not ignorant of their own history. Besides, they were sure to be critical, and expect impossibilities. The woman who cannot cut out a rag-baby expects every sculptor to be a Phidias.

Mr. Haslem read the Declaration of Independence in a very oratorical manner; Mr. Wilder conducted the religious part of the services; and the doctor rose in his turn.

Mary, from the midst of the choir, beamed upon him. She had sung magnificently, and was elated.

"Do you see that husband of mine?" she asked herself gleefully, as he paused for one moment, looking somewhat pale, but a very noble figure of a man.

If his audience expected that Doctor Martin was going to cover them with the glorious mantle of their forefathers that day, they were doomed to disappointment. He held this shining vesture up one moment for their admiration, then hung it away out of their reach. It was not they who had made the nation. Possibly, if its fate had depended upon them, the result might have been different. There was no aristocracy so fallacious as that of a people which expected to be honored for no other reason than that its founders were worthy of honor. They were to look to themselves for honor. The worth of a man was in his will; his whole future, natural and supernatural, was in his will. And what was virtue but a will that walks upright, like a man? And what was vice but a will that goes on all fours, like a beast, or prone, like a serpent?

They were not to look forward to riches and ease as the perfection of a man or a nation. Hardships were good. The point of ripeness was the point of decay. A man who had political freedom and a peaceful home ought to consider his lot a blessed one, though he might have to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Difficulties show the strength. When you want to wake up what of soul a man may possess, don't knock with gloved knuckles: bring down the bronze! Christ did that; and wherever there was anything of high or heroic in humanity, it rang back like a bell! Their minister would tell them this, giving supernatural reasons; he would give only the natural motive.

He wanted them not to look to any other nation, past or present, for a model, but to themselves, and nothing else, and themselves at their best. There was nothing Caesarian about them, unless it was their political birth; and their civilization was not Grecian, nor German, nor scarcely English. He begged them not to imitate that element in American society which, like a baby brought up on a bottle, went forever blindly nosing and sucking about the world in search of a

past. Minerva had no natural parentage: she sprang armed from the brain of Jove; and Minerva was wisdom. Adam and Eve had no ancestry and no past; but they had a tremendous future, and are the very types of progress and growth. The anchor is not built upon a rock; it is supported from above, and it grasps the unseen. And the anchor is hope. They needed both hope and wisdom for their future; for it was harder to retain than to win.

"When strangers come to your gates and ask for admittance," he said, "recollect the answer of Christ to the Syro-Phœnician woman: 'Let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto the dogs.' He said 'the children *first*,' not first and last. Be pitiful to the stranger who comes asking only your crumbs; but when he takes the children's bread, turn him out, and with him the unnatural child who has helped him to rob a brother.

"Beware of too much trustfulness. If we fall, it will not be by force, but by guile."

So far, though not too much flattered, the doctor's hearers had listened with complacency. But he gave them a grain of salt before he ended. Conceding and insisting on equality before the law, and the possibility open to every man and woman to attain saintliness, he went on to describe such an aristocracy of Nature's making, that some of his hearers might well have preferred a mediæval arrogance which was not impregnable to fire and sword, to this inviolable superiority to whose charter jealousy was but another signature, hate a confirmation strong as holy writ, and violence an aureole.

The doctor had not hoped to be either brilliant or original, but merely to re-impress some old truths on his hearers' minds. He knew well that persistent reiteration is the strongest of arguments.

"You have made me quite ashamed of having a respectable father and mother, doctor." Miss Clare Haslem said, as they sauntered home, a gay and happy company, to dine together at a primitively early hour. "Papa, confess now that I was left at your door in a basket one dark night."

"How did you find it out!" exclaimed her father.

The Haslems were a cultivated family, and lived with some elegance. A failure in business in a distant city had obliged them to retire to the country for a while, and they eagerly sought the society of Doctor Martin and his wife.

"I should like them very much, if they did not turn everything to a laugh," Mary said, as she and her husband drove home that night. "They are bright and kind; but till I knew you, James, they often made me feel that to be in earnest was to be ridiculous."

"Some people think that witty," her husband said. "It is n't that they are incapable of being serious; but their whole capacity for thought is directed to raising a laugh. Of course, it is n't pleasant."

"It is more than unpleasant," his wife persisted. "They are looked to here as an example of good style; and they are teaching the young men to mock at everything."

"So you think that two thoughtless girls can ruin the tone of the place?"

"Yes, I do!" Mary answered positively. "It's of no use for you to deny our influence, James. You men are the consonants of the race, but we are the vowels. You can't even pronounce yourselves without us."

"Bless you, Molly!" said her husband. "We don't want to pronounce ourselves without you."

CHAPTER XIX.

"PEEP, PEEP, PEEP, SWEET."

On a corner table in the sitting-room at Beechlands, lying in solitary state, was a large family bible given to Mrs. Martin as a wedding-present by her mother.

A year after his first and last patriotic oration Dr. Martin opened this bible at a blank leaf between the two testaments, headed "Born," and wrote:

"Atalanta Elizabeth, July 4th, 1846."

He considered it the most tremendous document he had ever written.

The entries which in time followed were only second to this in importance.

"James ———, December 31st, 1847.

"Francis ———, January 3d, 1851.

"Charles ———, August 1st, 1852.

"William and Mary ———, January 1st, 1854.

"Catherine ———, June 30th, 1856.

"Robert ———, June 5th, 1858."

When this last entry was made, the doctor was 45 years of age and his wife ten years younger. They had been married thirteen years.

The years had been busy, prosperous and happy. Their experiment had been a success. They still lived in the log-house; but so many additions had been made to the original structure that it was no longer recognizable. They had added, as the bees do, one room at a time according to their need, and the result was disorderly, convenient and charmingly picturesque.

In contrast with the brown rusticity of their personal habitation, were two structures built with a view to their future state of finances and living. These were an immense barn and a glass-house worthy of a palace garden. Their own house was to be built last, and the time was almost come to begin upon that. It must be a large house, they decided, built of brick and oak, to last the lives of their great-grand-children.

The oaken timbers were seasoning now under cover, chosen oak-trees from their own forest. Stones had been brought and left in heaps for the weather to try before they should be used to wall the cellars. There were cedar-trees growing to line boxes and wardrobes with, and bird's-eye maple maturing for finishing-woodwork. Everything was to be the best of its kind, and there was to be no shiftless hurry. The work should proceed deliberately and solidly. They were in no haste to have it done, for they had learned the satisfying delight of slow and sure progress.

The woods still surrounded them; but wedges of wheat, and corn, and clover had been driven into it on every side. No forest monarch had as yet come down for fire-wood, and only so much for timber as covered the land wanted immediately for some other growth; and single trees of rare beauty were spared even on the planting ground. "Trees worthy of having each a Christian name," the doctor said.

The town had scarcely changed in ap-

pearance, and the people seemed only to have grown older. They scarcely knew themselves that they had changed, so careful and so gradual had been their cultivation.

At Four Corners the old minister had died and a young one had taken his place and married Clare Haslem, stopping her trivial laughter. This gentleman found time to give something of a superior education to a few of the more ambitious boys in the townships, among them Silvio Heath, now a serious youth of eighteen years.

Mr. Haslem, having cut all the trees down for a square mile about his habitation and sold them for boards or firewood, had found himself able to return to city life, leaving a waste of stumps behind him.

Mr. Brown, or more properly Mrs. Brown, had built an ambitious two-story house, painted it white, and put green blinds on it. But there they had been obliged to make a pause, and their partitions were still a semi-transparent lace-work of laths, with sheets draping decently the bed-rooms into a partial

privacy. Eliza Ann, known as Lizerann, the little fairy whom the doctor had found on his coming clinging to her mother's skirts, was now a brilliant girl of sixteen, fully resolved to make her merits known to the world. She had spent a whole year at a boarding-school in Doctor Martin's own Southport, where she had made the acquaintance of his family and the Selwyns, and she was supposed to be a very accomplished young woman. She did not mean that "Talanta Martin should outshine her personally, however superior her surroundings might be; and it was the great ambition of her life to marry a rich man and have everything finer than her dear envied friend "Talanta. It was a little triumph that they had got their frame house first, but their old pole fences were an eye-sore to her when she thought of Doctor Martin's beautiful stone walls, "miles of it," she said, and the grand arched gateway he had made in dear memory of foreign lands where the lines seem all to have a swelling impulse beneath to push them into curves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

Political Literature.

THERE is, perhaps, no occupation more profitable or agreeable, intellectually speaking, for a democratic society and people than that of the study of politics. Much of the zest in its enjoyment is due to its party issues. The great gain to the individual mind in this comes from an active and interested consideration of subjects and questions bearing upon the public welfare, which, but for party antagonisms, would receive only indifferent attention. It has been made the privilege, not to say duty, of every citizen, to participate freely and openly in the discussion of questions which may in any measure affect the government existing by and with his consent. The proper exercise of this privilege during the progress of a Presidential election is certain to be, in effect, highly educational. There can be no doubt in the mind of any American citizen as to his right to exercise it. Society with us has imposed upon itself the imperative condition of tolerating every man's political opinions. However persistently "just" a man may be in his views, though his neighbors should

come to regard them as very tiresome, he need not fear ostracism.

To every truly patriotic mind it is occasion for profound satisfaction that the sinister and socially cruel lines on which sectional issues were possible are being rapidly obliterated in this country which heaven must have designed for one people, speaking a common language and creating and inspiring one literature.

And just here it is right and proper to say that political thought and political literature may be made happily instrumental in breaking down any race distinctions which may temporarily exist as barriers to the formation of a homogeneous people. Not only do we reasonably hope for the day when there shall be no "solid" North and no "solid" South, in political issues and political literature, but also do we look for the time when the terms "Irish-American" and "German-American" shall be regarded as obsolete, and be merged in the more fitting and all-embracing word, American.

Whatever view a citizen may take of a question of politics, if he shall read and think his mind must be more or less shaped

and trained. If he reflects long and carefully on the same subject, his mind is strengthened as surely as his muscles harden and his sinews toughen by exercise.

If he examines the questions at issue impartially, reading both sides with an open mind, he may not come out in his convictions at the precise place where he started in, but he will not be the loser, as a man, in the result. It is quite possible for an honest mind to strengthen its own convictions by a perfectly fair handling of opposing opinions. It is in just such exercises of the mind that the disciplinary value of political thought lies.

The universal diffusion of political literature at such times as the present leaves no excuse for intellectual indolence.

But a healthy mind, duly considerate of itself, will look to the leaders of public opinion for instruction. The teachings of the mere politician and the demagogue are to be avoided. It is often difficult to discriminate such. There is a higher politics, and there are abroad to-day admirable specimens of its literature, from which every form of personal, partisan and selfish interest is cast out, and with which one may safely engage his best powers.

There are minds in both the great parties to whom we may trust ourselves for the hour that we may be engaged in investigating an important issue.

There are a few great newspapers on both sides that have something in them daily that merits careful reading for instruction's sake; but there is an infinity of "light" political literature, with an interweaving of very imaginative fiction, from which every sane-minded citizen should pray to be delivered.

The present and like occasions should prompt the cit'zen to read the history of the politics of the country, its constitutional and legislative history, and to make a careful review of the great questions at issue as shown in the careers of parties. The critical student of politics may thus qualify himself to stand apart, and in a certain sense overlook the preparations for the final conflict, but in this self-imposed attitude he should not be found so pharisaically complacent with himself as to forget the day of decision, or fail to identify himself with one of the great parties on the line of his convictions. He cannot afford to sink his individuality in ideal expectations of a perfect good to be gained.

The aim of our democratic constitution is a society and civilization in which shall be realized "the greatest good to the greatest number." This is not so true a theory as the greatest good without reference to number, but the most practicable route to the heights of this latter is by the narrower way of the former principle.

Literature in the Schools.

SCHOOL education, as a product, is made up of constant and variable factors. The tendency of the former, in the hands of intelligent teachers, is disciplinary and logical in its effects upon the growing mind. In the general practice, however, of routine, set methods and memory training there are produced mechanical effects, and the originality and free play of the child-mind is restricted and bent into automatic habits. To counteract these effects it becomes necessary to introduce variable factors that shall relieve drudgery and renew the natural and spontaneous play of the mind.

The conversations of childhood supply a happy hint to this end. Here are the most interesting beginnings of literature. They can be made to graduate into written language and printed books. Here we have the immediate instruments of free mental activity always at hand, and fitted for unlimited use and service.

The Primary Readers of the schools aim to be reproductions of childish talk, and, as such, are used as a kind of first step in literary exercise.

But, usually, these are the merest travesties of the freely playing minds of children, whose quick-flying conceits and utterances must be captured on the wing and caged alive in their brightly original words and phrases. This is an exceedingly difficult thing to do, and we know of no quite successful attempt in the literature of the elementary schools. And yet it is the only true starting point for a literature in education. Here, then, is a great work to do for some Froebel or Pestalozzi, whose loving genius intimately touches the child-life, viz., to gather the actual conversations of children, and print them in books for the children themselves to read and improve upon.

The thoughts of childhood are instinct with art, and poetry, and philosophy. This is the period when the mind plays at will, accompanying itself with whatever delights and interests. A right culture will seek to prolong the sprightliness and versatility of youth.

In a collection of fifty *different* minds in a schoolroom subject to the instruction and training of one teacher, it is possible, in time, and by set methods to mould the fifty individual minds into likeness in their mental desires, tastes, and aptitudes. The same models in reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history, for exercise in the same ways, for exactly the same periods of time, surrounded by the same physical circumstances, must tend to destroy individual differences of mind. If there be anything in the science of phrenology, the school thus

becomes a workshop, with the teacher as mechanic, for the reduction of all human heads to the same size and shape.

But the perfect modern school need not exact of the teacher an unvarying routine of methods and models in instruction; nor of the learner only perfunctory tasks, gladly laid aside at the door of the schoolroom. There is plenty of room for the introduction into any practicable course of instruction, of intellectual play and pastimes that shall be in themselves instructive and stimulating. The teacher must be able to engage his pupils in intelligent conversations about things that interest if he has to learn how from the children themselves. The proper objects and subjects for observation, conversation and thought will awaken mental activity and call forth expression. This is not the method of a set lesson to be memorized and recited. It may not serve wholly for the regulation subjects, but it will impart a spirit of "sweetness and light" to the hours of enforced study.

The originality and native precocity of youth are often lost in the automatic drills of the class-room. Incipient talent and genius must die out in the mind of the possessor from sheer lack of appreciation and sympathy on the part of those to whom the youth trustingly looks for aid and encouragement. Perhaps it would be regarded as extravagant to assert that the end of a long course of instruction leaves nine-tenths of graduates wholly at the mercy of the world which they have been taught to believe themselves fitted to enter and conquer. They may soon discover, however, that the wide fields of experience and knowledge are yet before them, and that the inclination and disposition for their further pursuit have been left dull and apathetic by the scholastic training received. Books and literature are now distasteful to them. They will be but too happy to ignore the classics; history has been *studied* too much. Admit that their minds have been filled with the elements of knowledge, that their intellectual powers have been disciplined and strengthened till they are sinewy and tough, how is it that the mind which comes to the tasks of life with a training and knowledge gained out of the schools by reading, private study and self-help, often measures up to, nay, outstrips the college-bred mind? The question is easily answered: The methods of the schools destroy originality and versatility of mind by anticipating and preventing the very self-help necessary to give every mind self-reliance and independent power.

It is, therefore, plain that the course of education from primary school to college, inclusive, must be so shaped and carried on as to leave room for self-help and independent action with the mind of learner and student.

To do so requires nothing revolutionary or destructive of present systems. It does require intelligent teachers and appropriate means. For the present we need not interfere with the elementary subjects, writing, drawing, arithmetic, geography and music in the primary schools, nor with the sciences, mathematics and classics in high schools and colleges. Our immediate business is with language and literature, under which are included reading, grammar, history, and social and political science.

These subjects, it is claimed, can be classed and taught under the general head of literature, and the methods by which they should be inculcated made distinctly different from those employed in the other subjects of instruction. All routine and memorized lessons for recitation can and should be dispensed with. A taste for any branch of literature is dulled by a forced memorizing of its details. Literature proper is not to serve as an aid to teaching reading as commonly understood. This is a grave error practised now in the schools and embodied in series of "graded" Readers adapted to the degree of advancement of the pupil. The mere calling of words, phrases, and sentences at sight, which is all that is now done in the "reading lessons" of most of the schools, can be better accomplished by the blackboard and exercise books containing the necessary words, phrases, and detached sentences.

The child should never be permitted to read a thought or a paragraph of literature with a view to its proper utterance before he is made familiar with every word to be met therein. It is the constant violation of this rule in the use of "Readers," which balks any appreciation of the thoughts of the writer, and prevents the perception of literary excellence.

Reproduction in conversation or by writing is the best method of appreciating the thoughts of others. This is a reversal of the ordinary method of instruction, and bases the study of language on its use. It is not here intended to trench on the scientific study of language.

When the child can read with understanding, he should have free access to all pure literature within the range of his capacity. He should be encouraged to read in the hearing of others those things that give him mental pleasure. Ease of manner and expression, flexibility of voice and agreeable intonation will come through a full understanding of what is read, and all will improve as his own mind fills up with new thoughts.

There is much choice literature to be found in the many and various series of Readers used in the schools, and there is not a little in them that scarcely deserves the name.

The good is often sacrificed to a vicious method of instruction which outruns the capacity of the youth, and the teacher must resort to drills, and repetitions, and frequent readings. By such treatment all forms of prose and poetry lose their freshness and attractive qualities for the mind. And thus any latent taste for the purer specimens of literature is lost to view and the distracted youth will seek satisfaction in what is immediately present and sensational.

If the Readers in the schools cannot be made up of original and unmutated selections from the best American writers, then they should be supplemented in the courses of instruction by such additional attention to pure literature as will induce independent reading on the part of the youth.

History is the most useful department of literature. It has been for some time a branch of study in the higher classes of the common schools. The colleges of this country have given the subject but scant attention. The method of instruction usually pursued has resulted in injury rather than benefit to the intelligence of the pupil. It has been taught in the routine way, as a memory exercise, a lesson to be learned for the hour, and not as a subject to be read, and pursued with interest, in all its bearings and leadings.

Let it be conceded, then, that the major part of the hours in school shall be given to gaining the facts and rudiments that every one must have. But let there be reserved a large minor part in which the mind shall be permitted to relieve the wearying and dulling effects of "hard study" in a free search after intellectual pleasure. For this no better method can be devised than reading the choice products of great writers, conversation, composition—in short, mental play—spells in the broad fields and clear atmosphere of pure literature.

It is said of Buckle, the great historian of civilization, that at the age of fourteen, on being asked by his father what especial favor he desired, he requested to be taken from school and be allowed to pursue his studies in private. The favor was granted.

Far be it from us to speak depreciatingly of the American public school, but we do say to the youth that if their tastes for literature cannot be provided for in the schoolroom, at the hands of intelligent teachers, there remains to them the not unpleasant alternative of following the self-reliant examples of Franklin, Washington and Lincoln, as many others have done. There need be no fear of a compulsory law in their cases. Imagine a truant officer pursuing the boy Patrick Henry through the woods, and along the silvery creeks of Virginia where he lazily loitered and read and grew to a splendid intellectual stature!

Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive. By Mary E. Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. (Lee & Shepard.) The authors of this entertaining book obtained the materials for its pages under circumstances altogether favorable for a general view of the present condition of Mexico. Each writer conveys to the reader a credible and instructive account of what was observed during a pleasure excursion into that country, taken at leisure. It is evident that their eyes were open, and the gifts for telling what was seen at ready command.

Mrs. Blake captivates the imagination of the reader with her vivid pen pictures of Mexican scenery and life. She warmly persuades us to relinquish our unjustifiable preconception that the Mexican is a brigand by nature and practice. "We have found the people courteous beyond expression. The poorest laborer as gracefully lifts his hat as the high-bred gentleman; and the kindness of unassuming hospitality opens every house, rich and poor, to the visitor." The costumes of the people are described as picturesque, becoming, and peculiarly neat and clean.

The views of the social and domestic habits of the Mexican people here given must materially modify impressions generally held until now. Their every-day pursuits appear to have remained the same throughout hundreds of years, despite conquests, revolutions and changing governments. The many live in adobe houses, and follow the fashions of their remote ancestors.

Such modern inventions as telegraphs, telephones, street-cars and electric lights are not wanting in the cities, while "the people still cling to the old-fashioned methods of hand-work." Cities still possessing Spanish characteristics of three centuries back; the country, rich in tropical vegetation, fruits and other products; scenes of unsurpassed beauty, varying between the low plains of the coast and the summits of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl—all are described with a passionate interest that cannot fail to charm.

But the people, always and everywhere, impress the traveler as out of place on the Western continent, as belonging rather to an Oriental country and race.

Mrs. Blake adds to her descriptions of "Mexico, Picturesque," two very interesting chapters on "Literary Mexico," "A Group of Novels," and "Blossoms of Verse," in which the reader will find exceptional culture and critical taste.

Mrs. Sullivan writes of "Political and Progressive Mexico," for which she is well fitted by previous observation in other lands and a varied experience as a writer. Her style is suited to her subject, and is strong, clear and forcible.

Mexico is described as "the unchanging country of this continent." The vices, as well as the religion, they learned from the Spaniards under Cortez, still intermingle in their practices.

Spanish domination lasted just 300 years—from 1521 to 1821—but superstitions still linger, although the State and the Inquisition are no longer associated in cruel impositions upon a weak and credulous people.

The land in Mexico is owned by a few proprietors, many of whom live abroad, while the tillers of the soil are chiefly renters.

This writer eloquently excuses a people of mixed languages, religions, and races, not assimilated by a common education, for the failure to establish a permanent government.

She tells with rightful sympathy for Mexico the story of Louis Napoleon's delusion, and Maximilian's insane ambition and sorrowful ruin. She bitterly condemns the greed of English capitalists in their successful efforts to burden the State with debt.

Mrs. Sullivan is the author of a trenchant work on "Ireland of To-day," and when opportunity offers here, she does not fail to say a telling word against Ireland's "oppressor."

Succeeding chapters of the book deal with the Mexican "Constitution and Government," "Religion and Education," and the "Revenue and its Application."

It is an interesting and valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

Napoleon Smith. ** By a Well-known New Yorker. (Judge Pub. Co.) This well-written story makes amazing demands upon the reader's credulity. It is deceitfully realistic, since the hero moves among actual scenes and circumstances that are in themselves deeply interesting.

The theatre of the plot is Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, and the American minister and his secretary are represented as participants. Napoleon Smith, a supposed grandson and heir of Napoleon the Great, has been a soldier in the Union army, and in this service receives a severe wound in his head which at times affects the brain. He goes to Paris in search of his inheritance, serves in the French army, distinguishes himself and is honored by Trochu. In a Communistic riot, he is again wounded and by a singular combination of mishaps finds the inheritance sought in a concealed vault of the Tuileries—tons of gold!

A prominent feature of the story is the part this inheritance is made to play in the financial history of this country.

Napoleon Smith's poor head gets wounded so often that we do not wonder at the loss of his personal identity so much as at its

recovery. The author, however, turns this remarkable psychological phenomenon to good account as a proof of the immateriality of the mind.

As a matter of course the hero plays double in his love affairs, his utter helplessness being, on this account, quite out of the usual way.

Yankee character and enterprise are well set forth in the person of a soap agent, who turns out to be a person of note in the secret service of the United States. The character of Le Noir is absurdly improbable. The author of this peculiar conceit has ability that merits a better method of illustration.

La Fayette. ** By Lydia Hoyt Farmer. (T. W. Crowell & Co.)

Few books have given us so much pure pleasure. The hero is great in his own person, an historic figure, a grand character that needs no art beyond the simple truth to describe its perfections. No imaginary hero of fiction surpasses in chivalrous qualities of person, in magnanimity of soul, in generosity of purpose or deed, in virtue or in courage, the La Fayette of our American Revolution.

At nineteen years of age he devotes his life and fortune to the cause of human liberty as represented in the struggle of the English colonies against the mother country. No trace of selfishness can be found in this devotion. He leaves France secretly, against the wishes of his government, contrary to the prayers of his dearest friends (yet understood and believed in by a noble young wife); crosses the ocean in his own vessel, offers himself to a rebellious people, and accepts any service and post as a privilege, at his own expense; fights in an unequal contest by the side of Washington, and wins with him. Does history afford a like example? Was it prophetic inspiration that prompted him to write, June 7, 1777, to his wife while on his way thither, as yet not having seen this land?

"The happiness of America is intimately connected with the happiness of all mankind. She will become the safe and respected asylum of virtue, integrity, toleration, equality and tranquil happiness."

When the Republic of the United States was at last established by the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the oldest monarchy in civilized Europe, that of France, was nearing the most tragic event of a history that reads like one long tragedy. It had taken all the time from the founding of that monarchy by Clovis to the Revolution of 1789, over thirteen hundred years, to educate its people up to a point of questioning appreciation of the truths embodied in the American Constitution. And it would seem that La Fayette was the only Frenchman who believed in the universality and

the possible application of American principles in the government of European peoples. Later on we find even him consenting to a constitutional monarchy under Louis Philippe, and yielding to the circumstances which revealed the unreadiness of the French people to receive and maintain a democratic form of government. Another century of discipline, of experience marked by revolutions and bloodshed, must be lived by the nation before its leading minds practically accepted what La Fayette clearly saw as truth and felt as a passion, at nineteen.

It is a remarkable characteristic of his passion for human liberty, that it seemed to lose nothing of its heroic quality with experience and age.

Perhaps the author of this biography might have added something to the reader's pleasure by giving a more particular account of La Fayette's part in the Revolution of 1789, and especially of the personal services rendered to poor Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. No part of his career shows at once the humanity and heroism of the man more strongly. He was as ready to give his life in defence of the persons of the King and Queen against the murderous violence of an unreasoning Parisian mob, as to fight for universal liberty by the side of Washington.

We should like to dwell at greater length upon the story of a life that must be fascinating as long as the lives of great men shall be regarded as central points in human history.

The work of Mrs. Farmer merits special praise for its completeness. The reader will be pleased to find here much new material, taken from French sources, never before presented to an American public. The lengthy and fitly arranged extracts from the correspondence of members of the La Fayette family, give it permanent historic value.

The book deserves a place in every American home. The writer is in full sympathy with her noble subject, and often in her pages makes demands upon the reader that are likely to draw from his heart feelings which are usually kept out of public view. Of course, the memory of La Fayette's life and services remains in every American patriot's heart. The reading of this admirably written book will freshen and vivify that memory, whose grateful impressions should be ineffaceable.

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Citizens' Atlas of American Politics. By Fletcher W. Hewes (Charles Scribner's Sons). The first century of the political history of the United States will close with the year 1889. Every good citizen must desire that the centennial at hand shall be marked by a universal confidence in our political institutions and the methods by which they are

preserved. A Presidential election is a more or less significant test of their character and the esteem in which they are held by the people. It is the occasion for determining the policy which shall control the government under the Constitution, and the intelligence of every citizen is accordingly called into activity. The atlas before us admirably epitomizes our ninety-nine years of political history, and supplies in condensed and graphic forms the all-important facts necessary to a fitting celebration of its centennial. These facts appear to be given without partisan bias, from official sources, and include statistics of Presidential elections, the tariff, wages and prices during low-tariff and high-tariff periods, and also a complete view of the actual workings of the tariff from 1791 to 1887. The study of these facts is made comparatively easy, and quite relieved of dryness, by means of well executed maps and happily designed charts. Similarly, are shown the distribution of manufactures, the wool product, and the foreign-born population, by states and by counties. By means of colored maps, the results of Presidential elections by counties and states are shown. From these the close and doubtful states at every election can be seen at a glance. One of the most valuable features of this atlas is the comparison, by the aid of simple charts, of the tariff-rate and revenue, the tariff-rate and wages, wages and prices of food, wages and prices of woolen and cotton goods, from 1850 to 1888. Every voter will welcome this work, at once comprehensive and concise, as supplying a convenient and ready means of "testing the conflicting statements of partisan newspapers and speakers on current political issues."

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Books Received.

- Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought.* By Joseph Le Conte. (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.)
A Library of American Literature, Vol. IV. By E. C. Stedman and Miss E. M. Hutchinson. (Charles L. Webster & Co., N. Y.)
Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street. By Henry Clews. (The Irving Pub. Co., N. Y.)
The Boston Tea Party. Revised from Henry C. Watson. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)
Famous American Statesmen. By Mrs. Sarah Bolton.
Napoleon and the Russian Campaign. By L. N. Tolstol. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston.)
Robert Elamere. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Macmillan & Co., N. Y.)
God Reigns. By E. R. Roe, M. D. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.)
Remember the Alamo. By Amella E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.)
The Virtues and Their Reasons. By Austin Bierbower.
The New Model First Reader. (Geo. Sherwood & Co., Chicago.)
The Civil Service Law. By W. H. Clarke. (L. K. Strouse & Co., N. Y.)
The Two-Wine Theory. Rev. Edw. H. Jewett, S.T.D. (E. Steiger & Co., N. Y.)

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for October.

AUTUMN in these Northern States may be said to commence only with this month, and brings with its cool days, clear sunshine and air laden with healthful ozone; new lease of life and comfort. A crisp brace meets one in the morning; business matters, doubled in importance, assume easy proportions and all cares of life sit lightly these glorious October days.

Down South, where cool nights are not due yet for months, there is no such comfort, for Yellow Jack has his strong hand upon the land and relaxes grip only at command of stronger Jack Frost. It is a curious disease. At Mobile Bay and at Pensacola in 1863, I became acquainted with its orange hues, and more than one brave man of Farragut's fleet sleeps on the coast of the Mexican Gulf, victims to an unconquerable foe. I do not think that the memory will ever fade of the hour when delirium suddenly departed, and I saw with wonder how hand and arm had changed to golden yellow, and asked what it all meant. "Poor fellow!" said the surgeon, "it means death." No pain, only a sense of cold and numbness that steadily crept upward toward life's centres, marking one more hour of waning life gone as the zone extended. Brain and every sense were as clear as ever, and I saw on the clockface that stood against the wall, the hour when only a clod would lie in my bunk. Last farewells were spoken, last messages were sent to dear ones in the Northern home, and the line of cold kept pace with swift movement of that relentless hand of Time.

Suddenly a nurse, who was watching for the end, sprang to his feet and called the surgeon back to the bedside. "See," he exclaimed, "the crisis!" A single drop of sweat that had started, caught his eye, and instantly every measure for restoration that had been given up as useless was vigorously resumed. In ten hours, danger was past, and in a week the patient sat under the live oaks watching sunrise in Barrancas, practically a well man.

Fear, unreasoning, heart depressing, paralyzing fear, is what does more to kill in such fevers as this than any one other cause. There is an atmosphere of death in the very name of Yellow Fever; and we never told our patients what the matter was as long as it could be avoided.

In every epidemic of deadly disease, and one may come to such illy guarded shores as ours at any time, steady confidence is better than drugs, and a brave heart than doctors. Indeed, in the fever of the South,

it is well known that good, experienced nursing is about all that is needed; that without it, medical men are useless.

My readers must beware of anti-pyrine, the new fashionable remedy for headaches. It is by no means a harmless drug, having a tendency to induce attacks of localized paralysis, and is being charily handled by physicians. As a remedy for sea sickness, a recent experiment proves that it is useless in that respect.

At a late meeting of the doctors of France at Marseilles, part of the programme was an excursion to Algiers; and before they sailed, one among them announced the preventive virtues of anti-pyrine in sea-sickness. "Now," said he, "there is an opportunity to test its value in a way rarely occurring. Here are a hundred and fifty doctors of us going to sea, not one of whom is a sailor. Let us all take the drug, sail across the middle sea like veterans and enjoy our little trip like old salts."

Adopted. So every doctor armed himself with capsules of anti-pyrine and began to take them as the ship swung out of the dock and headed for Africa, and in half an hour afterwards that society, without exception, was laid out. They stuck manfully to the remedy, determined to give it fair play; but when they landed in the morning, a dragged out, dilapidated looking set, the vote that anti-pyrine was a miserable delusion in sea sickness, passed by a large vote—a strictly unanimous one.

As a temporary relief for sick headache, it has considerable value; but it is as insidious as chloral, and even more seductive. All these drugs have about the same biography. They come in with trumpet blast and beat of drum, heralded as absolute cure-alls; spread themselves among the people like a pestilence, are eagerly seized by youthful physicians and helped along, and gradually subside out of public sight, leaving behind some victims to their power who live and a host of graves.

So came opium, chloral, bromides, blue glass, mental science, ether, anti-pyrine and many more, and so they have gone. If only our people would let drugs alone!

For the harm that the habit of taking these narcotic poisons does is by no means upon the surface to be readily estimated by sanitary statisticians. It goes deeper, attacking the very foundations of the race, sapping its vitality, and making clear the way to nerve failure in time of need. Perhaps the day will come when these drugs will be proscribed—perhaps, also, the millennium.

With October, schools, public and private,

are again in full swing. Since it appears that no amount of protest from medical men is effective in limiting the number of studies imposed in public schools and consequent overstrain of nervous centres, a few words of advice from the Calendar may reach the eye of some parent who is not a member of a school board, and save a child from injury.

Under no circumstances ought home study to be permitted. School hours, six of them, are long enough to confine a growing brain to books, and there should be no bringing lessons home. Active exercise in open air should be the rule, with plenty of plain food and an early bed. Again I lift my voice in favor of lawn tennis as an exercise for girls. During the summer just closed I have seen a charming child exchange pale cheeks and listless gait for the bright tints and elastic step that belong to her years, and utterly lose alarming lung symptoms that had begun to cause well grounded apprehension. She had learned to like tennis, and for the last month of her vacation, had averaged fifty games a day.

As cold weather and our deadly Northern winter comes again to shut us up, some indoors and some in the grave, there are games with balls to help drive the destroyer away. All these are good. They bring every muscle into play, and especially train the eye, as it follows the flying sphere to and fro, to swift accommodation of vision. Battledore and shuttlecock, played in a cool hall or large room, is next best to tennis, and it is astonishing how much sport may be gained therefrom.

Children, especially young girls, are rarely properly dieted. There is almost universally a repugnance to meat and a hysterical liking for sweets or acids, that is unhealthy. When nerves cry for food, they are given a stone, and rebel in consequence.

A plentiful supply of meat should be eaten at least once daily, and this at breakfast, when the body needs bolstering for the day's work, and when the digestive tract is empty. Taken then, with moderate exercise, such food is promptly assimilated and goes where it does most good, directly into the blood.

I heartily approve of late suppers, and am convinced that the human animal, like others, sleeps best upon a stomach filled with light, digestible food. Of course there are idiosyncracies; there are many kinds of people, and the kind of food proper for one would not suit another; yet there need be no departure from the rule. An elderly lady came to me not long ago and said that it was no manner of use; she could not sleep if she ate anything before she went to bed.

"What had you for supper last night, ma-dame?" I asked.

"Oatmeal porridge, doctor."

"Well, you could not have had anything

better calculated to keep you awake. In the first place, oatmeal, no matter how prepared, is devoid of nutrition to any one save the very strongest and hardest working of men. It demands for conversion into chyle an amount of nerve power that no invalid owns and few well people can give; in every other instance remaining unchanged in the bowels until ejected as a foreign substance. Do not touch it again. Try instead a broiled bird or lamb chop, with a bit of toast."

And the change was all she needed to make her sleep peaceful.

The fashion of beginning breakfast with oatmeal porridge, that came from England some few years since, has caused more dyspepsia than any single habit that I recall. It places a layer of sticky, pasty carbonaceous food against a membrane that is already torpid enough and needs sharp stimulus of fruit or douche of water to start gastric secretions, instead of a clogging mass like the meal, that all day long works ill until it is gotten rid of. Nutritious it is not, except to a strong person who is in for a hard day's work out of doors, and then is in every way inferior as food to a steak and cup of coffee with milk. And I am glad to note its partial disappearance from American tables.

Another habit that is productive of indigestion, is the consumption of salted fish and meat at the morning meal. Neither is calculated to awaken the digestive act, contains any great amount of nutritive food, nor is easy to assimilate; and this, the most important table function of the day, should be carefully carried out. Upon it depends the value of business or pleasure for the following eight hours, and no one can meet his fellows with the serene content that means success without a well-stored morning stomach.

I am often asked wherein lies the difference between tea and coffee as regards food value. Tea is a nerve stimulant, pure and simple, acting like alcohol in this respect, without any value that the latter may possess as a retarder of waste. It has an especial influence upon those nerve centres that supply will power, exalting their sensibility beyond normal activity, and may even produce hysterical symptoms, if carried far enough. Its active principle, theine, is an exceedingly powerful drug, chiefly employed by nerve specialists as a pain destroyer, possessing the singular quality of working toward the surface. That is to say, when a dose is administered hypodermically for sciatica, for example, the narcotic influence proceeds outwards from the point of injection, instead of inwards toward the centres, as does that of morphia, atropia, et cetera. Tea is totally devoid of nutritive value, and the habit of drinking it to excess, which so many American women indulge in, particularly in the

country, is to be deplored as a cause of our American nervousness.

Coffee, on the contrary, is a nerve food. Like other concentrated foods of its class, it operates as a stimulant also; but upon a different set of nerves from tea. Taken strong in the morning, it often produces dizziness and that peculiar visual symptom of over stimulus that is called *muscæ volitantes*—dancing flies. But this is an improper way to take it; and rightly used, it is, perhaps, the most valuable liquid addition to the morning meal. It should be made as strong as possible at first in a drip bag, and a table-spoonful or two of the liquid added slowly to a large cupful of equal parts of hot milk and cream, in which have been previously dissolved two or three lumps of sugar. Its active principle, caffeine, differs in all physiological respects from theine, while it is chemically very closely allied, and its limited consumption, as compared with tea, makes it impotent for harm. During our late war, we were often reduced to rations of salt pork, hard bread and coffee, and more than one day was gone through with successfully upon coffee and hard tack alone. If our wounded men, who were brought in after a long night of misery upon a battlefield, could get a tin cup of strong coffee at the surgeon's field hospital, they were in good trim for any needed operation, and results were better than if they had been given a quantity of heavier, less concentrated food. So that the weight of evidence shows that coffee is a food, and that tea is merely a stimulant. And the former is a well-known antidote to many narcotic poisons, a valuable remedy in certain cases of nervous exhaustion. The Brazilian Emperor is said to owe his recovery from a late most serious attack of this kind to the skilful use of caffeine by his consulting physician, the great Charcot.

With cold October nights and chilly days comes need for warm underclothing. If the change has not already been made, woollen underwear should be put on at once. This is now made of all grades of weight, and nervous women in particular will derive more comfort and health therefrom than any other habit will give. In all our Northern States malaria is more or less prevalent, and conservation of bodily warmth is a strong guard against its attacks. One is much less likely to contract chills and fever with woollen next the skin than without; and a single shake, or the singularly unpleasant pains in back and legs, the sense of languor and unease, and generally used-up feeling that announces an attack of this common foe, is a warning that the miserable microbe of intermittent has effected a lodgment which he means to hold. Hereof, woollen underwear is a potent preventive.

If, in spite of all precautions, this busy atom finds entrance, there is no known drug that destroys his activity like quinine; and so generally is this fact recognized, that the cinchona alkaloid is as certain to be found in families in certain localities as bread is, to be taken about as regularly. Many are under the impression that quinine is a dangerous drug, producing constitutional symptoms similar to mercury or arsenic; and, unless its administration is carefully guarded, they are partly right. Taken alone up to enough to do any good, it cinchonizes; produces ringing in the ears, dizziness and other symptoms indicating that the brain is affected. Continued in this way for months, a cerebral congestion may be induced, with all its dangerous train of apoplexy, paralysis and even death. But modern science knows of a remedy for this. If, with every dose of quinine, twenty grains of bromide of sodium be given in ample solution, the latter causes cerebral blood-vessels to contract beyond quinine power to expand, and all the good that the latter is capable of is done without danger.

But no drug should be continuously given or taken except under guidance of a competent physician, who alone is qualified to watch its action and guard against unsuspected dangers. One thing quinine certainly does: it tends to reduce virile strength, and many writers have attributed the meagre infant population of some of our fever-infested regions to its baneful effect in this direction.

I am glad to note a return to sanity in the matter of Christian Science, so called. Many who gave it their firm adherence at first, have seen that it is a rank imposture, and have withdrawn allegiance, ashamed. Its rapid spread was due to that peculiarity of human nature that finds truth in bold assumption of supernatural power, and infinitely prefers the *ipse dixit* of a charlatan to the careful, thorough, truth-telling physician.

One of these quacks, at the time in immense practice in London, once consulted the great Abernethy for some personal ailment. Curious to know the secret of his success in attracting clients, the surgeon asked him if he knew why he had so many more patients than any regular physician. Drawing Abernethy to the window, he pointed to the surging crowd on the street below, and asked, "Doctor, of every hundred persons who pass this window, how many do you suppose are educated people, capable of appreciating study and cultivation in others?"

"Perhaps ten," answered the surgeon.

"Exactly," rejoined the charlatan. "Well, you get those ten—the rest come to me."

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.



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